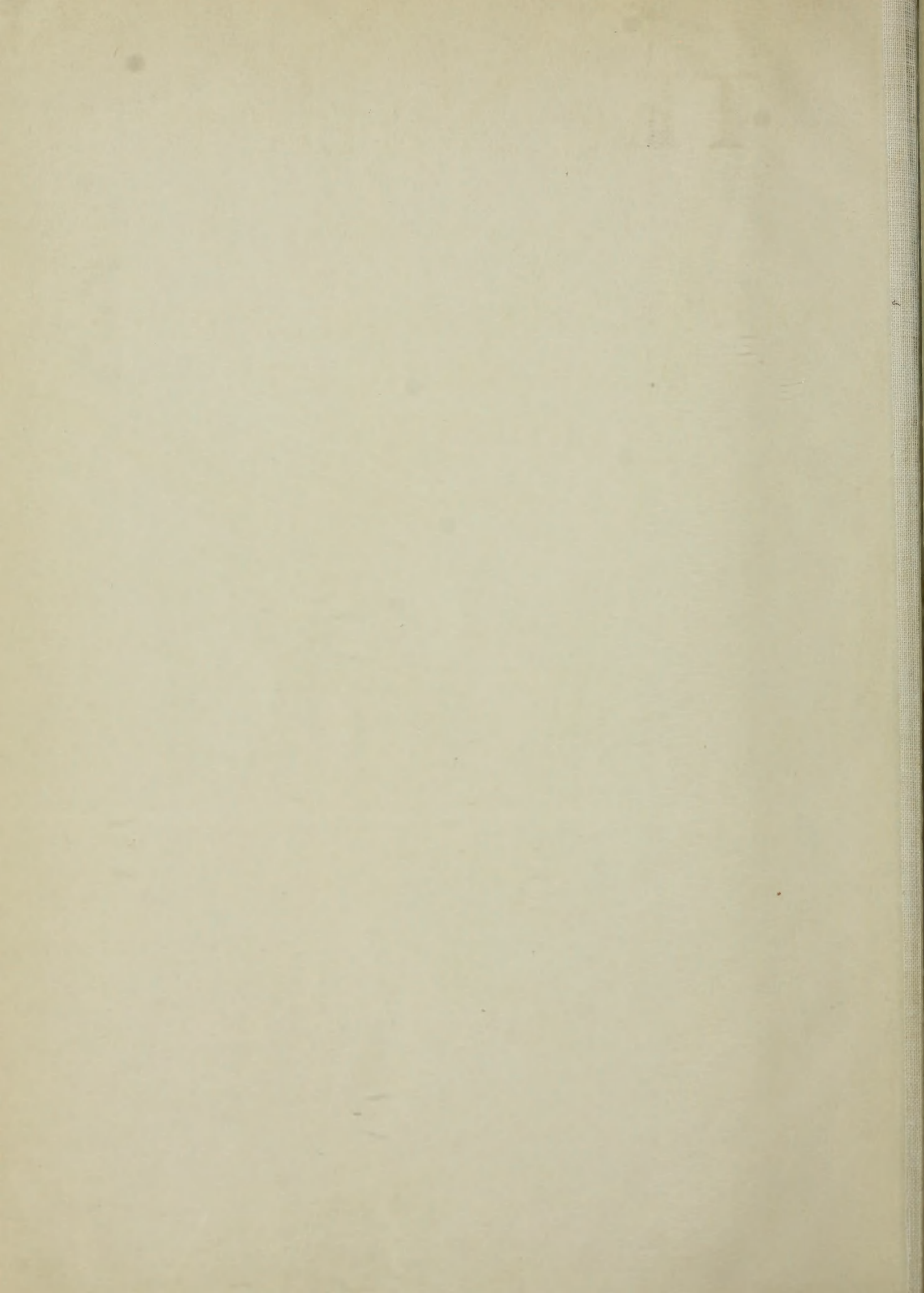


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INDEX TO VOLUME CXXXVIII

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The following letters are used to indicate the type of article:

A Art
Arc Architecture
C Correspondence
Ct Cartoon
D Drama
Dt Driftway
E Editorial Article
EP Editorial Paragraph
M Music
MP Moving Pictures
P Poetry
S Signed Article

Book reviews and reviewers are indexed separately in the Book Review Section.

Pages		Pages	
1-28	January 3	371-398	April 4
29-56	January 10	399-426	April 11
57-84	January 17	427-454	April 18
85-112	January 24	455-490	April 25
113-140	January 31	491-518	May 2
141-168	February 7	519-546	May 9
169-202	February 14	547-574	May 16
203-230	February 21	575-602	May 23
231-258	February 28	603-630	May 30
259-286	March 7	631-658	June 6
287-314	March 14	659-686	June 13
315-342	March 21	687-714	June 20
343-370	March 28	715-742	June 27

A

Abel, Lionel	
History, snobbery, criticism; S	474
Abbott, Grace, and J. Addams	
Lathrop, Julia, biographical material sought; C	620
Abortions. See Birth Control.	
Academic freedom	
New York City schools; cases of I. Begun and Mrs. W. Burroughs. H. Gans; C	414
Police at high school meeting. B. Schrago; C	620
Upheld by college students; EP	373
Acting, adequate. J. W. Krutch; D	56
Addams, Jane, and G. Abbott	
Lathrop, Julia, biographical material sought; C	620
Advertising	
"Art" and the ad man. J. Rorty; S	92
Food and drug bill in danger from advertisers; E	89
Aeronautics	
Government purchases, charges white-washed; E	431
Military and naval; profiteering. R. Wohlforth; S	299; see also EP
After such pleasures. J. W. Krutch; D	229
Agar, Herbert; book, <i>The people's choice</i> , as Pulitzer prize winner; E	580; see also C
	675
Agricultural adjustment administration. See Consumers	
Agriculture	
Marketing corporation, federal, planned to aid producer and consumer; EP	576
Prices, farm. W. P. Mortenson; S	642
Air mail	
Contracts, and ocean mail contracts, investigation. P. Y. Anderson; S	154
Contracts, cancellation; EP	203
Contracts, cancellation. P. Y. Anderson; S	500
Contracts; companies bidding change names; EP	492
Contracts, investigation. P. Y. Anderson; S	154
Control still in old hands. P. Y. Anderson; S	330
Disclosures. P. Y. Anderson; S	219
Graft; army fliers carry mail; E	235
Alcoholic liquors	
Drinking and gambling; Dt	507
Drinking, new; Dt	386
Prices and profits; EP	521
State laws being evolved; EP	59
Alice in wonderland. W. Troy; MP	82
Aliens. See Immigration	
All the king's horses. P. M.; D	200
Allegheny corporation. See Van Swearingens	
Allen, Florence; appointment as judge; EP	317

Allen, Hervey	
Celebration of 400,000th copy of Anthony Adverse; EP	577
Reviews of Anthony Adverse; reviewers as critics. K. S. Thompson; S	22; see also C
	277
Aluminum company of America; move against, as trust; EP	141
Amalgamated association of iron, steel, and tin workers. See steel and iron	
American, very early. P. M.; D	200
American federation of utility investors. See Public utilities	
American legion; Willard Straight post case a test of legion's power; EP	400
American medical association	
Against socialization of medicine. P. K. Smith; C	619; see also EP
correction	509
Meeting, EP	717
American newspaper guild. See Newspapers	
American-Russian chamber of commerce; on <i>Nation's</i> honor roll for 1933	4
American society of newspaper editors. See Newspapers	
And be my love. J. W. Krutch; D	167
Anderson, Paul Y.	
Air-mail and ocean mail contracts, investigation; S	154, 219, 275, 330, 383 (correction, 415), 500
American society of newspaper editors; hypocrisy; S	559
Austin, Senator, in air-mail investigation; S	275
Automobile code, violation; S	383
Bailey, Representative Joe; candidacy for senate; S	500
Beck, J. M., and supreme court decisions; S	383
Campbell, Walter G.; attempt to oust him; S	101
Chiselers at work and play; S	154
Darrow, C., calls on H. S. Johnson; S	669
Darrow report; S	611
Farewell to <i>The Nation</i> as regular contributor; S	670
Farley, James A., on Senator La Follette; S	443
Fletcher-Rayburn bill, drive against; S	443
Flynn, John T.; debate with D. R. Richberg; S	219
Food and drug bill; S	154, 330, 500
Freedom of the press; S	559
Government employees, underpaid and overworked; S	275
Hearst, W. R., attack on Black committee; S	275
Hearst newspapers; salaries; S	559
Hours of labor; views of H. S. Johnson; S	101
In hospital; S	275
Johnson, H. S.; and critics; S	330
Journalists and the NRA; S	443
Judges, federal, and impeachment; S	611
"Liberals," views on; S	219
Lindbergh, C. A.; testimony on air-mail carriers; S	383; correction
McGrady, Edward F.; defense of; S	219; see also C
	304
McGugin, Representative Harold; demagogue; S	500
Mellon, A. W., charged with evading taxes; S	330
National industrial recovery act	
Attack, underhand, by Machinery and allied products institute; S	17
Attacks by Nye and Borah; S	154
Crisis in administration; S	383; correction
Enforcement; S	415
Government support decided upon; S	443
National labor board; S	17
Newspaper code, approval; S	275
Newspaper code; breaches by publishers; S	383
Nye, Senator, attack on H. S. Anderson; S	669
Power trust offer to cooperate with NRA; S	17
Robinson, Frances; attack by <i>Washington Post</i> ; S	275
Roosevelt; no "swing to right"; S	500
Roosevelt not "softening up"; S	669
Securities act, attacks on; S	17
Stock exchanges, regulation of; S	219, 559
Strikes in prospect; S	669
Supreme court and decision in Minnesota mortgage case; S	101

Troyanovsky, Ambassador, party; S	500
Washington <i>Post</i> ; attack on F. Robinson; S	275
Wirt charges against "brain trust"; S	443
Animals. See Wild life	
Another love. J. W. Krutch; D	396
Anthony Adverse. See Allen, H.	
Anthracite. See Coal; Coal miners, American	
Anti-semitism. See Jews	
Anti-war demonstrations. See Pacifism	
Architecture	
At Chicago fair. D. Haskell; Arc	109
"Fortress" homes of Vienna. D. Haskell; Arc	487
Ariane. W. Troy; MP	342
Armament limitation and disarmament	
"Bridge of Simons sighs." Low; Ct	666
British and Italian proposals; EP	170
Conference. Low; Ct	694
Geneva conference; failure forecast; E	662
In the European jungle. Low; Ct	266
Notes, French and German, indicate abandonment; E	495
Remote control. Low; Ct	554
Roosevelt's opportunity. O. G. Villard; S	119
Armaments. See Munitions of war; Navies	
Armaments, United States	
Increased appropriations; EP	399
Army, United States. See Air mail; Contracts, government	
Art	
Independents' show. A. Brenner; A	514
Machine, at Museum of modern art. A. Brenner; A	368
Municipal art exhibition, New York, opposition to; E	376
Murals. A. Brenner; A	684
Museum of modern art, impurity in. A. Brenner; A	200
"Relief" for artists. R. P. Hecht and Z. Hecht; C	705
Rockefeller and art; E	376
Salon of America exhibit. A. Brenner; A	514
Without Maecenas; E	432
Associated gas and electric company. See Public utilities	
Atlantic, Iowa, <i>News Telegraph</i> ; editorial as Pulitzer prize winner; E	580
Atlas tack corporation. See Stocks and bonds	
Austin, Senator, in air-mail graft investigation. P. Y. Anderson; S	275
Austria	
Alliance with Italy and Hungary; E	347
Cartoon; Mickey mouse seeks protection. Low	350
Constitution, new; democracy abolished; EP	371
Democracy, death of; E	234
Democracy fights for life; EP	203
Elections, new, may be called; EP	260
Fortress homes of Vienna. D. Haskell; Arc	487
Jews. See Jews	
Keeping Hitler out. J. Gunther; S	180
Last stand. Gropper; Ct	237
Situation; EP	87
Slaughter of socialists. J. Gunther; S	328
Struggle for power. J. Gunther; S	557
Summer schools. J. Rothschild; S	706
Travel in. J. Rothschild; S	470
Unions, abolition of; EP	316
Workers' protest meeting in New York. M. Fox and others; C	248
See also Europe	
Authors	
Classified as clerks by Civil works administration; EP	171
German. See Germany	
Work and personality; E	608
Automobiles	
Code violation. P. Y. Anderson; S	383
Streamlined. D. Haskell; S	157; see also C
	222
Strikes:	
Detroit; E	347
Industrial workers of the world and the strike. F. W. Thompson; C	592; see also
	379
Labor in Detroit, militant. M. Smith; S	560
Labor in industry. S. Romer; S	379; correction, C
	508; see also C
	592
Manufacturers' victory. P. H. Noyes; S	416

- Muste, A. J., J. Cross and C. H. Mayer arrested for picketing; EP. 688
Settled by governmental intervention; E 374
Settlement; EP 427
Settlement a surrender to big business; E 458
Settlement; labor's opinion on. R. M. Stein; S 463
Settlement not lasting; EP 577
Toledo; Electric auto-lite company. A. J. Muste; S 639; EP 660; EP 688
Aviation. See Aeronautics
- B**
- B., A.
German students abroad; C 223
Bachelors and unemployment. P. Schnurmann; C 47
Bailey, Representative Joe; candidacy for Senate. P. Y. Anderson; S 500
Baldwin, Roger
McGrady, Edward F.; C 304; see also 219
Ball, Lee H.
Methodism and war; C 415
Ballet russe. See Dancing
Ballets. See Dancing
Baltimore *Sun*; on *Nation's* honor roll for 1933 4
Banks
Deposit insurance; EP 232
Small depositors, discrimination against; EP 30
Banse, Ewald; book, Germany prepares for war; EP 289; see also review... 303
Barrett, Donald
France still a republic; S 532
Bayonne, France, credit municipal scandal. See France
Beal bill. See Food and drug bill
Beall, Jack
Newsstand racket; S 267
Beals, Carleton
American diplomacy in Cuba; S 68
Beard, Miriam
Nazi leaders; S 501
Beck, James Montgomery; and supreme court decisions. P. Y. Anderson; S 383
Becker, Carl
Freedom of speech; S 94
Beet sugar. See Sugar
Begun, Isador. See Academic freedom
Bellamy, Edward; letters sought. A. E. Morgan; C 389
Bennett, Milly
Big news for Russia; S 72
Bent, Silas
On currency inflation; C 103
On "slavocracy"; C 333; see also. 279
Berle, Adolf Augustus, junior; on *Nation's* honor roll for 1933 4
Bible, the; codex sinaiticus, purchase by British museum; EP 3
Big-hearted Herbert. J. W. Krutch; D 81
Biography, writing of. M. R. Werner; S 251
Birds; Dt 563
Birth control
Abortions and ban on birth control information; EP 233
Bill before senate. E. Clyde; C 535
Conference, national. S. Hanau; S 129
Conference, national, to be held; EP 31
Bisson, T. A.
China forum, appeal for; C 332
Black, Representative Loring. See Food and drug bill
Black cat, the. W. Troy; MP 657
Blackmur, R. P., and G. Hicks. H. Gregory; S 189
Blue eagle. See National industrial recovery act
Boardman, Helen, and M. Gruening.
Crawford case; S 730
Bolivia. See Chaco war
Bolshevism and fascism. L. Fischer; S 381
Bonus. See Veterans
Books
Best sellers since 1875, in United States; E 375
People's choice, the, by H. Agar, as Pulitzer prize winner; E 580; see also E 675
Prices; EP 457
See also Novels
Borah, Senator William Edgar
Attacks on National industrial recovery act. P. Y. Anderson; S 154
Denounces munitions profiteers; EP 315
On *Nation's* honor roll for 1933 4
Borough, Rube
Sinclair, U., for governor of California; C 535; see also 321
Brady, William A.; on *Nation's* honor roll for 1933 4
"Brain trust." See Roosevelt, Franklin
Delano—Advisers
Brainsweat. J. W. Krutch; D 453
Brenner, Anita
Art, machine, at Museum of modern art; A 368
Independents' show; A 514
Murals; A 684
Museum of modern art, impurity in; A 200
Salons of America exhibit; A 514
Spain as a republic; S 149
Warner, Arthur, death; C 674
Broken shoes. W. Troy; MP 454
Bromberg, Edward J.; on *Nation's* honor roll for 1933 4
Brookwood college; dramatics. M. Starr; C 304
Buck, Sam R.
Criticizes *The Nation*; C 649
Buckley, George T.
Negroes, views on; C 74
Budd, Edward G.; and company unionism; EP 316
Budd company
Company union election; EP 343
Budget, British family; Dt 467
Buildings, high. See Skyscrapers
Buildings, office. See Office buildings
Bulgaria; dictatorship established; EP 605
Bullitt, William C.; on *Nation's* honor roll for 1933 4
Bureau of mines, record; EP 143
Burgess, Louis. See Newspapers
Burke, Kenneth
Four saints in three acts; M 256
Merry mount; M 256
New school for social research concerts; M 422
New York symphony orchestra, and modern music; M 52
Roth quartet; M 422
Burroughs, Mrs. Williana. See Academic freedom
Business
Licensing; E 458
Loans to, by Federal reserve banks and Reconstruction finance corporation, in new bill; EP 631
Business depression
Colorado, revolution in. F. C. Cross; S 152
Professional men and women, effect on. See Unemployment
Recovery due to government priming? O. G. Villard; S 238
Butler, Nicholas Murray
Commission on economy recovery reports; EP 204
On *Nation's* honor roll for 1933 4
- C**
- California
Fascism in. E. Winter; S 241
Imperial valley, "Kidnap valley" for labor. E. O. Jones; C 468
Imperial valley, labor conditions; E 459
Calkins, Clinch
Snow in evening; P 449
Campaign contributions. See Politics
Campbell, Walter G.; attempt to oust him. P. Y. Anderson; S 101
Campbell soup company, strike hearing; EP 520
Canning industry
Code approved, subject to inclusion of quality-standard clause; EP 659
Labor gets raw deal under NRA; EP 717
Capital punishment
Indiana determination to kill prisoner; EP 289
Innocent, punishment of; EP 3
Capitalism
Failure in coal industry; EP 231
Planned. Low; Ct 462
Capper, Senator Arthur; solicitation for his *Weekly*. J. W. Farquhar; C 413
Carolina. W. Troy; MP 285
Cartoons. See Low (cartoonist)
Carson, P. L. and others
Medical bureau, organization; C 47
Catherine the great. W. Troy; MP 285
Catholic church. See Germany
Censorship, magazine; certain publications barred in New York; EP 317
Censorship, moving pictures
For grown-ups; E 348
Censorship, radio
Order on the air. J. Rorty; S 529
Schlink, F. J., address barred; EP 87
Century of progress exposition. See World's fair
Chabukani, Wachtang, and Vecheslova, dancing. L. Kirstein; S 138
Chaco war
Munitions embargo collapses; EP 689
War between Bolivia and Paraguay to be considered by League of nations; EP 575
Chappell, Winifred
International women's congress against war and fascism; C 675
Chase, Lewis
Seeks Chiversiana; C 389
Chicago world's fair. See World's fair
Chicken raisers' troubles; Dt 359, 445
Child labor
Amendment; E 60
Opposition to amendment; E 551
Opposition to amendment, and Roosevelt support; EP 232
Childbirth
Mortality, report by New York academy of medicine; E 118
China
Politics; confusion. C. Corcoran; S 533
Rebellion, new. C. Corcoran; S 99
See also Chinese-Japanese relations
China forum; appeal for. T. A. Bisson; C 332
Chinese-Japanese relations
Japan's "hands off China" declaration. C. Corcoran; S 645
"Open door." Low; Ct 610
Protectorate, Japanese, over China in sight; Japanese manifesto on loans to China; EP 491
Statement by Ambassador Hirota; EP 519
Stimson doctrine; retreat by United States; E 264
United States, attitude of; EP 519, 520
Chiselers at work and play. P. Y. Anderson; S 154
Chivers, Thomas Holley; biographical material sought; L. Chase; C 389
Churches
Clergymen and the depression. H. Her-ring; S 66
Clergymen oppose war. O. G. Villard; S 581
Clergymen; views of 20,000 on peace and war, and economics; E 524
Congregationalists to use phonograph records in services; EP 345
Churchill, Henry S.
Housing, Public works administration record; S 178
Civil works administration. See Unemployment
Clark, Harry Hayden
Seeks biographical material on T. Paine; C 447
Claus, D. C.
Fight for power; S 18
Clergymen. See Churches
Clerical workers. See Office workers' union
Cleveland free thought college. A. Schuster; C 47
Clyde, Ethel
Birth control bill; C 535
Coal
Anthracite industry; government control essential; EP 521
Failure of capitalist system; report of Russell Sage foundation; EP 231
Coal miners, American
Anthracite miners win fight for union recognition; EP 204
Anthracite strike; EP 115; EP 143
Illinois, union rivalry again active; EP 343
Illinois, unions, rival, recognition of; EP 492
Southern; wage differentials restored; EP 491
Coates, Kenneth D.
Negroes, views on; C 74
Codex sinaiticus. See Bible
Codman, Florence
O'Casey, Sean; S 476
Coffee; destruction in Brazil; EP 289
Coffin, Robert P. Tristram
Wild bee's nest; P 615
Cohen, Elliot E.
Revolution, premature burial; S 527; see also EP 491, 498
Cold. See Weather
Collectivism, argument by M. Van Kleeck at National conference of social work; EP 688
Colleges and universities. See Academic freedom; Education; Military training
Collier, John
On *Nation's* honor roll for 1933 4
See also Indians, American
Colman, Louis
Herndon, Angelo; case of; C 508
Colorado
Politics in dismissal of relief committee; EP 171
Revolution in. F. C. Cross; S 152
Roche, Josephine, nominated for governor; EP 633
Roche, Josephine, nominated for governor. O. G. Villard; S 665
Come of age. J. W. Krutch; D 140
Committee on the use of leisure time, report; E 663
Communism; international; Third international, failure of. L. Fischer; S 498; see also EP 491, 527
Company unions. See Labor unions
Congregationalist church. See Churches
Congress
Adjournment, and work; EP 715
Opposition to president lacking; EP 85

- Roosevelt and congress. O. G. Villard; S. 722
 Session, quiet, expected; EP. 1
 Connecticut; ownership by Connecticut electric service company. A. Levitt; S. 504
 Conner, Sennett (governor of Missouri) On *Nation's* honor roll for 1933. 4
 Consumers
 Work of Consumers' advisory board and Consumers' counsel of the Agricultural adjustment administration. J. Rorty; S. 37
 See also National industrial recovery act
 Contracts, government
 Army motorization, improper awards; EP. 203
 See also Air mail; Mail contracts
 Contributions, campaign. See Politics
 Cooper, Colonel Hugh L.; on *Nation's* honor roll for 1933. 4
 Cooperatives, British. S. R. Elliott; S. 726
 Copeland, Senator Royal S.; abatement suggested. O. G. Villard; S. 433
 Copeland (Tugwell) bill. See Food and drug bill
 Copyrights; treaty for United States entry into copyright union not yet ratified; EP. 633
 Corcoran, Crispian
 China, confusion in; S. 533
 China, new rebellion in; S. 99
 Japan's "hands off China" declaration; S. 644
 "Man-Mengkuo," Manchu-Mongol federated state; S. 358
 Cotton
 California; correction of December article. G. Creel; C. 222
 Growers. J. C. Waldron; S. 703
 Limitation of production; E. 208
 Cotton-textiles industry; production and wage settlement; EP. 660
 Couch, W. T.
 Negroes, views on; C. 76
 Coughlin, Reverend Charles Edward; demagoguery in Radio league of the little flower; E. 522; see also C. 650
 Count, Jerome
 Power industry and national recovery administration; S. 128
 Cowley, Malcolm. See *New Republic*
 Coyle, C. H.
 Election frauds and harboring radical views; C. 705
 Crawford, George
 Case; is N.A.A.C.P. retreating? H. Boardman and M. Gruening; S. 730
 Found guilty of murder of Mrs. Boeing and another woman; gets life term; EP. 3
 Credit, expansion of; E. 207; see also 218; C. 386
 Credit municipal, Bayonne, France. See France
 Creel, George
 Cotton pickers in California; correction of December article; C. 222
 Crime, perfect; EP. 171
 Criticism; history, snobbery, criticism. L. Abel; S. 474
 Criticism, literary
 Critics, two: R. P. Blackmur and G. Hicks. H. Gregory; S. 189
 Reviewers as critics. K. S. Thompson; S. 22; see also C. 277
 Reviewers on young author; EP. 261
 Cross, Frank Clay
 Colorado, revolution in; S. 152
 Sugar trust, the; S. 15
 Cross, James; with A. J. Muste and C. H. Mayer, arrested for picketing; EP. 688
 Cruikshank, R. J.
 Great Britain not going fascist; C. 446; see also 384
 Cuba
 American diplomacy in. C. Beals; S. 68
 Army, violence by; EP. 548
 Clash expected; EP. 86
 Political and economic troubles. C. Porset; S. 353
 Travel in. J. Rothschild; S. 131
 Treaty, including abrogation of Platt amendment, with United States; EP. 689
 Treaty revision urgently needed; EP. 604
 United States, policy of; E. 116; EP. 170
 Unrest due to United States policy; EP. 29
 Currency
 Devaluation; dollar a political toy. H. Hazlitt; S. 122
 Dies-Thomas bill for use of silver in exchange and as basis for certificates E. 493
 Gold policy, United States. Low; Ct. 172
 Gold, regulations; E. 172
 Inflation, plea for. W. T. Davis; C. 186
 Managed, Roosevelt plan; EP. 85
 Stabilization; EP. 141
 Stern, J. D., views of; C. 21; see also C. 103
 See also Silver
 D
Daily Worker; treatment of death of Coolidge; EP. 522
 Dancing
 Ballet, persistence of. L. Kirstein; S. 138
 In music halls, reviews, and movies. L. Kirstein; S. 310
 Kykunkor. L. Kirstein; S. 684
 Monte Carlo ballet russe. L. Kirstein; S. 138; S. 546
 Monte Carlo ballet russe. M. M.; S. 82
 Monte Carlo ballet russe. L. Nadejena; S. 52
 Daniels, Jonathan
 Negroes, views on; C. 74
 Darrow report. See National industrial recovery act
 Davis, W. T.
 Plea for inflation; C. 186
 Davis, William H., and company unionism; EP. 316
 Days without end. J. W. Krutch; D. 110
 Death takes a holiday. W. Troy; MP. 342
 Debt, public. See United States—Finances
 Debts, war. See War debts
 De Ford, Miriam Allen
 Cotton pickers in California; letter by G. Creel correcting statement; C. 222
 Dell, Robert
 France not fascist; S. 297
 German-French relations; S. 440
 Italy, impressions of; S. 670
 League of nations; 1933 a critical year; S. 211; see also C. 360
 Democratic party; Farley, James A., retirement as chairman; EP. 113
 Department stores; sales, two sets of figures; EP. 401
 Depression. See Business depression
 Detroit. See Automobiles
 Dewhurst, J. Frederic, and M. G. Schneider
 Stock-market control; S. 301; see also EP. 287
 Diabetes; insulin, brief for. H. A. Teitelbaum; C. 388; correction C. 620
 Dictionary of thoughts; Dt. 132
 Dies-Thomas bill. See Silver
 Diplomatic corps. See Government employees
 Disarmament. See Armament limitation and disarmament
 Disney, Walt; should "do" the "Odyssey." J. Thurber; S. 363
 Doctors. See Medical profession
 Dodsworth, J. W. Krutch; D. 311
 Dollar, value of. See Currency
 Dole. See Unemployment
 Dominican republic; dictatorship. E. Gruening; S. 583
 Drama. See names of plays; also K., F.; Krutch, J. W.; M., P.
 Drama league travel bureau. H. Pavitek; C. 389
 Drinking. See Alcoholic liquors
 Drug and food bill. See Food and drug bill
 Drug traffic; Manchukuo and the opium trade. E. N. La Motte; S. 246
 Drugstores; business problems. O. Lerner; S. 590
 Duker, Samuel
 Jewish fascism; C. 563; see also 465
 Durant, Walter; on *Nation's* honor roll for 1933. 4
 Durling, Dwight
 Death's-head; P. 335
 Dymaxion. See Automobiles—Streamlined
 E
 Eagle, blue. See National industrial recovery act
 Earthquakes. See India
 East, far. See Far east; Japanese-Russian relations
 Eastman, Joseph Bartlett. O. G. Villard; S. 148
 See also Railroads
 Economic conditions; recovery, Butler commission report; EP. 204
 Economic nationalism. See Tariff, United States
 Economics, attitude toward. H. Gregory; S. 134
 Economics of scarcity. Low; Ct. 526
 Economy bill. See New York city—Finances
 Eddy, Sherwood; on *Nation's* honor roll for 1933. 4
 Edison electric institute. See Power and power industry
 Editorial workers. See Newspapers
 Education
 College, plight of. O. G. Villard; S. 349
 Public. See Schools
 Without Maecenas; E. 432
 Einstein, Albert; property in Germany seized; EP. 31
 Electric auto-lite company
 See Automobiles—strikes
 Election frauds, and harboring radical views. C. H. Coyle; C. 705
 Elliott, Sydney R.
 Cooperatives, British; S. 726
 Ellsworth, P. T.
 Answer to J. Strachey; S. 218; see also E. 207; C. 386
 El Salvador; recognition by United States; EP. 142
 Employees, government. See Government employees
 Employment. See Unemployment
 Enemies of progress. W. Troy; MP. 112
 England. See Great Britain
 Engle, Jay
 White-collar workers, organizations; C. 47
 English language
 Good usage; E. 720
 In British periodicals; Dt. 331
 Epstein, Gertrude
 News "fit to print"; C. 46
 Ernst, Morris L.; on *Nation's* honor roll for 1933. 4
 Europe
 Alignment of powers; EP. 142
 At a glance. Low; Ct. 434
 Jungle. Low; Ct. 266
 Situation; articles by J. Steel:
 I. Bloody Danube and beyond. 269
 II. Germany's dream of expansion. S. 324
 III. Franco-Italian rivalries. 354
 IV. Is Britain going fascist? 384; see also C. 446; C. 592;
 C. 675
 V. Mechanics of nationalism. 411
 Tension in; EP. 717
 Triple alliance, new; E. 347
 European war
 Amnesty for those convicted under war laws; EP. 30
 Everyman; connection of Sir E. Wrench; C. 592; see also 384
 Exarch (steamship); suicide of captain after accident; E. 62
 Exchanges, stock. See Stocks and bonds
 F
 Far east
 Events, war-like; EP. 169
 See also Chinese-Japanese relations; Japanese-Russian relations
 Farley, James A.
 On Senator La Follette. P. Y. Anderson; S. 443
 Retirement as Democratic chairman; EP. 113
 Farmer-labor party. See Minnesota
 Farming. See Agriculture
 Farquhar, John W.
Copper's Weekly solicitation; C. 413
 Fascism
 And bolshevism. L. Fischer; S. 381
 British. See Great Britain
 "Enthusiasm." Low; Ct. 582
 Italian. See Italy
 Jewish. See Jews
 On west coast. E. Winter; S. 241
 Other side. Low; Ct. 210
 Federal reserve banks, loans to business. See Business
 Fiction. See Novels
 Field, Sara Bard
 Winter revery; P. 134
 Fierro, Anthony. See Terzani, A.
 Films. See Moving pictures
 Finance, articles on. See Noyes, P. H.
 Finances, United States. See United States
 First apple, the. J. W. Krutch; D. 81
 Fischer, Louis
 Fascism and bolshevism; S. 381
 Russia; and the league; S. 728
 Russia; life grows easier; S. 667
 Russia; recognition by United States; S. 9
 Russia; second five-year plan; S. 182
 Spain, class war in; S. 437
 Trotsky, L., tragedy of; S. 498; see also E. 491
 Fitzgerald, Edward J., and M. L. Rogers
 Indian, American, new ideas on; S. 326
 Fletcher, Henry Prather; elected chairman of Republican national committee; EP. 689
 Fletcher, John Gould; replies to. J. Daniels and others; C. 73
 Fletcher-Rayburn bill. See Stocks and bonds
 Food and drug bill
 Campbell, Walter G., attempt to oust him. P. Y. Anderson; S. 101
 Drug lobby. J. Rorty; S. 213
 Emasculated in senate committee; EP. 344
 Fight for bill needed; EP. 400
 Hearings. J. Rorty; S. 295
 Imperilled by advertisers; E. 89
 Lobby against. P. Y. Anderson; S. 330; 500
 Opposition; E. 5
 President pushes bill. P. Y. Anderson; S. 559

- Publishers, attitude of; EP..... 113
 Tugwell-Copeland bill, substitute for, offered by Representative Black, called Beal bill. P. Y. Anderson; S..... 154
 Western newspaper union suppresses support of Tugwell bill. H. B. Hough; C..... 277
 Foreign and domestic commerce, bureau of; Thorp resignation; EP..... 576
 Foreign service, U. S. See Government employees
 Fosdick, Reverend doctor Harry Emerson; denounces war; O. G. Villard; S..... 581
 Four saints in three acts. See Stein, G.
 Fox, Mary, and others
 Workers' protest meeting on Austria; C. 248
 France
 Cost of living. I. C. Safr; C..... 535
 Italy, rivalry with. J. Steel; S..... 354
 Newspapers and Hitler. E. Lengyel; S. 216
 Politics:
 Fascism, progress of; EP..... 371
 Government, change of, causes; EP. 169
 Nation faces fascism; E..... 206
 Not fascist. R. Dell; S..... 297
 Still a republic. D. Barrett; S..... 532
 Stavisky scandal; Credit municipal, Bayonne, affair; EP..... 142
 Summer schools. J. Rothschild; C..... 333
 Travel in. J. Rothschild; S..... 333
 See also Franco-German relations
 Franco-German relations. R. Dell; S..... 440
 Frank, Jerome N.; on *Nation's* honor roll for 1933..... 4
 Frankfort, university of; Jews barred; EP.. 31
 Frankfurter, Felix; on *Nation's* honor roll for 1933..... 4
 Freedom, academic. See Academic freedom
 Freedom of speech. C. Becker; S..... 94
 British anti-sedition bill; EP..... 632;
 see also..... 641
 No exceptions. P. Glaberman; C..... 46
 Upheld by college students; EP..... 373
 Freedom of the press
 American society of newspaper editors' hypocrisy. P. Y. Anderson; S..... 559
 British anti-sedition bill; EP..... 632;
 see also..... 641
 Danger to. P. Y. Anderson; S..... 559
 Friends of the soviet union; technical help wanted. S. J. White; C..... 447
 Fritzmeier, Robert, H. Hartzell, and C. Olds
 Oberlin college, "progress" at; C..... 360; see also C..... 414
 Frochard, la, et les deux orphelines. W. Troy; MP..... 228
 Fruits, spray for. See Poison spray
 Fry, Varian
 Youth conference; C..... 132; see also..... 70, 103
 Future generation. Low; Ct..... 378
- G
- Gaddy, Judge J. V.; on *Nation's* honor roll for 1933..... 4
 Galantière, Lewis
 On translation; C..... 620; see also 193; C..... 507
 Gambling and drinking; Dt..... 507
 Gans, Helene
 Academic freedom in New York city schools; C..... 414
 Garner, S. E.
 Jewish fascism; C..... 563; see also..... 465
 Gentlewoman. J. W. Krutch; D..... 424
 Germans in America
 Anti-Nazi bill in New Jersey; EP..... 521
 Germany
 Airplanes from America and Great Britain; EP..... 519
 Economic conditions worse; EP..... 401; correction, 457; E..... 579
 Expansion; dreams of. J. Steel; S..... 324
 Factory elections show anti-Nazi trend; EP..... 716
 Finances; moratorium on debts payment declared; E..... 718
 France, relations with. See Franco-German relations
 Hitler meeting with Mussolini; EP..... 717
 Hitler's economics; E..... 6
 Hitlerism; the other side. Low; Ct..... 210
 Jews. See Jews
 Labor code, Nazi; EP..... 114
 Militarism; "banning" of book by E. Banse; EP..... 289; see also review of book..... 303
 Nazi leaders. M. Beard; S..... 501
 Newspapers; decline; E..... 579
 Newspapers; effect of Nazi rule; EP..... 371
 Newspapers; mortality under Nazi regime; EP..... 170
 Poland, non-aggression pact with; EP..... 142
 Protestant church co-ordination; EP..... 58
 Refugees, appeal for. S. D. Spero; C..... 223
 Reichstag building fire; acquittals; EP.. 3
 Reichstag building fire; execution of van der Lubbe; EP..... 86
 Roman catholic church; conflicts with Vatican; E..... 459
 Sterilization of the unfit, law passed; EP..... 3
 Students abroad as propagandists. A. B.; C..... 223
 Summer schools. J. Rothschild; C..... 676
 Travel in. J. Rothschild; S..... 333
 Unions, fascist, dissolution. L. Lore; S. 124
 Viereck, G. S., defends suppression of his book; E..... 460
 Writers support Hitlerism. H. Solow; S..... 64; see also C..... 159
 Youth poisoned by Hitler. O. G. Villard; S..... 265
 Gettle, William F.; kidnapping; EP..... 605
 Gilbert and Sullivan. J. W. Krutch; D..... 488
 Gill, Ross. See Murals
 Glaberman, Philip
 Freedom of speech; C..... 46
 Glassberg, Benjamin
 Relief with mind and heart; S..... 11
 Gold; flow to United States; EP..... 232
 See also Currency
 Goldman, Emma; return to America; E..... 320
 Government contracts. See Contracts, government
 Government employees
 Diplomatic corps; members in financial distress; E..... 173; EP..... 605
 Postal employees; "chiseled" by the government; E..... 430
 Postal employees, more liberal treatment; EP..... 455
 Restoration of pay cuts over veto; E..... 403
 Substitute postal clerks, treatment of, C..... 332
 Underpaid and overworked. P. Y. Anderson; S..... 275
 Government ownership. See Ownership, government
 Great Britain
 Cooperatives. S. R. Elliott; S..... 726
 Economic conditions; "recovery." J. A. Hobson; S..... 588
 Fascism. Low; Ct..... 638
 Fascism probable. J. Steel; S..... 384;
 see also C..... 446; C..... 592; C..... 675
 Government, opposition to; EP..... 260
 House of lords; no reform now. H. J. Laski; S..... 641
 Labor party gains; EP..... 317
 Quota against Japanese goods. H. J. Laski; S..... 641
 Summer schools. J. Rothschild; S..... 676
 Travel in. J. Rothschild; S..... 333
 Great Lakes-Saint Lawrence waterway. See Saint Lawrence development project
 Greece. See Insull, Samuel
 Green, Margaret
 Russian revolution in clothes; S..... 44;
 see also C..... 468
 Greenberg, Sophie
 Nation dinner in San Francisco; C..... 223
 Greenspan, Magistrate Benjamin; on *Nation's* honor roll for 1933..... 4
 Gregory, Horace
 Critics, two: R. P. Blackmur and G. Hicks; S..... 189
 Sex and economics, attitude toward; S.. 134
 Gropper
 Austria's last stand; Ct..... 237
 Group theater; on *Nation's* honor roll for 1933..... 4
 Gruening, Ernest
 Haiti, withdrawal from; S..... 700
 Resigns from *Nation* staff; becomes editor of New York *Evening Post*; EP..... 233
 Santo Domingo; dictatorship; S..... 583
 Gruening, Martha, and H. Boardman
 Crawford case; S..... 730
 Guffey, Joseph E.; wins in primaries; E..... 607
 Gunther, John
 Austria; keeping Hitler out; S..... 180
 Austria, politics; S..... 557
 Austria, slaughter in; S..... 328
- H
- Habits; Dt..... 413
 Haddock, Hoyt S.
 Radio operators on strike; C..... 592
 Haiti
 Control by United States defended by state department; EP..... 2
 United States withdrawal. E. Gruening; S..... 700
 Hallgren, Mauritz A.
 Oil trust, NRA; S..... 271
 Halsall, L. Arthur
 Poets, young; poems wanted; C..... 593
 Hamilton, Andrew; Dt..... 158
 Hanau, Stella
 Birth-control conference; S..... 129
 Hanfstaengl, Ernst Franz Sedgwick; admission to United States; EP..... 716
 Harriman hosiery mills
 Loses blue eagle; EP..... 492
- Merchants uphold company against NRA; EP..... 520
 Harris, Jed; on *Nation's* honor roll for 1933..... 4
 Harris, Sam H.; on *Nation's* honor roll for 1933..... 4
 Hartzell, Homer, R. Fritzmeier, and C. Olds
 Oberlin college, "progress" at C..... 360;
 see also C..... 414
 Haskell, Douglass
 Architecture at Chicago fair; Arc..... 109
 Automobiles, streamlined; S..... 157; see also C..... 222
 "Fortress" homes of Vienna; Arc..... 487
 Housing; action needed; S..... 614
 Housing; house on wheels; S..... 586
 Housing, "streamlined"; S..... 555
 Hays, Arthur Garfield
 Argument in injunction case; EP..... 388
 On *Nation's* honor roll for 1933..... 4
 Hazlitt, Henry
 Dollar, the; S..... 122
 Hearst, William Randolph, attack on Black committee. P. Y. Anderson; S..... 275
 Hearst newspapers. See Newspapers
 Hecht, Rosa Pringle, and Z. Hecht
 Artists, "relief" for; C..... 705
 Hell on earth. W. Troy; MP..... 166
 Henry, Arthur M. See Poison spray
 Henry street settlement; asks books. B. Miller; C..... 734
 Herndon, Angelo
 Case of. L. Colman; C..... 508
 Sentence for having seditious literature upheld; EP..... 633
 Herring, Hubert
 Minister and the depression; S..... 66
 Hertzberg, Sidney
 Socialist party declaration of principles; S..... 702
 Hicks, Granville, and R. P. Blackmur. H. Gregory; S..... 189
 Highlander folk school; appeal for; C..... 21
 Hillman, Samuel
 Finds *Nation* a necessity; C..... 650
 History, snobbery, criticism. L. Abel; S..... 474
 Hitler, Adolf. See Germany
 Hitler's reign of terror. W. Troy; MP.... 573
 Hobson, John A.
 Great Britain, "recovery" in; S..... 588
 Holmes, John Haynes
 Appeal for Indian earthquake sufferers; C..... 304
 Hoover, Calvin B.; on *Nation's* honor roll for 1933..... 4
 Horton, Judge James E.; on *Nation's* honor roll for 1933..... 4
 Hotel strike, New York. H. Solow; S..... 239
 Hough, Henry Beetle
 Newspapers, country, and the Western newspaper union; C..... 277
 Hours of labor. See Labor
 House of lords. See Great Britain
 House of Rothschild, the. W. Troy; MP... 396
 Housing
 Act, profits under; EP..... 715
 Action needed. D. Haskell; S..... 614
 Action needed. O. G. Villard; S..... 609
 Call to action. A. Mayer; S..... 435
 House on wheels. D. Haskell; S..... 586
 Public works administration program, failure of. A. Mayer; S..... 408
 Public works administration record disappointing. H. S. Churchill; S..... 178
 "Streamlined." D. Haskell; S..... 555
 Howe, E. W., retirement; E..... 34
 Huebsch, B. W.
 Defense of German writers; C..... 159;
 see also..... 64
 Hull, Cordell
 Mr. Hull, Pan-America, and the tariffs. O. G. Villard; S..... 36
 See also Latin America
 Hull, Henry; on *Nation's* honor roll for 1933..... 4
 Humor; learning to laugh; E..... 292
 Hungary
 Alliance with Austria and Italy; E..... 347
 Travel in. J. Rothschild; S..... 415
- I
- I was a spy. E. Troy; MP..... 166
 Ice floe; rescue from; EP..... 457
 Illinois
 Labor unrest in southern section; EP... 717
 See also Coal miners, American
 Ilsley, Mrs. Agnes Boeing. See Crawford, G.
 Immigration; alien exclusion proposals, new; EP..... 345
 Imperial valley. See California
 Independent offices appropriation bill. See United States—Finances
 Independents' show. A. Brenner; A..... 514
 India
 Earthquake sufferers, appeal for. J. H. Holmes; C..... 304
 Suppression at Midnapore and Chittagong. J. Nehru; S..... 410

- Indians, American
Collier policy a success; E..... 33
Culture; Dt 247
New ideas on. M. L. Rogers and E. J. Fitzgerald; S 326
- Industry. See Business
- Inflation. See Currency
- Injunctions
New legal doctrine under NIRA; EP... 688
Norris-LaGuardia act, misuse; EP..... 577
- Inman, Samuel Guy
Pan-American conference, Montevideo; S 97
- Insulin. See Diabetes
- Insull, Samuel; Greek courts, justice for. S. P. Ladas; C..... 21
- Insurance, unemployment. See Unemployment
- Intellectuals; detachment; E 636
- International relief association; appeal for German refugees; C 223
- International women's congress against war and fascism. W. Chappell; C..... 675
- Investors. See Stocks and bonds
- Irish free state; war, new. Irish observer; S.....39; see also C..... 277
- Irish observer
New Irish war; S.....39; see also C..... 277
- Iron. See Steel and iron
- It happened one night. W. Troy; MP..285, 314
- Italy
Alliance with Austria and Hungary; E.. 347
Fascism; content of. F. Pitigliani; C.. 387
Fascism; the other side. Low; Ct..... 210
France, rivalry with. J. Steel; S..... 354
Impressions of. R. Dell; S..... 670
Summer schools. J. Rothschild; S..... 706
Travel in. J. Rothschild; S..... 333
Unemployment. L. Villari; C, with editorial comment 222
- Itzkowitz, Benjamin
Jewish fascism; C.....563; see also..... 465
- J**
- Japan
British quota against Japanese goods. H. J. Laski; S 641
Militarism; EP 114
Relations with United States; EP..169; E 375
- Japanese-Chinese relations. See Chinese-Japanese relations
- Japanese-Russian relations
Russia not unprepared. H. Yoffe; C... 387
War preparations; E..... 145
- Jews
Anti-semitism in Father Coughlin's attacks on bankers; E.....522; see also C 650
Austria; position. J. Gunther; S..... 557
Fascism. W. Zukerman; S.....465; see also letters, 563; letter by Zukerman... 733
German. Liberals' views on Nazi persecution. A. N. Meyer; S..... 243
Zionism; Jewish fascism in. W. Zukerman; S.....465; see also letters, 653; letter by Zukerman 733
- Jezebel. J. W. Krutch; D..... 28
- Jig saw. J. W. Krutch; D..... 572
- John Brown. J. W. Krutch; D..... 167
- Johnson, Alvin S.; on *Nation's* honor roll for 1933 4
- Johnson, General Hugh S.
Attack by Senator Nye. P. Y. Anderson; S 669
Views on thirty-hour week; S..... 101
See also National industrial recovery act
- Johnson act. See War debts
- Jones, Ellis O.
Kidnap valley, California; C..... 468
- Journalists. See Newspapers
- Joyce, James; Stephen Dedalus and James Joyce. W. Troy; S..... 187
- Joyous season, the. J. W. Krutch; D..200; correction 258
- Jugoslavia; travel in. J. Rothschild; S.... 415
- Juries and jurymen. See Negroes
- K**
- K., F.
Richard of Bordeaux; D 311
- Kahn, Otto H.; death; E..... 432
- Kang Teh (Pu-yi). See Manchukuo
- Kansas, governor of, in 1933
On *Nation's* honor roll for 1933..... 4
- Kansas City, Missouri; election; boss rule wins; EP 400
- Kashin, Bella
Clothing in Russia; C..468; see also... 44
- Kendrick, Alexander
Milk trust; S 155
- Kerney, James, death. O. G. Villard; S.... 461
- Key, the. W. Troy; MP..... 713
- Khaki shirts of America. See Terzani, A.
- "Kidnap valley." See California
- Kidnapping; Gettle case, California, speedy action; EP 605
- Kirschner foundry, picketing; EP..... 261
- Kirstein, Lincoln
Ballet, persistence of; S..... 138
Century of progress; S..... 695
Dancing in music halls, reviews, and movies; S 310
Kykunkor; S 684
Monte Carlo ballet russe; S..... 546
- Knapp Monarch company; A. J. Muste, J. Cross and C. H. Mayer arrested for picketing; EP 688
- Krutch, Joseph Wood
Acting, adequate; D..... 56
After such pleasures; D 229
And be my love; D 167
Another love; D 396
Big hearted Herbert; D..... 81
Brainsweat; D 453
Come of age; D 140
Days without end; D 110
Dodsworth; D 311
First apple, the; S 81
Four saints in three acts; D..... 396
Gentlewoman; D 424
Gilbert and Sullivan; D 488
Jezebel; D 28
Jig saw; D 572
John Brown; D..... 167
Joyous season, the; D..200; correction.. 258
Lady from the sea, the; D..... 572
Lake, the; D 81
Mahogany hall; D 140
Melodrama; D 544
Milky way, the; D 602
Moor born; D 453
New faces; D 370
No more ladies; D 167
No questions asked; D..... 229
Past, usable; S..... 191
Perfumed lady, the; D..... 370
Pure in heart, the; D..... 396
Queer people; D 284
Shattered lamp, the; D 396
Shining hour, the; D 258
Stevodore; D 515, 544
They shall not die; D 284
Wassermann, Jakob; death; S 77
Wednesday's child; D 140
Yellow jack; D 340
- Kykunkor. L. Kirstein; S 684
- L**
- Labor
Anti-racketeering bill, threat to labor; EP 688
- Automobiles. See Automobiles
- California. See California
- Detroit. See Automobiles
- Germany. See Germany
- Hours; thirty-hour week; views of H. S. Johnson. P. Y. Anderson; S 101
- Legislation, Congressional failure; EP.. 603
- National labor board;
And shoe workers' strike; EP..... 372
Future of; E..... 291
Inaction; E 174
Reorganization needed. P. Y. Anderson; S 17
Wagner bill for strengthening. H. Rabinowitz; S.....356; see also EP 343
- New deal, opinions on. R. M. Stein; S 463
- Steel workers. See Steel and iron
- Wages:
Loss, 1929-1932; EP 115
No real advance, March, 1933, to March, 1934; E 579
Rise lags behind rise in prices; EP 86
See also Injunctions; Strikes
- Labor board, national. See Labor
- Labor party, British, continues gains; EP... 317
- Labor unions
Budd, E. G., and company unionism; EP.....316; EP 343
Company unions and independents, under Section 7-a of NIRA; E..... 402
Company unions, development of plan. K. Lore; S 406
German. See Germany
Picketing; decision in Kirschner case; EP 261
Under Section 7-a of NIRA; one year of Section 7-a; E..... 663
- Ladas, Stephen P.
Greek courts, justice for; C..... 21
- Lady from the sea. J. W. Krutch; D..... 572
- La Follette, Senator Robert M.
Administration opposition; EP 372
Opposition to, denied by J. A. Farley. P. Y. Anderson; S 443
- La Follette relief bill. See Unemployment
- La Follettes leave Republican party; EP... 603
- LaGuardia, Mayor Fiorello H.; record to date; E 146
- Lake, the. J. W. Krutch; D 81
- La Motte, Ellen N.
Manchukuo and the opium trade; S.... 246
- Landau, Alfred M. (governor of Kansas)
On *Nation's* honor roll for 1933..... 4
- Larkman, Edward, innocent, pardoned; EP.. 3
- Lash, Joseph P.
On youth meeting in Washington; C.....103; see also 70
- Laski, Harold J.
London letter; S 641
- Lathrop, Julia; biographical material sought. J. Addams and G. Abbott; C..... 620
- Latin America
Monroe doctrine, Roosevelt policy; EP.. 29
Non-intervention pledged by Secretary Hull; EP 2
United States policy changes; EP..... 142
- Latvia; goes fascist; EP..... 605
- Laughing. See Humor
- Laws; Dt 45
- League for industrial democracy, meeting in Washington. S. Rodman; S.....70; see also C 103, 132
- League of nations
1933 a critical year. R. Dell; S.....211; see also C 360
Russia and the league; L. Fischer; S... 728
- Lechlitter, Ruth
Morning in March; P 391
- Lefkowitz, Abraham
New York city economy bill; C 332
- Leibowitz, Samuel S.; on *Nation's* honor roll for 1933 4
- Leisure; Dt 73
See also Unemployment
- Lengyel, Emil
Hitler and the French press; S..... 216
- Lerner, Oscar
Drug business; S 590
- Lessing, Theodore; murder; fund to be created. F. X. Salda and others; C.... 47
- Levitt, Albert
Connecticut, ownership by Connecticut electric service company; S..... 504
- Liberals
Bewildered. A. N. Meyer; S..... 243
L. Symes objects to being called one; EP 345
Statement to President Roosevelt; S.....617; see also E 606
Views on. P. Y. Anderson; S..... 219
- Lindbergh, Charles Augustus; testimony on air-mail carriers. P. Y. Anderson; S.....383; correction 415
- Lindeman, Eduard C.
Social workers in the depression; S..... 274
- Lindley, Judge W. C.; report on. P. Y. Anderson; S 611
- Linscott, R. N.
Pulitzer prize award to The people's choice; C.....675; see also E..... 580
- Liquors, alcoholic. See Alcoholic liquors
- Literary criticism. See Criticism, literary
- Little man, what now? W. Troy; MP..... 713
- Livright, Lucy
On United anti-war association's resolution for investigation of munitions profits; C 388
- Loans to business. See Business
- Loans to foreign countries. See war debts
- Loch Ness monster; Dt 102
- Loftus, John J.
Defends Father Coughlin; C.....650; see also E 522
- Logan, Senator Marvel Mills; free trader. O. G. Villard; S.....321; see also C.... 693
- Longshoremen. See Marine workers
- Loos, Doctor H. Clifford. See Ross-Loos clinic
- Lords, house of. See Great Britain
- Lore, Karl
Company unions; S 406
Steel unions, unrest in; S.....612; see also EP 603
- Lore, Ludwig
German fascist unions, dissolution; S... 124
- Los Angeles, reactionary but awakening. O. G. Villard; S.....321; see also C.... 535
- Los Angeles county medical association. See Ross-Loos clinic
- Lot in Sodom. W. Troy; MP.....82, 285
- Low (cartoonist)
Armament limitation; Ct..... 694
Armament limitation; bridge of sighs; Ct 666
British fascism; Ct 638
Capitalism, planned; Ct 462
China; "open door"; Ct 610
Culture for the barbarians; Ct 294
Disarmament, remote control; Ct..... 554
Economics of scarcity; Ct..... 526
Europe at a glance; Ct 434
Fascism; the other side; Ct 210
Fascist "enthusiasm"; Ct 582
Future generation; Ct 378
Gold policy, United States; Ct 172
In the European jungle; Ct 266
Micky mouse (Austria) seeks protection; Ct 350
Munition manufacturers' profit; Ct..... 721
"Peace" by radio; Ct 147
- Lubbe, van der, Marinus, execution; EP... 86

Lutz, Caroline S. Seeks biographical material on F. H. Smith; C	675	Milky way, the; D	602	Nadejena, Lydia Monte Carlo ballet russe; S	52
Lynchings Federal bill, pending; EP.....	493	Miller, Benjamin Asks books for Henry street; C	734	Nana. W. Troy; MP	228
EP	633	Mills, Ogden Livingston, and tariff. O. G. Villard; S	175	Nation, The Correspondent finds nothing to appeal to his intelligence. S. R. Buck; C.....	649
Louisiana; lynching of white man averted; EP	493	Milwaukee; relief with mind and heart. B. Glassberg; S	11	Correspondent questions its liberalism. R. V. S.; C	649
M M., M. Monte Carlo ballet russe; S	82	Miners, coal. See Coal miners, American Ministers (religious). See Churches Minnesota Politics; Farmer-labor party and others; EP	456	Dinner, San Francisco. S. Greenberg; C	223
M., P. All the king's horses; D	200	See also Mortgages Missions and missionaries; unemployment relief menace. B. Rawlinson; C.....	20	Exposed "guaranteed mortgages" in May, 1933; EP	115
American, very early; D	200	Missouri, governor of On Nation's honor roll for 1933.....	4	Gruening, E., resigns; EP	233
Ziegfeld follies; D	111	Money. See Currency; Silver Monopoly, tendency toward; E.....	207	Honor roll for 1933.....	4
Maas, Willard Declamation; P	77	also 218; C	386	Necessity to one subscriber. S. Hillman; C	650
Skyfall; P	537	Monroe doctrine. See Latin America Monte Carlo ballet russe. See Dancing Montevideo conference. See Pan-American conference		National association for the advancement of colored people. See Crawford, George, case	
Macaulay company; strike; EP.....	661	Montross, Warren C. National unemployed league; C	734	National conference of social work; M. Van Kleeck's argument for collectivism; EP	688
Machine art. See Art Machinery and allied products institute. See National industrial recovery act—Attack		Moon, Henry Lee Negro looks at soviet Russia; S.....	244	National conference of students in politics, meeting in Washington. S. Rodman; S.....	103
Maecenas, without; E	432	Moor born. J. W. Krutch; D.....	453	also C	132
Magazines. See Censorship, magazines Mahogany hall. J. W. Krutch; D.....	140	Morgan, Arthur E. Seeks letters by E. Bellamy; C	389	National industrial recovery act Administration, crisis in. P. Y. Anderson; S.....	383
Mail contracts, air and ocean, investigation. P. Y. Anderson; S	154	Mortensen, W. P. Prices, farm; S	643	correction	415
See also Air mail (for investigation of air-mail contracts) "Man-Mengkuo." See Manchukuo Man of two worlds. W. Troy; MP.....	112	Mortgages "Guaranteed," exposure of companies now and by The Nation in May, 1933; EP	115	Administration support decided upon. P. Y. Anderson; S	443
Manchukuo Coronation of Keng Teh (Pu-yi); EP..	289	Minnesota moratorium law, supreme court decision; EP	57	Aid to big business; detriment to little man; Nye resolution; EP	259
"Man-Mengkuo," Manchu-Mongol federated state suggested. C. Corcoran; S	358	Minnesota case decision. P. Y. Anderson; S	101	Attack, underhand, by Machinery and allied products institute. P. Y. Anderson; S	17
See also Drug traffic Marder, Louis Watterson, Henry, in memory of; C....	132	Mother. W. Troy; MP	713	Attacks by Nye and Borah. P. Y. Anderson; S	154
Marine workers; strike at San Francisco of longshoremen and others. E. Seeley; S	672	Mothers. See Childbirth Mother's day; EP	577	Blue eagle, two wings II. The wing upon the right. J. Strachey; S.....	13
Marionettes. W. Troy; MP	630	Motion pictures. See Moving pictures Motor manufacturers. See Automobiles Moulin rouge. W. Troy; MP	285	III. The wing upon the right (cont.). J. Strachey; S.....	42
Martel, Frank X; reputation. S. Romer; C.....	379	Moving pictures (For reviews of pictures, see names of pictures; also Troy, W.) Censorship. See Censorship, moving pictures Culture for the barbarians; Low. Ct ..	294	Canning industry; labor gets bad deal; EP	717
Marx, Harpo; success in Russia; EP.....	31	Newsreels. W. Troy; MP	630	Code, steel, magna charta of monopoly; E	578
Maryland, Governor of, in 1933 On Nation's honor roll for 1933.....	4	Retrospect: 1933. W. Troy; S.....	27	Committee on use of leisure time, report; E	663
Massachusetts justice in hold-up case; EP...	317	Mower, Edgar Ansel; on Nation's honor roll for 1933.....	4	Consumer versus NRA. J. Rorty; S	295
Masters of the world. O. G. Villard; S....	525	Municipal art exhibition. See Art Municipal ownership. See Ownership, government Munitions of war Embargo on shipments for Chaco dispute collapses; EP	689	S	322
Maternity. See Childbirth Matsura, Seitaro Appeals for English newspapers; C.....	47	Manufacture and sale; world's greatest racket. J. Steel; S	646	Effect; EP	455
May day Foreigner's view of New York demonstration; S	562	Manufacturers' profit; EP	519	Emblem withdrawn from Harriman hosiery mills; EP	492
1934; E	550	Manufacturers' profit. Low; Ct	721	Enforcement. P. Y. Anderson; S.....	500
Mayer, Albert Housing: A call to action; S.....	435	Profiteers: 1934. R. Wohlforth; S.....	288	Johnson, H. S.; outwits critics. P. Y. Anderson; S	330
Housing program, failure of; S.....	408	Profits denounced by Borah; EP.....	315	Journalists and NRA. P. Y. Anderson; S	443
Mayer, C. H., with A. J. Muste and J. Cross, arrested for picketing; EP	688	Profits, investigation of. L. Liveright; C	388	Labor under the act; one year of Section 7-a; E.....	663
McAlister, Hill (governor of Tennessee) On Nation's honor roll for 1933.....	4	Roosevelt message on private manufacture; E	607	National recovery review board (Darrow board) Darrow and another seek "cooperation" with H. S. Jackson. P. Y. Anderson; S	669
McGrady, Edward F.; defense of. P. Y. Anderson; S.....	304	Senate investigation voted; EP.....	455	Report on workings of NIRA; E....	606
McGugin, Representative Harold, demagogue. P. Y. Anderson; S.....	500	Munson, Gorham On Social credit, by C. H. Douglas; C.....	570	Report. P. Y. Anderson; S.....	611
Means, Gardiner C.; on Nation's honor roll for 1933	4	Murals; A. Brenner; A.....	684	Thompson, W. O., letter of resignation; EP	716
Medical bureau, organization. P. L. Carson and others; C	47	Murals, radical, in Seattle church, R. Gill; Reverend F. W. Shorter expelled; EP	493	Newspapers; code; E	263
Medicine, socialization of; EP.....	429	See also Rivera, D. Murder in Trinidad. W. Troy; MP	657	Newspapers; code approved. P. Y. Anderson; S	275
see also	509	Murray, William H. (governor of Oklahoma) On Nation's honor roll for 1933.....	4	Newspapers; code; breaches by publishers. P. Y. Anderson; S	383
Mellon, Andrew William; tax evasion charged. P. Y. Anderson; S.....	330	Museum of modern art Impurity in. A. Brenner; A.....	200	Oil trust, NRA. M. A. Hallgren; S....	271
Melodrama. See Theater, the Men in white, play, wins Pulitzer prize; EP	549	Machine art at; A. Brenner; A.....	368	Power industry and national recovery administration. J. Count; S.....	128
Merry mount. K. Burke; M.....	256	Music Contemporary. K. Burke; M	52	Price-fixing under act; EP	170
Messersmith, George S.; appointed minister to Austria; EP	371	Four saints in three acts. K. Burke; M	256	Purchasing power under codes; EP	287
On Nation's honor roll for 1933.....	4	Merry mount. K. Burke; M	256	Record in 1933; E	144
Methodist church and war. L. H. Ball; C....	415	New school for social research concerts. K. Burke; S	422	Roosevelt appeal for cooperation; EP...	287
Mexico; travel in. J. Rothschild; S.....	131	New York symphony orchestra, and modern music. K. Burke; M.....	52	Section 7-a, one year of; E.....	663
Meyer, Annie Nathan Liberal, bewildered; S	243	Roth quartet. K. Burke; M.....	422	Stalled at the crossroads; E	318
Militarism Reserve officers' training corps, advance and retreat; E	207	Without Maecenas; E	432	See also Labor unions National labor board. See Labor National recovery review board. See National industrial recovery act	
See also Japan Military training Methodist ministers opposed. L. H. Ball; C	415	Mussey, Henry Raymond Government taxation and spending; S....	176	National socialists. See Germany National student federation; meeting in Washington. S. Rodman; S.....	70
Opposition in colleges; peace training urged; EP	428	Mussolini, Benito Hitler, A., meeting with; EP.....	717	see also C.....	103
Milk Prices; scandal in control; E....	33	Muste, A. J. Toledo strike; S	639	National student league, meeting in Washington. S. Rodman; S.....	70
see also C, with editorial comment.....	185	With J. Cross and C. H. Mayer, arrested for picketing; EP	688	also C	103
Production control, attempts abandoned; EP	520	Myers, Gustavus; defends Puritans; E.....	404	National unemployed league. W. C. Montross; C	734
Production, lessened, and processing tax; EP	399			Nationalism. J. Steel; S	411
Regulation in New York city and state; E	719			Nationalism, economic. See Tariff, United States	
Trust, farmers revolt against trust and government. A. Kendrick; S.....	155			Navies; race caused by United States; EP..	315

- Needham trust company robbery; innocent taxi drivers released; EP 317
- Negroes
- Alabama. See Negroes—Scottsboro case
 - Discrimination in Capitol restaurants; EP 261
 - Juries, right to serve gains; EP 3
 - Russia; negro looks at soviet Russia. H. L. Moon; S 244
 - Scottsboro case:
 - Anniversary, third; resume of case and future; EP 344
 - Play, They shall not die. J. W. Krutch; D 284
 - Voices from the south. J. Daniels and others; C 73
 - Nehru, Jawaharlal
 - India, humiliation of; S 410
 - New deal. See Roosevelt, F. D.—Administration
 - New faces. J. W. Krutch; D 370
 - New Lots high school meeting; police at. B. Schrago; C 620
 - New Masses; salutation to; EP 59
 - New Republic; M. Cowley, literary editor, on Nation's review of Anthony Adverse; C 277; see also 22
 - New school for social research; concerts. K. Burke; M 422
 - New York academy of medicine. See Childbirth
 - New York city
 - Finances:
 - And government reorganization; EP 58
 - Economy bill becomes law; EP 457
 - Economy bill, opposition and support; EP 232
 - Economy bill, protest against. A. Lefkowitz; C 332
 - LaGuardia, Mayor, record to date; E 146
 - Unemployment relief. See Unemployment
 - New York Evening Post
 - Currency policy explained by J. D. Stern; C 21
 - E. Gruening becomes editor; EP 233
 - New York shipbuilding company; strike; EP 520
 - New York symphony orchestra. K. Burke; M 52
 - New York telephone company; Smahl suit for overcharges; E 496
 - New York Times; on Nation's honor roll for 1933 4
 - Newman, Louis I.
 - Jewish fascism; C 563; see also 465
 - News Telegraph, Atlantic, Iowa; editorial as Pulitzer prize winner; E 580
 - News writers. See Newspapers
 - Newspaper guild, American. See Newspapers
 - Newspapers
 - American Newspaper guild:
 - Burgess case; discharge for activity in guild, San Francisco; E 552
 - Code for journalists, move for; EP 373
 - Convention; EP 633
 - First contract signed; EP 428
 - Formed; EP 549
 - Formed. J. Scribner; S 698
 - American society of newspaper editors; hypocrisy on freedom of press. P. Y. Anderson; S 559
 - "Carrying over" of articles; Dt 303, 591
 - Code. See National industrial recovery act
 - Country, and the Western newspaper union; suppression of support of Tugwell bill. H. B. Hough; C 277
 - English, appeal for. S. Matsura; C 47
 - Exploitation of employees. P. Y. Anderson; S 275
 - French. See France
 - German. See Germany
 - Hearst newspapers; salaries. P. Y. Anderson; S 559
 - Journalists and NRA. P. Y. Anderson; S 443
 - News "fit to print." G. Epstein; C 46
 - News of a day; violence in; EP 549
 - Proprietors, illiberal. O. G. Villard; S 461
 - See also Freedom of the press
 - Newsreels. See Moving pictures
 - Newsstand racket. J. Beall; S 267
 - Nicaragua; Sandino, A. C., killing of; EP 260
 - No more ladies. J. W. Krutch; D 167
 - No questions asked. J. W. Krutch; D 229
 - Norris-LaGuardia act. See Injunctions
 - Novels; American fiction, art of. M. Van Doren; S 471
 - Noyes, Peter Helmoop
 - Automobile companies' victory in labor controversy; S 416
 - Fletcher-Rayburn bill; S 249
 - Investors, small, influence wanted; S 594
 - Pools, Wall street; S 133
 - Van Sweringen bondholders, lesson for, in Allegheny corporation case; S 508
 - Nye, Senator Gerald P.
 - Attack on H. S. Johnson. P. Y. Anderson; S 669
 - Attacks on National industrial recovery act. P. Y. Anderson; S 154
 - Nye resolution. See National industrial recovery act

O

- Oberlin college; "progress" at. R. Fritzmeier and others; C 360; see also C 414
- O'Casey, Sean. F. Codman; S 476
- Ocean mail contracts, investigation. P. Y. Anderson; S 154
- O'Dwyer, Brendan
 - Irish treaty, the; C 277; see also 39
- "Odyssey" by W. Disney suggested. J. Thurber; S 363
- Office buildings; overbuilding; EP 87
- Office workers' union; appeal for. J. Engle; C 47
- Ohio. See Unemployment
- Oil; trust, NRA. M. A. Hallgren; S 271
- Oklahoma, governor of, 1933
 - On Nation's honor roll for 1933 4
- Olds, Charles, R. Fritzmeier, and H. Hartzell
 - Oberlin college, "progress" at; C 360; see also C 414
- Operations, illegal. See Birth control
- Opium. See Drug traffic
- Osheroff, L.
 - On "lese majeste"; C 104
- Ownership, government
 - New York state bills for municipalities; E 319
 - Railroads, Eastman plan; EP 113

P

- Pacific gas and electric company; reporter's crusade against. B. L. Williams; S 616
- Pacifism
 - Amnesty for those convicted under war laws; EP 30
 - Clergymen opposed to war. O. G. Villard; S 581
 - College students' demonstrations; EP 456
 - International women's congress against war and fascism, call for; C 675
- Paine, Thomas; biographical material sought. H. H. Clark; C 447
- Palooka. W. Troy; MP 314
- Pan-American conference, Montevideo. S. G. Inman; S 97
- Paraguay. See Chaco war
- Parole bill, New York, passed; EP 576
- Paschal, R. L.
 - Negroes, views on; C 76
- Past, usable. J. W. Krutch; S 191
- Pavitek, Helen
 - On Drama league travel bureau; C 389
- Peace
 - On the radio. Low; Ct 147
 - Roosevelt program; EP 29
 - Training in colleges urged; EP 428
- Pecora, Ferdinand; on Nation's honor roll for 1933 4
- Pemberton, Brock; on Nation's honor roll for 1933 4
- Pennsylvania
 - Pinchot liberal program, results; EP 30
 - Primaries; contest between Pinchot and Reed; EP 548
 - Primaries; Pinchot loses to Reed; E 607
 - Republican developments; EP 689
 - Perfect crime; EP 171
 - Perfumed lady, the. J. W. Krutch; D 370
 - Perkins, Frances; on Nation's honor roll for 1933 4
- Petroleum. See Oil
- Philadelphia Public Ledger
 - Death of; EP 457
 - Death of. O. G. Villard; S 461
- Philadelphia taxicab strike. See Taxicabs
- Philippine islands
 - Independence; EP 57
 - Independence act, a compromise; EP 372
 - Independence legislation; EP 288
- Phillips, Wendell. O. G. Villard; S 209
- Philosophers; detachment; E 636
- Phonograph records, use in churches; EP 345
- Picketing. See Labor unions
- Pinchot, Governor Gifford. See Pennsylvania
- Pitigliani, Fausto
 - Reply to J. Strachey's review of his The Italian corporate state; C 387
- Platt amendment. See Cuba
- Plays. See Theater, the; names of plays; K., F.; Krutch, J. W.; M., P.
- Poems
 - Arbor, the. E. L. Walton 188
 - Bystander. L. Wiggam 251
 - Death piece. T. Roethke 511
 - Death's head. D. Durling 335
 - Declamation. W. Maas 77
 - Ghosts. L. W. Reese 735
 - Isolation. C. Wilder 595
 - It is a moveless movement. M. Van Doren 477
 - Morning in March. R. Lechlitter 391
 - Night in late winter, a. I. Schneider 161

- Poem. L. Reis; P 48
- Return to ritual. M. Van Doren 419
- Sculptured. C. Wilder 105
- Sharp fear. L. Wiggam 623
- She said too little. M. Van Doren 651
- Skyfall. W. Maas 537
- Snow in evening. C. Calkins 449
- Soldier's epitaph, a. L. W. Reese 678
- To a thrush at twilight. L. W. Reese 678
- Warm winter night. I. Schneider 220
- Wild bee's nest. R. P. T. Coffin 615
- Winter revelry. S. B. Field 134

Poetry

- Poems by young writers wanted. L. A. Halsall; C 593
- Popularity; E 664
- Poison gas. W. Steig; Ct 35
- Poison spray; Henry patent upheld; EP 549
- Poland
 - Germany, non-aggression pact with; EP 142
 - Summer schools. J. Rothschild; S 706
- Pollack, Samuel
 - Toledo workers' school, appeal for books and periodicals; C 389
- Politics; state campaign contributions fall off; EP 400
- Pools. See Wall street
- Porset, Clara
 - Cuba, political and economic troubles; S 353
- Postal service. See Air mail; Government employees; Mail contracts
- Power and power industry
 - And the national recovery administration. J. Count; S 128
 - Connecticut; ownership of state by Connecticut electric service company. A. Levitt; S 504
 - Edison electric institute offers cooperation with National recovery administration. P. Y. Anderson; S 17
 - Fight for power. D. C. Claus; S 18
 - Opposition by interests to Saint Lawrence waterway; EP 142
- Press. See Freedom of the press; Newspapers
- Press notices; Dt 674
- Prices
 - Farm. See Agriculture
 - Fixing; decision in New York milk case; EP 287
 - Milk. See Milk
 - Rise faster than wages; EP 86
 - See also National industrial recovery act
- Prisons and prisoners; radical publications banned at Sing Sing; EP 233
- Professional men and women, unemployment. See Unemployment
- Profiteers, armament. See Munitions of war
- Progressive party, Wisconsin; EP 603
- Public debt. See United States—Finances
- Public schools. See Schools
- Public utilities
 - Investors organize in American federation of utility investors; EP 548
 - New York state; laws enacted; EP 492
 - New York state; Senator Thayer's relations with Associated gas and electric company; EP 400
 - Public works; Roosevelt program; EP 260
 - Public works administration. See Housing
 - Public works art project; Dt 534
 - Publishers; strike by Macaulay company employees; EP 661
- Publishers' auxiliary. See Western newspaper union
- Puerto Rico
 - Governorship; EP 86
 - Rehabilitation plans; EP 632
 - Workmen's compensation act vetoed by governor; EP 632
- Pulitzer prize play; EP 549
- Pulitzer prizes; who gives them? E 580; see also C 675
- Pure in heart, the. J. W. Krutch; D 396
- Puritans, defended by G. Myers; E 404
- Pu-yi (Kang Teh). See Manchukuo

Q

- Queen Christina. W. Troy; MP 112
- Queer people. J. W. Krutch; D 284

R

- Rabinowitz, Herbert
 - Wagner bill for strengthening National labor board; S 356; see also EP 343
- Racketeering, bill against; E 551; EP 688
- Radicals; harboring radical views, and stealing elections. C. H. Coyle; C 705
- Radio
 - Censorship. See Censorship, radio
 - Operators on strike. H. S. Haddock; C 592
 - "Peace" on the radio; Ct 147
 - Radio league of the little flower. See Coughlin, Reverend Charles Edward
- Railroads
 - Fares, European. J. Rothschild; S 333

- Government ownership, Eastman plan; EP 113
 Wage cut, proposed; EP 231
 Wage settlement; EP 520
 Raushenbush, Stephen
 Civil works administration; S 444
 Rawlinson, Bill
 Mission relief work; C 20
 Reconstruction finance corporation, loans to business. See Business
 Recovery, industrial. See National industrial recovery act
 Reed, Senator David Aiken
 Out for "new deal"; EP 171
 See also Pennsylvania
 Reese, Lizette Woodworth
 Ghosts; P 735
 Soldier's epitaph, a; P 678
 To a thrush at twilight; P 678
 Reichstag building fire. See Germany
 Reis, Lincoln
 Poem; P 48
 Relief, unemployment. See Unemployment
 Relief workers. See Unemployment
 Remington, Critchell
 On book by President Roosevelt, On our way; C 675; see also 600
 Republican party
 National and Pennsylvania developments; EP 689
 Plight of. O. G. Villard; S 497
 Savior of the republic. O. G. Villard; S 637
 Reserve officers' training corps, advance and retreat; E 207
 Reviewers. See Criticism, literary
 Revolution, world. L. Fischer; S 498; see also EP 491, 527
 Richard of Bordeaux. F. K.; D 311
 Richberg, Donald R.; debate with J. T. Flynn. P. Y. Anderson; S 219
 Riches, Cromwell A.
 League of nations, unanimity rule; C 360; see also 211
 Riptide. W. Troy; MP 454
 Ritchie, Albert C. (governor of Maryland)
 On *Nation's* honor roll for 1933 4
 Rivera, Diego; mural of Lenin removed from Rockefeller center; EP 233
 Robinson, Frances; attack by Washington Post. P. Y. Anderson; S 275
 Roche, Josephine
 For governor. O. G. Villard; S 665
 Nominated for governor of Colorado; EP 633
 Rockefeller, John D., junior; on *Nation's* honor roll for 1933 4
 Rockefeller and art; E 376
 Rockefeller center
 Sued by A. Heckscher; EP 87
 Rodman, Selden
 Youth meets in Washington; S 70; see also C 103, 132
 Roethke, Theodore
 Death piece; P 511
 Rogers, Maria L., and E. J. Fitzgerald
 Indian, American, new ideas on; S 326
 Rogers, Silas W.
 Negroes, views on; C 75
 Rolph, Governor James, junior; death; EP 661
 Roman catholic church. See Germany
 Romer, Samuel
 Labor in automobile industry; S 379; correction, C 508; see also C 592
 Roosevelt, Franklin Delano
 Administration
 Automobile settlement a surrender to big business; E 458
 Blow to prestige in passing of independent offices appropriation bill over veto; E 403
 Class struggle creeping up; E 374
 Congress and the president. O. G. Villard; S 722
 Congressional support expected; EP 1
 Co-ordination needed. O. G. Villard; S 553
 Crucial months ahead. O. G. Villard; S 91
 First year; E 262
 New deal, effect of; EP 455
 New deal, gifts of. O. G. Villard; S ■
 New deal, labor's opinion on. R. M. Stein; S 463
 Run, successful; Dt 534
 Success through failure; E 32
 Advisers
 "Brain trust" and communism. O. G. Villard; S 377
 "Brain trust," Wirt charges against. P. Y. Anderson; S 443
 "Brain trust," Wirt charges against; E 495
 Amnesty for those convicted under war laws; EP 30
 Book, On our way, written by president alone. C. Remington; C 675; see also 600
 "Brain trust." See Roosevelt, F. D.—
 Advisers 377
 Child labor; support of proposed amendment; EP 232
 Currency, managed; EP 85
 Disarmament, president's opportunity. O. G. Villard; S 119
 Food and drugs act; president pushes bill. P. Y. Anderson; S 559
 Latin-American policy; EP 29
 "Lese majeste?" L. Osheroff; C 104
 Liberals' statement to president; S 617; see also E 606
 Message on social insurance and other matters; EP 687
 Munitions of war; message on private manufacture; E 607
 National industrial recovery act; president appeals for cooperation; EP 287
 Navy, views on; EP 57
 No "swing to right." P. Y. Anderson; S 500
 Not "softening up." P. Y. Anderson; S 669
 On *Nation's* honor roll for 1933 4
 Peace policy; EP 29
 Popularity. O. G. Villard; S 293
 Popularity, continuing and growing. O. G. Villard; S 238
 Public works program; EP 260
 War debts, message on, and British reply; EP 659
 Rorty, James
 America on the work dole; S 723
 "Art" and the ad man; S 92
 Consumer versus the NRA; S 295, 322, 351
 Consumers; call for Mr. Throttlebottom; S 37
 Drug lobby; S 213
 Food and drug bill, hearings; S 295
 Radio; order on the air; S 529
 Ross, Doctor Donald E. See Ross-Loos clinic
 Ross-Loos clinic; owners disciplined by Los Angeles county medical association; EP 429; correction 509; see also C 619
 Roth quartet. K. Burke; M 633
 Rothschild, John
 Travel; articles on; S 131, 184, 250, 333, 415, 470, 536, 565, 621, 676, 706
 Ruffini, Francesco; death; C 706
 Russell Sage foundation; report on coal industry; EP 231
 Russia
 And the league of nations. L. Fischer; S 723
 Clothes, revolution in. M. Green; S 44; see also C 468
 Debts to United States; EP 547
 Embassy, Washington. See Troyanovsky, A. A.
 Germany, trade with; EP 401; correction 457
 Life grows easier. L. Fischer; S 667
 Luxury, supply. L. Fischer; S 120
 Negro looks at soviet Russia. H. L. Moon; S 244
 Recognition by United States. L. Fischer; S 9
 Recognition by United States. M. Bennett; S 72
 Second five-year plan. L. Fischer; S 182
 Summer schools. J. Rothschild; S 706
 Technical help wanted. S. J. White; C 447
 Travel in. J. Rothschild; S 250, 415, 536, 565
 Russian-Japanese relations. See Japanese-Russian relations
 Russians and machines; Dt 221
 S
 S., R. V.
 Criticizes *The Nation*; C 649
 Sabin, Mrs. Charles H.; on *Nation's* honor roll for 1933 4
 Sadie McKee. W. Troy; MP 657
 Safr, Irwin C.
 France, cost of living in; C 535
 Saint Lawrence development project
 Defeat in senate; EP 344
 Opposition; E 89
 Opposition by power interests; EP 142
 Salda, F. X., and others
 Lessing, Theodor; C 46
 Salons of America; exhibit; A. Brenner; A 514
 Salvador, El. See El Salvador
 Sandino, Augusto César. See Nicaragua
 San Francisco; marine workers' strike. E. Seeley; S 672
 Santo Domingo. See Dominican republic
 Schlink, Frederick J., radio address barred; EP 87
 Schneider, Isidor
 Night in late winter, a; P 161
 Warm winter night; P 220
 Schneider, Margaret Grant, and J. F. Dewhurst
 Stock-market control; S 301; see also EP 287
 Schnurmman, Paul
 Single men and unemployment; C 47
 Schools
 Public, closing; E 431
 Summer, European. J. Rothschild; S 676, 706
 Schrago, Ben
 Police at high school meeting; C 620
 Schuster, Adelaide
 Cleveland free thought college; C 47
 Science; colored by country; E 692
 Scottsboro case. See Negroes
 Scribner, John
 News writers form union; S 698
 Sea serpent; Dt 102
 Seattle church murals. See Murals
 Section 7-a. See National industrial recovery act
 Securities. See Stocks and bonds
 Sedition
 British anti-sedition bill; EP 632; see also Herndon case. See Herndon, A.
 Seeley, Evelyn
 San Francisco, labor war; S 672
 Senate, United States; progressives. O. G. Villard; S 63
 Sex, attitude toward. H. Gregory; S 134
 Shakespeare, William; unity of. M. Van Doren; S 595
 Shanghai; news from, taken from *Variety*; EP 345
 Shattered lamp, the. J. W. Krutch; D 396
 Shelter. See Housing
 Shining hour, the. J. W. Krutch; D 258
 Ships; suicide of captain after accident; E 62
 Shoe workers; strike, Haverhill, and National labor board; EP 372
 Shorter, Reverend Fred W. See Murals
 Silver
 Coughlin, Father, on purchases and anti-semitic propaganda; E 522; see also C 650
 Dies-Thomas bill for use in exchange and as basis for certificates; E 493
 "Nationalization" proposed; EP 547
 Price, and trade with Japan and China; EP 548
 Purchase, mandatory, in bill; EP 604
 Subsidy; EP 1
 Simonson, Lee
 Theatrical designs at Museum of modern art; C 248; see also 200
 Simple tailor, the. W. Troy; MP 285
 Sinclair, Upton; for governor of California. R. Borough; C 535; see also 321
 Sing Sing. See Prisons and prisoners
 Single men and unemployment. P. Schnurmman; C 47
 Skyscrapers; over-building. O. W. Wilson; S 126
 "Slavocracy." S. Bent; C 33; see also 279
 Smahl, Doctor Alton A. See New York telephone company
 Smith, Alfred E.; on *Nation's* honor roll for 1933 4
 Smith, Art J. See Terzani, A.
 Smith, F. Hopkinson; biographical material sought. C. S. Lutz; C 675
 Smith, Matthew
 Labor in Detroit; S 560
 Smith, P. K.
 Doctors, and the American medical association; C 619; see also EP 429; correction 509
 Snobbery, history, criticism. L. Abel; S 474
 Social workers and depression. E. C. Lindeman; S 274
 Socialist party
 Convention, Detroit; EP 660
 Declaration of principles. S. Hertzberg; S 702
 Socialized medicine. See Medicine
 Solow, Herbert
 German writers and Hitlerism; S 64; see also C 159
 Hotel strike, New York; S 239
 South Africa. See Union of South Africa
 Southern commission for the study of lynching; on *Nation's* honor roll for 1933 4
 Soviet Russia. See Russia
 Spain
 Agrarian strike and government measures against it; EP 661
 Class war. L. Fischer; S 437
 Politics; anti-republican cortes elected; E 522
 Republic. A. Brenner; S 149
 Republic, collapse of; EP 316
 Summer schools. J. Rothschild; S 706
 Travel in. J. Rothschild; S 470
 Speech, free. See Freedom of speech
 Spencer, H., junior
 Fascism and England; C 675; see also 384
 Spero, Sterling D.
 Appeal for German refugees; C 223
 Spitfire. W. Troy; MP 342

- Sports; Dt 649
 Sprays, poison. See Poison spray
 Starr, Mark
 Brookwood college dramatics; C..... 304
 Stavisky affair. See France
 Steamship fares. J. Rothschild; S..... 333
 Steel, Johannes
 Articles on Europe; S.....269, 324, 354; 384 (see also C....446; C....592; C.....675); 411
 May day; S 562
 Munitions manufacture and sale; S.... 647
 Steel and iron
 Code; approved; collective bargaining in doubt; EP 661
 Code; magna charta of monopoly; E.... 578
 Code; on prices and wages, improved; EP 659
 Labor, represented by Amalgamated association of iron, steel, and tin workers, presents ultimatum; EP..603; see also 612
 Labor, unrest. K. Lore; S.....612; see also EP 603
 Large producers favored by NRA; EP.. 373
 Production and wages; EP 604
 Strike, blame for, if it comes; EP..... 687
 Strike stalls; E 719
 Steig, William
 Poison gas; Ct 35
 Stein, Gertrude; opera, Four saints in three acts. K. Burke; M..256; EP..261; D 396
 Stein, Rose M.
 Labor opinions of New deal; S 463
 Sterilization of the unfit; German law passed; EP 3
 Stern, A. H.
 Jewish fascism; C....563; see also.... 465
 Stern, J. David
 On currency policy of New York *Evening Post*; C 21
 Views on currency. S. Bent; C 103
 Stevedore. J. W. Krutch; D.....515, 544
 Stimson doctrine. See Chinese-Japanese relations
 Stocks and bonds
 Fletcher-Rayburn bill
 For control of exchanges; EP..... 204
 For control of exchanges. P. Y. Anderson; S 219
 Introduced. P. H. Noyes; S..... 249
 Lobby against bill. P. Y. Anderson; S 559
 Opposition; EP 287
 Opposition. P. Y. Anderson; S..... 443
 Twentieth century fund recommendations, and provisions of bill. I. F. Dewhurst and M. G. Schneider; S..301; see also EP.. 287
 Wall street hopeful of effects; E.... 691
 Wall street opposition; EP..... 547
 Investors, small, influence wanted. P. H. Noyes 594
 Manipulation in Atlas tack corporation; EP 2
 Regulation of markets; EP 141
 Securities act, attacks on. P. Y. Anderson; S 17
 Stockholders victims of executives; E.... 319
 Wall street pools. P. H. Noyes; S.... 133
 Strachey, John
 Answer to. P. T. Ellsworth; S....218; see also E.....207; C..... 386
 Reply by F. Pittigliani to review of The Italian corporative state; C 387
 Two wings of the blue eagle
 II. The wing upon the right; S... 13
 III. The wing upon the right; S.. 42
 Strikes
 Anti-racketeering bill aimed against strikers; E 551
 Automobiles. See Automobiles
 In prospect. P. Y. Anderson; S..... 669
 Increasing in number; EP...577; E.... 635
 Marine workers. See Marine workers
 Publishers' employees. See Macaulay company
 Radio operators. See Radio
 Shoe workers'. See Shoe workers
 Taxicab. See Taxicabs
 Test of NRA boards; EP 401
 Toledo. See Electric auto-lite company
 Wagner bill for prevention; EP..... 631
 Stroup, Thomas B.
 Negroes, views on; C..... 75
 Substitute post-office clerk
 Substitutes, treatment of; C..... 332
 Sugar
 Beet sugar trust, fight against; EP.... 115
 Industry, control, program for; EP.... 204
 Trust. F. C. Cross; S..... 15
 Sullivan, Mark; on "transformation" of United States government; E..... 61
 Summer schools. See Schools
 Supreme court, United States
 Milk price-fixing case; decision in; EP.. 287
 Minnesota mortgage moratorium case, decision in; EP 57
 Minnesota mortgage case decision in. P. Y. Anderson; S..... 101
 Symes, Lillian; objects to being called a "liberal"; EP 345
 T
 Tariff, United States
 Hull, Secretary, and Pan-America. O. G. Villard; S 36
 Logan, Senator, free trader. O. G. Villard; S 693
 Loss to Americans since 1914; EP..... 716
 Mills, O. L., and tariff. O. G. Villard; S 175
 Nationalism, economic, retreat from; E.. 290
 President, power for, proposed; E..... 117
 Reciprocity bill before senate; E..... 634
 Tarzan and his mate. W. Troy; MP..... 573
 Tattooing; book on; E 90
 Taxation. See United States—Finances
 Taxicabs
 New York strike; settled; EP..... 429
 Philadelphia strike; settled; EP..... 87
 Teachers' salaries cut. O. G. Villard; S.... 238
 Teitelbaum, Harry A.
 Insulin, brief for; C.....388; correction, C 620
 Telephone company. See New York telephone company
 Tennessee, governor of, in 1933
 On *Nation's* honor roll for 1933..... 4
 Terzani, Athos; trial of A. J. Smith, head of Khaki shirts of America, on charge of perjury in Terzani-Fierro murder case; EP 429
 Textiles. See Cotton-textile industry
 Thayer, State senator W. T. See Public utilities
 Theater, the
 Designs at Museum of modern art. L. Simonson; C.....248; see also.... 200
 Melodrama. J. W. Krutch; D 546
 Men in white wins Pulitzer prize; EP.. 549
 Propaganda in plays; E 205
 They shall not die. J. W. Krutch; D..... 284
 Third international. See Communism
 Third-party movement in middle west; EP.. 372
 Thompson, F. W.
 Industrial workers of the world and the automobile strike; C..592; see also.. 379
 Thompson, K. S.
 Reviewers as critics; S.....22; see also C 277
 Thompson, W. O.; letter of resignation from National recovery review board; EP.... 716
 Thorp, Willard L.; resignation; EP..... 576
 Thoughts, dictionary of; Dt.....132
 Thrift; Dt 185
 Thurber, James
 Disney, Walt, and the "Odyssey"; S.. 363
 Toledo strike. See Electric Auto-Lite company
 Toledo workers' school; appeal for books and periodicals. S. Pollack; C..... 389
 Tours. See Travel
 Translations. W. B. Wells; C....507; see also 193; C 620
 Travel; articles on. J. Rothschild; S...131, 184, 250, 333, 415, 470, 536, 565, 621, 676, 706
 Trotzky, Leon; tragedy of. L. Fischer; S.....498; see also E..... 491
 Troy, William
 Alice in wonderland; MP..... 82
 Ariane; MP 342
 Black cat, the; MP 657
 Broken shoes; MP 454
 Carolina; MP 285
 Catherine the great; MP 285
 Death takes a holiday; MP 342
 Enemies of progress; MP..... 112
 Frochard, la. et les deux orphelines; MP 228
 Hell on earth; MP 166
 Hitler's reign of terror; MP..... 573
 House of Rothschild, the; MP..... 398
 I was a spy; MP 166
 It happened one night; MP.....285, 314
 Key, the; MP 713
 Little man, what now? MP..... 713
 Lot in Sodom; MP.....82, 285
 Man of two worlds; MP..... 112
 Marionettes; MP 630
 Mother; MP 713
 Moulin rouge; MP 285
 Murder in Trinidad; MP 657
 Nana; MP 228
 Newsreels; MP 630
 Palooka; MP 314
 Queen Christina; MP 112
 Retrospects of 1933; S 21
 Riptide; MP 454
 Sadie KcKee; MP 657
 Simple tailor, the; MP 285
 Spitfire; MP 342
 Stephen Daedalus and James Joyce; S.. 187
 Tarzan and his mate; MP..... 573
 Viva Villa; MP 516
 War propaganda in films; S..... 166
 Where sinners meet; MP 657
 Troyanovsky, Ambassador, A. A.
 Party at embassy, EP..... 456
 Party at embassy. P. Y. Anderson; S.. 500
 Tugwell (Copeland) bill. See Food and drug bill
 Twentieth century fund. See Stocks and bonds
 U
 Unemployment
 Bachelors and unemployment. P. Schnurmann; C 47
 Civil works administration
 Abandonment, proposed; EP..... 288
 Discontinuance in New York city and elsewhere; EP 632
 Division of works and costs. S. Raushenbush; S 444
 End of work; E..... 346
 Failure; EP 114
 Lay-off after May 1. O. G. Villard; S 238
 March of unemployed on Washington, and demands; EP 399
 Workers' revolt against questionnaire; EP 456
 Dole, American. J. Rorty; S..... 723
 Dole, British; Dt 467
 Insurance; bill, federal, introduced; EP.. 259
 Italian. See Italy
 Leisure time for idle; Dt..... 73
 Leisure time for idle; report of NRA's Committee on the use of leisure time; E 663
 Mission menace. B. Rawlinson; C..... 20
 National unemployed league. W. C. Montross; C 734
 New York city
 Mistreatment of unemployed; EP.. 521
 Relief funds inadequate; E..... 691
 Relief problem; EP 604
 Ohio evictions; EP 428
 Ohio relief, dissatisfaction with; EP.... 575
 Professional men and women; signed articles 66, 274
 Recovery program, Roosevelt's; E..... 7
 Relief, La Follette bill; EP 575
 Relief, with mind and heart. B. Glassberg; S 11
 Relief workers lose jobs for unionization; EP 428
 Union of socialist soviet republics. See Russia
 Union of South Africa; fascism, beginning of; E 403
 Unions, company and others. See Labor unions
 Unions, labor, German. See Germany
 Unions of relief workers. See Unemployment
 United anti-war association of University of Chicago; resolution for investigation of munitions profits; C 388
 United States
 Cuba, relations with; EP 170
 Economic conditions; statement by liberals to president; S.....617; see also E 606
 Finances
 Budget; E 59
 Independent offices appropriation bill passed over veto; E..... 403
 Public debt due to recovery program; E 88
 Taxation and spending. H. R. Mussey; S 176
 Government, "transformation," according to M. Sullivan; E 61
 Japan, relations with; EP 169
 Japan, relations with; notes exchanged; E 375
 See also Government employees
 Universities and colleges. See Academic freedom; Education; Military training
 Unnatural history; E 523
 Utilities, public. See Public utilities
 V
 Vacations; Dt 705
 Van der Lubbe. Marinus; execution; EP... 86
 Van Doren, Mark
 Art of American fiction; S..... 471
 It is a moveless movement; P..... 477
 Return to ritual; P..... 419
 Shakespeare, unity of; S 595
 She said too little; P 651
 Van Kleeck, Mary
 For collectivism, at National conference of social work; EP 688
 On *Nation's* honor roll for 1933..... 4
 Van Sweringen's; lesson for bondholders in Allegheny corporation case. P. H. Noyes; S 508
 Variety, news from; EP 345
 Vatican. See Germany—Roman catholic church

- Vecheslova, and W. Chabukani, dancing. L. Kirsstein; S. 138
- Vegetables, spray for. See Poison spray
- Veterans; compensation, passed over Roosevelt veto; E. 403
- Vienna. See Austria
- Viereck, George Sylvester; defends Nazi suppression of his book; E. 460
- Villard, Oswald Garrison
Heads liberals in presentation of statement to President; S. 617; see also E. 606
- Issues and men:
Copeland, Royal S.; abatement suggested; S. 433
- Crucial months ahead; S. 91
- Disarmament, Roosevelt's opportunity; S. 119
- Eastman, Joseph Bartlett; S. 148
- Education, college, plight of; S. 349
- Hitler and German youth; S. 265
- Housing, action needed; S. 609
- Kerney, James, death; S. 461
- Logan, Senator M. M., free trader; S. 693
- Los Angeles, reactionary but awakening; S. 321; see also C. 535
- Masters of the world; S. 525
- Mills, Ogden Livingston, and tariff; S. 175
- Naval policy, national, needed; S. 553
- New deal, gifts of; S. 8
- Newspaper proprietors, illiberal; S. 461
- Philadelphia *Public Ledger*, demise; S. 461
- Phillips, Wendell; S. 209
- Prosperity and priming; S. 238
- Republican party, plight of; S. 497
- Republican saviors of the republic; S. 637
- Roche, Josephine; S. 665
- Roosevelt administration; co-ordination needed; S. 553
- Roosevelt and congress; S. 722
- Roosevelt, popularity; S. 293
- Senate progressives; S. 63
- Tariff; Mr. Hull, and Pan-America; S. 36
- War; clergymen opposed; S. 581
- West, conditions in; S. 405
- Wirt, William A., and "brain trust's" communism; S. 377
- Villari, Luigi
Unemployment in Italy; C. 222
- Virgin islands of the United States; rum to be made by government; EP. 345
- Viva Villa. W. Troy; MP. 516
- Vossische zeitung*, end of; EP. 371

W

- Wages. See Labor; Railroads
- Wagner, Senator Robert Ferdinand. See Labor
- Wagner labor disputes bill. See Strikes
- Waldron, J. Clark
Cotton growers; S. 703
- Wall street. See Stocks and bonds
- Walton, Eda Lou
Arbor, the; P. 188
- War
See also Military training; Pacifism; Peace
- Poison gas. W. Steig; Ct. 35
- Propaganda in films. W. Troy; S. 166
- War, European. See European war
- War debts
Default by debtors to United States; EP. 715
- Johnson act, to prohibit loans to nations in default; EP. 427; EP. 547; EP. 576; E. 690
- Roosevelt message on payment and British reply; EP. 659
- War munitions. See Munitions of war
- Warburg library, removal from Hamburg; EP. 31
- Ward, Gordon H.
Milk cooperatives, control of; C. with editorial comment. 185; see also E. 33
- Warner, Arthur
Death; E. 635
- Tribute by A. Brenner; C. 674
- Washington *Post*; attack on F. Robinson. P. Y. Anderson; S. 275
- Wassermann, Jakob; death. J. W. Krutch; S. 77
- Watterson, Henry, in memory of. L. Marder; C. 132
- Weather; February records; EP. 289
- Wednesday's child. J. W. Krutch; D. 140
- Weirton steel company, defiance of National labor board. P. Y. Anderson; S. 17
- Wells, Warre B.
On translations; C. 507; see also 193; C. 620
- Werner, M. R.
Biography, writing of; S. 251
- West; conditions in. O. G. Villard; S. 405

- West coast; fascism on. E. Winter; S. 241
- West Indies, travel in. J. Rothschild; S. 131
- Western newspaper union; *Publishers' auxiliary*, organ, suppresses support of Tugwell bill. H. B. Hough; C. 277
- Western union telegraph company; Dt. 619
- Where sinners meet. W. Troy; MP. 657
- White, S. J.
Technical help wanted for Russia; C. 447
- White-collar workers. See Office workers' union
- Wiggam, Lionel
Bystander; P. 251
- Sharp fear; P. 623
- Wild life, report on; Dt. 276
- Wilder, Charlotte
Isolation; P. 595
- Sculptured; P. 105
- Wilhelm, Kaiser, on mastery of the world. O. G. Villard; S. 525
- Wilkerson, Judge J. H., report on. P. Y. Anderson; S. 611
- Wilkins, Ernest H.
Oberlin college and radicals; C. 414; see also C. 360
- Willard Straight post. See American legion
- Williams, Bennett L.
Pacific gas and electric company; crusade against; S. 616
- Wilson, John W.
Negroes, views on; C. 75
- Wilson, Oliver Whitwell
Buildings, tall; S. 126
- Winter, Ella
Fascism on the west coast; S. 241
- Wireless. See Radio
- Wirt, Dr. William A. See Roosevelt, President Franklin Delano—Advisers
- Wohlforth, Robert
Armament profiteers: 1934; S. 299; see also EP. 288
- Women; Dt. 733
- Women, discrimination against; EP. 317
- Woodward, Judge C. E.; report on. P. Y. Anderson; S. 611
- Woolsey, Judge John M.; on *Nation's* honor roll for 1933 4
- Workers' protest meeting on Austria. M. Fox and others; C. 248
- Workmen's compensation act. See Puerto Rico
- Works, public. See Public works
- World war. See European war
- World's fair, Chicago
Architecture at. D. Haskell; Arc. 109
- Century of progress, 1834-1934. L. Kirsstein; S. 695
- Worry; Dt. 20
- Wrench, Sir Evelyn
Everyman; connection with; C. 592; see also C. 384
- Writers. See Authors
- Writers, German. See Germany

Y

- Yale university; students suffer for strike protests; EP. 30
- Yellow jack. J. W. Kutch; D. 340
- Yoffe, Henry
Russia and Japan; C. 387
- Youth organizations, meetings in Washington. S. Rodman; S. 70; see also C. 103, 132
- Yugoslavia. See Yugoslavia

Z

- Ziegfeld follies. P. M.; D. 110
- Zionism. See Jews
- Zukerman, William
Jewish fascism; S. 465; see also letters. 563; letter by Zukerman. 733

BOOK REVIEWS

Books are indexed under author and title, and in some cases under subject.
The following explanatory letters are used in the index:

B Book review
AN Brief annotation
R Reviewer

A

- Abramowitz, Isidore; R. 364
- Adamic, Louis
Native's return, the; B. 280
- Aesthetics of William Hazlitt, the. E. Schneider; AN. 108
- After strange gods. T. S. Eliot; B. 478
- Agar, Herbert
People's choice, the; Pulitzer prize winner; E. 580
- Ah King. W. S. Maugham; AN. 51

- Aiken, Conrad
Among the lost people; AN. 543
- Aldington, Richard
Poems of Richard Aldington, the; B. 625
- Alice James: Her brothers, her journal. Edited by A. R. Burr; B. 682
- All trivia. L. P. Smith; B. 654
- Allen, Hervey
Anthony Adverse; reviewers as critics. K. S. Thompson; C. 22; see also C. 277
- Altar in the fields, an. L. Lewisohn; B. 450
- American wines and how to make them. P. M. Wagner; B. 193
- Among the lost people. C. Aiken; AN. 543
- Andersen, Hans Christian; biography. S. Toksvig; B. 254
- Anthony Adverse. H. Allen; reviewers as critics. K. S. Thompson; C. 22; see also C. 277
- Antislavery impulse, 1830-1844, the. G. H. Barnes; AN. 656
- Arens, Egmont; R. 197
- Arrian. Volume II. Translated by E. I. Robson; AN. 543
- Art as experience. J. Dewey; B. 710
- Art Young's inferno. A journey through hell six hundred years after Dante. Drawings and text by A. Young; B. 197
- Artists in uniform. A study of literature and bureaucracy. M. Eastman; B. 624
- Aspects of Athenian democracy. R. J. Bonner; B. 739
- At 33. E. Le Gallienne; B. 195
- Athenaeus. Volume V. Translated by C. B. Gulick; AN. 543
- Austin, Mary
One-smoke stories; B. 513
- Austin, Mary; R. 137

B

- Bacchus behave; The lost age of polite drinking. A. Whitaker; B. 193
- Bache, Benjamin Franklin, book on. B. Fay; B. 107
- Backward glance, a. E. Wharton; B. 598
- Bacon. C. Williams; B. 393
- Banse, Ewald
Germany prepares for war. A. Harris, translator; B. 305; see also EP. 289
- Barnes, Gilbert Hobbs
Antislavery impulse, 1830-1844, the; AN. 656
- Bassett. S. Gibbons; AN. 683
- Bauer, Marion
Twentieth century music: How it developed, how to listen to it; AN. 228
- Beals, Carleton
Black river; AN. 452
- Beals, Carleton; R. 50
- Beard, Charles A.
Idea of national interest, the; B. 479
- Beard, Charles A., and G. H. E. Smith.
Future comes, the; B. 51
- Beaton, George
Jack Robinson; AN. 198
- Becker, Carl; R. 624
- Beckhart, Benjamin Haggott; R. 570; see also C. 675
- Becoming a writer. D. Brande; AN. 742
- Beethoven as he lived. R. Specht. Translated by A. Kalisch; AN. 198
- Beginning of a mortal, the. M. Miller; B. 25
- Belloc, Hilaire
Charles the first, king of England; B. 24
- Belly fulla straw. D. C. DeJong; AN. 486
- Ben Jonson. J. Palmer; B. 623
- Benedict, Ruth; R. 513
- Bentley, Phyllis
Modern tragedy, a; B. 198
- Beres, David; R. 162
- Berlin diaries, the. Edited by H. Klotz; foreword by E. A. Mowrer; B. 710
- Bernstein, Hillel
L'affaire Jones; AN. 137
- Beside Galilee. A diary in Palestine. H. Bolitho; B. 227
- Beyond the Mexique bay. A. Huxley; B. 568
- Beyond the street. E. Calmer; AN. 543
- Biography of the Greek people, a. C. F. Lavell; B. 739
- Bishop, John Peale
Now with his love. Poems; B. 162
- Bitter bread. N. Gubsky; B. 626
- Black river. C. Beals; AN. 452
- Blackmur, R. P.; R. 625, 654
- Blodgett, Harold
Walt Whitman in England; AN. 628
- Bloody Mary's. G. Dennis; AN. 486
- Bolitho, Hector
Beside Galilee. A diary in Palestine; B. 227
- Bonner, Robert J.
Aspects of Athenian democracy; B. 739
- Bradford, Roark
Kingdom coming; B. 80
- Brande, Dorothea
Becoming a writer; AN. 742

- Brandeis, Lawyer and judge in the modern state. A. T. Mason; B..... 108
 Breathe upon these slain. E. Scott; B..... 680
 Brenner, Anita; R..... 737
 Brody, Alter; R..... 391
 Bromfield, Louis
 Here today and gone tomorrow; AN.... 486
 Brown, John Mason; R..... 195
 Bruce, William Cabell
 Imaginary conversations with Franklin; B..... 107
 Buck, Pearl S.
 Mother, the; B..... 78
 Budgen, Frank
 James Joyce and the making of Ulysses; B..... 421
 Bunin, Ivan
 Well of days, the. G. Struve and H. Miles, translators; B..... 192
 Burke, Kenneth; R..... 484
 Burnham, David
 Wedding song; AN..... 199
 Burnham, James; R..... 654
 Buschke, Abraham, and F. Jacobsohn
 Sex habits: A vital factor in well-being. E. and C. Paul, translators; AN..... 542
- C
- Cain, James M.
 Postman always rings twice, the; AN.. 395
 Callaghan, Morley
 Such is my beloved; AN..... 421
 Calmer, Edgar
 Beyond the street; AN..... 543
 Calvin, Ross
 Sky determines. An interpretation of the southwest; AN..... 740
 Campbell, G. A.
 Strindberg; B..... 225
 Cannery boat, the, by T. Kobayashi and other Japanese short stories; B..... 25
 Cantwell, Robert
 Land of plenty, the; B..... 679
 Capital, by Karl Marx, in lithographs. H. Gellert; B..... 737
 Carlisle, D. T., and E. Dunn
 Wining and dining with rhyme and reason; B..... 193
 Carroll, Lewis; letters; B..... 394
 Caylor, Rose
 Journey, the; B..... 24
 Céline, Louis-Ferdinand
 Journey to the end of the night. J. H. P. Marks, translator; B..... 511
 Chadbourn, J. H.
 Lynching and the law; AN..... 228
 Chapin, Christina
 Sanctuary. The struggle of the Britons against the Roman invaders told in narrative verse; AN..... 572
 Charles Dickens. His life and work. S. Leacock; B..... 161
 Charles the first, king of England. H. Belloc; B..... 24
 Chase, Stuart
 Economy of abundance, the; B..... 537
 Chase, Stuart; R..... 567
 Chaucer, Geoffrey; biography. J. L. Lowes; B..... 335
 Chevalier, Haakon M.; R..... 511
 Chronicle of an infamous woman. D. Liebovitz; AN..... 26
 Chesterton, Gilbert K.
 Saint Thomas Aquinas; B..... 192
 Churchill, Charles, poems of. Edited by J. Laver; B..... 135
 Clapper, Raymond
 Racketeering in Washington; AN..... 452
 Claudius, biography. R. Graves; B..... 679
 Clemens, Samuel Langhorne; biography. M. M. Brashear; AN..... 395
 Clement, Travers, and L. Symes
 Rebel America; B..... 336
 Cleveland, Grover, letters, 1850-1908. Selected and edited by A. Nevins; B.... 78
 Coates, Robert M.
 Yesterday's burdens; AN..... 164
 Codman, Florence; R..... 24, 134, 366, 392, 476, 540, 571
 Cohen, Morris R., and E. Nagel
 Introduction to logic and scientific method, an; B..... 513
 Cole, G. D. H.
 What Marx really meant; B..... 599
 Colette
 Innocent wife, the; AN..... 284
 Collected poems (1921-1931). W. C. Williams; B..... 365
 Colonel Lawrence. The man behind the legend. L. Hart; AN..... 600
 Come in at the door. W. March; AN..... 340
 Comedy American style. J. Fauset; AN.... 26
 Conner, Rearden
 Shake hands with the devil; B..... 226
 Conquest of a continent, the, or the expansion of races in America. M. Grant; B..... 49
 Conroy, Jack
 Disinherited, the; C..... 104
- Corday, Michel
 Paris front, the. An unpublished diary: 1914-1918; B..... 106
 Covering two years. I. V. Mooris; AN.... 602
 Crane, R. S.; R..... 481
 Crapsey, Adelaide
 Verse; AN..... 712
 Craven, Thomas
 Modern art; B..... 651
 Crichton-Miller, H.
 Psychoanalysis and its derivatives; AN. 26
 Crockett, Davy, biography. C. Rourke; B.. 252
 Cronyn, George W.
 Fool of Venus, the: The story of Peire Vidal; B..... 391
 Crows, the. D. McCord; AN..... 713
 Crucifixion of liberty, the. A. Kerensky; B..... 394
 Culinary herbs and condiments. M. Grieve; B..... 196
 Current monetary issues. L. Pasvolsky; B.. 338
- D
- Davis, Horace B.
 Labor and steel; B..... 282
 Davy Crockett. C. Rourke; B..... 252
 Death ship, the. The story of an American sailor. B. Traven; B..... 569
 de Ford, Miriam Allen; R..... 336
 DeJong, David Cornel
 Belly fulla straw; AN..... 486
 Dennen, Leon; R..... 308
 Dennis, Geoffrey
 Bloody Mary's; AN..... 486
 Deutsch, Babette; R..... 309
 Development of social insurance and minimum-wage legislation in Great Britain, the. H. F. Hohman; B..... 163
 De Vriendt goes home. A. Zweig; B..... 49
 Dewey, John
 Art as experience; B..... 710
 Dewey, John; R..... 513
 Diamant, Gertrude; R..... 49, 681
 Dickens, Charles, biography. S. Leacock; B. 161
 Dinesen, Isak
 Seven gothic tales; introduction by D. Canfield; B..... 449
 Diodorus of Sicily. Volume I. Translated by C. H. Oldfather; AN..... 543
 Disinherited, the. J. Conroy; C..... 104
 Doctor Martino and other stories. W. Faulkner; B..... 479
 Dollar, the franc, and inflation, the. E. L. Dulles; B..... 338
 Dollars. L. D. Edie; AN..... 452
 Dos Passos, John
 In all countries; B..... 540
 Three plays; B..... 735
 Douglas, C. H.
 Social credit; B....570; see also C.... 675
 Douglas, Paul H.
 Theory of wages, the; B..... 708
 Douglas, Paul H.; R..... 163
 Dreamer, the. J. Green; AN..... 602
 Duffield, Marcus; R..... 366
 Dulles, Eleanor Lansing
 Dollar, the franc, and inflation, the; B.. 338
 Dunn, Elizabeth, and D. T. Carlisle
 Wining and dining with rhyme and reason; B..... 193
- E
- Eastman, Max
 Artists in uniform. A study of literature and bureaucratism; B..... 624
 Eastman, Max; R..... 599
 Easton, Emily
 Youth immortal. A life of Robert Herrick; AN..... 684
 Economy of abundance, the. S. Chase; B.. 537
 Eddy, Sherwood
 Russia today. What can we learn from it? B..... 308
 Edie, Lionel D.
 Dollars; AN..... 452
 Edmonds, Walter D.
 Mostly canallers; AN..... 340
 Ehrenbourg, Ilya
 Out of chaos. A. Bakshy, translator; B. 681
 Einzig, Paul
 Sterling-dollar-franc tangle, the; B.... 338
 Elder Henry James, the. A. Warren; B.... 682
 Eldridge, Paul, and G. S. Viereck
 My first two thousand years; E..... 460
 Eliot, George, and George Lewes; biography. A. T. Kitchel; B..... 164
 Eliot, T. S.
 After strange gods; B..... 478
 Ellis, G. V.
 Thackeray; AN..... 27
 Engelbrecht, H. C., and F. C. Hanighen; B. 596
 Eugenik predicament, the. S. J. Holmes; AN..... 51
- F
- Farewell Victoria. T. H. White; AN..... 368
 Farrell, J.; reviewer. See C..... 104
- Farrell, James T.
 Young manhood of Studs Lonigan, the; B..... 252
 Faulkner, William
 Doctor Martino and other stories; B... 479
 Fauset, Jessie
 Comedy American style; AN..... 26
 Fay, Bernard
 Roosevelt and his America; B..... 51
 Two Franklins, the: Fathers of American democracy; B..... 107
 Feuchtwanger, Lion
 Oppermanns, the; B..... 364
 Fifty years of Europe. J. A. Spender; B.. 136
 Finished scoundrel, the. R. O. Shreve; AN. 26
 Finnley Wren. P. Wylie; B..... 655
 Fireweed. M. Walker; B..... 283
 Fischer, Louis; R..... 79; reply by M. T. Florinsky..... 221
 Fisher, Vardis
 Passions spin the plot; B..... 107
 Fitzgerald, F. Scott
 Tender is the night; B..... 539
 Flandrau, Grace
 Indeed this flesh; AN..... 742
 Florinsky, Michael T.
 World revolution and the U. S. S. R.; B..... 79; reply to review, by Florinsky..... 221
 Fool of Venus, the: The story of Peire Vidal. G. W. Cronyn; B..... 391
 Foreign bonds: An autopsy. M. Winkler; AN..... 165
 Foster, Stephen, biography. J. T. Howard; B..... 484
 Foundations for the world's new age of plenty. F. Henderson; AN..... 628
 Fox, Ralph
 Lenin; B..... 224
 Franklin, Benjamin, two books on; B..... 107
 Frost in May. A. White; AN..... 572
 Fuller, Buckminster; R..... 652
 Future comes, the. C. A. Beard and G. H. E. Smith; B..... 51
- G
- Galantière, Lewis; R..... 106, 193 (see also C..... 507, 620)
 Gary, Franklin; R..... 164
 Gellert, Hugo
 Capital, by Karl Marx, in lithographs; B. 737
 Genzmer, George; R..... 484
 Geoffrey Chaucer. J. L. Lowes; B..... 335
 George Lewes and George Eliot. A review of records. A. T. Kitchel; B..... 164
 Germany prepares for war. E. Banse. Translated by A. Harris; B..... 305; see also EP..... 289
 Gessner, Robert
 Upsurge; AN..... 108
 Gibbons, Stella
 Bassett; AN..... 683
 Gilfillan, Lauren
 I went to pit college; B..... 366
 Gladstone, William Ewart; The queen and Mr. Gladstone. P. Guedalla; B..... 541
 Glass. H. Stephenson; AN..... 284
 Goldwater, Robert J.; R..... 710
 Gooch, G. P.; R..... 136
 Gordon, Caroline; R..... 80
 Graham, Frank D.; R..... 338
 Grant, Madison
 Conquest of a continent, the, or the expansion of races in America; B..... 49
 Graves, Robert
 I, Claudius; B..... 679
 Gray, John H., and J. Levin
 Valuation and regulation of public utilities, the; B..... 655
 Great Lakes-St. Lawrence deep waterway to the sea, the. T. Ireland; AN..... 712
 Green, Julian
 Dreamer, the; AN..... 602
 Grieve, Mrs. M.
 Culinary herbs and condiments; B..... 196
 Modern herbal, a; B..... 196
 Gubsky, Nicolai
 Bitter bread; B..... 626
 Guedalla, Philip
 Queen, the, and Mr. Gladstone; B.... 541
- H
- Hacker, Louis M.; R..... 78, 279 (see also C..... 333)
 Hall, James Norman, and C. Nordhoff
 Men against the sea; AN..... 199
 Hall, Leland
 Salan and his American; AN..... 602
 Hallgren, Mauritz A.; R..... 51, 282, 653
 Halper, Albert
 On the shore; AN..... 367
 Hamilton, Edith; R..... 739
 Hammett, Dashiell
 Thin man, the; AN..... 395
 Hamsun, Knut
 Road leads on, the. E. Gay-Tift, translator; AN..... 712

- Hanighen, F. C., and H. C. Engelbrecht
Merchants of death; B..... 596
- Hapgood, Powers; R..... 738
- Harding, T. Swann
TNT. These national tax eaters; B.... 627
- Hart, Liddell
Colonel Lawrence. The man behind the legend; AN..... 600
- Hazlitt, Henry; R..... 253, 708
- Hazlitt, William, aesthetics of. E. Schneider; AN..... 108
- Henderson, Fred
Foundations for the world's new age of plenty; AN..... 628
- Here today and gone tomorrow. L. Bromfield; AN..... 486
- Heredity and environment; Studies in the genesis of psychological characteristics. G. C. Schwesinger; B..... 162
- Herm, Heinrich
Voyage, the; AN..... 453
- Herrick, Robert; biography. E. Easton; AN..... 684
- Herskovits, Melville J.; R..... 49
- History of American graphic humor, a. W. Murrell; with an introduction by C. Morley; AN..... 628
- History of modern culture, a. P. Smith. Volume II: The enlightenment, 1687-1776; B..... 481
- Hogben, Lancelot
Nature and nurture; AN..... 137
- Hohman, Helen F.
Development of social insurance and minimum-wage legislation in Great Britain; B..... 163
- Holcombe, A. N.
New party politics, the; AN..... 109
- Holmes, S. J.
Eugenic predicament, the; AN..... 51
- Hone, Joseph M., and M. M. Rossi
Swift; or the egotist; B..... 736
- Hopkins, Gerard Manley, poetry of. E. E. Phare; AN..... 109
- Hour of decision, the. O. Spengler. Translated by C. F. Atkinson; B..... 253
- Howard, John Tasker
Stephen Foster, America's troubadour; B..... 484
- Hurston, Zora Neale
Jonah's gourd vine; AN..... 683
- Hutchinson, R. C.
Unforgotten prisoner, the; B..... 225
- Huxley, Aldous
Beyond the Mexique bay; B..... 568
- Hyder, Clyde K.
Swinburne's literary career and fame; AN..... 199
- I
- I, Claudius. R. Graves; B..... 679
- I, governor of California, and how I ended poverty. U. Sinclair; B..... 226
- I was a German. The autobiography of Ernst Toller; B..... 391
- I went to pit college. L. Gilfillan; B..... 365
- Ickes, Anna Wilmarth
Mesa land; B..... 137
- Idea of national interest, the. C. A. Beard; B..... 479
- Imaginary conversations with Franklin. W. C. Bruce; B..... 107
- In all countries. J. Dos Passos; B..... 540
- Indeed this flesh. G. Flandrau; AN..... 742
- Innocent wife, the. Colette; AN..... 284
- Introduction to logic and scientific method, a. M. R. Cohen and E. Nagel; B..... 513
- Ireland, Tom
Great Lakes-St. Lawrence deep waterway to the sea, the; AN..... 712
- Iron, blood and profits. G. Seldes; B..... 596
- Italian corporative state, the. F. Pitigliani; author replies to review by J. Strachey; C..... 387
- J
- Jack Robinson. G. Beaton; AN..... 197
- Jacobsohn, Friedrich, and A. Buschke
Sex habits: A vital factor in well-being. E. and C. Paul, translators; AN..... 542
- James, Alice: Her brothers, her journal. Edited by A. R. Burr; B..... 682
- James, Henry, the elder; biography. A. Warren; B..... 682
- James Joyce and the making of Ulysses. F. Budgen; B..... 421
- Jerome, Saint, select letters of. Translated by F. A. Wright; AN..... 543
- Jerusalem the golden. C. Reznikoff; B..... 339
- Johnson, Samuel; biography. H. Kingsmill; B..... 306
- Johnson's England. Edited by A. S. Turberville; B..... 135
- Jonah's gourd vine. Z. N. Hurston; AN..... 683
- Jonson, B., biography. J. Palmer; B..... 623
- Joseph and his brothers. T. Mann. Translated by H. T. Lowe-Porter; B..... 678
- Josephson, Matthew
Robber barons, the: The great American capitalists. 1861-1901; B.... 279; see also C..... 333
- Journal of these days, a. June, 1932-December, 1933. A. J. Nock; B..... 363
- Journey, the. R. Caylor; B..... 24
- Journey to the end of the night. L.-F. Céline. Translated by J. H. P. Marks; B..... 511
- Joyce, James
Ulysses; B..... 187
- Joyce, James, and the making of Ulysses. F. Budgen; B..... 421
- Jung, C. G.
Modern man in search of a soul; AN... 27
- Jusserand, J. J.
What me befell; B..... 23
- K
- Kaleidoscope. S. Zweig; B..... 571
- Kantor, MacKinlay
Long remember; B..... 420
- Kaun, Alexander; R..... 652
- Keats' craftsmanship. A study in poetic development. M. R. Ridley; B..... 452
- Kemmerer on money. E. W. Kemmerer; B..... 253
- Kemmerer, Edwin Walter
Kemmerer on money; B..... 253
- Kenton, Edna; R..... 280
- Kerensky, Alexander
Crucifixion of liberty, the; B..... 394
- King, Judson; R..... 655
- Kingdom coming. R. Bradford; B..... 80
- Kingsmill, Hugh
Life of Samuel Johnson, the; B..... 306
- Kirstein, Lincoln; R..... 420
- Kitchel, Ann T.
George Lewes and George Eliot. A review of records; B..... 164
- Kobayashi, Takiji
Cannery boat, the, and other Japanese short stories; B..... 25
- Krapp, George P.; R..... 355
- Kroetch, Victor John; R..... 394
- Kronenberger, Louis; R..... 679
- Krutch, Joseph Wood; R..... 135, 306, 363, 419, 477, 623, 678, 735
- L
- Labor and steel. H. B. Davis; B..... 282
- L'affaire Jones. H. Bernstein; AN..... 137
- Lagerlöf, Selma
Memories of my childhood; B..... 625
- Land of plenty, the. R. Cantwell; B..... 679
- Larsson, Gösta
Our daily bread; AN..... 683
- Laski, Harold J.; R..... 479
- Lavell, Cecil Fairfield
Biography of the Greek people, a; B... 739
- Lawrence, T. E., biography. L. Hart; AN... 600
- Leacock, Stephen
Charles Dickens. His life and work; B..... 161
- Lee, Robert E., biography. R. W. Winston; B..... 512
- Le Gallienne, Eva
At 33; B..... 195
- Lengyel, Emil
New deal in Europe, the; B..... 393
- Lenin, R. Fox; B..... 224
- Letters of Grover Cleveland, 1850-1908. Selected and edited by A. Nevins; B... 78
- Letters of Romain Rolland and Malwida von Meysenbug, the. AN..... 656
- Letters to the new island. W. B. Yeats. Edited by H. Reynolds; B..... 309
- Levin, Jack, and J. H. Gray
Valuation and regulation of public utilities, the; B..... 655
- Levy, Beryl Harold; R..... 108
- Lewes, George, and George Eliot; biography. A. T. Kitchel; B..... 164
- Lewis, Meriwether, biography. C. M. Wilson; AN..... 602
- Lewis, Sinclair
Work of art; B..... 134
- Lewisohn, Ludwig
Altar in the fields, an; B..... 450
- Lewisohn, Ludwig; R..... 738
- Liebling, Abbott J.
They all sang: From Tony Pastor to Rudy Vallée. As told to A. J. Liebling to E. B. Marks; B..... 484
- Liebovitz, David
Chronicle of an infamous woman; AN... 26
- Life of Hans Christian Andersen. S. Toksvig; B..... 254
- Life of Samuel Johnson, the. H. Kingsmill; B..... 306
- Lindley, Ernest K.
Roosevelt revolution, the; B..... 51
- Lindsay, Philip
Tragic king, the: Richard III; AN..... 712
- Linklater, Eric
Magnus Merriman; B..... 655
- Livingston, Arthur; R..... 480
- Long remember. M. Kantor; B..... 420
- Lord Riddell's intimate diary of the peace conference and after. 1918-1923; B... 482
- Low, D. M.
Twice shy; AN..... 340
- Lowenthal, Arthur; R..... 227
- Lowes, John Livingston
Geoffrey Chaucer; B..... 335
- Lynching and the law. J. H. Chadbourn; AN..... 228
- M
- MacDonald, William
Menace of recovery, the; B..... 449
- MacDonald, William; R..... 107
- MacLeish, Archibald
Poems, 1924-1933; B..... 48
- MacLeish, Archibald; R..... 596
- Magnus Merriman. E. Linklater; B..... 655
- Making of Americans, the. G. Stein; AN... 421
- Malraux, André
Man's fate. H. M. Chevalier, translator; B..... 735
- Man and nature. A. N. Whitehead; B.... 419
- Mann, Thomas
Joseph and his brothers. H. T. Lowe-Porter, translator; B..... 678
- Man's fate. A. Malraux. Translated by H. M. Chevalier; B..... 735
- March, William
Come in at the door; AN..... 340
- Mariéjol, Jean H.
Philip II: The first modern king. W. B. Wells, translator; B..... 79
- Mark Twain, son of Missouri. M. M. Brashear; AN..... 395
- Marks, Edward B.
They all sang: From Tony Pastor to Rudy Vallée. As told to A. J. Liebling to E. B. Marks; B..... 484
- Marx, Karl
Capital, in lithographs. H. Gellert; B... 737
- Mason, Apheus Thomas
Brandeis: Lawyer and judge in the modern state; B..... 108
- Maugham, W. Somerset
Ah King; AN..... 51
- Mayo, Katherine
Soldiers what next! B..... 366
- McCarthy, Mary; R..... 24, 226, 625, 655, 679
- McCord, David
Crows, the; AN..... 713
- McGill, V. J.; R..... 225
- McKeon, Richard; R..... 192, 391
- Memories of my childhood. S. Lagerlöf; B..... 625
- Men against the sea. C. Nordhoff and J. N. Hall; AN..... 199
- Menace of Japan, the. T. O'Connor; B... 653
- Menace of recovery, the. W. MacDonald; B..... 449
- Mencken, H. L.
Treatise on right and wrong; B..... 484
- Mencken, H. L.; R..... 193
- Merchants of death. H. C. Engelbrecht and F. C. Hanighen; B..... 596
- Meriwether Lewis of Lewis and Clark. C. M. Wilson; AN..... 602
- Mesa land. A. W. Ickes; B..... 137
- Meysenbug, Malwida von
Letters, and those of R. Rolland; AN... 656
- Miller, Max
Beginning of a mortal, the; B..... 25
- Miners and management. M. Van Kleeck; B..... 738
- Mitchell, Broadus; R..... 449
- Modern art. T. Craven; B..... 651
- Modern herbal, a. Mrs. M. Grieve; B..... 196
- Modern man in search of a soul. C. G. Jung; AN..... 27
- Modern Palestine. A symposium. Edited by J. Sampter; B..... 227
- Modern tragedy, a. P. Bentley; B..... 198
- Money, four books on; B..... 338
- Monkhouse, Allan
Moscow, 1911-1933; B..... 308
- Morris, Homer L.
Plight of the bituminous coal miner, the; B..... 738
- Morris, I. V.
Covering two years; AN..... 602
- Moscow, 1911-1933. A Monkhouse; B..... 308
- Mostly canallers. W. D. Edmonds; AN... 340
- Mother, the. P. S. Buck; B..... 78
- Mullin, Glen; R..... 651
- Mumford, Lewis
Technics and civilization; B..... 652
- Murrell, William
History of American graphic humor, a. With an introduction by C. Morley; AN..... 628
- Murry, John Middleton
Necessity of communism, the; B..... 654
- My first two thousand years. G. S. Viereck and P. Eldridge; E..... 460
- N
- Nagel, Ernest, and M. R. Cohen
Introduction to logic and scientific method, an; B..... 513

- Native's return, the. L. Adamic; B..... 280
 Nature and nurture. L. Hogben; AN..... 137
 Necessity of communism, the. J. M. Murry; B..... 654
 Neff, Emery; R..... 541
 Nest of simple folk, a. S. O'Faolain; B..... 105
 New deal in Europe, the. E. Lengyel; B..... 393
 New governments in Europe. By the research staff of the Foreign policy association. Edited by R. L. Buell; B..... 626
 New party politics, the. A. N. Holcombe; AN..... 109
 Nicolson, Harold
 Some people; B..... 477
 Nijinsky. R. Nijinsky; B..... 420
 Nock, Albert Jay
 Journal of these days, a. June, 1932-December, 1933; B..... 363
 Nordhoff, Charles, and J. N. Hall
 Men against the sea; AN..... 199
 Notes on a cellar-book. G. Saintsbury; B..... 193
 Now with his love. Poems. J. P. Bishop; B..... 162
- O
- O'Casey, Sean
 Within the gates; article by F. Codman; S..... 476
 O'Conroy, T.
 Menace of Japan, the; B..... 653
 O'Faolain, Sean
 Nest of simple folk, a; B..... 105
 On our way. F. D. Roosevelt; AN..... 600; see also C..... 675
 On the shore. A. Halper; AN..... 367
 One-smoke stories. M. Austin; B..... 513
 Oppermanns, the. L. Feuchtwanger; B..... 364
 Our daily bread. G. Larsson; AN..... 683
 Our master's voice: Advertising. J. Rorty; B..... 567
 Our times: The United States, 1900-1925. Volume V: Over here, 1914-1918. M. Sullivan; AN..... 26
 Out of chaos. I. Ehrenbourg. Translated by A. Bakshy; B..... 681
- P
- Palmer, Frederick
 With my own eyes; B..... 163
 Palmer, John
 Ben Jonson; B..... 623
 Paris front, the. An unpublished diary: 1914-1918. M. Corday; B..... 106
 Parry, Albert
 Tattoo; E..... 90
 Passion's pilgrims. J. Romans. Translated by W. B. Wells; B..... 193; see also C..... 507; C..... 620
 Passions spin the plot. V. Fisher; B..... 107
 Pasvolsky, L.
 Current monetary issues; B..... 338
 Peace by revolution. F. Tannenbaum; B..... 50
 People at work. F. Perkins; AN..... 712
 People's choice, the. H. Agar; Pulitzer prize winner; E..... 580; see also C..... 675
 Perkins, Frances
 People at work; AN..... 712
 Peterkin, Julia
 Roll, Jordan, roll. Photographic studies by D. Ulmann; B..... 106
 Phare, E. E.
 Poetry of Gerard Manley Hopkins, the; AN..... 109
 Philip II: The first modern king. J. H. Mariéjol. Translated by W. B. Wells; B..... 79
 Pitigliani, Fausto
 Italian corporative state, the; reply to review by J. Strachey; C..... 387
 Plight of the bituminous coal miner, the. H. L. Morris; B..... 738
 Poems, 1924-1933. A. MacLeish; B..... 48
 Poems by Charles Churchill, the. Edited by J. Laver; B..... 135
 Poetry of Gerard Manley Hopkins, the. E. E. Phare; AN..... 109
 Ponsonby, Arthur
 Victoria; AN..... 52
 Portrait of America. D. Rivera. Explanatory text by B. D. Wolfe; B..... 737
 Postman always rings twice, the. J. M. Cain; AN..... 395
 Powys, John Cowper
 Weymouth sands; B..... 280
 Private police. J. P. Shaloo; B..... 282
 Prolegomena. A. T. Rosne; AN..... 228
 Psychoanalysis and its derivatives. H. Crichton-Miller; AN..... 26
- Q
- Queen, the, and Mr. Gladstone. P. Guedalla; B..... 541
- R
- Rabble in arms. K. Roberts; AN..... 52
 Racketeering in Washington. R. Clapper; AN..... 452
 Rascoe, Burton; R..... 450
 Rebel America. L. Symes and T. Clement; B..... 336
 Rediscovering America. H. E. Stearns; B..... 512
 Reid, Edith Gittings
 Woodrow Wilson. The caricature, the myth, and the man; B..... 540
 Reis, Lincoln; R..... 253
 Reznikoff, Charles
 Testimony; AN..... 572
 Rice, Philip Blair; R..... 365, 479
 Richard III, biography. P. Lindsay; AN..... 712
 Riddell, Lord
 Intimate diary of the peace conference and after, 1918-1923; B..... 482
 Ridley, M. R.
 Keats' craftsmanship. A study in poetic development; B..... 452
 Rivera, Diego
 Portrait of America. Explanatory text by B. D. Wolfe; B..... 737
 Road leads on, the. K. Hamsun. Translated by E. Gay-Tift; AN..... 712
 Robber barons, the: The great American capitalists, 1861-1901. M. Josephson; B..... 279; see also C..... 333
 Robert E. Lee. A biography. R. W. Winston; B..... 512
 Roberts, Kenneth
 Rabble in arms; AN..... 52
 Roll, Jordan, roll. Text by J. Peterkin. Photographic studies by D. Ulmann; B..... 106
 Rolland, Romain
 Letters, and those of Malwida von Meysenbug; AN..... 656
 Rollins, William, junior
 Shadow before, the; B..... 392
 Romains, Jules
 Passion's pilgrims. W. B. Wells, translator; B..... 193; see also C..... 507; C..... 620
 Roosevelt, Franklin D.
 On our way; AN..... 600; see also C..... 675
 Roosevelt and his America. B. Fay; B..... 51
 Roosevelt revolution, the. E. K. Lindley; B..... 51
 Rorty, James
 Our master's voice: Advertising; B..... 567
 Rorty, James; R..... 627
 Rosen, Aaron Tani
 Prolegomena; AN..... 228
 Rossi, Mario M., and J. M. Hone
 Swift; or the egotist; B..... 736
 Rourke, Constance
 Davy Crockett; B..... 252
 Russia, two books on; B..... 308
 Russia today. What can we learn from it? S. Eddy; B..... 308
- S
- Saint Jerome, select letters of. Translated by F. A. Wright; AN..... 543
 Saint Thomas Aquinas. G. K. Chesterton; B..... 192
 Saintsbury, George
 Notes on a cellar-book; B..... 193
 Salah and his American. L. Hall; AN..... 602
 Sanctuary. The struggle of the Britons against the Roman invaders told in narrative verse. C. Chapin; AN..... 572
 Schneider, Elisabeth
 Aesthetics of William Hazlitt, the; AN..... 108
 Schneider, Isidor; R..... 25
 Schwesinger, Gladys C.
 Heredity and environment: Studies in the genesis of psychological characteristics; B..... 162
 Scott, Evelyn
 Breathe upon these slain; B..... 680
 Scott, Evelyn; R..... 225
 Seldes, George
 Iron, blood and profits; B..... 596
 Vatican, the: Yesterday, today, tomorrow; B..... 480
 Select letters of Saint Jerome. Translated by F. A. Wright; AN..... 543
 Selection from the letters of Lewis Carroll to his child-friends. Edited by E. M. Hatch; B..... 394
 Seven gothic tales. I. Dinesen; introduction by D. Canfield; B..... 449
 Sex habits: A vital factor in well-being. A. Buschke and F. Jacobsohn. Translated by E. and C. Paul; AN..... 542
 Sextus Empiricus. Volume I. Translated by R. G. Bury; AN..... 543
 Shadow before, the. W. Rollins, junior; B..... 392
 Shaloo, J. P.
 Private police; B..... 282
 Shake hands with the devil. R. Conner; B..... 226
 Shreve, Royal Ornan
 Finished scoundrel, the; AN..... 26
 Simonds, Frank H.; R..... 305; (see also EP..... 289)
 Sinclair, Upton
 I, governor of California, and how I ended poverty; B..... 226
 Sky determines. An interpretation of the southwest. R. Calvin; AN..... 740
 Slesinger, Tess
 Unpossessed, the; B..... 597
 Smith, George H. E., and C. A. Beard
 Future comes, the; B..... 51
 Smith, Logan Pearsall
 All trivia; B..... 654
 Smith, Preserved
 History of modern culture, a. Volume II: The enlightenment, 1687-1776; B..... 481
 Soldiers what next! K. Mayo; B..... 366
 Social credit. C. H. Douglas; B..... 570; see also C..... 675
 Some people. H. Nicolson; B..... 477
 Soviet literature: An anthology. Edited and translated by G. Reavey and M. Slonim; B..... 652
 Specht, Richard
 Beethoven as he lived. A. Kalisch, translator; AN..... 198
 Spender, J. A.
 Fifty years of Europe; B..... 136
 Spengler, Oswald
 Hour of decision, the. C. F. Atkinson, translator; B..... 253
 Stearns, Harold E.
 Rediscovering America; B..... 512
 Steel, Johannes; R..... 393, 626, 710
 Stein, Gertrude
 Making of Americans, the; AN..... 421
 Stephen Foster, America's troubadour. J. T. Howard; B..... 484
 Sterling-dollar-franc tangle, the. P. Einzig; B..... 338
 Stillman, Clara Gruening; R..... 195; 254
 Stephenson, Howard
 Glass; AN..... 284
 Stock market control. Edited by E. Clark and others; article by J. F. Dewhurst and M. G. Schneider; S..... 301; see also EP..... 287
 Stong, Philip
 Village tale; B..... 306
 Strachey, John; R..... 224, 537
 Strachey, John; reply by F. Pitigliani to review of his The Italian corporative state; C..... 387
 Street, Julian
 Wines: Their selection, care and service; B..... 193
 Stribling, T. S.
 Unfinished cathedral; B..... 709
 Strindberg. G. A. Campbell; B..... 225
 Such is my beloved. M. Callaghan; AN..... 421
 Sullivan, Mark
 Our times: The United States, 1900-1925. Volume V: Over here, 1914-1918; AN..... 26
 Swift; or the egotist. M. M. Rossi and J. M. Hone; B..... 736
 Swinburne's literary career and fame. C. K. Hyder; AN..... 199
 Symes, Lillian, and T. Clement
 Rebel America; B..... 336
- T
- TNT. These national tax eaters. T. S. Harding; B..... 627
 Tannenbaum, Frank
 Peace by revolution; B..... 50
 Tapley, Roberts; R..... 283
 Tate, Allen; R..... 420, 512, 709
 Tattoo. A. Parry; E..... 90
 Technics and civilization. L. Mumford; B..... 652
 Tender is the night. F. S. Fitzgerald; B..... 539
 Testimony. C. Reznikoff; AN..... 572
 Thackeray. G. V. Ellis; AN..... 27
 They all sang: From Tony Pastor to Rudy Vallée. As told to A. J. Liebling by E. B. Marks; B..... 484
 Theory of wages, the. P. H. Douglas; B..... 708
 Thin man, the. D. Hammett; AN..... 395
 Three plays. J. Dos Passos; B..... 735
 To the vanquished. I. A. R. Wylie; B..... 738
 Toller, Ernst
 I was a German; B..... 391
 Tragic king, the: Richard III. P. Lindsay; AN..... 712
 Traven, B.
 Death ship, the. The story of an American sailor; B..... 569
 Treatise on right and wrong. H. L. Mencken; B..... 484
 Trilling, Lionel; R..... 161
 Troy, William; R..... 105, 187, 252, 421, 478, 539, 682, 735
 Twain, Mark; biography. M. M. Brashear; AN..... 395
 Twentieth century music: How it developed, how to listen to it. M. Bauer; AN..... 228
 Twice shy. D. M. Low; AN..... 340
 Two Franklins, the: Fathers of American democracy. B. Fay; B..... 107
- U
- Ulysses, J. Joyce; B..... 187
 Unfinished cathedral. T. S. Stribling; B..... 709

- Unforgotten prisoner, the. R. C. Hutchin-
son; B 225
Unpossessed, the. T. Slesinger; B..... 597
Upsurge. R. Gessner; AN..... 108

V

- Valuation and regulation of public utilities,
the. J. H. Gray and J. Levin; B.... 655
Van Doren, Carl; R.....306, 512, 568, 736
Van Doren, Dorothy; R.....106, 196, 394, 680
Van Doren, Mark; R.....78, 192, 252, 280, 569
Van Kleeck, Mary
Miners and management; B..... 738
Vatican, the: Yesterday, today, tomorrow.
G. Seldes; B..... 480
Verse. A. Crapsey; AN..... 712
Victoria. A. Ponsonby; AN..... 52
Victoria, Queen; The queen and Mr. Glad-
stone. P. Guedalla; B..... 541
Victorian aftermath, the. E. Wingfield-Strat-
ford; B 195
Viereck, George Sylvester, and P. Eldridge
My first two thousand years; E..... 460
Village tale. P. Stong; B..... 306
Villard, Oswald Garrison; R...23, 163, 482, 540
Vivas, Eliseo; R..... 393
Voyage, the. H. Herm. Translated by
M. Goldsmith; AN..... 453

W

- Wagner, Philip M.
American wines and how to make them;
B 193
Wald, Lillian D.
Windows on Henry street; B..... 451
Walker, Mildred
Fireweed; B 283
Walt Whitman in England. H. Blodgett;
AN 628
Walton, Eda Lou; R.....48, 107, 162, 339,
452, 625
Warner, Arthur; R..... 226

- Warren, Austin
Elder Henry James, the; B..... 682
Wedding song. D. Burnham; AN..... 199
Well of days, the. I. Bunin. Translated by
G. Struve and H. Miles; B..... 192
Wembridge, E. R.; R.....25, 451
Weymouth sands. J. C. Powys; B..... 280
Wharton, Edith
Backward glance, a; B..... 598
What everybody wants to know about money.
Nine Oxford Economists; edited by
G. D. H. Cole; B..... 338
What Marx really meant. G. D. H. Cole;
B 599
What me befell. J. J. Jusserand; B..... 23
Whitaker, Alma
Bacchus behave; The lost age of polite
drinking; B 193
Whitaker, Arthur P.; R..... 79
White, Antonia
Frost in May; AN..... 572
White, T. H.
Farewell Victoris; AN..... 368
Whitehead, Alfred North
Man and nature; B 419
Whitman, Walt, in England. H. Blodgett;
AN 628
Wilkinson, James; biography. R. O. Shreve;
AN 26
Williams, Charles
Bacon; B 393
Williams, William Carlos
Collected poems (1921-1931); B..... 365
Wilson, Charles Morrow
Meriwether Lewis of Lewis and Clark;
AN 602
Wilson, Woodrow, biography. E. G. Reid;
B 540
Windows on Henry street. L. D. Wald; B.. 451
Wines; five books on; B..... 193
Wines: Their selection, care and service. J.
Street; B 193
Wingfield-Stratford, Esmé
Victorian aftermath, the; B..... 195

- Wining and dining with rhyme and reason.
D. T. Carlisle and E. Dunn; B..... 193
Winkler, Max
Foreign bonds: An autopsy; AN..... 165
Winston, Robert W.
Robert E. Lee. A biography; B..... 512
With my own eyes. F. Palmer; B..... 163
Within the gates. S. O'Casey; article by
F. Codman; S..... 476
Wolfe, Bertram D.
Explanatory text of Portrait of America,
by D. Rivera; B..... 737
Woodrow Wilson. The caricature, the
myth, and the man. E. G. Reid; B.. 540
Work of art. S. Lewis; B..... 134
World revolution and the U. S. S. R. By
M. T. Florinsky; B.....79; reply to
review, by Florinsky..... 221
Wylie, I. A. R.
To the vanquished; B..... 739
Wylie, Philip
Finnley Wren; B..... 655

Y

- Yeats, William Butler
Letters to the new island. Edited by
H. Reynolds; B 309
Yesterday's burdens. R. M. Coates; AN... 164
Young, Art
Art Young's inferno. A journey
through hell six hundred years after
Dante. Drawings and text by A.
Young; B 197
Young manhood of Studs Lonigan, the. J. T.
Farrell; B 252
Youth immortal. A life of Robert Herrick.
E. Easton; AN..... 684

Z

- Zweig, Arnold
De Vriendt goes home; B..... 49
Zweig, Stefan
Kaleidoscope; B 571



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Contents

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS	1
THE NATION'S HONOR ROLL	4
EDITORIALS:	
Poison Versus Honesty	6
Hitler's Economics	6
More Jobs Wanted	7
ISSUES AND MEN. THE GIFTS OF THE NEW DEAL. By	
Oswald Garrison Villard	8
BEHIND RUSSIAN RECOGNITION. By Louis Fischer	9
RELIEF WITH BOTH MIND AND HEART. By Benjamin Glassberg	11
THE TWO WINGS OF THE BLUE EAGLE. II. THE WING	
UPON THE RIGHT. By John Strachey	13
PITY THE POOR SUGAR TRUST. By Frank Clay Cross	15
NEW YEAR'S GIFTS FOR THE NRA. By Paul Y. Anderson	17
THE FIGHT FOR POWER. By D. C. Claus	18
IN THE DRIFTWAY. By the Drifter	20
CORRESPONDENCE	20
BOOKS, FILMS, DRAMA:	
Are Reviewers Critics? By K. S. Thompson	22
Memoirs of a Diplomat. By Oswald Garrison Villard	23
Grand Tour. By Florence Codman	24
Mr. Belloc's Theory of History. By Mary McCarthy	24
Study of a Child. By E. R. Wembridge	25
Japanese Proletarian Writers. By Isidor Schneider	25
Shorter Notices	26
Films: Retrospect: 1933. By William Troy	27
Drama: Tempest and Sunshine. By Joseph Wood Krutch	28
CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE	28

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SOME WEEKS AGO Washington was looking forward to a hectic session of Congress, replete with fireworks, though not necessarily anti-Roosevelt in character. Rather it was to be a session in which the supporters of the President who thought he was not going far enough would do battle with those who felt he was going too far. Now that the new session is at hand there is a general belief that Congress may prove as quiet and tractable as it was last spring. It is not easy to determine the reasons for this shift in sentiment. It took place while very few Senators and Congressmen were in Washington. Of the returning members from whom trouble might have been expected only one, Senator Johnson of California, stated frankly that he would refrain from embarrassing the Administration and would, indeed, go so far as to continue his support of the President's program in the firm belief that the country has come to the point where it must accept "Roosevelt or economic hell." A number of the other independent spirits in Congress have, however, remained ominously silent, while a few have broadly intimated that they will seek to modify the Roosevelt recovery program and restrain the President. Senators Borah and Nye, for example, have been agitating for a restoration of the anti-trust laws to their former standing, and they apparently mean to carry their agitation to the floor of the Senate. Senator

Glass, too, is firmly opposed to the recovery program, though for different reasons. On the other side of the Capitol Chairman Connery of the important House Labor Committee has declared war on General Hugh S. Johnson and is said to be busy preparing legislation to curb the Administrator's authority as well as to strengthen labor's position in the NRA through further shortening of the working week and other means.

NOTWITHSTANDING these rumblings and the widespread belief that the inflationists in House and Senate will play hob with any monetary or fiscal program that does not start the printing-presses running, the consensus of opinion among political observers is that Congress will again be found tamely eating out of the President's hand. Since this forecast seems to have originated, as the newspaper dispatches put it, "in quarters close to the Administration," one might look upon it with some suspicion. Yet there is evidence that the popular tide which was running against Mr. Roosevelt a few weeks ago has turned once more in his favor. If this be true, it will doubtless be reflected in Congress. Those who believe that this change has occurred attribute it not to any fundamental improvement in the economic situation but to the fact that government funds to the extent of hundreds of millions of dollars have in the last month been poured out upon the farmers and unemployed. The former have been getting bounties for acreage reduction as well as cash loans, while many of the latter have been getting C. W. A. jobs paying from \$12 to \$15 a week. This has also helped the small merchants and bankers. It may turn out that this sudden flood of financial assistance has saved Mr. Roosevelt from a hostile Congress.

JUST as the government's gold-buying program is in effect merely a gratuitous subsidy to the owners of American gold mines, so the new silver policy is a gratuitous subsidy to the owners of American silver and copper mines. The government will buy practically the entire silver production of the country at 64½ cents an ounce, a price 21½ cents higher than the open-market price of the metal on the day before the announcement was made. The government, of course, has no need for the silver at all. There is no shortage of currency as such; and this move will probably do nothing to increase the net quantity of currency. As soon as the new silver certificates go into circulation, an equivalent amount of Federal Reserve notes will almost automatically be retired from circulation. Nor will the purchase of silver and the issuance of silver money or certificates do anything whatever to raise the American price level. The only way in which that could be accomplished with the use of silver would be through the inauguration of a silver or a bimetallic standard in place of the gold standard.

IN PAYING 50 per cent more than it needs to pay for silver that it does not need, the government is not even doing anything to stabilize the world silver market. The

annual American production of silver is about one-sixth of the total world production; by taking that amount off the world silver market the government will doubtless incidentally encourage a slight rise in the world price of silver, but it will do nothing to control the future fluctuations in that price. And what good will the slight rise in the world price do the United States? The common contention of the silver propagandists is that it will increase the purchasing power of the Orient, thus enabling it to buy more American goods. This contention is without substance. The only important country on a silver standard is China. China's purchases in the American market constitute at best a minute part of total American exports—less than 4 per cent. Moreover, our exports to China actually show a smaller percentage of decline since 1929 than our total exports do. Total exports show a drop of 71 per cent from the 1929 level; exports to China show a drop of only 65 per cent. The decline in China's purchasing power as a result of the fall in silver is almost entirely mythical. Such a decline affects China's trade merely in the same way as a depreciation in the value of any other country's currency affects its trade. The new silver policy is likely to prove as unsound politically as it will economically. This sop to the silver interests, instead of keeping them quiet, will probably encourage them to make even more extravagant demands.

DON'T stifle legitimate stock trading by imposing government control on the Stock Exchange," the defenders of Wall Street have been proclaiming. "Let the New York Stock Exchange establish its own regulations to stamp out malpractices." With this refrain in their ears, observers have been treated recently to a first-rate exhibition of the tricks responsible for much of the prevailing pressure for strict regulation of stock-trading practices. The Atlas Tack Corporation is a small concern which recently expanded its products to include bottle caps, thereby gaining a share of the speculative interest attached to every company having the remotest connection with liquor. With this as the principal excuse, Atlas Tack stock was lifted from a low price of $1\frac{1}{2}$ early in 1933 to a high of about 30 last fall, more than double the balance-sheet value given the shares. On December 4 the stock suddenly burst into activity, 5,200 shares changing hands. On December 13, 14, and 15 transactions averaged almost 9,000 shares a day. In the meantime, a so-called stock-market "advisory service" in Boston was deluging potential suckers throughout the country with urgent telephone calls and telegrams recommending immediate purchase of Atlas Tack common. By these devices the price of the stock was raised to $34\frac{3}{4}$ by December 15. The next day, to the accompaniment of rumors that "something was wrong," the bottom dropped out of the market for the stock, and it closed at $21\frac{5}{8}$. On the next trading day it closed at $14\frac{1}{2}$. In all a total market value of \$1,871,000 was erased in little more than two days. After the State Attorney-General's office had announced that it was conducting an investigation, the New York Stock Exchange admitted to the press that it had been "watching closely all transactions in Atlas Tack Corporation shares for the past six weeks." With all its "watching," the Exchange could apparently see no reason why it should intervene in the public interest. How far, then, would it be likely to go to curb a large-scale pool meaning much more to its members?

SECRETARY HULL'S PLEDGE at Montevideo that no government need fear intervention by the United States during the Roosevelt Administration is at least a hopeful sign. We cannot undo the misery we have caused by our blundering in Latin America, but we can make partial amends. The growing importance of markets for our products in the countries to the south also makes it good business for the United States to give unequivocal guaranties that we shall stop meddling in affairs which concern only those who have invested money abroad, fully aware of the risks, and who seek to have the United States government protect those loans. Little comfort will be found by these interests in the Secretary's declaration that no nation has the right to intervene in the foreign or domestic affairs of another. Mr. Hull's pledge will mean little, however, unless the United States promises not only to intervene no more abroad but also to relinquish altogether its control in Haiti. In a recent letter to Dr. Harry F. Ward, Acting Secretary of State William Phillips showed a reactionary point of view when he attempted to defend continuance of financial control of Haiti throughout the life of the outstanding bonds. It was not encouraging to read Mr. Phillips's effort to justify the executive accord of last August which is almost identical with the treaty the Haitian senate rejected unanimously and which imposes obligations on Haiti in excess of those required in the loan agreement of 1922. Shortly before he sailed for South America Mr. Hull received a telegram urging him to arrange to end financial as well as military control in Haiti prior to the Montevideo conference. Such a step, instead of the policy represented in the Phillips letter, would pay huge dividends in good-will and trade.

THE GOOD EFFECT of Secretary Hull's commitment against interference in other countries will, of course, be more than undone if the convention on "the rights and duties of states" is ultimately thrown out in the United States Senate. And it is all too likely that this will happen. There will, at least, be strong Senatorial opposition to any agreement which involves abandoning our ancient prerogative of telling other people how to mind their own business. One promise made in the last week of the conference, however, will almost certainly be sustained: the American delegation, on instructions from Washington, thought better of its refusal to adhere to the convention granting equal nationality rights to women and signed with the rest of the nations—making the vote unanimous. This act we may accept as a fairly substantial crumb of comfort.

ACQUITTAL of four of the five defendants in the Reichstag-fire trial is good news as far as it goes. It indicates that there is still reason and moderation in the German courts and—as witness the urgent defense of Ernst Torgler by his counsel, Dr. Alfons Sack, a Nazi—courage in the German bar. Torgler and the three Bulgarians, although found innocent of arson, have not yet been set free. They have been placed under "protective arrest," and the furious wave of protest from the Nazis which greeted their acquittal would seem to point to the wisdom of such protection for them. The three Bulgarian Communists are to be exiled; there are rumors that Torgler will be held and tried for high treason—in which case one can only be apprehensive of the outcome. The judges, in handing down their verdict,

took occasion to declare the attempts to connect the Nazis with the fire, chiefly through the "Brown Book of the Hitler Terror" and the efforts of the International Jurists' Commission, to be "baseless slanders," utterly without foundation. It was evident, they declared, that Van der Lubbe had had accomplices and that they were Communists, although the prosecution had been unable to connect the other Communist defendants with the arson. Van der Lubbe himself received the verdict in the blank silence which has characterized his attitude at the trial as a whole. He is past help. The others still need the watchfulness of the rest of the world if they are safely to regain their freedom.

FROM TIME TO TIME *The Nation* has been taken to task by its readers because of what they consider its intemperate condemnation of the Nazi government in Germany. Nevertheless, it cannot help viewing with the utmost concern the new German law for the sterilization of the unfit. If one could imagine a committee of entirely unbiased and equally competent scientists who were, because of their justice and skill, to decide which of their fellow human beings should be deprived of the ability to propagate their kind, one might conceivably indorse the proposition. Nothing that the Nazis have done so far inspires the hope that they are either competent or unprejudiced. The law calls for the sterilization of some 400,000 men and women, the congenital idiots being the largest class affected, although the regulations will include also hereditary deafness and blindness, schizophrenia, chorea, physical deformity, and chronic alcoholism. Questions to test feeble-mindedness include: "What is the boiling-point of water?" "What are the capitals of Germany and France?" and "Who discovered America?" Do incorrect answers to these questions necessarily imply idiocy and inability to propagate children that will not be a charge upon the state? The Nazis say, Yes.

AFTER A TRIAL that was marked by moderation and restraint on the part of the community, impartiality on the part of the presiding judge, and extremely able pleading by defense counsel, the Negro, George Crawford, was found guilty of the murder of two white women in Leesburg, Virginia, and sentenced on December 16 to life imprisonment. The Crawford case had attracted a good deal of attention because of the refusal of Federal Judge James A. Lowell of Boston to issue extradition papers on the ground that no Negroes had been on the grand jury that brought the indictment. Crawford, generally believed innocent until the trial, confessed to participation with another man in a robbery which resulted in the death of the two women, and was held by law equally guilty of murder, although he denied the actual killing. His accomplice is still at large and Crawford doubtless escaped the death penalty as a possible material witness against him if he is ever apprehended. The question of the right of Negroes to serve on juries in the South gains added impetus as a result of the Crawford case. Judge McLemore, who presided, did in fact refuse to permit Negroes on the panel from which the Crawford jury was chosen, and Charles H. Houston, Negro attorney, who conducted the defense, took exception to his ruling. But in other parts of Virginia Negroes are actually serving on juries. In Hanover County Circuit Court, in that State, Judge Frederick W. Coleman lately imposed a \$10 fine for con-

tempt on a white farmer who refused to sit on a grand jury with a Negro. In Norfolk recently a jury of eleven white men served with a Negro foreman, and in Tennessee, North Carolina, and Kentucky Negroes are being included on jury panels, both for grand and petit juries.

ON DECEMBER 19 Edward Larkman, an innocent man, who for eight years had been in a New York State prison under a life sentence for murder was pardoned and released. That he is alive at all is due to the fact that Alfred E. Smith, when Governor, commuted his sentence from death to life imprisonment. Could there be a better argument against capital punishment? Only one of eight witnesses at his trial identified him—a school teacher who declared that she saw his profile for two seconds and his full face for three. On this slender testimony Larkman was sentenced to the electric chair. Let no one tell us that this is an excusable accident, that there must be an occasional miscarriage of justice. In Professor Edwin M. Borchard's overwhelming volume, "Convicting the Innocent," case after case is listed. We would cite also the instance of the two Negroes lately arrested and "grilled" for a week at Belair, Maryland, because a white girl declared she had been kidnapped by two men of color. It was lucky for them that they were not lynched during their confinement, at the end of which the girl admitted that she had not been kidnapped at all but had merely invented the story to hide her movements. Larkman is going to demand compensation—and friends are rightly going to try to get the legislature to make amends for his years of wrongful imprisonment. He declares that his mother and one of his children died as the result of his conviction. Larkman languished in jail for four years after the guilty man confessed his crime because Governor Roosevelt thought he should be retried, for which special legislation was necessary but not forthcoming. Apparently he would have stayed in jail permanently if the *Buffalo Times*, a Scripps-Howard newspaper, had not demanded his release.

NO RECENT EVENT carries so many kinds of satisfaction to so many different kinds of people as the sale by the Soviet Government to the British Museum of the Codex Sinaiticus, a fourth-century manuscript of the Bible, for \$510,000, half of this to be contributed by the British government. The Vatican, no doubt, will be glad that so precious and holy a manuscript has passed out of heathen hands. The Kremlin, we may take it, is pleased at having exchanged a relic of "the opiate of the people" for 510,000 pieces of good Christian money—a tidy sum which will aid in the industrialization of Russia, which is in turn designed to wipe out the need for either money or a future heaven. In England the Tories, as the vessels of culture, will rejoice in the possession of this priceless book; Ramsay MacDonald will be gratified at having proved to his conservative friends that even a Labor Prime Minister is no barbarian; and the Communists will find effective ammunition in the spectacle of a Labor Premier buying a fourth-century Bible manuscript with one hand and cutting down the twentieth-century dole with the other. The only person we can think of who is presumably unhappy about the deal is Dr. A. S. W. Rosenbach, the noted book collector, to whom the manuscript was offered only a year ago for \$1,250,000. He must feel that he has missed the mark-down of his life.

The Nation's Honor Roll for 1933

FOR six years *The Nation* has printed at the beginning of January a list of Americans who seemed to have deserved well of their countrymen in public affairs and in the arts in the preceding year. This year it seemed desirable also to include mention of outstanding accomplishments, together with the persons and organizations who helped bring them about.

National Recovery

For their bold attempt to organize the chaotic forces of industry and finance to the end of conquering the worst depression in American history, we cite the PRESIDENT and his ADMINISTRATION with particular reference to the following persons:

FELIX FRANKFURTER, for his share in writing the Securities Act, but more especially for his help in drawing into the various government services men of broad social vision and disinterested enthusiasm; FRANCES PERKINS, Secretary of Labor, the first woman to become a member of the Cabinet, who made an impressive though unsuccessful attempt to force upon the leaders of the steel industry a code which would protect labor and the public; JEROME N. FRANK, general counsel of the Agricultural Adjustment Administration, for shrewd and creative work in behalf of social control and long-range planning; A. A. BERLE, JR., for writing in collaboration with GARDINER C. MEANS one of the most revealing studies of industrial organization and control, "The Modern Corporation and Private Property," and for his services to the Administration as consultant and adviser in various important fields; FERDINAND PECORA, for exposing, in his capacity as counsel of the Senate Banking and Currency subcommittee, the disastrous and scandalous malpractices current in the world of finance; JOHN COLLIER, who was appointed Commissioner of Indian Affairs after a lifetime of devotion to the welfare of the American Indian, and who has taken the first steps toward restoring the Indian lands to tribal rather than individual ownership and toward abolishing the hated government boarding-schools; MARY VAN KLEECK, for an effective public statement of the shortcomings, especially in its treatment of the labor problem, of the National Recovery Administration.

The Recognition of Russia

Fifteen years of hostility toward one of the most energetic, powerful, and aspiring nations of the world have at last been happily followed by diplomatic recognition of the Soviet Government by the United States. During the period from 1918, when the Lenin Government took office, to the beginnings of the negotiations between President Roosevelt and President Kalinin, so ably conducted by Maxim Litvinov, many persons, in the face of bitter opposition from every section of the country, persisted in urging recognition of the Russian government. Among them *The Nation* selects the following:

SENATOR WILLIAM E. BORAH, who has jeopardized his high political office by an unceasing campaign on behalf of the Soviet Government; the NEW YORK TIMES for printing and WALTER DURANTY for writing, during the decade

and a half of Soviet rule which has now passed, the most enlightening, dispassionate, and readable dispatches from a great nation in the making which appeared in any newspaper in the world; COLONEL HUGH L. COOPER and the AMERICAN-RUSSIAN CHAMBER OF COMMERCE, for patiently acquiring the facts about Russia and for making them available to American business men and the public; WILLIAM C. BULLITT, first American Ambassador to the Soviet Government, who as early as 1919 urged the recognition of Russia in a report to President Wilson, and who has maintained since then his contact with and regard for the Russian people.

The Repeal of Prohibition

Whatever the theoretical advantages of the prohibition of liquor as originally conceived, such degrading evils had grown up in connection with the "noble experiment" that the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment had become imperative. We cite the following for especially effective work toward that end:

ALFRED E. SMITH, as the outstanding long-time fighter for repeal in the Democratic Party; NICHOLAS MURRAY BUTLER, as an equally valiant champion in the Republican ranks; JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER, JR., for his courage in publicly abandoning the position originally taken by him and his family in favor of prohibition when he realized that the scheme was not working; MRS. CHARLES H. SABIN, head of the Women's Organization for National Prohibition Reform, for persevering and intelligent effort.

Hitlerism Combated

The most disgraceful page in the history of 1933 is the cruel and irrational fury which the Nazis have vented upon Jews and radicals in Germany. Among the protestants against this newest national outrage we cite the following:

EDGAR ANSEL MOWRER, of the *Chicago Daily News*, formerly head of the foreign correspondents' association of Berlin, for his admirable book "Germany Sets the Clock Back" and for his forthright insistence upon the right of the press to gather and send the news of Fascist outrages; ARTHUR GARFIELD HAYS, New York attorney, for his attempt to get justice for the defendants in the Reichstag fire trial; GEORGE S. MESSERSMITH, United States Consul-General in Berlin, for upholding the rights of American citizens in Germany; ALVIN S. JOHNSON, director of the New School for Social Research in New York City, for bringing a group of ousted German professors to this country and establishing them as the staff of the University in Exile; SHERWOOD EDDY, who as leader of a group of American educators visiting Germany seized the occasion of a reception by the Carl Schurz Society to denounce Nazi policy and state what a bad effect it was having on world affairs; CALVIN B. HOOVER, for his revealing book, "Germany Enters the Third Reich."

Lynching

Although this particular form of murder which takes place only in the United States remains a dark stain upon our national honor, and although more than twice as many lynchings have taken place in 1933 as in the previous year, the fight against lynching and against "legal lynching" in

the courts goes on strongly and with unrelenting courage. Among the many persons and organizations that might be singled out for their stern opposition to mob murder, *The Nation* selects the following:

THE SOUTHERN COMMISSION FOR THE STUDY OF LYNCHING, which continues its admirable work of impartial and illuminating investigation of a question which has all too often been discussed with more passion than fact; the BALTIMORE SUN papers, for persistent, biting, and judicious editorial criticism of lynching; the GOVERNORS OF MISSOURI, TENNESSEE, MARYLAND, OKLAHOMA, AND KANSAS, of whom the last two, by prompt and forthright action, succeeded in preventing lynchings, and all of whom condemned the menace of the mob in unequivocal terms; JUDGE JAMES E. HORTON, of Alabama, for setting aside the verdict of guilty in the case of Heywood Patterson, of Scottsboro, in his second trial; JUDGE J. V. GADDY, of Missouri, who charged a grand jury that lynching was "murder, nothing but cowardly, despicable murder"; and SAMUEL S. LEIBOWITZ, of New York, who under threat of bodily harm has twice conducted the Scottsboro defendants through their trial, and who declares himself willing to do so until the last possible tribunal has been appealed to.

Censorship

A few years ago the progress of literature in the United States was seriously threatened by the legal suppression of such books as Dreiser's "Sister Carrie" and Cabell's "Jurgen." For a time it looked as though the Society for the Prevention of Vice would successfully impose upon the American people its own prurient standards. By now the tide is definitely turned and it seems probable that no serious work of art is likely to be condemned by the courts. During 1933 three persons earned the right to special praise for the part they played in preserving the freedom of literature. They are:

MORRIS L. ERNST, of New York, who has for years led the legal fight against censorship, who has just successfully defended Joyce's "Ulysses," and who, more than any other one person, is responsible for the changed attitude of the courts; UNITED STATES JUDGE JOHN M. WOOLSEY, who ruled that "Ulysses" was not obscene and who wrote an admirable decision laying down various general principles likely to be of great importance in deciding future cases of this kind; MAGISTRATE BENJAMIN GREENSPAN, of New York City, who dismissed the case brought by the Society for the Prevention of Vice against Erskine Caldwell's "God's Little Acre," and who ruled that the opinion of recognized literary critics was more relevant than that of the professional smut specialist.

The Theater

During the season of 1932-33 the American theater seemed threatened with financial collapse. On the other hand, this fall saw a revival of prosperity and the production of an unusually large number of interesting plays. Special credit should be given to the following persons:

WILLIAM A. BRADY, BROCK PEMBERTON, and SAM H. HARRIS for their largely successful efforts to control under the NRA the evils of ticket speculation; the members of the GROUP THEATER for the production of "Men in White"; JED HARRIS for producing the remarkable English play "The Green Bay Tree"; EDWARD J. BROMBERG for his interpretation of the role of the old doctor in "Men in White"; HENRY HULL, who as Jeeter Lester in "Tobacco Road" gives one of the finest performances of recent years.

Poison Versus Honesty

REXFORD G. TUGWELL, Assistant Secretary of Agriculture, has prepared a bill which, if it is enacted at the coming session of Congress and then effectively enforced, will drive the poison-drug and fake-medicine industry out of business. Under existing law manufacturers and sellers of bottled, canned, and packaged medicines must not allow false or unsubstantiated statements to appear on the labels of the goods they have for sale. They are under such restriction, however, in advertising these goods elsewhere. In promoting sales through the newspapers and magazines, by mail, and over the radio they may make all sorts of fraudulent claims for their products. Not only may they do so, but hundreds of these manufacturers have been doing so. The Tugwell legislation, which has come to be known as the Copeland bill because Senator Copeland of New York is sponsoring it in Congress, would broaden the scope of the Pure Food and Drugs Act to make unlawful all fraudulent advertising of proprietary medicines and other drugs through whatever medium such advertising or publicity may be addressed to the buying public. While the Copeland bill would also make other changes in the law, primarily with a view to strengthening its administrative features, the section which would drive cheating and misrepresentation out of the advertising of drugs and medicines is by far the most important.

The proposed legislation has brought to Washington one of the most vociferous and determined lobbies the national capital has known in recent years. Not even the bankers, who have been working night and day for months to suppress the Senate banking inquiry and to emasculate the Securities Act, have been as industrious as the patent-medicine lobbyists. Of course, the drug lobbyists and their editorial spokesmen in the trade journals are wise enough to pretend that they sympathize with the purpose of the Tugwell-Copeland bill. They disagree only with its language. For them it is too frank, too blunt. Under the projected amendment any drug product that is actually a specific cure—and there are only two or three specific cures known to medical science—may be labeled and advertised as such. If it is only a palliative, the label and advertising must state so in plain language. And if it is neither cure nor palliative, but merely a mixture of weed juice and water with no therapeutic value whatever, this fact also must be set forth in unmistakable terms. But the drug lobby does not like such plain speaking. It believes that unless a palliative can also be labeled and advertised as "an aid in the treatment" of a given disease, the package-medicine industry will be "unjustly wrecked."

The opposition to the Tugwell-Copeland bill does not stop there. It contends that the measure would endow the Secretary of Agriculture with "czaristic" powers and give his agents authority to go snooping into the most confidential affairs of pharmacists and manufacturers of medicines and cosmetics. Some critics have gone so far as to assert that the bill would deprive violators of the right of trial by jury. Section 23 does state that "the findings of fact by the Secretary of Agriculture shall be conclusive." If the law is to be effectively administered, the facts as to the ingredients and scientific value of drug products offered for sale must be de-

terminated by someone, and it is only logical that the responsibility for the determination of these facts should rest with the Secretary of Agriculture. This does not mean, however, that he need or will hire an army of snoopers to ferret out the secrets of the patent-medicine men. It would be simpler, safer, and less costly to have their goods analyzed in a government laboratory. Nor would the findings of fact be final. The bill declares that they must be arrived at "in accordance with the law," which, of course, far from giving the Secretary "czaristic" authority, makes his every act in this connection subject to review by the courts. The courts could declare invalid any decisions or findings which they believed unreasonable or arbitrary.

It is a curious fact that while the pending measure has aroused such intense opposition, the Pure Food and Drugs Act, which it merely seeks to amplify and extend in order to drive out dishonest advertising, has been more or less effectively enforced for twenty-seven years. Most of the provisions of the Copeland bill which are now under attack are also to be found in the present law. The operation of these provisions has not brought the dire consequences to mankind or the drug trade which the lobbyists have been predicting in connection with the Copeland bill. "However," to quote Assistant Secretary Tugwell, "the 1906 law does not cover advertising, except that appearing on the label. As a result, false and misleading statements have merely moved from one place to another." It is because the Copeland bill would make misrepresentation of drug products unlawful under any circumstances that the trade has now suddenly discovered that we are faced with calamity and economic ruin if this bill becomes law.

It is not only in Washington that the opposition is active. Pressure is being brought to bear on the various publications and other media that carry patent-medicine advertising. They are being bluntly told that passage of the Copeland bill would deprive them of millions in revenue, and since hundreds of publications depend largely upon advertising of this sort, it is only natural that the pressure of the opposition should be having a decided effect. In addition, men of local and even wider prominence are being called upon to speak against the bill. The opposition has important political contacts as well. The Drug Institute, for example, an outspoken opponent of the measure, has as chief counsel J. Bruce Kremer, former Democratic national committeeman from Montana, who has many important friends in the conservative wing of the Democratic Party.

There can be no doubt that there are some defects in the bill as it stands. We hope that they will be corrected in committee or during the debate in Congress. However, not one of its many critics has yet brought forward a convincing answer to the major challenge of the proposed legislation. The bill is aimed solely at those quacks who prey upon a public ignorant of the complexities and phraseology of medical science. It will not hurt honest and truthful manufacturers of medicines and cosmetics. In the words of *Editor and Publisher*, which is supporting the Copeland bill: "It is not easy to see how any producer of a legitimate product can be hurt by honest claims." By joining forces with the quacks these legitimate producers are not only endangering the lives of thousands of people who are annually tricked into buying poisonous drugs and cosmetics but are casting suspicion upon their own integrity.

Hitler's Economics

IF doubt remains in anyone's mind as to the surrender of Hitler's National Socialism to big business it must have been dispelled by the speech of Gottfried Feder, the creator of the National Socialist economic program, at Hamburg on December 15. Addressing a group of business men, he won their applause by his declaration that the "state must not engage in business itself as a competitor," and that there must be no further government ownership of the means of production. He denounced the policy of the republic under which, he said, governmental bodies had invested no less than 30,000,000 marks in 1,235 different enterprises, and proclaimed the utter subservience of German labor to the capitalists when he added: "The Labor Front has nothing to say in respect to business leadership." "Don't be afraid your commerce will be nationalized," he continued.

This is a remarkable statement indeed for the man who wrote into the original Hitler platform the planks which called for the nationalization of the entire import trade, of all trusts and monopolies, and of all banks, the abolishment of the "slavery of interest" (*Zinsknechtschaft*), and the remodeling of every large industrial enterprise into a profit-sharing undertaking. When Hitler announced, after a six-hour session of his Supreme Economic Council, that private business would not be interfered with, and loudly voiced his opposition to any second, or anti-capitalist, revolution, his surrender was obvious. Now it is confirmed by the man who gave him such limited economic ideas as he possesses.

"For the time being the capitalist supporters of Nazism are in control," points out an anonymous writer in the London *New Statesman and Nation*, who, that journal says, is an economic authority of international reputation. How long will they remain in control? How long can Hitler hold in check those millions of his deluded followers who joined his banner in the belief that he would give them something closely approximating communism, and would live up to his promise to expropriate all the estates of the great landowners and break them up for the benefit of the peasants and workers? This commentator, whose article is unquestionably the most comprehensive and detached survey of the German economic situation that has yet appeared, believes that Hitler can hold on if he and his associates can bring about some sort of "widespread economic contentment." To us it appears that he can hold on a long time if he can control his Brown Shirts (for whom, as the government admits, a special concentration camp has now been established) by means of his Pretorian Guard (his Black Shirts) and the Reichswehr. We hear interesting stories which go to show that many of the Brown Shirts are getting restless, but the mass of the people are too deeply drugged by the lies and glamor of the Hitler regime to make any important protests at the present time. Even if numbers of his followers find out that Mr. Facing-all-ways Hitler does not mean to give them a genuinely socialistic regime in the interest of the masses, they will still have to wear their chains indefinitely. The writer in the *New Statesman and Nation* shows that the most important bit of Nazi legislation yet passed is that for the "arbitrary sectional confiscation" of Jewish property. Against this decree there can be no appeal to the courts, for the latter have been

informed that their business is no longer to protect the rights of individuals but to safeguard Nazi policies.

How is Germany progressing economically? Here this writer has some interesting opinions. The monetary policy of Herr Schacht he finds sound, conservative, and clever; it has been greatly helped by two things—America's repudiation of the gold standard, which "eased the burden" of indebted landowners and industrialists by 40 per cent, and the shrewd device of "blocked marks," with one value at home and another abroad, which has helped to bolster up the collapsing export trade. Conditions in Germany have, of course, been aided by the general improvement in world trade; also the index of production has been rising and the home market expanding as the result of government expenditure and the beginning of a public-works program. But no large-scale revival of trade is in sight, and no increase in the demand for consumers' goods. The turn-over of department stores in October of this year was 20 per cent below that in the same month of last year.

This authority believes that Nazism has not yet converted Socialists and Communists into upholders of the capitalist system. Foreign trade, he feels, is likely to continue to shrink. He believes that the Nazi state, in pursuit of its "tribal autarchy," that is, self-sufficiency, may be able to do without a good many commodities now considered essential. As he puts it: "A movement looking backward for its social ideas and expecting their fulfilment from a stationary 'vocational' social order can easily reduce standards of living by an appeal to ancient virtues." In this process, he thinks, private fortunes will diminish and there will be standardization on a much larger scale than "the loathed standardization in the U. S. A." There will be order and efficiency, but life will be on a comparatively low plane. It is not impossible, he thinks, for economic isolation to succeed, but at a terrific price. For it will mean the death of all progress.

More Jobs Wanted

FRANCES PERKINS, the Secretary of Labor, notes in her report for November, lately published, that approximately 2,500,000 persons have found employment in manufacturing since March. How many workers have been added in other fields it is impossible to say. There are indications, however, that relatively few new jobs have been created or old jobs refilled in farming, transportation, construction, the service industries, clerical work, or the professions. Perhaps another 2,000,000 men and women have found employment in these lines, though this is only a rough guess. Moreover, the index of the American Federation of Labor, which, though far from perfect, remains the most reliable in the country, suggests that something more than 10,000,000 workers, not including farm hands, are still jobless. The soundness of this estimate is indicated by the fact that there has been no marked decrease in demands for unemployment relief, according to reports received by the Federal Emergency Relief Administration. There is always an increase in demands for assistance as winter approaches, and while the rate of increase this year is somewhat smaller than it has been in the past three years, it is still not small enough to suggest any substantial reduction of unemployment.

It is worth pointing out that the estimate of the Department of Labor is based on the month of March, when unemployment was abnormally great even when measured in terms of economic depression. To the unemployment resulting from the industrial slump was added temporary unemployment for some hundreds of thousands, if not millions, of workers who were idle because the banks were closed and not because of any inherent difficulties in the industries. Most of these men and women were immediately restored to their jobs when the banks were opened again. It would be more accurate to take the month of January as the base for measuring the change in the employment situation. In that month the A. F. of L. index showed more than 13,000,000 jobless, while the Alexander Hamilton Institute, whose survey included farmhands and other workers not covered by the Federation of Labor, estimated that the unemployed totaled more than 17,000,000. Each of these totals was subsequently swollen by the temporary industrial suspension resulting from the bank crisis in March. But if we disregard the fact that the Labor Department's estimate is dated from the panic month, and instead figure its reported increase in employment from January, we find that the total number of jobless still runs somewhere between 10,500,000 and 12,500,000.

Any way we look at it, and though we concede that even the most reliable estimates are largely based on guesswork, we see that there has been no important decrease in the ranks of the unemployed. Some time ago General Hugh S. Johnson and his associates in the National Recovery Administration were asserting that the operation of the NRA would put 6,000,000 men back to work "by September." The law has now been in effect for more than six months, twice as long as the period set by General Johnson, and yet the goal has not been reached. This we point out in no hypercritical way, but merely to suggest that ballyhoo, no matter how patriotic or sincere it may be, solves no economic problems.

The patriotic thing for the Roosevelt Administration to do is to admit that in so far as its recovery program was designed to take up the slack in employment it has been far from successful. This defect surely cannot be corrected by more ballyhoo. Yet that seems to be the course that has been adopted. While General Johnson is making no more extravagant claims, Secretary Ickes, the Public Works Administrator, and Harry L. Hopkins, the Civil Works Administrator, are talking bravely of the millions of men their efforts have succeeded in putting into "real jobs at real wages." However worthy such employment may be from the standpoint of the moral and physical well-being of the workers, it is at best no more than a civilized form of unemployment relief. An industrial society founded upon productive capitalism cannot live on public works alone. So long as we have to deal with the realities of such a society we must admit that until we can find productive jobs for the millions now idle and for the additional millions engaged in non-productive activities there can be no sound economic recovery.

From the point of view of its own philosophy it would be well for the Roosevelt Administration to reconsider and overhaul its recovery program to the end that more real jobs might be created. The demand of organized labor and the Socialists that the working week be reduced to thirty hours should have first place in any such reconsideration.

Issues and Men

The Gifts of the New Deal

WE are entering a new year fraught with enormous possibilities of good and evil for the people of the United States. It is no exaggeration to say that the very fate of our democratic institutions still hangs in the balance. Today let us run over some of the great things that have been accomplished by the NRA under the New Deal, so that we may hearten ourselves thereby. There is no necessity of being under any delusion about these achievements. Some of them may not be permanent; many of them may be wiped out if the liberal Administration of Franklin D. Roosevelt is succeeded by a reactionary one. That may come to pass, and yet somehow or other I feel that certain things have been accomplished that will be of lasting value, that ideas have been set afloat in the land that can never be returned to the source from which they came, or be wholly forgotten. Lenin showed us what it means to let loose an idea in the world and to back it up by some practical applications. But whether the NRA fails or succeeds, I am submitting herewith some of the achievements which I think all liberals can unite to applaud and give thanks for. In this desperately foolish old world we have come to that pass when we can only face the future by counting up each day just what we have gained, however little that may be, and by fastening our minds upon that rather than upon the battles before us, the odds to be overcome, the losses and defeats sustained. Of course we do not know whether in 1934 we shall find our way back to normal prosperity and reduce our unemployment to bearable figures. The experiments undertaken are so vast in their scope that I do not believe that even President Roosevelt himself can have a clear picture of all that is happening; I should be willing to wager that the Cabinet cannot. Certainly no editor can claim to be familiar with every phase of what we so readily call the New Deal, least of all myself. But here are the things worth reciting, things that spell a great human advance for which we cannot be too grateful:

1. First and foremost the change in the *spirit* of the Washington government from a government by, for, and with Business to an Administration which, whatever its errors, is obviously laying its emphasis upon the welfare and the progress of the plain people of the United States.

2. The establishment of the principle in our national legislation of the right of American labor to bargain collectively and to be represented by its own chosen delegates—a principle that will still have to be fought for in the years to come.

3. The establishment of the right of the federal government, as the leading partner in the enterprise, to take part in any controversy between labor and capital.

4. The revitalization of the American labor movement; the rescuing of the members of the American Federation of Labor from the follies and stupidities and narrowness of purpose of their own leaders; the spreading of the idea of unions to the automobile and steel industries, to journalists, even to chorus girls.

5. The practical abolition of child labor, with certain important reservations, and the consequent resurrection of the movement to ratify the proposed Child Labor Amendment to the Constitution, with the result that fourteen States have ratified it since January 1, 1933, twenty in all to date.

6. The practical abolition of sweatshop labor in our American cities.

7. The establishment in law by the federal government of the minimum-wage principle (this despite the fact that owing to looseness in the code many unscrupulous employers have made the minimum wage their maximum).

8. The establishment of codes of sound ethical practice in American industry, with the resultant elimination to date of no less than *one thousand* improper or unethical methods of conducting business.

9. The acceptance of the elimination of cutthroat competition in industry as a new objective of American economic and political policy.

10. The appointment of a coordinator of railroads, Joseph B. Eastman, and the undertaking by him of the only complete survey of our railroads, their needs, and the wants of their passengers, ever made in our history.

11. The beginning of national planning of industry in the United States by the federal government, and the control by it of the exploitation of the individual by predatory interests and human greed; the supervising of competition; and the management of great combinations of capital in the interest of the consumer and of the general public.

12. The establishment—at Muscle Shoals—for the first time of the right of the United States government to engage in the business of manufacturing, distributing, and selling electrical power, after years of hopeless battling for this policy.

13. The enormous awakening of the American people under the stimulus of the NRA to new ideas and to the necessity for new economic readjustments and beliefs.

14. Direct government aid to the starving unemployed in complete contravention of the position taken by Herbert Hoover and by Governor Franklin D. Roosevelt in New York; the practical establishment of a dole, and the complete enunciation of the principle that it is the federal government's duty to see that no American starves.

15. The reestablishment of the credit of the government, and the reopening and, to a limited extent, the rehabilitation of our banks.

16. The restoration to a marked degree of the confidence and courage of the American people; the courage and resolution shown by the President from the moment that he took office. "For," to quote Dean William F. Russell of Teachers College, "we thought we were lost, but we have been saved. Hope had vanished, and confidence has been restored."

Samuel Garrison Villard

Behind Russian Recognition

By LOUIS FISCHER

Moscow, December 3

STATE DEPARTMENT officials showed Litvinov a number of documents proving that Woodrow Wilson sent General Graves with troops to Siberia in 1918 not to fight the Bolsheviks but to check the imperialistic plans of Japan on the Asiatic continent. Litvinov had known this all the time. General Graves had said it in his "America's Siberian Adventure." Others had said it too. The State Department archives revealed nothing new to Litvinov, but the fact that this dossier was unsealed for his benefit and the fact that in consideration of America's anti-Japanese intentions in 1918 he renounced a Soviet counter-claim are of tremendous significance. For Litvinov, the dropping of a counter-claim was a gesture toward Soviet-American friendship; to the State Department it must have been clear that the Commissar would put only one interpretation on the opening of its files: that Washington was still anti-Japanese and wanted Moscow to know it.

When the President and the Commissar discussed Siberia in 1918 they naturally had to discuss Japan in 1933. I have no definite information that they did. But I have reason to believe they did. Unlike a number of capitalist states, the Soviet Union is not interfering in Chinese domestic affairs. Moscow wants to see a strong united China, and although the prospects of such a development are slim indeed, its policy in this regard corresponds with that of the United States. President Roosevelt knows that in most other respects, too, Russia's attitude toward Far Eastern affairs is very much like his own. The State Department, accordingly, may take it for granted that in any future test of diplomatic strength with Japan the Kremlin will be disposed to manifest greater sympathy for America's position than for Japan's.

There is evidence that the Roosevelt-Litvinov understanding and recognition have had the desired effect in Japan. "The vernacular newspapers," the *London Times* correspondent wired from Tokio on November 19, "allege that some business men, who remain anonymous, welcome recognition as checking the aggressive dreams of certain Japanese." Premier Saito and the clique around the Mikado have been encouraged by the assumption of diplomatic relations between America and Russia. Their struggle against War Minister Araki and the military fascists is far from won, but they mustered enough courage a few weeks ago to start a campaign among the industrialists and merchants of Japan for support for their moderate "Shidehara policy" in foreign affairs. To the extent that the civilian elements in Tokio gain in the tug against war with the mad militarists, Soviet and American security grows.

Two considerations can strengthen the advocates of peace in Japan and reduce the threat of war in the Pacific. They are Soviet-American cooperation and the reinforcement of Russia's defenses. Recognition by the United States has increased Soviet prestige and has indicated to the Japanese that in the event of their attack on Siberia there would be at least a chance that Russian-American trade might expand. Immediately after recognition was announced, Yureniev, the Soviet

Ambassador to Japan, issued a statement emphasizing the significance in consolidating world peace of a rapprochement between two nations with 290,000,000 inhabitants. "The Japanese," writes the *London Times* Tokio correspondent, "who lie geographically between the two nations, are not likely to miss the point." The question of war or peace in the Far East during the next year or two will be determined by the result of the inner political conflict in Japan, and the more Japanese who see Yureniev's point the weaker Araki's case becomes. For in the final analysis the military fascists must be able to say to the nation: if we attack the Russians we can beat them; if we attack the Americans we can beat them. But as Russians and Americans draw closer together, this assertion carries less conviction. If Japan were in a situation like Germany's, a foreign union might be wind in the sails of the reactionaries. Japan, however, is not a defeated nation surrounded on all sides by enemies. She is rather an aggressive nation making new enemies by reason of her aggression, and here the popular consciousness of serious outside opposition to those aggressive intentions can react to the detriment of the jingo elements and deter them from further aggression in much the same way, perhaps, as the Kaiser might have been deterred in July, 1914, had he known for certain that England would fight on the side of France. Mr. Roosevelt made an extremely clever move on the eve of recognition: he ordered part of the United States fleet withdrawn from the Pacific Ocean. Had he kept the fleet there and recognized Russia, the Japanese might have been alarmed, and alarm is the stuff on which militarists flourish. But the transfer of some naval strength to the Atlantic reassured Tokio diplomats as to America's peaceful mood and helped the Japanese civilians somewhat to resist the big-army and big-navy men's raid on the exchequer. Then Soviet recognition, a cheaper and more effective form of pressure on Japan than battleships, brought home to a large number of Japanese that it was impossible to crush both America and Russia and that it would therefore be wiser to put some trust in the machinery of peace.

Today Japanese diplomacy is in retreat before the Soviet Union. The retreat commenced late in September when Gregory Sokolnikov, Soviet Assistant Foreign Commissar for Far Eastern affairs, told Ota, the Japanese Ambassador in Moscow, that Japan would be held responsible for all anti-Soviet acts in Manchuria and that Manchukuo was a Nipponese puppet. The Moscow press thereupon broke out into violent attacks on Japanese imperialism and explained that the Kremlin had no intention of making any further reductions in the selling price of the Chinese Eastern Railway. On October 9 the Soviet newspapers broke all precedents by publishing a series of secret Japanese documents revealing Japanese anti-Soviet plans. Japan did not reply. During the period of the anniversary celebrations in November Bolshevik placards, spokesmen, and dailies, which are now usually very guarded in their references to foreign policy, frankly branded Japan as an aggressive and militaristic nation. Finally, when a squadron of Japanese bombers and scout

planes flew over Siberian territory on November 3, Moscow warned Tokio that the next time this happened the aeroplanes would be fired at. The Japanese have been taken aback by this sudden reversal from Moscow's mild and insult-swallowing policy of the last two years. When Ota asked what it all meant, a Soviet publicist said it meant just one word: "Stop." The Bolsheviks have called Japan to a halt.

The next Soviet firmness vis-a-vis Japan is easily accounted for. The country is now in a confident mood. The harvest was good. Collectivization is definitely established. Industrialization makes steady progress. The Bolsheviks have not the slightest doubt that their army is better than Japan's in fighting spirit and mechanical equipment; that the Japanese army has never encountered a major Western force and that it exhibited its poor offensive qualities at Shanghai, while the Red Army has been tested in the fire of battle and proved its worth; that the Red air fleet is stronger than Japan's and could bombard Japanese cities while Japanese planes could never reach important Soviet population centers; that Russia's war industries for the manufacture of tanks, automobiles, aeroplane motors, guns, and so forth are superior to Japan's; that the U. S. S. R. stands far ahead of Japan as a heavy-industrial nation; that despite the weakness of the Soviet fleet, infantry and aeroplanes could repulse any Japanese attack on Vladivostok; and, to sum up, that Japan could not win a war against the Soviet Union. The Trans-Siberian Railway is a weak link, but the Soviet government is constructing another line from Orenburg to Orsk to Stalinsk to Minusinsk, crossing the Trans-Siberian at Taischet-Kirensk, and is probably building other railroads as well as motor highways on which information is not available. Moreover, Moscow has practically completed its program of creating a Far Eastern military autarchy which makes the Khabarovsk region largely independent of European Russia as far as ammunition, clothing, food, and soldiers are concerned.

The Japanese know all about these developments and are trimming their diplomatic sails accordingly. For two years, from September, 1931, when Japan suddenly descended upon sleeping Mukden, to September, 1933, the Bolsheviks persisted in a painful policy of patient tolerance. Several times they offered Tokio a non-aggression pact. Tokio refused. "We need a free hand," Hoki Hirota, now Japanese Foreign Minister, said to me. The Bolsheviks offered Japan a commercial treaty. Japan refused. The Bolsheviks suggested the exchange of trade and good-will delegations. Japan did not react seriously. The Bolsheviks proposed the sale of the Chinese Eastern. Japan assumed that Moscow had decided to cede the railway and was only asking for a nominal selling price in order to "save face." Finally, when the Japanese began to arrest Soviet officials of the C. E. R. and prepared to seize the railroad, Moscow banged down its mailed fist—mailed during two years of intensive activity in Siberia—and declared: "We have had enough." The Japanese understood this kind of language where they had not understood the language of peace and conciliation.

The resulting Japanese diplomatic retreat commenced before President Roosevelt took the first steps toward Soviet recognition. But that retreat has now been hastened by recognition. The retreat and Litvinov's stay in America have helped the Russians to give more definite shape to their Far Eastern policy. This may now be roughly outlined.

Moscow will sell the Chinese Eastern for what it is worth, say, \$100,000,000 in gold. Moscow, however, will not recognize Manchukuo *de jure* except under exceptional circumstances. Recognition of Manchukuo would prejudice the territorial integrity of China, a principle to which the U. S. S. R. and the United States are both equally committed. The non-recognition of Manchukuo, however, must not be taken to mean that Russia is interested in a sphere of influence in Northern Manchuria. The Soviet Union has definitely renounced that sphere of influence. In 1926 Japan proposed to Moscow the division of Manchuria into Japanese and Soviet spheres. Moscow rejected this imperialistic suggestion seven years ago, and still abhors anything that smacks of it. Moscow is out of Manchuria and is reconciled to having Japan as a land neighbor intrenched in Manchukuo. When I asked a maker of Soviet foreign policy why, if that is the case, they should not recognize Manchukuo, he said: "Why should we? We are thinking of China." I suspect they are also thinking of America, which is violently opposed to Manchukuoan recognition. Some time ago the Kremlin might have recognized Manchukuo as part of the aftermath of a Soviet-Japanese non-aggression pact, but the new ratio of military power in the Far East and the establishment of Russian-American diplomatic relations have somewhat modified that attitude. Perhaps Moscow will now sign such a pact if Tokio strongly urges it. The Soviet government wants peace with Japan. Russia has absolutely nothing to gain and everything to lose from war. But the past has convinced the Soviet government that a mild, moderate, and humble attitude is not conducive to peace. The United States government probably takes the same view of the non-aggression pact which Japan has offered it.

Russia's new military strength in Siberia coupled with the incipient Soviet-American rapprochement is a guaranty of Far Eastern peace. The worst threat to that peace is the Japanese fascist movement which seeks to make capital out of a most difficult economic situation. The Japanese army and navy will spend 875,000,000 yen in 1934 out of a total federal budget of 2,017,000,000 yen—43.3 per cent. Instead of allocating more money for the relief of peasants and industries, the reactionaries are asking for additional military expenditures. Politicians who do not comply help their assassins to become national heroes. The atmosphere in Japan is electric with possibilities of violent change. Recognition of Russia by the United States has served notice on the military hotheads that no matter what they do at home, they must be more circumspect abroad. France, Russia's new friend, is likewise interested in diminishing the war danger in the Pacific, and should take steps to remind Japan in very concrete fashion of that interest. Ultimately, the Powers may have to get together to save Japan from her social-economic-territorial dilemma and from herself. For if she attacks Russia she may break her neck; and that would have disastrous world consequences. But it is probably too much to hope that the bourgeois nations, who today watch the Franco-German problem, which has already provoked two wars, prepare the field for a third, will have enough sense to safeguard the capitalist system from a serious body blow in Eastern Asia. Communist Russia must do it, and capitalist America will assist her in doing it. Moscow's new firm policy vis-a-vis Japan is the best thing for Japan and the best means of improving Soviet-Japanese relations.

Relief with Both Mind and Heart

By BENJAMIN GLASSBERG

Milwaukee, December 20

AN examination of the methods and policies of the public relief agencies in most of the larger cities reveals that one of the few cities where relief has not been grossly inadequate is Milwaukee. During the entire depression Milwaukee County has given assistance to every family in need. At no time has it been faced with the prospect of having to discontinue relief on a certain date, as was actually the case in Philadelphia in 1932. At no time has it been obliged arbitrarily to remove thousands of families from the lists because of lack of funds, as was the case in Detroit in 1931. And Milwaukee approached its task without creating any new or emergency organization for the purpose, as so many cities have done, especially since the establishment of the Federal Emergency Relief Administration in June, 1933.

Milwaukee was fortunate in having at hand a department which could function in this emergency, namely, the Department of Outdoor Relief, which is one unit of a closely knit group of county institutions designed to meet the needs of the community with respect to physical and mental health and dependency. Until 1929 it was an obscure county department aiding several hundred families a month with provisions. In 1930, as the need for relief increased month by month, the department expanded its personnel and facilities. The County Board assumed as a matter of course, on the basis of the "poor relief" section of statutes over half a century old, that it was its duty to take care of all those in need and that no private welfare agency or Community Chest could be expected to assume this constantly increasing burden. By 1933 the department had a staff of nearly 600, many of them college graduates and some with experience in private social work. It was giving relief to 32,000 families and 6,000 single men. To this group of more than 150,000 citizens of Milwaukee it was supplying not only groceries and milk, but all the other necessities of life, including coal, shoes, and some clothing, and was regularly paying rent and gas and electric-light bills, wherever necessary. Recently it has supplied stoves, stove repairs, mattresses, and other household necessities as well.

In spite of the adequacy of its general relief policy, Milwaukee has been subjected to some criticism for its reliance on the commissary system. Milwaukee does not use the grocery-order plan in supplying food. Nor has it been able to furnish its families with cash, with the exception of some 5,500 families who since the beginning of 1933 have been employed on the work-relief program and paid entirely in cash. Supplies for relief families in Milwaukee are purchased through a central commissary in carload lots on specifications and bids. Only foods of the highest grade are bought. After being packaged at the central commissary, the food is sent by truck once or twice a day to the twelve branch stations located in various parts of the county. These branch stations are generally housed in large buildings formerly used as garages and resemble a grocery store in their arrangement.

Families on relief are visited in their homes by an investigator who is able to determine what food the family has on hand and what sorts of food, if any, it does not use. An order is then listed on a printed card and sent to the branch station, generally a week in advance of the family's visit to the station. When the client, so-called, calls for his groceries, his card is found and the order filled. The time of the client's visit is fixed in advance and no more than twenty or so are scheduled to come at the same time. There are no crowds in the station. The whole transaction is as orderly and expeditious as being waited on in a chain grocery store.

The amount and variety of food has been carefully worked out over a period of years by the county dietitian, in cooperation with the medical association and the leading pediatricians. The variety of food items supplied has been constantly increased, so as to prevent too great monotony. A cookbook has been published and widely distributed to enable families to plan their meals wisely. Through the cooperation of the public schools and the Milwaukee Vocational School, all the students in the home-economics courses have been taught to make efficient use of the foods issued by the relief department. As a result of this policy, the health of the children of Milwaukee has been maintained on a rather high plane, as is indicated by a report submitted by Dr. Stanley G. Seeger, president of the Wisconsin State Medical Society, to Secretary of Labor Frances Perkins on October 5 last. Medical leaders from all parts of the country were called to Washington by Miss Perkins to discuss the dangers of malnutrition among the people. After a careful study of the records of the County Dispensary, the County General Hospital, and the Milwaukee Children's Hospital, Dr. Seeger reported as follows:

Malnutrition among children of poor families in Milwaukee County is practically negligible. From a nutritional standpoint, the health of children in families getting county-relief supplies is on a higher level now than it was before the depression.

There is no evidence of pellagra, a disease which develops chiefly among undernourished children.

Most of the State, basing diets for poor-relief families on balanced food standards set by the Milwaukee relief department, shows little evidence of malnutrition.

This is not an argument for bigger and better depressions. It is merely proof that through the operation of a well-managed commissary and a carefully planned diet, malnutrition may be averted.

Largely owing to the great saving resulting from this somewhat communistic method of feeding people, Milwaukee has been able to do what practically no other city can boast of, namely, continue the regular payment of rent for all unemployed persons unable to pay it themselves. During the greater part of 1932 and 1933 this service averaged approximately \$250,000 a month. To those social workers who condemn the commissary because it robs the individual family of the right to choose its own food and to buy where and

what it pleases, our answer is that if it saves enough money to prevent families and children from going through the harrowing experience of eviction every two or three months it is highly desirable—even though it means that persons must forgo choosing their own food at their favorite grocer's.

The department has not been unmindful of the importance of preserving the morale of its clients and of saving them from all possible embarrassment. For this reason, although at considerable added expense, every family is visited in its own home once every two weeks, instead of being obliged to come to the relief offices. Each worker has a case load of approximately 140 families a month, calling for an average of 14 visits a day. This number will now be materially reduced. Incidentally, the home-visiting system makes possible a closer check on the earnings and conditions of each family. In fact, about 3,000 families voluntarily withdrew from the relief lists at the time of the inauguration of the home visits. It is now possible, as a result of this plan, to provide for the special diet needs of diabetic, tubercular, and other ill persons requiring special treatment. In many cases expensive and elaborate diets are supplied.

One of the most interesting activities of the department until the Civil Works Administration program was established on November 15 was the work-relief program, developed in the fall of 1932. We were impressed with the fact that a great many persons took relief unwillingly and infinitely preferred to work for it if given the opportunity. Also many were losing the habit of work and some form of regular employment would help to reestablish this habit. At the same time there were many necessary public-works projects which could not be completed for lack of funds. It was therefore agreed that the Department of Outdoor Relief would undertake to help the various cities and towns in the county to develop such public-works projects as were socially necessary and desirable. The municipalities were to provide skilled supervision, necessary materials, tools, and workmen's compensation, and the department would supply as many men as were needed and pay them at the rate of fifty cents an hour for unskilled labor and the union rate for skilled, the number of hours being dependent upon the amount of relief which the family was getting. The Relief Department was to make no attempt to supervise workers after they were referred for work.

No client was required to work. The plan was voluntary in every respect. Since there were at no time jobs enough to go around, it would have been absurd to make work compulsory. After a man went to work, if at any time he desired to quit he was free to do so and he could automatically return to the ranks of those receiving direct relief. There was, of course, an inducement to work, for these families were paid in cash—an amount sufficient to meet the cost of their provisions, milk, rent, fuel, shoes, and gas and electric bills. In addition, a small sum ranging from \$2 to \$3 a month was added to the budget to cover various incidentals. As the price of food went up, beginning with June, the families' budgets were increased accordingly and more hours of work added to the schedule. During the first month or six weeks the department continued to grant provisions and other forms of aid, and for a few weeks there was some duplication in relief. Still further to help the men who chose work, arrangements were made with shoe dealers and coal companies to provide families with these necessities at the

same prices paid by the department, and a working agreement was made with the local grocers that they should give some discount on the presentation of a card identifying the customer as a worker on the relief program. Arrangements were also made with the gas and electric companies to grant the men certain discount privileges not permitted to their regular customers. If the worker lived two miles or more from the job, the department supplied carfare.

During the summer months the pay roll for the 5,500-odd men at work amounted to approximately \$200,000 a month. The system seemed to be regarded with satisfaction by practically all the workers. There was a definite feeling on the part of the men, who received their checks twice a month, just as all other county employees did, that they were supporting themselves through their own efforts. They worked efficiently and well, according to the testimony of their foremen and supervisors. Some men with large families found that it paid them much better to continue at work for the county than to accept a position in one of the large factories which began to open during the summer. In addition to the material improvement made possible by the pay check, many a difficult family situation was ironed out when the man went to work instead of brooding idly at home.

A novel activity for a relief department is the work of the securities division, organized a year ago. We found that there were many families with some assets—stocks or bonds, a mortgage on some property, savings tied up in a closed bank, or building-and-loan stock. These were potential assets, but their owners were unable to turn them into cash to enable them to purchase their immediate necessities, except at a great sacrifice. Under the law a family must be entirely devoid of means to be eligible for relief. However, since it seemed unjust to insist that the family sell its assets at a time when there was no market, a plan was developed whereby if a family assigned such assets to the department, they would be held in trust until such time as the owner might choose to sell. In the meantime the necessary aid was extended. If the owner could sell his assets profitably, they would be released and he would then repay the department the amount of aid granted. To date approximately \$385,000 in frozen assets has been assigned to the department.

Another service has been in the field of insurance. This was begun on April 1, 1933. By arrangement with some of the larger insurance companies, mainly those which sell industrial-insurance policies, it is now possible to readjust insurance policies of families receiving relief when they cannot continue to pay the premiums or are carrying too much insurance. Under the guidance of an expert in this field, the insurance policies of hundreds of our families have been subjected to careful scrutiny, and with the advice and cooperation of the Life Insurance Adjustment Bureau of New York City have been readjusted to fit their needs. At the same time cash reimbursements have been made available to the families concerned to pay premiums for a year in advance, and to net them \$150,000 in addition.

Milwaukee has recognized from the beginning that single men, whether they are homeless residents or transients, are as much entitled to consideration as men with families. Early in the depression, through the Central Council of Social Agencies, the Travelers' Aid Society was supplied with a larger staff to enable it to function more effectively, and all single persons applying for aid were referred to this agency.

rechristened the Transient Service Bureau. If applicants were residents of the county, they were then referred to the Outdoor Relief Department, from which they received approximately the same aid that families received, namely, provisions, rent, heat, and so forth. Men not able to prepare their meals are cared for on the so-called meal-ticket plan, that is, they are supplied with a weekly meal ticket good at one of the restaurants on the approved list. Shelter at one of the downtown lodging-houses is also furnished, and such clothing as is needed. All transients are cared for by the Transient Service Bureau through its own funds. Wherever possible, transients are returned to their homes after proper social investigation. There is no passing on of cases, no limiting of care to two or three days, no use of the jails or police stations for lodging purposes. Through the foresight and imaginative planning of the Central Council of Social Agencies, the Municipal Center for the Unemployed was established two years ago in a vacant loft building. The Board of Education accepted this center as a unit of the public-school centers, and supplied trained recreation workers. The building was furnished with the usual games, billiard and pool tables, a space for basket ball, volley ball, and the like. Musical instruments and work benches with tools for shoe mending and repair of clothing were supplied by interested citizens. Visitors to the center do not have to go through any form of registration or answer any questions. There is

no burdensome discipline. Night after night it is filled to capacity with happy-looking, homeless men, busily engaged in whatever pursuits they fancy at the moment.

The relief program developed by Milwaukee was, to be sure, expensive. It would have been cheaper to adopt the "eviction-evasion" rent policy, which has been used on so large a scale during the depression; it would have saved many million dollars a year. It is costly to maintain a corps of capable workers and administrators of a high type. The county and the State have made every effort possible to raise by taxation the necessary sums for unemployment-relief purposes; the already high State income tax has been doubled. The county has also issued several million dollars' worth of relief bonds. Not until September 1, 1932, was it necessary to apply to the Reconstruction Finance Corporation for assistance. From that time until September 1, 1933, 80 per cent of Milwaukee's expenditures was reimbursed by the federal government. Since September 1 reimbursement has been at the rate of 70 per cent.

Relief, however, even if it is adequate, can never be a substitute for a properly planned public-works program to provide the unemployed with jobs. Men and women must be supplied with work. That is what they demand. No system of government or social order will long survive which does not fill this need, and at wages which will provide for necessities and comforts.

The Two Wings of the Blue Eagle

II. The Wing upon the Right

By JOHN STRACHEY

IN the previous article some account was attempted of the inflationary aspects of the New Deal. It is now time to attempt the more difficult but much more important task of predicting the effect which the varieties of government regulation implied by the codes of the NRA and the processing taxes of the AAA will have upon the permanent structure of American capitalism. We transfer our attention, that is, from the "left" or inflationary wing of the Blue Eagle to the "right" or organization wing.

Many people undoubtedly suppose that this program represents a step toward socialism. Others regard it rather as the inauguration of a system of "organized capitalism," of the reform of capitalism in such a manner as to make it a stable, coherent system, free from the risk of such catastrophes as the crash of 1929. In order to form any opinion of the validity of these views it is necessary to arrive at some conception of what it was in the existing capitalist system which produced the crash. For until we have discovered this we cannot begin to say whether the provisions of the New Deal check or accentuate those features of capitalism which are at the root of the trouble.

Stated in its very broadest possible terms, it seems to me incontrovertible that there are three main characteristics or tendencies in capitalism which, taken together, produced the last crash—and for that matter all those crashes which preceded it.

The first of these fatal characteristics is the most obvi-

ous and at the same time the most superficial. This is the tendency, exhibited by all capitalist systems, to the over-expansion of credit. (This may be called the tendency to inflation, but to inflation in its most subtle, least recognizable form.) We can all now see, with that prescient hindsight which characterizes business men and economists, conservatives and radicals alike, that the years 1924-29 were marked, especially in America, by a grandiose and indiscriminate expansion of credit. Every kind of entrepreneur was able to borrow vast sums of capital, from every kind of banker, financier, or insurance house. With this credit he could and did create vast new productive resources.

The tremendous energies and skill of the American people were devoted to creating new factories for the production of almost everything under the sun, to bringing new land into cultivation, or to raising the productivity of old land to an unparalleled degree. And all this was done in the perfect faith that the products which these new factories and farms would soon be pouring out upon the world would all be sold at a profit.

These new means of production came into being without the least attempt to correlate them one to another, without the faintest hint of planned or coordinated purpose. So long, however, as an extremely high proportion of the workers of the United States were engaged, not in producing things for use, but in producing these new means of production, these new factories, mines, and farms, everything went

well. But sooner or later the new shafts were sunk, the new lathes were installed in the new machine shops, the new land was drained, dinged, and tractor-plowed. And then the trouble began. Consumer commodities from these new instruments of production poured forth upon the world; *and at the same moment there poured back upon the labor market the workers who were no longer needed because their job of factory building and farm improvement was completed.* Just at the moment when the capacity for production was multiplying itself a hundred fold, hundreds and thousands, and finally millions, of workers lost their jobs and ceased therefore to be able to consume. Moreover, it was discovered that ludicrous disproportions had arisen in the creation of the means of production. For example, I see that it is estimated that three times as much boot-and-shoe-producing plant was created as the American people genuinely need for the production of their boots and shoes, even if they were all able to buy them.

What is the capitalist remedy for this situation? Obviously there is only one. It is to prevent such an orgy of indiscriminate credit expansion from ever happening again. It is to restore capitalism to what Lawrence Dennis has so neatly called a "pay-as-you-go basis." What you have got to do, even some of the capitalists can now see, in order to prevent another slump is to prevent another boom. You have got to see to it that the capitalists only build new instruments of production for a given tangible market which is already there; that they carry on production only with such capital or credit resources as they have got—paying as they go. Thus production and the market would not get so outrageously out of touch with each other.

Now what does the New Deal do about all this? As everybody knows, it does the exact opposite of what Mr. Dennis and every sane capitalist expert advises. Called in to prescribe for a patient who has succumbed to an orgy of credit expansion, the doctors of the New Deal prescribe—a new orgy of credit expansion! Capitalism is, without any encouragement, an inveterate inebriate. Even left to itself, it would in any case take to the bottle again. Just for the moment, however, it has an appalling headache and is strictly "on the wagon." But the doctors of the New Deal, far from trying to sustain its all too fragile temperance, rush forward with cases of Scotch.

I read in the pronouncements of the government the continual implication that it is definitely unpatriotic of business men to refuse to borrow or bankers to refuse to lend, even though the business men cannot think of anything useful or profitable to do with the money when they have borrowed it, or the bankers see any security for what they lend. The *London Times*, as long ago as September 13 last, summed up the government's policy not, I should have thought, unfairly in these words: "A good deal is being done by the Administration to browbeat the banks into lending more money to business men, and the Administration itself is ordering the Reconstruction Finance Corporation to lend money to members of the NRA."

Since then, of course, the inflationary methods of the government have become much more direct. It proved impossible to engineer a new boom by exhorting business men to borrow and bankers to lend. The government has had to resort to pumping out the money itself by the billion. It even gives it to the unemployed and the farmers, as well as

to the capitalists. As we attempted to show in the previous article, the present policy is leading to an inflation which, in contrast to that of 1924-29, is neither subtle nor difficult to recognize. If the government is able by these means to create a new boom, then quite obviously it will be a boom ten times more unsound—that is, more out of relation either to real needs or to effective demand—even than the last boom. Hence it must lead to a crash proportionately worse than this crash.

The second fatal characteristic of capitalism is its tendency to form monopolies. No one doubts that in the normal course of events, and in all fields of production, big firms tend to replace small ones. Capital concentrates; the scale of production increases. Slowly but surely whole branches of production—such as the automotive industry, for example—become dominated by one or two giant trusts. Competition begins to atrophy within each industry. It becomes a violent but spasmodic struggle between the few remaining great corporations. In some cases, as perhaps in the steel industry in America today, it may for a time die out altogether within whole branches of production.

The effect upon the market of this process is also well known. The hundreds, and indeed thousands, of small capitalists and their better-paid retainers who used to conduct the industries of the country were all consumers, and very substantial consumers. They constituted the heart of the great middle-class market. Their defeat and bankruptcy by the great trusts destroys this vitally important section of the market. For even Mr. Ford, when he has killed off a thousand competing firms, can still only sleep in one bed and eat at one table.

This—the necessity for maintaining the great middle-class market, for maintaining, that is, a fairly wide distribution of wealth—was the great economic justification of the Sherman anti-trust laws, and all the other anti-combination provisions of American statute law. These provisions were not, of course, enacted out of an academic interest in maintaining the market. They were enacted by the smaller capitalists as vital and desperate measures of self-preservation. But in so far as they were effective—and they were to some extent effective—they may be regarded as a check or brake upon an inevitable process. They did, by restraining the operations of the great law of the concentration of capital, keep the whole mighty mechanism of American capitalism going.

For just in so far as monopolies are formed and hundreds of smaller capitalists destroyed by one or two great corporations, the market is narrowed; the distribution of wealth becomes more and more grotesquely unequal. Society tends more and more to split up into a vast propertyless mass unable to consume more than the bare necessities of life (if that) and a tiny minority of super-capitalists who must somehow, somewhere find a place to reinvest at a profit their gigantic surpluses.

This picture is of course familiar, and surely, by this time, in broad outline undisputed. What effect, then, has the NRA upon this second fatal tendency of capitalism? Does it wisely attempt to check or even to reverse the drive toward concentration and monopoly? Does it reinforce the anti-trust provisions of American law? Does it foster the interests of the small man against the big? Is it preserving that vital consuming area—the middle class? Well, of course, these

questions answer themselves. Everybody knows that in the very first paragraph of the National Industrial Recovery Act the Sherman anti-trust laws are suspended. But the NRA goes much farther than that. Before its passage the American capitalists were, to some extent, forbidden to combine. Not only are they now permitted to combine, they are in many respects legally compelled to do so. The codes of the industries actually compel the capitalists concerned to abrogate many of the most important forms of their competition, to stop competing with one another by wage-cutting, price-cutting, or by lengthening the hours of work of their workers. These are deadly blows at the whole principle of competitive business. And they are blows at precisely those forms of competition, those forms of struggle, which are princi-

pally used by the small capitalist against his bigger rivals. Notoriously, the small man can continue to exist for a time by paying lower wages, working both himself and his employees longer hours, and by cut-rate prices.

Now—if the law is enforced, at any rate—he can do none of these things. His fate is sealed. And, in fact, the one universal impression which remains in my mind after questioning, during a recent lecture tour of this country, all sorts of people in all sorts of towns of the South, of the Middle West, and of the East as to the effect of the NRA, is the answer, echoed by friend and foe of that measure alike, “Well, it is very hard on the small man.”

[This is the second of a series of three articles by Mr. Strachey. The third will appear next week.]

Pity the Poor Sugar Trust

By FRANK CLAY CROSS

THE refusal of the Secretary of Agriculture early in October to approve the agreement on sugar quotas, which was promulgated after almost three months of bickering and arbitrating by the Washington conferences conducted by Tariff Commissioner John Lee Coulter, threw the beet-sugar trust into another cold sweat and sent market futures tumbling from six to eleven points. With a bumper crop of sugar beets ready for the refineries in the West, the biggest crop since 1930, the crash approached the magnitude of a minor cataclysm.

On September 25 the Coulter conferences had adjourned with the proclamation that they had reached a complete agreement which required only the signature of the Secretary of Agriculture to become effective October 1. Nobody seemed to doubt that his signature would be promptly forthcoming. As the date passed, however, without any word from Secretary Wallace, consternation began to arise, culminating in near panic when he definitely declared his intention not to sign it. The agreement, he said, was not his “baby.”

This action, tardy though it may be, is agreeable evidence that Washington does not intend to let the American sugar trust augment the unrest in Cuba. Incidentally, it may also indicate that President Roosevelt has found time to ponder on a vigorous petition, delivered to him in September, signed by more than 3,000 oppressed workers in the beet fields of Colorado, Nebraska, and Wyoming. At any rate it has put an end to the vociferous demands of the sugar-beet crowd, which had gained considerable ground in the Coulter hearings. At first the beet men had refused to consider any quota at all. But after their quota had been jockeyed up from 1,525,000 to 1,750,000 short tons raw value annually, and the foreign quota—that is, the quota for Cuba and Puerto Rico—had been cut down from one-half to one-quarter million tons, they finally decided the time had come to cooperate.

The statement of Secretary Wallace invalidating the quota agreement placed sugar, along with other farm products, under the supervision of the Agricultural Adjustment Administration. The object of the AAA, he said, would be to work out some plan to obtain price parity for the beet growers, as for any other group of farm producers. Parity

for the growers, he intimated, would mean a price of around \$5.50 or \$6.50 a ton for beets. What a yell went up! Beset by the NRA and higher costs of production, the sugar-beet industry, its spokesmen groaned, would fold up and die if it had to accept that price.

The complaint of the sugar-beet men might win more sympathy if they could find some more effective way to control the thoroughly unhealthy conditions in the industry—conditions for which they are responsible. No industry in America today is displaying more brazen contempt for human welfare. The Great Western Sugar Company, which makes 45 per cent of all the beet sugar produced in the United States and completely dominates the industry, has thus far thumbed its nose at the NRA. On October 2 it paid a dividend of \$1,342,500 to its stockholders, while it reduced the starvation wages of workers in the beet fields—by indirect action, of course—to a new minimum, cruel almost beyond belief.

In order to appreciate fully the merciless avarice of the Great Western Sugar Company, one must know a little of its history. It was organized in 1905 with a capitalization of \$30,000,000, half in preferred stock and half in common. The common stock was never sold. Instead, it was given away as a bonus to the purchasers of the preferred issue, share for share. The total investment of the stockholders was \$13,600,000, and they have never put up one dollar more. In the twenty-eight years since 1905 the cash dividends paid by the company have totaled more than \$94,000,000—7 per cent on the preferred stock and for several years as high as 47 per cent on the par value of the common stock which the stockholders got as a present. Not bad at all!

On November 15 the Great Western Sugar Company announced the purchase of \$9,000,000 worth of stock in subsidiary companies, a purchase made out of surplus. The new stock was to be distributed to holders of common stock in the Great Western, a stock dividend amounting to \$5 per share. The company officials insisted, however, that it was not a dividend but merely a move in a broad reorganization program. It was also announced that the Cache La Poudre Company, a subsidiary of the Great Western, with a capital of \$7,200,000, had turned over 1,800,000 shares, \$20 par

value, to be distributed in the ratio of one share Cache La Poudre to five shares Great Western. The distribution was to be made on or before December 15. A nice Christmas present! Moreover, the Great Western declared its regular quarterly dividend (\$1.75 per share on preferred; 60 cents per share on common) to be paid January 2, 1934.

The spokesmen of the trust do not deny that they have operated a profitable business, but they vehemently disclaim all responsibility for the peonage and child labor which have helped to enrich them. They declare that they are under contract solely with the beet growers, and have nothing to do with the workers. This claim is an insolent evasion of fact. The form contract which every grower must accept if he hopes to sell his beets specifies that every detail of production from start to finish must be under the direct control and supervision of the company. He "agrees to plant, block, thin, cultivate, irrigate, harvest, and deliver" the crop from a certain definite acreage, "in compliance with the directions of the company." The price which he will get per ton has also been definitely specified up to the present year.

This agreement sets the wages of the beet workers as clearly as if they were directly employed by the company. The grower is virtually a helpless middleman. In fully 70 per cent of the cases he is not the owner of the land which he cultivates but a tenant; he contracts to furnish all equipment, to be responsible for all the farm work, and to pay the field help and other expenses, in return for which he gets three-fourths of the beet crop. This division keeps him on the verge of bankruptcy, for his margin of profit is almost nil. The landlord, however, who gets one-fourth of the crop come what may, quite naturally demands the cultivation of every available acre, regardless of the cutthroat prices paid by the sugar company. Even at \$5.50 per ton, the minimum price suggested by Secretary Wallace, he would make approximately \$18 per acre.

Under such pressure the tenant grower has no choice but to pay his workers the lowest wages for which they can be hired. At present they can be hired for almost any wage, for the West is full of destitute and hungry families; but the grower is powerless to reap the benefit of the circumstances, even though he might wish to do so. The sugar company has got there first, slashing prices on beets to fill its own coffers at the expense of human misery.

The responsibility of the Great Western Sugar Company for the abject poverty of the beet workers does not end with the contract which it forces on the growers. It directly recruits cheap labor for the beet fields. During the late winter and early spring the agents of the company invade the cities and rural communities of the Southwest to round up ignorant Mexican workers by the train load. Every worker receives a contract to block, thin, and top a certain acreage of beets for a certain price. The number of acres allotted to him depends largely on how many children he can put to work, besides himself and his wife. There is no guaranty, however, that he will actually get his pay when the work is done. Often he is cheated out of his entire earnings on some slim excuse. The law offers him no recourse.

These greedy practices in the sugar-beet industry have given rise to conditions which are almost incredible outside the "cesspool of poverty" in Puerto Rico, using the words of ex-President Hoover. Men—able workers—are reduced to incomes of from \$80 to \$120 a year. Even when whole fami-

lies work from sun-up till dark they still must beg for charity or starve. In August of the present year the secretary of the Colorado Relief Committee issued a report stating that 48 per cent of all federal relief money sent to the State in April, May, and June had gone to the counties in the sugar-beet districts. Thirty per cent or more of the applications for admission to the Catholic orphanages, to which the Mexicans naturally turn in an emergency, are from the families of destitute beet workers. In the beet fields one frequently sees children as young as six years of age subjected to long hours of back-breaking labor. Indeed, children ten years of age or younger make up approximately one-fifth of all the child workers. Schools are closed during the harvest season, thus cooperating with the slave drivers. Victims of drudgery, these poor children suffer further from undernourishment, and are housed in unsanitary, overcrowded hovels where sickness and death are common visitors. Child mortality among the beet workers has been shown in several investigations to average 1.5 or more per family. In the winter the workers seek the larger towns and cities, throwing themselves upon the charities for support until the growers need them again. In such manner the charities are made to subsidize the sugar trust, so that fat dividends need not be cut.

There is reason to hope that President Roosevelt has penetrated the bluff and pretense of the beet-sugar industry and seen the rottenness beneath. To satisfy its avarice, it has reduced the workers to worse than slavery, pauperized the tenant growers, mulcted the charities. Yet more, it has extorted millions upon millions of dollars from the American public by the tariffs which it has lobbied through Congress. In 1932, according to a report to the United States Tariff Commission, the value of the sugar tariff to our domestic companies was more than \$7,000,000 in excess of what they paid the beet growers, including the cost of Mexican labor.

The alternate wails and threats of the sugar lobby, which have continued almost without interruption since the proposal was first made to place the industry under some form of government control, were intensified on October 14, when Secretary Wallace announced his intention of adding a sugar section to the AAA, and of putting General William I. Westervelt in charge of it. General Westervelt, now director of processing and marketing in the AAA, was formerly research director for Sears, Roebuck and Company in Chicago. What did he know about sugar beets? The section should be supervised, the beet men argued, by some man in intimate contact with the industry, such as Charles M. Kearney, president of the National Beet Growers' Association. It seems likely that Secretary Wallace and the President both realize that the beet growers are necessarily puppets of the sugar trust. These men dare not oppose the will of the Great Western Sugar Company, which holds virtually an absolute monopoly of the market to which they must sell. To appoint Kearney, or any other representative of the growers, to an important post in the sugar section of the AAA would be little different from appointing W. D. Lippitt, president of the Great Western, to such a post.

Congressman Fred Cummings of the sugar-beet district came back to Denver from Washington on October 26 with fire in his eyes, promising to organize the West in a revolt against the AAA for its attitude toward the sugar-beet industry. Almost every day the papers carried reports of his rantings. Said Cummings: "The beet growers resent slaps

in the face from the AAA. No one has given a good reason why the stabilization agreement should be refused." All the West wants, said he, is a fair deal. After the meetings that he addressed in Utah more than 1,000 telegrams were sent to President Roosevelt. In Scotts Bluff, Nebraska, he launched a petition of protest which was signed by 46,000 citizens in the North Platte Valley.

But there is something less than complete unanimity in the industry. Nearly 1,000 beet growers, in a meeting at Sterling, Colorado, on December 4, voted unanimously not to grow any sugar beets during the 1934 season unless a new contract was obtained from the Great Western. The producers agreed that the only contract which would be accept-

able to them would be one assuring them that the price per ton paid them would be one-half of the average net proceeds realized from the sale of sugar, molasses, and pulp from an average ton of beets delivered at the factory. The worm is turning! Mr. Cummings should look into this.

The Great Western finally joined the NRA in November. I have not had an opportunity to discover what difference that has made in its treatment of its own workers. Of course the field workers are not affected. Nor will they be, probably, until the American public demands that something be done to alleviate the misery of the thirty-odd thousand destitute men and women and little children who slave in the beet fields.

New Year's Gifts for the NRA

By PAUL Y. ANDERSON

Washington, December 23

NOW that the holidays are upon us, banishing dissension and firing one and all with the spirit of human brotherhood, I wish to add my voice to the general chorus of peace and good-will by remarking that of all the low, slippery, underhanded, chiseling schemes ever hatched to get around the Industrial Recovery Act, none can compare with that of the self-styled and high-sounding Machinery and Allied Products Institute—hereinafter known as the M. A. P. I., and perhaps by other and more definitive titles. The fact that its stratagems have already been recognized and thwarted by the ever-watchful Donald Richberg should not prevent either them or their authors from being known and remembered. The essence of the plan was to set up a sort of holding company of trade associations representing about fifty metal industries, this holding company to dictate the labor policies and administer the codes of the industries under it without itself being responsible for any of them. It sounds like something Sam Insull might have thought up while musing among the ruins of the Acropolis, but actually the idea appears to have germinated in the brain of another Chicagoan, to wit, John W. O'Leary, former president of the United States Chamber of Commerce, and—by strange coincidence—a manufacturer of metal products. The name of the M. A. P. I. recently burst upon a startled NRA when approximately forty trade associations, embracing manufacturers of such variegated metal products as locomotives, bakery equipment, concrete mixers, refrigerating machinery, power-transmission equipment, and jacks, submitted codes containing uniform—and uniformly bad—labor provisions. Each stated that it was a member of the Machinery and Allied Products Institute. The name of the "Institute" was new to Washington, but scrutiny of its constitution and by-laws soon revealed the nature of its purposes. They bound member trade associations to submit no codes not previously approved by the M. A. P. I., and provided that the labor sections should be identical. The President—and I mean the President of the United States—would not be permitted to change a code by executive order except by permission of M. A. P. I. members. The modesty of this provision may be measured by the fact that it was simply an attempt to amend the recovery act through a private resolu-

tion adopted by private citizens! I hear that Richberg relapsed into indecorous laughter when he came upon these documents. At any rate, he pointed out that since the M. A. P. I. itself was assuming no responsibility for any code, it was subject to the full penalties of the old anti-trust laws, and apparently was conniving at wholesale violations. O'Leary thereupon made a hasty appearance to ask that all mention of the M. A. P. I. be deleted from the codes. He and his associates are reported to believe that they can still work out some kind of a "super code authority," preserving important features of the original scheme. I suppose that eventually the obituaries will read: "They didn't know it was loaded."

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A SIMILAR epitaph will come in handy in another quarter if the investment bankers and their satellites persist with their propaganda to have the Securities Act emasculated during the approaching session of Congress. That they could actually hope to succeed with such an enterprise at a time like this is but another proof that all the dumbness in this world is not concentrated in professional wrestlers and colored stable boys. The arguments they offer against the act are incredibly puerile. They contend, for example, that the registration statement required of them is "too complicated." The answer is that those who have handled other people's money in the past should be willing to render an accounting of their stewardship if they wish to do so in the future. (The real objection is that they are unwilling to disclose their bonuses and profits.) They complain that the civil-liability provision will prevent them from getting "good directors." The answer is that it will compel them to have directors who know something about the operations of the companies. It will prevent such men as Percy Rockefeller from sitting on sixty boards. Indeed, the section was placed in the measure for the express purpose of ending corporate structures of the character that Kreuger and Insull erected. But such arguments are hardly worth answering. To me, the revealing fact is that the question of amending the act is raised at all, in view of the disclosures made by Pecora and the Senate Banking Committee. If the bankers read the newspapers and have any conception of the present

state of public opinion, they should know that any change in the law will be for the purpose of stiffening it. They should, in short, let all dogs lie, and pray fervently to God that they *are* asleep. But what can you expect of bankers? Incidentally, it is of the utmost pertinence to ask just when Pecora expects to call Frederick Ecker, of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, to the witness stand. His name has appeared in some of the most important phases of the Senate inquiry, and always in a connection to provoke legitimate curiosity. It is high time to place him under oath and inquire: "How come?"

* * * *

THE Weirton Steel Company defied the National Labor Board and proceeded to compel an election of company-union representatives on its premises. All day long, according to reporters who were present, it was a common sight to see an employee being marched to the "polls" with a burly company guard on each arm, while the State police of the God-forsaken commonwealth of West Virginia harried and harassed loyal workers of the steel workers' union. Roosevelt has responded by ratifying all previous actions and decisions of the Labor Board, and formally investing it with all the powers possessed by himself. But that is not enough—before many days have passed, the President will face the necessity of making certain important decisions concerning the board. The fact is that the board's record has not been satisfactory, and much as it pains me to say so, the fault appears to lie chiefly with the chairman. Senator Wagner's sincerity and devotion are above question, and in his proper sphere he functions magnificently. But he is indulgent and conciliatory, and he possesses the "judicial" mind. In consequence, the board not only is far behind in its work, but its authority has been questioned more than once. Among dishonest employers there is a growing impression that the board is "easy," and among honest employees there is a mounting conviction that it cannot be trusted. There has been entirely too much talk about "cracking down," and too little of the reality. General Johnson has been held almost entirely to blame for this, but the truth is that he has no earthly control over the board—whose members are appointed by the President—and precious little influence with its chairman. However, Congress will be meeting in a few days, and it is inconceivable that Senator Wagner will endeavor to remain as chairman while performing his duties in the Senate. He must resign one of these tasks. For labor's sake, as well as his own, it is to be hoped that he will elect to remain in the Senate, the sphere of his greatest usefulness. When that happens—as I believe it surely will—the President will be presented with an opportunity to name a chairman who will insist on action, and who will waste no time listening to gentlemen who only wish to oppress their help. He could do worse than choose Leo Wolman.

* * * *

IT is a familiar device of some men, once they have been taken in crime, to change their names. Others move far away, grow whiskers, and join the church. When the Federal Trade Commission showed that the National Electric Light Association had been guilty of poisoning the textbooks of school children, bribing college professors to speak against public ownership, and corrupting the morals of country news-

paper editors, the association disappeared, and presently there appeared the Edison Electric Institute. They might have called it the George Washington and Abraham Lincoln Society, or the Association for the Advancement of God, Home and Mother, but Edison did have some connection with electricity. Moreover, he is dead, and unable to protest. So the Edison Electric Institute—the same being the current name for the power trust—recently came to Washington in the person of Floyd Carlisle, and proffered what it was pleased to call a code of fair competition for the power business. Mr. Carlisle was meek and mild. The power people, he said, had made mistakes in the past but were now prepared to "cooperate." Examination of the proposed code revealed that it would bring publicly owned power plants under an authority set up by the private companies. It was pointed out to Mr. Carlisle that this would violate the Constitution, upon which he and his associates had so often taken their stand when accused of charging extortionate rates, and that even if this difficulty could be circumvented, the power trust—the Edison Institute, that is—would seem to be in the position of hamstringing the public-works program, one of whose aims is to create employment by lending money for the construction of municipally owned utilities. Distressing scenes ensued at the NRA, and shortly afterward Carlisle and Richberg appeared together at the White House, each manifesting by his demeanor that he was ready and eager for a showdown. When they emerged Richberg was grinning slyly. Carlisle wore a martyr's air. On top of that, it seems, the people in the Tennessee River Valley are to be loaned money with which to buy electric washing machines and electric irons, and Dave Lilienthal is to see that they are not cheated on the price. The walls of the Edison Electric Institute are sturdy and strong, and the pigs inside would dearly like to believe that the big bad wolf of the White House will never succeed in blowing their house in. But they are frightened.

The Fight for Power

By D. C. CLAUS

THE power trust has gone through all the motions of tolling its own death knell and attending its own funeral. At least the public press has recorded that on February 15, 1933, a small group of presumably reformed and penitent pilots of the National Electric Light Association met in the offices of the late lamented and held a wake. At the burial service all the most dignified and absolutely indispensable formalities were observed, suitable resolutions were read and adopted, and the public press was duly informed because it seemed desirable that the dear public and Congress and the respective governments of the forty-eight States of the Union should be properly impressed with the fact that the N. E. L. A. had committed hara-kiri.

After those in attendance had paid glowing tribute to the deceased, the master of ceremonies, George B. Cortelyou, president of the late N. E. L. A., president also of the Consolidated Gas Company of New York, director also in twenty-odd other utility or affiliated companies, appeared in an entirely new role. With the nonchalance of an experienced

magician he drew out of the dark and secret recesses of the N. E. L. A.'s burial vault a most innocent-looking, lily-white live rabbit bearing a label on which appeared in neat lettering the name Edison Electric Institute. So the Institute was born, and the magician Cortelyou was installed as its president. In an address delivered on that occasion Mr. Cortelyou said: "I can assure you that under the Edison Electric Institute the best work that has been done by the N. E. L. A. will be carried forward." There need be no doubt that self-preservation and self-perpetuation will be a part of "the best work."

The many just grievances of the public against the tactics of the power trust have been recited too often to need reviewing here. It is sufficient to recall that the utility companies have consistently and persistently used every means, fair and sometimes foul, to build up monopolies and impose upon the already heavily burdened public rate schedules that provide scandalously high margins of profit. They have succeeded in establishing and maintaining rates for power to municipalities and industrial users that were and are excessive in view of the cost of producing current.

It now appears that these very rate schedules, almost arbitrarily imposed, are responsible for the revolt that is now brewing among the large power users. Throughout the country, municipalities and industrial plants in surprising numbers have decided to cease paying annually huge sums of money into the coffers of the power trust. They have bought or are buying individual power plants and are manufacturing the needed current at a cost which is only a fraction of the amount formerly paid to the local utility company.

Even New York City has been invaded by this trust-busting epidemic. Since December, 1932, in the very heart of the New York Edison Company's most efficiently served and most profitable territory, at No. 1 Park Avenue, an independent power plant is serving a nineteen-story office building which had formerly been paying, at the rate of 2.65 cents per kilowatt hour, \$45,000 annually to the power company. The Chicago Pneumatic Tool Company installed the machinery without a single dollar paid in advance. They expect to collect its cost out of the savings it will effect for the owners of the building. According to the contract, the plant in ten years will not only pay for itself but show for the owners a profit of \$190,000, or about \$19,000 a year, besides furnishing all the power they want.

The owners or managers of hundreds of other buildings, hotels, and industrial concerns have adopted the same procedure. The last few years have also shown a steady increase in the number of smaller municipalities that have cut loose from the domination of the power interests and erected their own power plant. Most of these installations have resulted in impressive reductions in the cost of current for the use of the municipality, and in some instances profits from sold current have been so large as entirely to eliminate the necessity of local taxes. The list of municipalities that have taken this step is long and is steadily growing. Among those that have been able through operation of their own power plants to eliminate all local taxes are South River, New Jersey, with a population of 6,600; Spooner, Wisconsin, with 2,300; Chanute, Kansas, with 9,900; Pawhuska, Oklahoma, with 6,500; Ponca City, Oklahoma, with 16,000.

A measure of the inroads such independent installation appears to be making is found in the fact that the country's

largest firm dealing in Diesel generating plants has sold within the last seven years over 8,000 units with an aggregate output of 2,000,000 horse-power. Out of that total over 1,000 plants represented purchases by various municipalities. Industrial companies bought over 1,000,000 horse-power. Obviously these very formidable figures represent a still more formidable total revenue now lost to the power trust. Purchases of independent plants are expected to increase as soon as economic conditions improve and industrial activity is renewed. Meanwhile the power trust is fighting the invasion with its customary tactics.

In Pennsylvania, in the center of one of the power trust's most extensive transmission networks, a municipality less than two years ago bought its own power plant. An ally of the power company, in an effort to arouse dissatisfaction with the municipal service, has installed in his factory some fifty-horse-power motors which are connected with the local lines. These motors are turned on and off at frequent intervals and often at the most inopportune times, in order to cause flickering and a temporary drop in voltage throughout the system and thereby inconvenience other users or possibly interrupt service. But the citizens refuse to be dissatisfied. The town is saving money. It finished its year with an \$11,000 surplus, reduction in taxes are in prospect, and the complete elimination of local taxes may ultimately follow.

An important manufacturer located in one of the industrial areas of the Atlantic seaboard made a study of power costs and found that through purchase of an independent plant he could cut his expenses very materially. He contracted for the purchase of a unit, to be paid for out of savings, and was preparing for its installation when he was asked to call on his banker. The bank held some of this manufacturer's notes and he was told politely that unless he canceled the contract for an independent plant those notes would be called. Since it meant bankruptcy he canceled the contract, and the power company, which had not appeared at all in these proceedings, retained a large customer.

Another manufacturer, also a large customer of a power company, had a somewhat different experience. Since he did not owe money to any bank he could not be squeezed so easily. He contracted to install an independent power plant and paid a deposit to apply on its purchase price. Shortly afterward, however, he "changed his mind," and the reasons given included certain concessions, including reimbursement for the deposit he had paid, with the power company's compliments. Other large power companies have found it expedient to use contract forms whose text is printed in small type, particularly those portions relating to the length of the term for which the contract runs and provisions for additional billings at higher rates if the required amount of current is not used. When a large user decides to install his own plant he may discover that his contract still has two, three, or four years to run and that short-rate billings will be so large that he might better cancel the order.

Always farsighted, the power trust has even found that certain State legislatures have perhaps unwittingly enacted laws that now make it practically impossible for small communities to purchase their own power plants, unless the manufacturer assumes all risk and does all the necessary financing. Most Eastern States have such laws. In Central Western and Far Western States in which no such legislation has as yet been enacted, the number of municipalities

that have built their own power plants is growing much faster.

Obviously this invasion of the domain of the power trust will be extended substantially as soon as economic conditions permit freer and more extensive financing of such installations. It is reasonable to assume that as this menace to the security of the power trust increases, organized resistance will grow apace. Perhaps the new Edison Electric Institute will keep its mantle of purity for a little while. But who will believe that its sponsors, trained in the hard-hitting N. E. L. A., will sit by with their hands folded while a process of decentralization reduces their profits?

[This is the twelfth of a series of articles on electric power and the consumer.]

In the Driftway

ONE of the Drifter's favorite stories had to do with the mother who was trying to avoid paying carfare for her little boy, on the ground that he was under six, and when the conductor of the street-car protested that the child looked older, replied: "Can I help it if he worries!" Some such answer might be made now, in times of industrial unrest and economic uncertainty. None of us can help it if we are obliged to worry. But if our cheery advertisers are to be believed, we really do worry unnecessarily, and the cause of our anxiety is not far to seek or hard to remedy. The Drifter sees substantially the same picture everywhere he looks. There is a young man or a charming young lady leaning, head on hand, in an attitude of utter dejection. Underneath is some such caption as "Worried today?" and at the bottom is the name of the cure. Unfortunately the diagnosis seems to vary with the commodity which the advertiser seeks to dispose of to the public. Are you worried? You have a sore throat and should gargle with Glugg's Aspirin. Are you downhearted? Wash your underwear with Bluebell Soap and be the most sought-after girl in the office. Do you suffer from dejection? Constipation is the great American disease and Blott's pills will cure it. Tired? Sad? Lonely? Anxious? Smoke Dromedaries and steady your nerves. Open a savings account and get rid of the blues. Chew Dum's Gum and cure halitosis. Or take a spoonful of Bluebottle's Milk of Acidulation and never doubt that you will be the Life of the Party.

* * *

LIFE would undoubtedly be a simpler affair if in truth our ills could be treated so easily. If every young woman who found herself without dancing partners could wash with a new kind of soap and turn into a Mae West overnight; if the man who is not succeeding in business could just take a pill and be made vice-president of the company forthwith; if a certain brand of tobacco really kept one from losing one's temper; if white teeth really solved domestic ills; if a light over the kitchen sink made mother permanently happy—the revolution would be indefinitely postponed and the good old capitalist system could sit back in its chair and draw a long breath of relief. For if one nostrum did not cure us, there would be a number of others that we could easily try. Among them all we must surely find the way to

health, wealth, and happiness. Indeed, one suspects that the American people are busy right now in making the rounds from soap to pills and from pills to washing powders to find the end of the rainbow. Otherwise, our advertisers, being hard-headed gentlemen who probably do not take their own prescriptions, would not spend good money on this form of pep talk. It must pay. Possibly what they are doing in the large is catering to the universal capacity for self-deception, for unwillingness to face the bitter truth. For Mary Ann knows well enough why she is a wallflower, only she won't admit it. And poor Brown is perfectly aware of his own shortcomings in the head which make his promotion impossible. But both of them read a highly colored story about some other Mary or Brown who was relieved of his God-given deficiencies of beauty or brains by a magic potion. Others have found a Fairy Godmother. Why should not we all? This is the secret of our advertisers' success. Why worry? Take a pill and everything will be all right in the morning.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

The Mission Menace

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

There has appeared in American life during the depression a force which, seen at first hand, must alarm any intelligent observer. I refer to the several major charitable agencies which now find their largest activities in the field of giving relief to unemployed single men. One such agency houses in New York City alone over a thousand men. The conditions and influences at work are tending to make of these men paupers and enemies of society; and I plead with all students of economics and social problems, even of ethics, to come and examine the methods and aims of these giant missions.

The pauperizing influences, which I realize must be common to all "institutions" whose purpose is to "relieve" people, whether jobless, insane, or afflicted with old age, are three in number. They are the features which have made such institutions a by-word for misery and futility. During the depression, hundreds of thousands of unemployed have come to know the inside of an "institution" and have learned a new name which sounds the depths of contempt—a "mission-stiff."

A "mission-stiff," recognizable as a type all over the world, is one who has a regular job with the agency or institution. He personifies the first pauperizing circumstance, which may be described as the relation between keeper and inmate. This relation, somewhat like that between guard and prisoner, tempts both parties to anger and friction. I take orders from the men in the furniture establishment like an employee, when I work my required time during the week. When I move my tray along the counter in the dining-hall, I am not a customer but an inmate, and have to take orders from the men in charge. If the spoons are dirty or the coffee cold or if there is not enough to eat, I have no right to speak about it; to behave properly I must sit where I'm told and be quiet; and I can comfort myself by reading the framed Scriptures on the walls.

There is thus ruled out that equilibrium of freedom, typical of capitalism—the fact that the usual person takes orders when he is an employee or shopkeeper, but gives orders when he is a customer. The inmate instead must take what it is the keeper's pleasure to give him, whether at work or at the dining table. What if there is no clock in the clubroom, or not enough benches, and you must get written and stamped permission to

take a bath? Of course the food and service are all free (except for three days' work a week or as required) and the door is open if you wish to leave.

My first day's work was in the furniture store. About an hour altogether was spent in moving beds and tables; the rest of the time I sat around or admired the fine finish on the repaired furniture—a finish bespeaking unhurried application of low-cost labor. The second day I worked at scrubbing a floor, washing a stairway, and dusting the under side of another stairway—with confidential instructions to “go slow.” Here I discovered the second pauperizing influence: the function of human labor in an institution is not primarily to produce goods or services; it is not primarily even to produce profits. It is mainly conceived of as keeping idle hands busy. The consequences of this perversion are bound to be terrific. If the inmates of the lodge where I stay were trained and perfected in self-governing, we could reduce the three days weekly to one necessary day. But instead, it is a house divided against itself, and no good can come of it until the set-up is changed from a “profit” basis—without even making profits—to some democratic collective basis.

The third demoralizing feature of mission relief is methodical starvation. Suppose you had lived for two months on the following menu, or variations of it, eked out with stale buns bummed from a bakery: Monday, 7 a.m., corn mush, white bread, coffee; 6 p.m., salmon loaf, macaroni, white bread, coffee. Tuesday: 7 a.m., oatmeal, bread, coffee; 12 m. (if on work day) soup, bread, coffee; 6 p.m., plate of beans, bread, coffee. Could you dig a ditch, help tear down a house, or do a day's work washing windows? Why don't these men get out and rustle more food? The reason is, the next bowl of soup is served two hours from now; let us sit here and wait for it, or take a walk and come back. Starved men; sick from constipation and malnutrition; conditioned by their training not to gather together and sack a grocery store, or burgle a house, or raid the cart of a peddler displaying chocolates, nuts, and fruits.

The missions are threatening the country with hoards of paupers. Let us hope the government can do better with its camps than merely make “inmates” out of the boys “on the road.”

New York, December 20

BILL RAWLINSON

Justice for Greek Courts

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

I have been a reader of *The Nation* for nearly ten years and I am in general agreement with the social and economic philosophy of your journal. This association gives me the right to say that your editorial in the issue of November 15, 1933, commenting on the decision of the Greek court refusing the extradition of Samuel Insull was, to say the least, irresponsible. In the first sentence you implied that the Greek court's refusal to permit extradition was explained by its having been bribed by Insull. This is a perfectly unwarranted accusation. Ignorance is no excuse for such a statement and that is the only thing the writer of the editorial can claim. He does not know that the Greek courts have a tradition of independence, impartiality, and proud detachment from political or other considerations which places them above the courts of even the biggest countries in the world. It would take long to explain this phenomenon, but suffice it to say that the Greek judges are not elected or appointed by politicians, machines, or interested groups but are chosen after very severe examinations by a committee formed from the highest judicial officers and professors of the university, and their judicial conduct is watched continuously by their superiors.

New York, December 5

STEPHEN P. LADAS

A Word from Mr. Stern

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

I am highly gratified by your complimentary reference to my purchase of the *New York Evening Post*. You make a statement, however, on which I feel I must set you straight. You say: “Although we regret his championship of currency inflation, Mr. Stern is . . .”

I have never championed currency inflation. No paper I own has ever championed currency inflation. The *New York Evening Post* will not champion currency inflation, regarding all such proposals as blind, useless, and dangerous.

We have fought for a program of credit expansion, not currency inflation. We have pointed out that one of the broad bases of the depression is the shrinkage in the volume of bank credit from sixty billion dollars in 1929 to forty billion today. We are convinced that this shrinkage is the most important factor in the disastrous decline in prices. We have, therefore, urged restoration of part, at least, of the evaporated bank credit. Not by currency inflation, however, but by direct discounting of Treasury notes with the Federal Reserve Banks.

It is an essential part of our policy that this newly created credit shall be used to distribute purchasing power by (a) payment to depositors in closed banks, (b) unemployment relief, (c) public works. It is our basic thought not to inflate, but to restore credit and mass purchasing power to a normal level.

Philadelphia, December 18

J. DAVID STERN

Books and Kitchen Gadgets

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

The Highlander Folk School was started in the fall of 1932 at Monteagle, Tennessee, for the purpose of training rural and industrial workers for the new social order. The school is unique in that it combines a radical labor college with a broad cultural program of community education. Without compromising a frank revolutionary social philosophy, the school has become an organic part of the mountain community and is now a social and cultural center for a group of one hundred people. One object of the school is to demonstrate how much can be accomplished with very little money. The Monteagle school will operate on a budget of \$50 a month including the living expenses of a staff of five.

A second unit of the school was started in December, 1933, at Allardt, Tennessee. A building will be erected with volunteer labor. In the meantime we shall have to live in a large empty farmhouse. Five members of the staff and two resident students are on the ground empty-handed. This is an urgent appeal for the following equipment or the cash equivalent: winter work clothes, rain coats and rubbers, twelve cots and mattress ticks, thirty-six blankets, army style preferred, twelve pillows and pillow cases, twenty-four sheets and towels, two sets of dishes, two sets of silverware, cooking utensils, kitchen gadgets, pressure cooker, dutch oven, paint and paint brushes, soap, canned goods and food of all kinds, books, especially in the field of social sciences, farming equipment.

A friend has offered us three dollars for every one dollar that we raise; thus every dollar contributed at this time is worth four dollars to us. Checks should be mailed to Kirby Page, Treasurer, Highlander Folk School, 52 Vanderbilt Avenue, New York. Goods may be mailed direct to the school at Allardt.

HIGHLANDER FOLK SCHOOL

Allardt, Tenn., December 15

Books, Films, Drama

Are Reviewers Critics?

IT is my contention that the American reviewer of books is by no means a critic. To qualify as a critic, a reviewer should be somewhat judicial, show a certain knowledge of literature and history and some acquaintance with the meaning of the words he reads and uses. Hardly any American reviewers measure up to this standard.

The characteristic vices of American reviewing in general have surely never been better exemplified than in the reviews of "Anthony Adverse." I cannot, to be sure, see how anyone could read "Anthony Adverse" and remain unimpressed: it has an amazing number and variety of living characters, and the first two-thirds of it, at least, is extraordinarily readable. It is full of color and exciting episodes, and is in the main an admirable story, in spite of the fact that a tremendous amount of patient research has gone into building up the background. But I also cannot see how any reviewer could honestly think it a great book. Yet out of all the reviews I read I could find only one, *The Nation's*, which did not declare it epoch-making, though a few unofficial observers, like F. P. A. and Elmer Davis, did venture to stand against the united front of reviewers.

Let us begin with the leading review in the New York Sunday Times. "'Anthony Adverse' is America's most original contribution to the great tradition of the picaresque novel." The Oxford Dictionary says: "A picaresque novel is one which has a rogue for hero." Now if there is anything certain about Anthony, it is that he is not a rogue. He is almost painfully well-meaning in all his endeavors, and even though his slave-trading career was a little shady, it is represented to us as a very uncharacteristic episode in his life. He rises in the world by his own honest effort, and but for a sudden spurt of invention on the part of the author, would die a saint. He does not even misuse his great natural charm—that is, unless you expect chastity of your eighteenth-century heroes. "This necessary outline," the review goes on, "may be properly ignored except in so far as it establishes the stamina as well as the range of a novel which the word picaresque might misrepresent." I wonder if "Anthony Adverse" could fairly be said to outdo in stamina and range "Gil Blas," though the Spanish hero traveled only in Spain and, in my edition, lived through no more than 600 pages of adventures. In fact, are not stamina and range two of the characteristics of the great picaresque novels? "We should not be surprised, and we could not be anything but pleased, if 'Anthony Adverse' became the best-loved book of our time." And with this genteel pat on the head, the unfortunate Mr. Allen, who surely deserves better, is abandoned to a place among the Thornton Bourgeoisie.

The Sunday literary supplement of the New York *Herald Tribune* devoted most of its front page to an outline of the story. Among other general remarks which introduced this outline, the reviewer said: "A number of years ago a little jingle often was printed on bookplates and bookmarks which, if I recall it correctly, declared:

There is no frigate like a book to bear us miles away,
Nor any courser like a page of prancing poetry."

As the reader knows, the reviewer does not "recall it correctly," and it is not as a writer of little jingles that Emily Dickinson is remembered. The review concluded with a mention of Mr. Allen's "clear, lovely, and explicit prose." It may be as well at this moment to pluck for your admiration one of Mr. Allen's flowers. I do not pretend that the paragraph I cite is a fair example of Mr. Allen's style; but it is not the only instance of his overwriting, and it seems to me that any book which contains such passages should not go unchallenged. Consider his description of Faith Paleologus, who seduced Anthony: "Yet there was something too strange about her to name as a guilty one the quality that was uniquely hers. She seemed designed by the inscrutable for a use that was incomplete: for a purpose doomed to defeat by finding an end in itself. It was her hips." Surely this is one of the most glorious anti-climaxes in the history of letters. "They were not those of a woman, but of something else. A lemure's, perhaps," A woman with the hips of a spirit of the dead would indeed be too strange. "Exquisitely designed for the relief of lovers, they were inadequate for anything more. In their image was implicit an obstruction to life." It seems to me that any hips which could give relief to lovers had already done more than most hips. But what Mr. Allen is being so "clear, lovely, and explicit" about, the modest cannot hope to surmise.

The *New Republic* put the judgment of most reviewers clearly when it declared: "Its monumental bulk alone raises it above the common mass of novels into a region appreciably nearer the stars." Here I take refuge in the words of Elmer Davis: "I am unable to agree with most of our readers that a large book is necessarily a great book." Even if you concede that "Anthony Adverse" is to literature what the Empire State Building is to architecture, it is still possible to discover a gap between both and the stars. But at least the *New Republic* goes so far as to reassure us: "It will not be known as the Great American Novel."

The Book-of-the-Month Club *Bulletin* calls "Anthony Adverse" "one of the richest, liveliest, and most diversified kinds of story-telling, told by a poet and a scholar." Perhaps the bulletin should be considered as advertising and not as criticism, but in spite of Mr. Allen's wide reading, his scholarship is far from even. Thus in history, it seems to me that Mr. Allen is occasionally shaky. Take the following instance: Anthony is observing a military review conducted by Napoleon in 1802 in the Champs de Mars, consistently called "Champ," incidentally. This is his impression of the scene: "All the landscape from the Barrière de l'Etoile to the Pont d'Iena and from that bridge to the Tuileries began to move upon the Champs de Mars." But the battle to commemorate which the Pont d'Iena was named, if not constructed, was not fought until 1806. And in 1802, or at any other time, only a hero of romance could see the Etoile from the Champs de Mars.

Yet the reviewer for the *Saturday Review of Literature* declared: "Hervey Allen's knowledge of the past of which he writes seems complete and, whether complete or not, it is thoroughly satisfying to a reader who refuses to admit a peculiar ignorance of history." Certain as he was of his history, this reviewer was modest about his literature, for by far the greater part of his energies was devoted to disclaiming special

knowledge. He says roundly: "If my knowledge of American fiction were more thorough than it is, I would say bluntly that 'Anthony Adverse' is the best historical novel that this country has produced. Pleading possible ignorance, I am almost certain that it is the best, and quite sure that it is the most ambitious." Well, if to speak "bluntly" of "Anthony Adverse" is to describe it in these terms, what would the reviewer have found to say "bluntly" of "The Scarlet Letter" or "Death Comes for the Archbishop" or "A Son of the Middle Border" or even "God's Angry Man," if the latest must be thought to be the greatest? Or does his "possible ignorance" include them?

To the reader who enjoyed "Anthony Adverse," these comments will seem unimportant and irrelevant. But the case of the reviewer is, I maintain, different. The main business of the critic is to be a critic. Why is it, then, that so many American reviewers are in the main content to praise or to decry, but reluctant to examine? Why do literary editors choose reviewers, as they would a jury, for lack of special knowledge?

At all events—and this is my point—whatever else "Anthony Adverse" has accomplished, it has shown up the reviewers.

K. S. THOMPSON

Memoirs of a Diplomat

What Me Befell. By J. J. Jusserand. Houghton Mifflin Company. \$4.50.

A CONVENTIONAL diplomat in many ways, M. Jusserand was an exceptional one in his extraordinary capacity for friendships, his rare understanding and appreciation of the countries to which he was sent, and his genuine literary achievements. He was unusual also for his wit, his sparkling conversation, his knowledge of many things, and his ability to find time for scholarship, innumerable addresses, and the production of seventeen books, one in Latin, five in French, and eleven in English, of which his "Literary History of the English People," in three volumes, and his "Piers Plowman" are probably the most important. So great was his popularity that he was Minister only to Denmark and Ambassador only to the United States. He arrived in Washington in 1903. When he was recalled in 1924 for a reason that is not wholly clear, it was a great personal blow to him and a distinct loss to both the United States and France. It is no exaggeration to say that no other foreign ambassador was ever so close to the head of the country to which he was accredited as was Jusserand to Theodore Roosevelt, of whose "tennis Cabinet" he was a member, with whom he talked books, history, politics at all hours of the day and night, and whom he accompanied on those mad-cap hikes around Washington which were at once the joy and the horror of official Washington. The closeness of this relationship led to great expectations of the posthumous and, sadly enough, unfinished work before us.

It is not possible to say that M. Jusserand's book throws any new light on the first President Roosevelt, whose remarkable versatility is herein again set forth, together with those endearing traits which made him so beloved by all his intimates. The record here does not show that M. Jusserand was wholly up to date at the time he wrote this volume. At least his treatment of the taking of the Panama Canal Zone, and other episodes, is incomplete, and it is obvious that, like so many of those close to the Rough Rider President, he was unable to be critical or detached in his picture of one of the most fascinating of

men. He does, however, bring out some facts more clearly, as, for example, Roosevelt's steadily growing distrust of the Kaiser, and the part which Jusserand himself played in inducing the President to bring about the Algeciras conference on Morocco—another case in which we violated George Washington's farewell advice and became involved in a purely European situation in which we should never have taken part, even though we got out of it well. During the days leading up to that conference Jusserand was really at times acting as Secretary of State for Roosevelt. On April 25, 1906, President Roosevelt wrote to Jusserand that it was due more to him than to any other man "that the year which has closed has not seen a war between Germany and France." As for the Algeciras conference, Roosevelt went on, Jusserand was the man "most instrumental in having this kind of conference arranged for. I came into the matter most unwillingly and I could not have come into it at all if I had not possessed entire confidence alike in your unfailing soundness of judgment and in your high integrity . . ."

Such a relationship between a President and an ambassador has its tremendous dangers as well as its opportunities. M. Jusserand proves that being so close to an Administration makes it impossible to obtain, or at least to record, a general view of the scene before him. We have no picture of the struggle of the country as a whole to free itself from the shackles of special privilege and big business—which have now been loosened far more, though perhaps only temporarily, by the second Roosevelt than by the ever-compromising first. Perhaps the truth is that life flowed very easily for Jusserand. He was devotedly happy in his married life; he had private means; he led the dual life of *littérateur* and diplomat; he had devoted friends and superb health and strength—so it is not to be wondered at that he was without James Bryce's deep interest in the travail of America and other democracies, that no single problem of general uplift or social justice figures in these pages. For him the old-fashioned political game was entirely satisfying; his supreme happiness lay in his close friendships with the King of Denmark and the President of the United States. He was useful in the making of the Russo-Japanese peace in 1905, as well as in the Morocco matter, but he held the old belief that the world could be run by secret diplomacy, and bluffing and battleships and war, and grabbing the territory of others. Indeed, no part of his earlier life seemed to please Jusserand more than the role he played in getting Morocco for France by the same old stealing, steady encroachments, and then using the excuse of a native uprising to finish the job of depriving the "backward peoples" of their sovereignty.

Jusserand even approved of the Germans doing a little of this—but not too much. That is the only note of friendliness to the Germans. All through this book runs the intense war-time hatred apparently unchanged as late as July 14, 1932, when the last words were penned. There is no burying of the hatchet. Recognition of the post-war revelations as to the origins of the war it was impossible to expect, first, because that would have involved severe criticism of the diplomacy of his own country, and, secondly, because death ended his writing when he had only reached the close of Theodore Roosevelt's rule. This is a misfortune, for he might have thrown some light on the mystery of the change in President Wilson between his "peace without victory" speech of January 23, 1917, and the declaration of war, in addition to painting a picture of Wilson and Washington in war time.

All through the volume run complete content with his country's own record and conduct and similarly complete satisfaction with the fine speeches and nice achievements of M. J. J. Jusserand. It is quite naive and harmless vanity, though the listing of his oratorical successes palls at times. On the other hand, the book contains many amusing anecdotes and stories, and is, of course, charming. His characterizations of public

men—except the Kaiser—suffer from his wholesale admiration of those of whom he writes; he remained the diplomat to the end. The last page of the manuscript is reproduced pictorially. It is in the same small, delicate handwriting in which many book reviews came for publication to the office of *The Nation*, especially during the editorship of Wendell P. Garrison.

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

Grand Tour

The Journey. By Rose Caylor. Covici-Friede. \$2.50.

MISS CAYLOR'S novel has all the proper qualifications for one of those very rare, completely absorbing, and slightly hysterical experiences of the character, say, of a light leap off the tower of the Empire State Building. It produces the same exhilaration, presumably, and the same faint suspicion that there is more to the deed than the gesture. It is spectacular and foolish; it is witty, very funny, and rather sad. It is not to be recommended to the stricter adherents of the Genteel Tradition. The hero is no gentleman although he is the most exasperating and amusing young man to be met in recent fiction, and the heroine, alas, is a most common and typical, ten-cent-store-variety American beauty. Yet for all readers who are not embarrassed to acknowledge Mark Twain as an American, this book should be a major event.

The "journey" is Caryl's fateful passage from tawdry, dream-filled adolescence to equally tawdry, disillusioned maturity, and it takes no longer than a few summer months, owing a little to the absurd Jimmy but mostly to the dear girls. Besides her ticket to New Orleans—where Jimmy fled right after their marriage ceremony in Chicago—and her bags, Caryl travels equipped only with her clichés—"a woman's place is with her husband"—and the education gained from the fiction magazines, rotogravure sections, advertisements, and movies. It is, of course, an equipment which suffices for many American marriages, but marriage with Jimmy is no ordinary affair. Jimmy is a newspaperman, a cynic who wears an overcoat in summer, and once, as a member of the Rainbow Division, spent several hours at the bottom of a German latrine. Moreover, he has an annoying and well-developed faculty for being entirely self-sufficient at exactly the wrong times. And he has odd friends, like Rixo, who also wears an overcoat in summer and was in the same latrine, and Mr. Gardener, who apparently is a mute, and Victor, the pugnacious undertaker's assistant. Naturally the girls only make matters worse.

Out of the wasteland of crusading, persecuting wives Miss Caylor revives some; from behind their plates of chicken à la king, their ormolu and taffeta drapes, she draws others. One group flaps about Caryl like so many righteous harpies mouthing their imagined wrongs; the others, wiser birds of prey, too practical to waste time on suspicion and bickering, enjoy their drinks and systematically gather diamonds as safeguards against the next inevitable divorce. Neither sisterhood escapes Miss Caylor's robust scorn; each is shown up in all its parasitical futility and grotesqueness, but in the latter she admits a shade more friendliness. It is one of the ormolu ladies, anxious to help a visiting author find material in New Orleans, who remembers the leper colony and asks, "Why don't you try, hon', to work the lepers in?"

So brief a résumé of "The Journey" is really only an offering of nickels where millions wait to be enjoyed. It can give no clue to the leisured style so rich in tangents of associations and reflections, or to the magnificent details of character and situation. The callow horror of Caryl's married life can only be intimated, and the chief merit of the book not even suggested. Within the broad farce of "The Journey" is some of the best social satire since "Babbitt."

FLORENCE CODMAN

Mr. Belloc's Theory of History

Charles the First, King of England. By Hilaire Belloc. J. B. Lippincott Company. \$4.

"IT is not my case alone," said Charles Stuart, on trial for his life before a hostile Parliament. "It is the freedom and liberty of the people of England, and do you pretend what you will, I stand more for their liberties, for if power without law may make laws . . . I do not know what subject he is in England that can be sure of his life or anything that he calls his own." Here, in this speech, lies the clue to Hilaire Belloc's interest in the "martyred king," for here it is made plain that Charles shared his biographer's views on government. The subjects of Mr. Belloc's biographies are chosen not at random, not out of sentiment, not out of interest in a period. Danton, Marie Antoinette, Richelieu, Wolsey—they are all selected to illustrate and to develop a theory of history which he began to formulate thirty years ago. This most recent biography, in which the subject himself expresses the theory, might well be the climax of Mr. Belloc's writing.

The theory is based upon an admiration for the democratic ideal. Mr. Belloc believes that the fulfilment of that ideal, "the greatest good of the greatest number," can best be achieved through an absolute monarchy. He conceives this to be only superficially a paradox. Under the feudal system, which was built and bulwarked by the church, ownership—which spells power—was not the exclusive privilege of the few. On the contrary, almost every man held his piece of land, down to the meanest villein, who held it only for life. An unbroken chain of responsibility extended from serf to lord to greater lord and eventually to king. In this chain lay the king's power. Yet—and fortunately for the democratic ideal—the king, ever jealous of the potential power of the great nobles, allied himself with the poor, and so in the class struggle a neat balance of power was established. Unfortunately, this system, early debilitated by war and plague and famine, had its chief prop knocked from under it when the Reformation attacked the church. The nobles and middle classes enriched themselves; the king grew poorer and weaker by the year. At last the breakdown was complete: an oligarchy of the rich ruled; the kingship was merely a vestigial trace of another age; capitalism had arrived, and with it the economic enslavement of the proletariat.

The ill-starred reign of Charles I was, in Mr. Belloc's opinion, one of the crises in the tremendous struggle between oligarchy and monarchy. With the impact of these titanic forces, the small figure of the king was crushed. With his death true monarchy died, yet his failure was not so much a personal defeat as it was the defeat of the medieval idea. This is the thesis of "Charles the First," and it is a thesis which compels the work to be less a biography than a study of the warring economic and spiritual forces which existed in England in the seventeenth century.

Mr. Belloc finds the economic forces to have been more important than anyone has ever supposed. Because of economic conditions the king was marked for defeat from the start. The inflation of the currency, which had been brought about by the influx of American gold into Europe, enriched the gentry and impoverished the king, whose principal revenue came in fixed sums. No amount of playing with the pound could better the situation; prices obstinately rose; and the nearly bankrupt Crown was at the mercy of the newly rich gentry which made up the Parliament. The gentry was as avaricious as it was rich; it resisted taxation until resistance became rebellion. So it appears that the Eliots and Hampdens and Pym and Cromwells were not single-minded religious fanatics, disinterested warriors for justice; they were shrewd business men with an eye to the

future. This throws the whole story of the Great Rebellion into a new and arresting light. Naturally, considering Mr. Belloc's prejudices, it is a light that is kind to the hapless king.

Occasionally it is too kind. Mr. Belloc errs in attempting to make his picture too nearly perfect, his theory too watertight. Charles was a hero and a man of honor, Mr. Belloc would have us believe. In the main, that is true. But Mr. Belloc would make him completely a man of honor, and thereby he falsifies his statement. He says that Charles's great weakness as a statesman was that he could not tell a lie. As a matter of fact, Charles told hundreds of barefaced lies: he lied to Spain, to France, to the Catholics, to the Protestants, to the Parliament, to the Scotch Covenanters. The point was that he could not tell a good lie. Again, Mr. Belloc would like to prove that by the time of Charles monarchy had fallen into disrepute through a series of weak rulers. This is partially true: Mary and Edward and James were weak. But Mr. Belloc dislikes partial truths and, to make a perfect generalization, insists, without evidence, that Elizabeth was weak, referring to her complacently throughout the book as "the unfortunate Elizabeth." There are other examples: he turns the feckless Duke of Buckingham, the favorite of Charles, into the Father of the English navy.

Yet in spite of these flaws, which seem to indicate an admirable passion for perfection, his theory holds surprisingly well. He has made Charles and his opponents convincing characters. Indeed, he has done something more important; he has made monarchy and oligarchy a pair of believable and powerful protagonists. In a vigorous prose of slightly archaic flavor, he has steered this tightly reasoned biography safely past sentimentality, pedantry, and the modern brand of psychological guesswork.

MARY MCCARTHY

Study of a Child

The Beginning of a Mortal. By Max Miller. Illustrated by John Sloan. E. P. Dutton and Company. \$2.50.

THIS delightful book is devoted to unrelated episodes in the life of a small boy reared in a sawmill town on the Pacific Coast and on a ranch in Montana. The author has a singularly retentive memory, not only for the detailed incidents of his boyhood, but also for the emotional tone that accompanied them, and the mental bewilderment that resulted when he tried to fit the inscrutable behavior of adults into a small boy's cosmos. Each of the twenty chapters deals with a separate incident in the life of his family and his neighbors, briefly and lucidly told. And almost every one of them ends with a situation in which the boy is befuddled by what some older person has said or done, and is screwing up his courage to ask a question whose answer he burns to know, but seldom gets. The simplicity and restraint with which each incident is told suggests nothing so much as a style nurtured on the English Bible, in which book the child's grave and conscientious parents evidently believed devoutly. They appear also to have believed that a small boy should keep his random ideas to himself. And his scanty supply of neighbors seemed ironically intent upon teasing him with remarks that roused more questions than they answered. I can recall no more accurate picture of the wistful charm of a sturdy child's mind trying to make sense out of what it sees and hears, and having a hard but rather exciting time doing it.

The illustrations are conceived and executed in the spirit of the text. One feels that the artist had a small boy at his elbow, reminding him in agitated whispers not to forget to adorn his sketch with the alarm clock on Lawrence's shelf and the glasses on Annie's nose. But with all due credit to the

author and the illustrator one cannot but feel that if the author's mother was the photographer who took the snapshot of her son at the age of seven, she is a more consummate artist than either of them. All the character study of the 253 pages is expressed in that shrewd, reticent, competent little fellow, with his hands in his pockets, who adorns the frontispiece. One would have to go to the Dutch painters to find such an inspired portrait of a child. If the book is about the "beginning of a mortal," the snapshot by this unknown artist shows at a glance that at the age of seven he was well begun. One wonders if such a complete small boy could be produced anywhere but on the American frontier.

E. R. WEMBRIDGE

Japanese Proletarian Writers

The Cannery Boat by Takiji Kobayashi and Other Japanese Short Stories. International Publishers. \$1.50.

SEVERAL years ago, in Japan, proletarian writers were popular. They were featured in the capitalist press as well as in the proletarian journals because they drew circulation. But when the Manchurian adventure was being prepared, the Japanese government launched its first offensive against them. The revolutionary press was driven underground; the columns of bourgeois periodicals were closed to its writers; and Kobayashi, one of Japan's few major writers in modern times, was killed. However, in the few years permitted for its development, proletarian literature in Japan showed remarkable vigor and variety. In presenting examples of this literature "The Cannery Boat" can be considered as one of the important publications of the year.

The question of what is proletarian literature will in the long run be answered by examples rather than by definitions. Here are excellent examples of proletarian writing. What are its characteristics? They vary with each of the seven writers represented. Kobayashi, who is the most stirring, makes use of bold and picturesque metaphor; Kuroshima, in his remarkable story *The Factory in the Sea*, shows a careful plot structure and makes use of romantic motivations; Teppei Kataoka employs a denouement reminiscent of Maupassant. Some of the stories are direct, factual pieces of reporting that have the peculiar eloquence of good reporting; others are built on sentiment. In other words, there are as many manners as there are writers, and the fear some American writers have expressed that proletarian literature must suffer from a dull sameness is groundless if we are to judge from these examples.

There is, however, a uniformity of content. All the stories deal with the class struggle. *The Cannery Boat*, unfortunately abridged here to comply with censorship regulations, has for its characters the crews which catch and pack the crab meat that comes, tinned, to American tables. It describes their exploitation, which is excused by the shipowners in the name of patriotism. These cannery boats, working off the Siberian coasts, are a demonstration of Japanese power to Soviet Russia, and the conditions borne by the workers are a token of Japanese virility and endurance. Other stories deal with a strike in a Soy factory, conditions of the silk weavers, telegraph linesmen mending wires blown down by a storm, and dispossessed farmers.

If to the American writer the subject matter seems restricted, he should read this volume to see what variety it affords. After all, the subject matter of most Occidental literature in the last several centuries has been uniform—consisting mainly of the incidents and conflicts in the sexual relationship between men and women. Original writers have never failed to make new discoveries in it; and powerful writers have never failed to give it freshness by their intensity. Certainly the class struggle, with its special relationships between the classes and

with its individuals within and between the classes, offers at least as much scope.

Everyone interested in the course of the short story should by all means read this book. But even more, everybody interested in contemporary political developments should read it. In showing the revolutionary movement in its Japanese setting it makes amazingly clear the truly international nature of that movement. The setting of these stories is, for us, picturesque, but it becomes clear that revolutionary workers in Japan think, organize, demonstrate, and act like revolutionary workers in America, like the triumphant revolutionary workers in Russia, like the revolutionary workers of China, described so vividly in Agnes Smedley's recent book, "Chinese Destinies." The power and courage and persistence of the revolutionary movement, checked but not defeated by fascist reactions, is made stirringly real in this collection.

ISIDOR SCHNEIDER

Shorter Notices

Chronicle of an Infamous Woman. By David Liebovitz. The Macaulay Company. \$2.

"Infamous" is the qualification her Adirondack neighbors bestow on Martina when it becomes known that she is living with other men while her husband lies dying. The myth of her infamy continues to grow during her attempts to make a respectable second marriage and to be just about her last love affair. Mr. Liebovitz would distinguish truth from myth by acting at times as a research writer who has access to Martina's diary and who therefore has the authority to defend her, and at times as a novelist who must create the characters and sequence of events mentioned in the diary. This mixture of attitudes and methods is not successful, in part because the difficulties involved in creating and interweaving the myth and the reality are not met with any great skill, and in part because neither the myth nor the object of the myth seems very important. Martina is a plausible character (her name if not legion is familiar enough), but to attempt in such a complex manner as Mr. Liebovitz's to say that she was honest with herself and bore no malice to the society that enjoyed calling her infamous is not to endow her with special disinction.

The Finished Scoundrel. By Royal Ornan Shreve. The Bobbs-Merrill Company. \$3.

From the beginning of the Revolutionary War until the end of the War of 1812 General James Wilkinson took an active part in the military and political affairs of the United States. He rose to be commander-in-chief of the forces of the United States and held that position with incompetence and unscrupulousness for many years. His career was extraordinary because of the facility with which he always seemed to get out of the political and financial scrapes in which he involved himself in the struggle to support his extravagance and his ego. Those scrapes extended all the way from treason, in connection with the Burr conspiracy to separate the Southwest from the United States, to petty peculation of rations while in command at New Orleans. General Wilkinson survived the Burr treason trial, two courts martial, and ignominious defeat before Canada in the War of 1812. He had the support of President Jefferson and the toleration of President Madison. Hamilton wrote to Washington that Wilkinson was "a man of more than ordinary talent, courage, and enterprise," a judgment with which Washington agreed, though neither of them trusted the General. As he comes out in the pages of Mr. Shreve's cluttered and scattered account, General Wilkinson is a paltry figure, who seems to have attained the position he did as a result of a great deal

of energy, a talent for intrigue, and the lack of better men to lead the inefficient armies of the United States at the time. Mr. Shreve's book is unfortunately written in the breathless vernacular of a radio announcer. The biography loses the interest which the material possesses through the author's inability to fuse it into a coherent and interesting narrative.

Our Times: The United States, 1900-1925. Volume V: Over Here, 1914-1918. By Mark Sullivan. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$3.75.

In this story of the back of the front, of those who kept the home fires burning, Mr. Sullivan continues his method—popularized by a score of imitators—of presenting history largely through newspaper headlines, text, and cartoons; by the songs and slang and slogans of the period; by the books that were written and the plays that were produced. America's war effort in France is not described in this volume. It is the story of how the United States—aloof and uncomprehending in 1914—was relentlessly pushed and pulled into the European whirlpool, and of the vivid and spectacular procession of events which ensued. Perhaps the narrative is less understanding, less alertly informed than its immediate predecessor—the tale of Roosevelt's retirement and Taft's regime—but the period itself was so highly volatile and hysterical that it is hard even yet to precipitate it, and Mr. Sullivan's own relation to the era was less sure. One feels, though, that his appraisal of the chief figure of the epoch, President Wilson—a man who rose and fell through devotion to words and ideals—will be accepted as just except among those still bitterly partisan.

Comedy American Style. By Jessie Fauset. Frederick A. Stokes Company. \$2.

So closely do Miss Fauset's characters adhere to the color line—in that we never see them except when they are reacting to the question of "passing" or staying colored—that one must defer to her superior knowledge of their specialized psychology, and take them on faith. "Comedy American Style" is a well-written problem novel, dealing with that isolated group of people who exist on the border-line of race, and pointing the moral that it is better for the Negro of mixed blood to stay with his kind. The title is well chosen for a country where the presence of blond Negroes gives an especially ironic emphasis to the comedy of racial purity.

Psychoanalysis and Its Derivatives. By H. Crichton-Miller. Henry Holt and Company. \$1.25.

Some years ago William McDougall suggested the group name of the "school of integral psychology" for a number of psychologists in the United States and Europe who, he believed, were not caught too securely in the web of some favorite system of psychology and psychotherapy but were free to pick from each what was scientifically most sound. Among others he included H. Crichton-Miller. Dr. Miller's book now being reviewed is a highly critical and unusually impartial study of the four systems of psychology developed by Freud, Jung, Adler, and Prinzhorn—the author betrays some leaning toward Prinzhorn, who in the study represents the eclectic school. The basic concepts of each system are presented, plus two chapters devoted to their contrasts. The material is carefully analyzed for the reader, similarities and differences are clearly defined, and many obscure points are clarified. In addition, there is a carefully chosen bibliography. The interested layman who has perhaps been overwhelmed during the past few years with a too great abundance of literature on the subject and the professional psychologist who is in need of evaluating the concepts he follows will both find the book immensely valuable. For the less well-informed it offers a concise and lucid presentation of the intricacies of psychoanalysis and an eclectic psychology.

Modern Man in Search of a Soul. By C. G. Jung. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$3.

By far the most interesting item in this collection of essays and speeches is *The Spiritual Problem of the Modern Man*, in which Jung has embodied some of his most important speculations. The essential characteristic of the modern man is, he says, just the fact that his intense individualism and his loss of faith in any group standards have thrown him back upon psychology as a last resort. Truly "modern men" are rare, and when the term is used it is not to be taken by any means to signify "average men," for the true "modern man" is one who has not merely broken with the past but is seeking to justify that break. Where such are found they are, however, set apart by the fact that they are acutely aware of the importance of their unconscious inheritance and concerned with the effort to find in it the solution to the problems which were solved in the past by tradition. The psychoanalyst is engaged in the effort to aid them, but it is not yet certain how much psychoanalysis can do, and Jung quotes the ominous motto which Freud affixed to his "Interpretation of Dreams": "If I cannot bend the gods on high, I will at least set Acheron in an uproar." All the essays in the volume are marked by that tentative as well as eclectic attitude which so strikingly distinguishes the author from the other leading psychoanalysts.

Thackeray. By G. V. Ellis. Great Lives Series. The Macmillan Company. 75 cents.

This is one of the few biographies in the series which attempts the Stracheyan manner. Not being successful it becomes one of the least successful of the biographies in the series. It makes the point that in his life, as well as in his novels, Thackeray was an eighteenth-century figure lost in the nineteenth. The point is interesting but is given too much importance.

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Films

Retrospect: 1933

THIS is the season when the American public indulges to the full its fondness for list-making, its almost medieval passion for tabulation. But while the magic of numbers may be as potent in the screen world as elsewhere, the task of compiling the Ten Best Films of the Year is one that involves more ingenuity than judgment. For the sad truth is that except for three or four films every year the productions of Hollywood are on such a uniform level of quality that the making of distinctions between them gets down to the most futile sort of quibbling and hair-splitting. What is the exact value of determining, for example, whether "I Cover the Waterfront" was a shade better or a shade worse than "Advice to the Lovelorn"? If it is objected that this making of fine distinctions is the business of criticism in every field of art, one must point out that there are times when one must think of the Hollywood cinema less as an art than as an industry. At such times its quantitative aspects seem more important than its qualitative. And for this reason it seems more profitable at this time to offer a few generalizations about its output as a whole during the past year than to attempt to arrange the separate items in that output in any sort of pleasing order. What can be said, in general, therefore, of the advance made by the Hollywood talking picture during the year 1933?

Anyone who has been at all faithful in his devotions throughout the year must be convinced that there has been an advance. Technically, the sound-film in America has been brought to a point of development far exceeding even the most optimistic hopes of its champions of four or five years ago. Mechanical processes of recording sound and of articulating it properly with the photographic image have improved simultaneously with the ability of directors to use it as an integral element of a complex art. This has been as much the result of study and experience as of the final reduction of the novelty of sound on the screen. The great successes of the year, "Cavalcade" and "Little Women," have been first and foremost technical triumphs, since neither of the stories on which these films were based would have been nearly as effective for a contemporary American audience without the special vitalization which the new medium made possible. In both films an admirable balance was struck between the best elements of both the literary drama and the old-fashioned silent screen. The failures were films like "The Silver Cord" and "Our Betters" in which a too literal translation of original stage plays resulted only in dull, sluggish, and unconvincing theater. Experiment in the use of special sound effects, while it has only just begun, has been marked in types as far apart as the musical operetta and the scientific fantasy. In the latter department, James Whale's "Invisible Man" has been the most remarkable tour de force. An interesting and too little appreciated experiment in narrative technique was to be seen in "The Power and the Glory." But one may sum all this up by saying that those responsible for the talking picture in this country have now attained to a knowledge and mastery of its resources which make of it an unsurpassed medium for the expression of whatever there may be to express in our time.

What it has so far expressed, it must be admitted, has been no more significant, no less confused, than what is to be found in most other forms of expression at the moment. "Cavalcade," as far as its content was concerned, was a foggy mixture of romantic nostalgia and half-hearted British jingoism. "Little Women," which is the best-mounted and best-directed film of

the year, is after all no more than a sweetly picturesque evocation of an unfortunately altogether irrevocable past. From the standpoint of theme, the most enterprising picture of the year was "The Power and the Glory"; but certain details of treatment considerably weakened its effectiveness. "I Am a Fugitive" and "Wild Boys of the Road" were efforts at documentary social criticism which missed their mark through being canceled out at the end by the note of sentimental reform. The proletarian note, creeping in slyly in Lubitsch's "Trouble in Paradise," becomes a sporadic outcry in "Westward Passage" and the more recent "Counsellor-at-Law." Sex, on the other hand, has won through to almost incredible triumphs of articulateness in such pictures as "The Story of Temple Drake," "Design for Living," and Mae West's "She Done Him Wrong." In brief, the talking picture, like pretty much everything else in the present period, reflects the evasion, the abandonment, and the confusion of the period.

The new importation at the Acme is the work of Fedor Ozep, a member of the so-called histrionic school of Russian direction which was replaced by the dialectic school of Eisenstein and Pudovkin. "Mirages de Paris" is a pretty bald imitation of René Clair's various successful attempts at rendering the physical and moral *climat* of left-bank Paris. There is a burlesque of an operatic number straight out of "Le Million" and a flat use of the singing chorus. The trouble is undoubtedly that the Russian director is not at all at home in these Parisian garrets and back-stages of music halls. His failure to make anything of them merely emphasizes for us the essentially French nature of Clair's talent.

WILLIAM TROY

Drama

Tempest and Sunshine

UPON "Jezebel" (Ethel Barrymore Theater) a good many managerial hopes appear to have been built. The theory evidently was that the long-prophesied revival of romance was due at last, and that if a romance was wanted, Owen Davis could be depended upon to turn out a job more workman-like than most. Mr. McClintic then did the very best he knew how in the matter of presentation, and Miriam Hopkins succeeded without effort in looking very lovely indeed in the role of the she-devil with a heart of gold. Unfortunately, however, the final fruit of all this well-meaning competence failed to produce upon the audience anything like the effect that was obviously hoped for. There was polite applause and probably a sincere disposition on the part of friends to congratulate everybody concerned. Indeed, such obvious pains and such respectable results hardly deserve any less. But no one is likely to think very much more about the whole business, or to wonder for very long either whether the heroine's reform was permanent or whether her own true love recovered from yellow fever on that terrible lepers' island to which she had determined to follow him.

The scene is the deep South just before the Civil War, and Miss Hopkins appears as a reigning beauty in whom the hot blood of the terrible Kendricks runs with its destructive force. When she learns that the lover whom she has expected to wait for her has got himself married to a Yankee belle, trouble is sure to follow and it promptly does—against a background positively cluttered with all the accessories of ante bellum romance. There are singing darkies, high-flown compliments, points of honor, and crinolines too wide to go through the door. There are also a stately dinner, a moss-covered oak, a duel at dawn, and a comic house nigger with a proper contempt for Abolitionist agents. On the dramatic side there is a big scene when all

the heroine's guests make it plain that even a Kendrick can go too far, and another big scene when she rises purified through suffering. Yet despite the "Yes Suh," of the blacks, the "you alls" of their masters, and a good deal of really lovely scenery and costuming, nothing seems to result except a rather pretty pageant participated in by highly decorative puppets.

Probably no one is entirely to blame, and I am inclined to think—"Anthony Adverse" notwithstanding—that the public is merely not quite ready to return to histrionics so simple as those upon which this play bases its appeal. Perhaps we are morbid and sophisticated and corrupt. Perhaps our habit of demanding rank flavors when we cannot get psychological subtleties is all wrong. But the fact remains that we are no longer content with the kind of situation and the kind of characterization which used to be good enough for our fathers—in the theater at least. Goodness only knows, Miss Hopkins is made wicked enough, and goodness only knows, the color is laid on with a lavish hand, but something is obviously lacking. Perhaps it is subtlety of characterization, or merely freshness of pattern. Perhaps, on the other hand, it is something more complicated and less tangible which we will have to call contemporaneous feeling. All the motives are understandable enough and even believable enough, but nothing ever becomes more than merely picturesque because nothing ever strikes a chord to which we are particularly sensitive. No one, I suppose, would actually mistake "Jezebel" for a play written fifty years ago, but it might easily be mistaken for a revision of some such work. In other words, there is nothing in it which can mean anything different to us than it would have meant to an audience of the eighties. The themes, the characterizations, and the emotions are unmistakably old-fashioned, and one finds oneself thinking, almost inevitably, of Albion Tourgée, Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth, or even of Mr. Davis himself in that now almost legendary period when he was writing about Nellie the Beautiful Cloak Model. Perhaps many a contemporary play is not really any more subtle, but fashion counts for much in everything except the really first-rate.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

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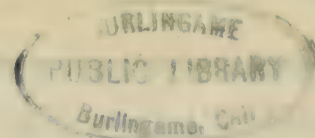
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Contents

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS	29
EDITORIALS:	
Roosevelt Succeeds Through Failure	32
The Milk Scandal	33
Civilizing the Indian	33
E. W. Howe Retires	34
CARTOON. By William Steig	35
ISSUES AND MEN. MR. HULL, PAN-AMERICA, AND THE TARIFFS. By Oswald Garrison Villard	36
CALL FOR MR. THROTTLEBOTTOM! By James Rorty	37
THE NEW IRISH WAR. By an Irish Observer	39
THE TWO WINGS OF THE BLUE EAGLE. III. THE WING UPON THE RIGHT (CONT.). By John Strachey	42
THE RUSSIAN REVOLUTION IN CLOTHES. By Margaret Green	44
IN THE DRIFTWAY. By the Drifter	45
CORRESPONDENCE	46
BOOKS, MUSIC, DRAMA:	
Poem. By Lincoln Reis	48
Archibald MacLeish. By Eda Lou Walton	48
Homo Nordicus—U. S. A. By Melville J. Herskovits	49
Distinguished Failure. By Gertrude Diamant	49
Peace by Default. By Carleton Beals	50
Three Books on the New Deal. By Mauritz A. Hallgren	51
Shorter Notices	51
The Dance: The Monte Carlo Ballet Russe. By Lydia Nadejewa	52
Music: Orpheus in New York. By Kenneth Burke	52
Drama: On Adequate Acting. By Joseph Wood Krutch	56
CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE	56

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THE POLICY SET FORTH by Franklin D. Roosevelt in his speech at the Woodrow Wilson Foundation dinner on December 28 amounts to little less than a repudiation of the Monroe Doctrine as it has been interpreted and applied in recent years. For he declared flatly—and it is the first time such a pledge has been made by any President—that “the definite policy of the United States from now on is one opposed to armed intervention.” The importance of these words cannot be exaggerated, either as an official statement of intention or for their effect on inter-American relations. Coming so soon after the adjournment of the conference at Montevideo, they serve to confirm and give substance to the peaceful aims proclaimed there by Secretary Hull. Mr. Roosevelt gives full credit to Mr. Hull for his work in creating “a better state of feeling” at Montevideo, but the President’s own words will, we believe, do more to establish a sense of confidence and security in the other American nations than the work of many Pan-American conferences. He admitted, with disarming candor, that until now the nations to the south have found plausible reasons for their suspicions and fears of the United States, and he asserted that under the new policy that would no longer need to be the case. He qualified his position in just one important respect. If disorder in one nation “affects the other nations

of the continent,” it becomes the “concern” of those nations. He did not discuss in what possible ways that concern might express itself, but he insisted that whatever measures might be necessary should be jointly undertaken by “the whole continent in which we are all neighbors.” And this is another unprecedented and tremendously significant step forward in American foreign policy. The Colossus of the North has laid down his arms at last.

THE IMPORTANCE of Mr. Roosevelt’s pronouncement makes it all the more unfortunate that he failed to make equally explicit promises in regard to those subtler forms of intervention that operate through diplomatic and financial channels. We have landed no marines in Cuba and, on the authority of the President’s words, we may assume that none will be landed. But our warships line the harbor at Havana, and the present government of the island operates under the handicap of our tacit disapproval. This is intervention. In Haiti American officials supervise the customs and see to it that private American holders of Haitian bonds are paid in full—a form of protection that even owners of United States government bonds are not offered. This, too, is intervention. If the President wishes completely to establish faith in “the altruism of the richest American republic,” which he admits has hitherto been lacking in Latin America, he will quickly take steps to abandon these measures of economic intervention which are no less potent because they are applied without the use of army or navy.

MR. ROOSEVELT, in the same address, reiterated his program for world peace. It is a simple set of proposals put forward in such common-sense and practical terms that the obvious impossibility of its general acceptance becomes a measure of the madness of the world. Mr. Roosevelt wants two things: an agreement among the nations to eliminate weapons of offense and “a simple declaration that no nation will permit any of its armed forces to cross its own borders into the territory of another nation.” That is all. It should be easy to achieve, should it not?—especially if Mr. Roosevelt is right in his belief that 90 per cent of the human beings in the world would gladly accept such a policy. He calls upon the people to make their will to peace felt by the politicians who pretend to lead them and who oppose and ridicule such sane proposals as these. But can his call be answered? Most of the people of Europe and Asia are ruled by dictatorships or by governments pursuing cold-blooded policies of reprisal or aggrandizement or panicky measures of self-protection. Nothing short of general revolution would establish in power the masses to whom Mr. Roosevelt addresses his appeal. And so, while we enthusiastically indorse the good sense and humanity of the President’s proposals, we are forced to cast a skeptical glance over the countries in which Mussolini and Hitler and the other political and military bosses of Europe and the Far East carry on their uninterrupted games with arms and negotiations and the lives of the people.

OUR REFUSAL to recognize the government of President Grau San Martin in Cuba is having the disastrous economic results foreseeable to persons familiar with Latin American conditions. The American policy has encouraged every disaffected element in the island to oppose the present regime, and there is so much insecurity in the interior of the island that unless recognition of the Grau Government by the Washington Administration is speedily obtained, the present sugar crop will be largely lost. The larger sugar mills, almost entirely controlled by American interests, are faced with strikes and other difficulties which make it doubtful if the bulk of the cane will be ground. Several large mills have already definitely closed for the season. This action, in turn, increases unemployment and thus disorder. Because of the virtual paralysis of industry in the interior of Cuba the National City Bank of New York recently closed three of its branches, including that at Guantanamo. The Royal Bank of Canada has closed its branches at Matanzas and Manzanillo.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT is to be congratulated on his Christmas Day proclamation restoring full rights of citizenship to some 1,500 persons convicted of conspiracy to defeat the draft during the war, or under the espionage act. The American Civil Liberties Union has made a long campaign for amnesty, and deserves much credit for the result. Both the Coolidge and Hoover administrations declined to issue a general proclamation, maintaining that each person affected should apply individually for restoration of civil rights. The American Civil Liberties Union contended, on the other hand, that those convicted under the war laws stood in an exceptional position morally if not legally, and that the federal government itself had admitted this by issuing many commutations. The Union maintained also that it would be practically impossible fifteen years after the war to reach all the persons concerned and to get them, even if they were willing, through the red tape necessary for individual amnesty. The Roosevelt Administration conceded the justice of an amnesty proclamation, but at first held that all persons affected should be looked up and their names included. Eventually this was seen to be impracticable and the President's Christmas proclamation resulted. The action applies to some 155 members of the Industrial Workers of the World, convicted in the Chicago, Sacramento, and Wichita trials, to various members of the Socialist Party, and to a considerable number of pacifists and other protestants.

THE BANKERS of New York City are gluttons for punishment. Not satisfied with having lost through incompetence and dishonesty the confidence of most of their fellow-citizens, they have proceeded to insult such friends as remain by proposing one of the most fantastic schemes of business ever conceived outside a lunatic asylum. Without attempting to comment on the various incredible details of the code of "fair competition" which they proposed to the Recovery Administration, it is enough to say that the plan would virtually drive out the checking accounts of all persons unable or unwilling to maintain an average balance of \$500. It is true, of course, that the account of a small depositor who asks for much service is not profitable, but banks outside of New York City have got around this by making slight extra charges for anything beyond a certain set mini-

mum. It is even more true also that American bankers have developed unnecessarily expensive methods which make it impossible to serve small depositors as economically as, say, French banks do. The plight of our bankers today is another puncture in that already sadly deflated gas bag once known as American business efficiency. Yet if the banking mind were illuminated with a gleam of intelligence, it would realize that this was the time of all times to retain the goodwill of the small depositor even at some out-of-pocket expense. General Johnson has rejected the proposed code out of hand, and has also repudiated the federal "master code" on which the bankers based their inflated charges. A final code is to be worked out between now and the end of January. It is to be hoped that the bankers will take warning from the public—and also the official—reception of their plan and devise a less fantastic set of rules. There is sound reason for government banking, but it would be ironic if the bankers should bring it upon themselves simply because they made it impossible for ordinary persons to do business in any other way.

PENNSYLVANIA has obtained the first results of its decisive anti-machine stand at the last elections. A confused, leaderless legislature, normally ultra-reactionary, has ratified the federal child-labor amendment at a special session, and has approved provisions for pensions for the aged and the blind. These were the only three measures of Governor Gifford Pinchot's broad social legislative program that survived, but in such a politics-ridden State as Pennsylvania even this modicum of liberalism must be regarded as highly unusual. And as a matter of fact what actually happened is even more unusual than the recorded results. The House of Representatives, lacking both Republican and Democratic whip-cracking, actually lined up behind a Socialist, Darlington Hoopes of Reading, to push through virtually the whole Pinchot program. It was in the State Senate, where only half the membership comes up for reelection in 1934, that the social-welfare bills were killed—not by a vote on the floor but by smothering in committee. Pinchot's proposals included a minimum-wage bill for women and children, a State child-labor law, a forty-four-hour-week bill, a bill abolishing industrial deputy sheriffs and the infamous coal-and-iron police, a full-crew railroad statute, workmen's-compensation revisions, and bills authorizing limited-dividend housing corporations. The Mellon-Grundy-Martin combination has killed this legislation for the time being, but Governor Pinchot is already planning another special session for March, and the program will again be presented. With the expected continuation of the anti-machine fight at the polls in 1934, and a consequent liberal trend in the new legislature, it seems likely that the entire Pinchot program will be approved.

THE STUDENTS of Yale University are being introduced to public affairs by way of the picket line and a policeman's club, and at least some of them do not at all like what they find. Lawrence Hill and William Gordon, members of the Yale chapter of the National Student League, were arrested during the first part of December for standing in the picket line during the Kirschner foundry strike in New Haven. Hill was clubbed by a policeman, charged with resisting an officer and with breach of the peace, and convicted on all three counts by Judge Devlin in the City Court.

Gordon, charged with breach of the peace for looking at the badge of an officer who had threatened to "clip him along-side of the head" when he was trying to get witnesses for Hill and two persons arrested earlier, was fined \$25. Hill's case was appealed. Immediately after the arrests the *Yale Daily News* gave the matter wide publicity, and two groups of students were organized to protest to the Mayor. The first group was refused admittance. The second was permitted to send a delegation of three as spokesmen to His Honor, whereupon they were harangued with a blast against communism. A large number of students attempted to be present at the trials, but the police cleared the courtroom of everyone not directly connected with the cases.

IT IS POINTED OUT by persons interested in the controversy that many of the students taking part in the various protests had never demonstrated in anything but a football rally before. The arrests, moreover, followed not only the picketing but articles in the *Yale Daily News* describing conditions in the Kirschner plant. Dean Clarence Mendel is quoted as saying: "Yale college authorities are entirely out of sympathy with the interference of students in New Haven affairs about which they are uninformed. . . . The college will not encourage the students in any extra-legal attempts to determine the right or wrong of any local problems." Somebody should inform the dean that picketing has been declared legal by no less a tribunal than the Supreme Court of the United States; there was, therefore, nothing extra-legal in the action of the students, unless it is illegal to print articles describing conditions in a particular factory. If the articles are unfavorable and untrue, there are still libel laws to which the factory owners may have recourse. If they are true, there is every reason for college students to take an interest in them and in strikes generally. There is something most unseemly in the attitude of a college officer who deliberately opposes, and attempts to persuade the undergraduates in his charge to oppose, student criticism of local industrial conditions. Yale is doubtless offering courses in sociology and economics. Where is there a better place for a direct application of the theories taught in the classroom than in the town in which the college is situated?

THE first national birth-control conference ever held in Washington will open on January 15, under the auspices of Margaret Sanger's National Committee on Federal Legislation for Birth Control. A number of topics relevant to the general subject of contraception will be discussed by eminent physicians, ministers, and experts in education and sociology. A special medical session not open to the general public will be held for the discussion of various methods of contraception not yet widely known, including the Russian experiment in immunization. It is to be hoped that Mrs. Sanger can persuade a large number of Senators and Representatives to take an interest in the conference, to grace it with their presence, and later to consider seriously the question of removing the legislative bans on the dissemination of contraceptive information. It cannot be said too often that such information should be freely available to every person who needs it, that it should be offered under sufficient medical supervision to insure that only sound and healthful advice is given, and that properly supervised information should not be forbidden the mails on the ground of obscenity. When

such steps have been taken, persons who are prohibited on religious or other grounds from asking for or receiving contraceptive information can still refuse it. Others can receive it freely.

LIKE all advanced thinkers, we resent the theory that human nature cannot be changed. As Bernard Shaw once said, if it could not, mankind would still be living in the trees, and that always struck us as a knock-down argument. We have even read with sympathetic interest the accounts of those persons who, like our own Moscow correspondent, insist that man is being made over with surprising rapidity in Russia, and we were inclined to accept their accounts as fact until a few days ago when we saw in the newspapers the report of a disturbing incident. It seems that when Harpo Marx made his debut in Leningrad, his six-minute act was followed by a twenty-minute demonstration of wild approval on the part of an audience supposedly composed of new men equipped with completely reconditioned psyches. Apparently he strikes the Communist worker precisely as he struck the American bourgeois, and we don't know exactly where that leaves the theory that the interests, standards, and reactions of the collectivized soul are totally different from those of the mere individualist. Perhaps Harpo implies some comment on the class struggle which we failed to catch, but we are inclined to suspect that there is another explanation, connected with the comedian's name. Probably the Comintern will have a new hope for the revolution in America when it learns that we have not merely one Marx but four.

THE PRICE that intellectual Germany is paying for the Nazi regime is illustrated anew by the news that the Warburg Library will shortly be moved away from Hamburg, either to London or to the United States. This is one of the greatest collections of documents relating to the history of art and religion, with special reference to the Renaissance, in the world. To it students have gone from the United States, from England, and from numerous other countries. It was housed in a special building erected as a memorial to the founder, Professor Aby Warburg, by his brothers in Hamburg and New York. There is, of course, no more public-spirited, high-minded, philanthropic family anywhere than the Warburgs. But they are Jews, and that is enough for the Nazi defenders of pure Germanic culture. So this superb library is to be transported beyond the seas where it will be safe from Nazi ruthlessness. Meanwhile the Nazis have again shown their enmity to a great mind of Europe, now of America, by seizing the property of Professor Einstein. What has happened at Frankfort is also characteristic. Some years ago the university there was rehabilitated and heavily endowed by citizens of the United States and of Frankfort, largely Jews. The deed of gift stipulated that no one should be debarred from study at the university because of his creed. When the Nazis came to power, the names of all the Jewish donors were removed from the bronze tablets upon which they had been commemorated, and there was immediately the rankest discrimination against Jewish students. When attention was called to the deed of gift, the Nazis replied with their customary falsity that the Jewish students were not being barred because of their religion but solely because of their race, as to which there was no reference in the deed!

Roosevelt Succeeds Through Failure

A COUPLE of months ago word was going about the country that the New Deal had collapsed. Not merely were those who all along had doubted the efficacy of the recovery program saying "I told you so," but within the Roosevelt camp itself a defeatist attitude was widespread although covertly expressed. Business had receded from the high tide of July; the NRA was behind in promulgating its codes, and those announced were seldom satisfactory either to employers or employees. The former were engaged in sabotage and the latter were calling strikes. The dollar had declined 40 per cent in foreign-exchange value, prices were rising in this country while wages were stationary, and many persons were beginning to realize from the first touches that inflation in practice was not the glittering paradise they had been led to expect. The prediction was more or less general that the Roosevelt program would crack up about the beginning of the new year.

The new year is here, but meanwhile a complete change of view seems to have taken place. Confidence in President Roosevelt is as strong as it was last spring. Talk of the imminent collapse of his program has subsided. This sudden shift in public sentiment must be mainly psychological because economic conditions have undergone almost no change since last autumn. The Roosevelt program is practically where it was with one exception, and that is that the President's financial policy is now revealed as an almost complete failure. Fortunate failure! In no way has Mr. Roosevelt been so lucky as in the failure of his scheme for raising prices through depreciating the currency, and if we look for the underlying cause of the present spirit of greater confidence, it may be attributed in no small degree to the emerging belief that nothing much is going to happen in the near future to the domestic purchasing power of the dollar.

Mr. Roosevelt began his term with a definite determination to raise prices to pre-depression levels. On the one hand, he planned to raise the income of two classes in particular—the farmers and the low-paid industrial workers. On the other hand, he aimed to raise prices in general for the benefit of the debtor class. The country as a whole fell in with the program without stopping to ask whether there was any sound reason to raise prices at all or if there was any way of advancing one class except at the expense of another. To carry out his plan Mr. Roosevelt relied upon processing taxes and wage minimums at home. Abroad he deliberately sought to depreciate the value of the dollar. Not satisfied with the abandonment of the gold standard, he drove the dollar still lower in the foreign market by his gold-purchasing program in the hope that domestic prices would rise accordingly and there would be a great transfer of money into commodities. Nothing of the sort happened. There was a certain shift of capital (which was not desired) from this to other countries, but it was less than the circumstances warranted. Europeans, with the recollection fresh before them of the havoc of war and post-war inflation, began to get rid of their American dollars at a sacrifice. Americans, with a long history behind them of established currency, refused to be as panicky as they ought to have been. The "Buy Now"

campaign petered out ignominiously and is now forgotten.

The attempt to raise prices in general failed almost entirely. The attempt to raise those of the farmer in particular was a little more successful. There has been an increase in the cost of living in America of about 16 per cent since last spring. This is assignable in the main to dearer food—that is, to the effort to raise farmers' prices through the processing taxes. The farmer has profited somewhat by higher prices, although not as much as had been hoped. The value of ten leading crops in 1933 was 42 per cent higher than in 1932 (for a lesser amount), but it was slightly less than in 1931 and about half of what it was in 1929. Despite somewhat higher prices, many farmers were still in a rebellious mood last autumn. What has quieted them since has been the direct money paid out by the federal government for acreage reduction, for hog slaughtering, and as crop loans.

The result of the effort to help especially the low-paid industrial worker is harder to assay than that in behalf of the farmer. Some low wages have been bettered, but in consequence certain workers have been displaced for more productive ones. A survey in Buffalo indicates that unemployment among women workers there, which amounted to 25 per cent in 1932, rose to 56 per cent in 1933. There may be a definite connection between this and minimum wages. There is somewhat less unemployment now than a year ago, but the National Industrial Conference Board says that weekly earnings per worker have declined with the shortening of the working week. Like the farmer, the low-paid or unemployed industrial worker seems to have benefited not so much by the stimulation of private industry as by direct government relief.

A comparison of various indices suggests that business in general may be about 10 per cent better than at this time last year. The National Retail Dry Goods Association reports that trade was 18 per cent better in the first half of December, 1933, than in 1932, but this is based on money received, not on the volume of goods sold, and is partly accounted for by higher prices. In some lines the volume of goods sold was less, indicating a declining standard of living.

On the whole, the material gains of the Roosevelt Administration so far have been slight and probably based more on gradually emerging forces making for economic recovery than on political palliatives. But the psychological and educational gains have been substantial. The country has at least passed from Hoover do-nothingism to a policy of self-help, and Mr. Roosevelt's energy and buoyancy have been a healthful tonic. The Administration is shifting from the attempt to revive industry by artificially raising prices to an effort to stimulate it by industrial projects of its own, by loans, and by direct relief.

The cruelty of inflated prices without increased income for the average American has been postponed, but by no means averted. Indeed, the present tendencies at Washington may bring through inexorable economic forces what Mr. Roosevelt failed to achieve by artificial political means. Federal expenditures are running and will continue to run far ahead of receipts. There is no hope of a balanced budget.

Probably we should not try for one. If it is fair to pass on any burden to the future, it is fair to pass on some of the present load. But that means big bond issues and thus an inflation of credit and prices. Unless an attempt is made by the present Congress to pay in part as we go through drastic taxation of the well-to-do, we shall shortly be confronted by enormously ballooned prices without a corresponding increase in income for the average man. In effect that will be a capital levy, but a capital levy falling chiefly not on the rich but on the poor.

The Milk Scandal

THE forced resignation recently of Clyde L. King as federal milk administrator resulted from a situation that had the makings of a major scandal and not from minor differences between the right and left wings of the Agricultural Adjustment Administration, as the press generally reported. The Philadelphian, it seems, had permitted friendship and personal business associations to stand in the way of milk regulations aimed at protecting the consumer and the independent dairyman as well as the large producers and distributors making up what the small farmer calls the milk trust. Although Mr. King's earlier administrative actions, including the foisting of an unfair method of marketing upon the dairyman, and the confiscation of the books of the powerful and almost monopolistic Interstate Milk Producers' Association just before they were to be audited, cast some doubt upon his fitness for the delicate task of unbiased supervision, it was not until it was revealed that one of the leading lights of the milk trust had a desk in Mr. King's office in Washington that the storm really broke. Mr. King himself denied undue friendliness with the large milk interests, although he had been in their service for many years as an "impartial" arbitrator. But Henry N. Woolman, secretary-treasurer of Philadelphia's largest dairy (the Supplee-Wills-Jones Company) and a director of the National Dairy Products Corporation and the Philadelphia Milk Exchange—nominal head of the milk trust which controls the industry in ten Eastern States—admitted to a Senate committee that he dictated his correspondence in Mr. King's office, that he conferred frequently with Mr. King about the formulation of marketing agreements, and that he had been a close friend of the administrator for some seventeen years and his employer for several years.

His pet project has been the basic-surplus plan of marketing control. Briefly, this gives the farmer one price for a stipulated amount of bulk milk and another smaller price for any milk produced above that "quota." But there is no such restriction upon the distributor. The spread of profit is never diminished, since a price cut is passed on to the farmer. On the other hand, higher prices for the farmer simply mean higher prices for the consumer; the distributor takes no loss. This system gives large distributors average earnings of 25 per cent, while the small farmer is lucky to break even. The large cooperatives are, of course, controlled by the distributors, and share the profits. That strikes and widespread bootlegging of milk are produced by tactics like these—and that of forcing independent dairymen into bankruptcy—is not to be wondered at.

In thirteen cities marketing agreements of this nature have been forced upon the producer and consumer by the large middle-man interests. But they have failed to hold up under fire. Immediately upon Mr. King's withdrawal, Secretary Wallace, who favors rigid production control as the sanest solution of the milk problem, began the work of revising these pacts. The Chicago marketing agreement has already been scrapped. The vicious Philadelphia agreement goes next. The New York pact, not yet completed, is destined for thorough renovation. Mr. Wallace has characterized the profits of milk distributors as exorbitant; that he plans to cut them from both ends by raising prices to farmers and reducing retail costs would seem to follow naturally. In Pennsylvania, meanwhile, the milk trust has won a legislative victory by succeeding in keeping its large cooperatives from the jurisdiction of the new State Milk Control Board. But the victory may prove a Pyrrhic one; agrarian revolts in the commonwealth will probably alter this at an expected special session.

That the milk problem is moving toward solution through some form of socialization is indicated by the turn of events since the King ouster. The new administrator, Jerry H. Mason of Iowa, will carry out the Wallace and Tugwell policies of enlightened social planning. Municipal distribution of milk in our great cities would seem to be the solution for the present unsatisfactory conditions. There is no valid reason why such a plan should not work, and it might well be a first step toward eventual nationalization of the whole milk industry.

Civilizing the Indian

THE American policy with the Indian tribes which occupied the territory of the United States before white men came has always been a simple one. We robbed them, murdered them, and then proceeded to "civilize" them. Of the three, the civilizing process has been by no means the least painful. Of late years it has consisted in a system of education for Indian children which took them from their parents at the age of seven, kept them in a boarding-school until they were eighteen, underfed and underclothed them, forcibly exposed them to the worst features of the routine of white public schools, and spared no pains, at any point, to stamp out their Indian culture and heritage. They were then restored to their homes, which had become alien to them, and were at the same time compelled to live generally separate and remote from white civilization, only the least significant features of which had ever been presented to them. In brief, their traditions were destroyed and they were given nothing valuable to take their place.

It was to be expected that when John Collier was appointed Commissioner of Indian Affairs by President Roosevelt he would attempt to change this policy. Having spent a number of years in efforts to ameliorate the condition of the Indians, he at least knew what he would like to do for them. And the measure of his success so far is as heartening as it is astonishing. Curiously enough, he was helped by the necessity of rigorous economy in the administration of the Indian Bureau. It cost about \$400 a year to keep an Indian child in a boarding-school. Mr. Collier has insti-

tuted a system of community day schools for which the cost is less than half that—in some cases a quarter of it. The boarding-schools have not been entirely done away with. But whereas they formerly took all Indian children as pupils, they now take only special classes of children—orphans without homes, children with a definitely bad home environment, children without local school facilities, and high-school pupils desiring special vocational training not offered by local schools. The number of boarding-school children in 1931 was 21,677; by 1935 it is estimated that this number will have been reduced to 13,660, and that at the same time about 65,000 children will be attending local day schools or public schools. And in the meantime most of the objectionable features of the boarding-schools that remain in operation have been modified, and attempts are being made to bring the boarding-school into contact with the Indian community as much as possible.

The community day schools are, of course, the most interesting feature of Commissioner Collier's educational program. Ideally it would be preferable to establish such a program of community education—which would be offered to and participated in by adults as well as children—over a comparatively long period of time and by slow degrees. The economic stringency, however, has made haste necessary, with the result that one of the greatest problems in the new program is finding suitable teachers, either Indian or white, as fast as the schools are built and equipped. Unlike the ten- or eight-month schedule of the ordinary public-school teacher, these teachers must be on the job every month in the year. The summer is the time when they teach the parents of the children to make gardens and to practice sanitation not so imperative in the winter. In the Navajo country alone there will be fifty or sixty new school centers, about fourteen of them including advanced training through eighteen or twenty years of age. These schools must actually be built, and funds from the Public Works or Civil Works Administration are being supplied for the purpose. Here they will attempt to teach the parents of the children and the children themselves better ways of living in their own hogans, better ways of utilizing their water and soil, better ways of handling their sheep and goats, at the same time that they teach the three R's and encourage Indian arts and crafts, which until now we have been at such pains to destroy or to vulgarize. The closest possible cooperation will be maintained, through the children in many cases, between the school and the parents. The school, indeed, will eventually be the social center of the community, and it will influence the Indians themselves without at the same time antagonizing, frightening, or exploiting them.

That this is a better way of "civilizing" them than our earlier methods seems obvious. Inevitably Indians must be exposed to white civilization, but they will find it infinitely more helpful and friendly than heretofore, and they will, moreover, understand and be able to make use of it. At the same time what is useful and beautiful in Indian culture—and there is much—will so far as possible be saved for them, or for us. It was another Roosevelt who established the Bureau of American Ethnology to preserve what was left of aboriginal culture before it was lost to us forever. President Roosevelt today has carried on an admirable family tradition by placing in charge of Indian affairs a man who has devoted his life to the Indians.

E. W. Howe Retires

THE publisher, editor, and sole author of *E. W. Howe's Monthly* has every right to put down his pen, as he now does at eighty. The paper had finished its twenty-second year, and Mr. Howe must have grown weary of writing even those paragraphs which connoisseurs of journalism considered the best of their kind. But thousands of his readers will be sorry for the change, and doubtless he himself will be lost for a while without that page upon which he carved so many perfect sayings.

He has his high place among those American writers who have chosen the footpath to fame. This is the path of common sense, and it is so seldom taken in our practical land that one who follows it to the end is set down as an eccentric. Mr. Howe as the Sage of Potato Hill (Kansas) has been one of our eccentrics. Without the mockery of Artemus Ward, without the rage of Mark Twain, without the boisterous brogue of Mr. Dooley, he has yet managed to strike us as something of a crank; and all because he has refused to surrender his rustic illusion not only that the world is a very simple place to those who can see it simply but that those who do not so see it are deliberately perverse. To every problem he has turned the cold shoulder of a sage who knows that "millions of people have lived millions of years and tried everything," the best of them finding in the end that there are no problems beyond the primeval ones connected with the practice of "fairness, politeness, industry, and thrift."

To say that virtues of that sort are the sole concern of man is not to say that they are easily achieved, nor has Mr. Howe said this. Like Jonathan Swift he notes the rarity of the very simplest virtues and so concludes them to be the hardest to attain. The "higher" ones are "big talk," all the schemes for reorganizing society are "big talk" to which a plain man will pay no heed. For the plain man, knowing how he ought to live, knows also that if he lived that way—and every other man likewise—there would be no crises. To which there is doubtless an answer. But Mr. Howe is not the kind of writer whom one answers. He is unanswerable, as any perfect writer is. Witness the following sentences from the *Monthly*, some of which in all probability go over ground covered by Mr. Howe in the *Atchison Daily Globe* between 1877 and 1911. For he has never changed his mind, and he has never changed his tune.

A good scare is worth more to a man than good advice. . . . Half the promises people say were never kept were never made. . . . War is so wicked, so unnecessary, so foolish, that I rather believe the people should be punished for submitting to it. . . . The greatest punishment is to be despised by your neighbors, the world, and members of your family. . . . Except the flood, nothing was ever as bad as reported. . . . After a woman has looked at a man three or four times she notices something about him that should be changed; and after an acquaintance of a few weeks she will suggest that the change be made. . . . Financial sense is knowing that many men will promise to do a certain thing and fail to do it. . . . We are not free; it was not intended we should be. A book of rules is placed in our cradle, and we never get rid of it until we reach our graves. Then we are free, and only then.



"This new poison gas of mine completely dissolves the lungs and intestines."

Issues and Men

Mr. Hull, Pan-America, and the Tariffs

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S telegram of commendation to Secretary Hull concerning his achievement at Montevideo was well deserved. While the details of all that has taken place are lacking, enough has come out to make it plain that the United States made a better showing than for a long time past. Secretary Hull's obvious sincerity and simplicity, his genuine kindliness, his earnestness, and his straightforward way in dealing with those with whom he comes in contact have all plainly had their effect in Montevideo. Merely to send a man of this type was a tremendous change from the past. There was every evidence at the outset that a lot of dynamite was lying around loose which would be exploded against the United States if it tried any of its domineering, swashbuckling, and Lord-of-Creation tactics of the past. No one could possibly accuse Mr. Hull of anything of the kind, and the dynamite did not go off. But more than that, I suspect that Mr. Hull was behind various important actions which seemed to originate with South American delegations. He also made valuable concrete proposals for tariff reductions, which the South Americans cannot but have taken as a pledge really to do away with some of the tariff obstacles which have been placed by the United States in the path of their prosperity. Mr. Hull cannot, of course, bind Congress to his policy.

Now this whole achievement of the Secretary of State's is tremendously important. It looks not only as if the South Americans would sign some of the peace pacts which still lack their signature, but as if Mr. Hull had gone far to allay South American and Central American anger and suspicion. He practically promised that the United States would not intervene again, and President Roosevelt has now formally pledged this. There cannot fail to be a marked psychological change in the attitude of the other American republics toward us. If we are not hereafter considered to be the big, bad wolf of the Americas the credit will be Mr. Hull's and also the President's. As I have said in writing about other phases of the Roosevelt Administration, here, too, it is the change in *spirit* of the present Administration which counts so much, as contrasted with that of the Hoover, Coolidge, and Harding administrations. It goes to show again that if a great country behaves honestly, pleasantly, and decently to its less powerful neighbors, it will meet with an instantaneous response. Certainly the difference between the attitude of our delegation at the Montevideo conference and the attitude of those we sent to previous conferences is just the difference between the personality of Mr. Hull and that of the smug, pontifical, and at times overbearing Charles E. Hughes.

With respect to Mr. Hull's trade proposal, he asked "that a general understanding among all important countries should at the earliest possible date be brought about in concert for the elimination of the more useless and hurtful trade barriers and for the reduction of tariffs in accordance with a moderate tariff policy." He repeated his thesis that business recovery depends on the restoration of international trade.

He said that he asked for no treaty, conventions, or legal commitments by the conference, and then he offered a resolution to the effect "that the governments of the American republics should promptly undertake to promote trade among their respective people and other nations and reduce high trade barriers through the negotiation of comprehensive bilateral reciprocity treaties based on mutual concessions." Perhaps this was only a friendly gesture; perhaps it meant a good deal more than appeared on the surface. Mr. Hull met with some opposition, notably from a representative of Salvador, who declared that "a plan for tariff reduction for American merchandise might be viewed as a customs union which would endanger Latin American sales to Europe. The difficulty is that Latin Americans buy most of their goods from the United States, and sell most of their products to Europe."

But is it not precisely a customs union with Central and South America that the government of the United States ought to aim at if it cannot put through a lateral tariff reduction in favor of all the world? We ought, of course, to dominate all American markets. We have the goods, we can make quicker deliveries. Especially do we produce the automobiles they need. There is only one thing that stands in the way of our doing it, and that is the purely nationalistic feeling which arises from the fact that different flags float over the several countries. If the United States has a manifest destiny it is that it should find its best markets in Central and South America. We have an enormous amount of capital invested in all the republics, some of which is, I am afraid, hopelessly lost. But surely nothing could so quickly restore prosperity there as to start the wheels of industry turning again. And nothing could do this better than our giving the South Americans a better chance to pay us with goods for the goods they take from us, and should take in ever-increasing measure. Nothing that anyone can think of, not the Monroe Doctrine, or international conferences, or signing of peace pacts, could mean as much to the future development and stability of the Latin American republics as would the inclusion of those states in a customs union with North America. Many times it has been pointed out that the great industrial rise of the German Empire did not begin with the establishment of the empire in the Palace of Versailles in 1871, that it dated back far beyond that to the Frankfort Conference which brought about a customs union between the several German states. But, I hear it said, this is suggesting the impossible. Yes, if we are going to say that it is impossible and refrain from a straight-out fight with our tariff barons. Sooner or later the United States will have to make that fight if we are going to regain the measure of prosperity to which we are fully entitled.

Donald Garrison Villard

Call for Mr. Throttlebottom!

By JAMES RORTY

FLOATING around in the otherwise capitalist alphabet soup of the New Deal are a couple of decorative ingredients which threaten to become functional and nutritious. They are the Consumers' Advisory Board of the NRA and the Consumers' Counsel of the AAA. Some of the best and most nearly radical brains in Washington are concentrated about these two advisory boards. Maybe "they can't win," as the custodians of lawful, profit-motivated business would put it. But already they have done enough to give the leaders of the patent-medicine, drug, cosmetic, food, and advertising industries the most acute attack of jitters that this writer has ever had the pleasure of witnessing.

It all goes back to this business of trying to materialize Mr. Throttlebottom, the man nobody knows, who is reputed to be the ultimate consumer whom business is theoretically set up to serve. It was two weeks before Christmas when this weird ectoplasm began to take shape in the steam arising from the hearings on the Tugwell bill.

"Do you see what I see?" said the ad men to the patent-medicine men. And the drug men, the cosmeticians, the vitamin men of the food industry, and the Fourth Estate, all chimed in on a chorus that became more and more hysterical as the hearings proceeded.

Here is what they saw, aided by the suave interpolation of Dr. Robert S. Lynd, called over from the Consumers' Advisory Board to answer the ad men's charge that the Tugwell bill is "contrary to the spirit and intent of the NRA." They saw that the drive of the Consumers' Advisory Board of the NRA for consumer representation on the Code Authorities and for quality standards in the codes, the effort of the Consumers' Counsel of the AAA (headed by Frederick C. Howe) to insert quality standards in the food-processing and other AAA agreements, and the controls and penalties embodied in the Tugwell bill, especially the labeling provisions, are all coordinate elements in the attempt of the President's left-wing advisers to do right by Mr. and Mrs. Throttlebottom and the children. From the point of view of business-as-usual this is the sin against the Holy Ghost, nothing less. Business, especially the interlocked drug, cosmetic, food, and advertising business, is organized to do Mr. Throttlebottom right, and the difference is more than a matter of phrasing.

Amid audible grinding of teeth by the assembled ad men Dr. Lynd argued from the premises of "service" and "truth in advertising" to which *Printers' Ink* and other organs of the advertising business have long proclaimed allegiance. Today, he pointed out, because of the elaborate fabrication of commodities, the widespread use of synthetic materials, and current packaging processes, it is necessary that fair competition, the avowed objective of the NRA, should include quality competition as well as price competition. For example, the AAA found that the milk agreements, in order to quote prices at all, had also to quote butter fat. In nearly every line of merchandizing a need exists for quality standards on which to base price competition. In fact, some of the producers and growers, such as the citrus-fruit growers, rice millers,

and clingstone-peach canners, had actually asked for quality grades in the AAA agreements.

The object of the NRA is to increase net buying power, which means that it must not only increase wages but stop losses through sub-standard buying. Both government and industry avoid such losses by buying on specification. Should not consumers—in 1929, 30,000,000 families spent 60 per cent of the national income over retail counters—know what they are buying? Under the New Deal labor, the consumer, and government are recognized as copartners in American industry. The proposed food and drug bill, like the quality standards going into the recovery codes, represents a simple and necessary aid to the isolated consumer in his difficult and largely helpless effort to compete on an equal footing with the massed resources of industry.

Note how carefully Dr. Lynd kept within the zone of theoretical agreement. None the less, the ad men lost no time in putting him on the spot. The December 14 issue of *Printers' Ink* gave as a headline to a mangled version of his statement, "Opposes NRA, Says Lynd," and in the December 21 issue Roy Dickinson, president of *Printers' Ink*, declared:

... it is my firm belief that Professor Lynd's plans in the Consumers' Advisory Board, in connection with the Consumers' Board of the AAA, are a definite threat to the success of the whole NRA program. His scheme of attempting at this time to change the whole system of distribution of trade-marked, advertised merchandise is a distinct menace to the whole industrial machine out of which wages, profits, and government taxes must come. Both President Roosevelt and General Johnson have publicly expressed themselves that increased advertising of quality-branded merchandise is an integral and essential part of the whole recovery program. Professor Lynd . . . would attack over a wide front the whole system on which not only advertising but profits depend. Which viewpoint is truly representative of the Administration attitude? It is time that advertisers, publishers, and all other industries dependent on advertising were told what they may expect and get ready to fight for their existence if the Lynd viewpoint is representative.

Mr. Throttlebottom mustn't know too much. If Dr. Lynd has his way, he is likely to get both wise and nasty, as Mr. Dickinson calls out his mob. It is too bad *Printers' Ink* hasn't a larger consumer circulation. If Mr. Throttlebottom could get himself organized and incorporated into something a little more tangible than the mystical entity in whose behalf Dr. Lynd and other New Dealers are struggling, it would pay him to reprint some of Mr. Dickinson's recent stuff and distribute it widely under the title "The Ad Men at Bay." The impression left upon the reader would be much like the final reel of a gangster melodrama in which the good-bad gangsters draw their rods and "blast their way out." This ferocity becomes understandable when we add up what is at stake.

According to *Printers' Ink*, about \$350,000,000 a year is at stake for the advertising business alone. This money is

paid by advertisers, chiefly through advertising agencies which collect a commission, to newspaper and magazine publishers, broadcasters, and other advertising media for the advertising of foods, drugs, and cosmetics. This advertising is theoretically designed to inform and instruct Mr. Throttlebottom, eliminate his halitosis, pep him up with vitamins, and otherwise make him a better and more popular fellow. As a matter of fact the Big Idea is something quite different, and the annual "take" is a lot more than \$350,000,000. The big idea of advertising (see almost any textbook) is to establish a prestige, an ambience, around a given product or service which will remove it from price competition. But the only real competition, the only competition which benefits the consumer, is price competition based on specified qualities and grades—precisely the kind of competition which Professors Tugwell, Lynd, and their colleagues in the Consumers' Advisory Board of the NRA and the Consumers' Counsel of the AAA are trying to bring about.

Modern advertising represents not so much a competitive selling of goods and services as a competitive manufacture of consumption habits, a competitive production of customers, the technique of which was accurately described by another noisome professor, Thorstein Veblen, in "Absentee Ownership," published in 1923:

The production of customers by sales-publicity is evidently the same thing as a production of systematized illusions organized into serviceable "action patterns"—serviceable, that is, for the use of the seller on whose account and for whose profit the customer is being produced. It follows, therefore, that the technicians in charge of this work . . . are by way of being experts and experimenters in applied psychology, with a workman-like bent in the direction of what may be called creative psychiatry. Their day's work will necessarily run on the creative guidance of habit and bias, by recourse to shock effects, tropismatic reactions, animal orientation, forced movements, fixation of ideas, verbal intoxication. It is a trading on that range of human infirmities which blossom in devout observances and fruit in the psychopathic wards.

What is attacked by the Tugwell bill, and even more by the attempt to embody quality standards in the codes, is this enterprise in "creative psychiatry" and the largely irrational and uneconomic consumption habits which advertisers manufacture and capitalize. In "Recent Social Trends" Dr. Lynd notes that the Maxwell House coffee habit of the American people was bought in 1928 for \$42,000,000 and the Jell-o habit in 1925 for \$35,000,000. Doubtless the asking price for the Listerine habit and the Crazy Crystal habit would also be impressive if we knew them.

When the ad men and the medicine men howl about the Brain Trust's attack on the "whole system on which not only advertising but profits depend," this is the system they are howling about, and the loudness of the howl is directly proportioned to the size of the howler's stake in the matter. The capitalized claims of the food, drug, and cosmetic advertisers upon Mr. Throttlebottom's shrinking dollar, after he has been creatively psyched, would probably run into billions.

The stake of the advertising business, otherwise known as the Fourth Estate, is smaller but even more indispensable. Newspapers and magazines derive about two-thirds of their income from advertisers, and about 60 per cent of this advertising income is contributed by the food, drug, and cosmetics

advertisers. Naturally, the publishers want this creative psyching of Mr. Throttlebottom to go right on. Naturally, the advertising business, as represented by *Printers' Ink*, is allied with the drug, food, and cosmetics advertisers in fighting the Tugwell bill. Naturally, when they contemplate what would happen if quality standards were systematically introduced into the codes, they become hysterical and incoherent. (Credit should be given to *Advertising and Selling* and *Editor and Publisher* for handling the issue fairly.)

In contrast the functionalists in Washington are almost excessively lucid. One fears, indeed, that for all their suavity and sweet reasonableness they have made themselves all too clear. They have gone so far as to sponsor the work of a committee, headed by Dr. Lynd, which has recommended the establishment of a Consumers' Standards Board under the joint control of the Consumers' Advisory Board of the NRA and the Consumers' Counsel of the AAA, with a technical director and a technical staff of commodity experts and an interdepartmental advisory committee drawn from federal bureaus. The budget asked for provides \$65,000 for the first year for administrative expenses, plus \$250,000 for research and testing. Dr. Lynd's report quotes that devastating sentence in the impeccable Hoover's 1922 report ■ Secretary of Commerce:

The lack of . . . established grades and standards of quality adds very largely to the cost of distribution because of the necessity of buying and selling upon sample or otherwise, and because of the risk of fraud and misrepresentation and consequently the larger margins of trading.

Still keeping on the safe, sane, and conservative territory of economic and technical truisms, Dr. Lynd's report goes on to quote a 1930 report of the Bureau of Standards:

Producers are experts in their own commodity fields but seldom does the consumer get the full benefit of this knowledge. Under present conditions this group knowledge is suppressed, and the tendency is all too frequent to give the buyer merely what he asks for.

In the interest of accuracy the writer would amend this last statement to read: "The tendency is to force the buyer to take what he has been taught to ask for, in the interest of the seller."

Moreover, as F. J. Schlink points out in his recent "Open Letter to President Roosevelt," "it is impossible for a private consumer to secure access to the immensely valuable findings of the Bureau of Standards, paid for in every major respect by general taxation of consumers." In this letter Mr. Schlink urges a Department of the Consumer with Cabinet representation and equal status with other federal departments. But even the less sweeping recommendations of Dr. Lynd's committee are calculated to freeze the blood of the embattled ad men, drug men, cosmetic men, vitamin men, and the rest. According to Dr. Lynd:

The standards promulgated by the Consumers' Board would not stop at the point at which the commercial standards of the Bureau of Standards must now stop, that is, at a type of standard to which 65 per cent of an industry is ready to agree, but would go on beyond this to a thoroughly satisfactory set of consumer grades and labels. Past experience has shown that the official promulgation of definite consumer standards, even though they go beyond current practice, operates as a norm to which competitive business tends to approximate.

It requires but little imagination to see that what is here envisaged is a fundamental reorganization of distribution in the direction of function. This would entail a huge deflation of the vested interest of advertisers and the advertising business in the exploitation of the American consumer; also probably huge economies in both production and distribution.

Even poor old Throttlebottom should be able to see this if there were any way of getting the word to him. There isn't, for the reason that our instruments of social communication, the daily and periodical press and the radio, are in effect the advertising business. That is why the writer cannot see that any tactical advantage would be gained if the much-wronged and kicked-about Consumers' Advisory Board were to resign in a body, as they have been repeatedly urged to do by the People's Lobby, the Emergency Conference of Consumers' Organizations, and other groups acting in behalf of that mystical economic entity Mr. Throttlebottom. What would happen if they did? They would make the first page once, as did the resignation of Professor Ogburn from the Consumers' Advisory Board last summer. And that would be about all, except for an immense sigh of relief and satisfaction heaved by the ad men, the patent-medicine men, the vitamin men, and the rest.

Not that the Consumers' Advisory Board has not had to take it and keep on taking it. Thus far it has not been able to put a genuine consumers' representative or a quality standard in any of the NRA codes. And when it has complained, Charles Michelson, as NRA publicity director, has prudently muffled the complaints. Professor Paul H. Doug-

las is now busy organizing Consumer County Councils as a sort of field organization for the Consumers' Advisory Board. Maybe it will be possible to get the word to Mr. Throttlebottom that way, although probably not if General Johnson can stop it. And maybe Mr. Schlink, who with Mr. Leon Henderson of the Remedial Loan Department of the Russell Sage Foundation has just been appointed special adviser to General Johnson, will be able to start something. But it does not look too hopeful. The Consumers' Counsel of the AAA has done perhaps a little better. Professor Tugwell seemed to win more than half of his battle with Mr. Peek. Just before the latter stepped out, he "made a sacrifice hit" in behalf of business-as-usual by getting about a hundred codes transferred from the AAA to the NRA. But the important food-processing codes were retained by the AAA, from which Mr. Peek resigned.

When Congress meets we shall see whether the call for Mr. Throttlebottom can be made effectively without benefit of, or at least without enthusiastic cooperation by, the Fourth Estate. The necessity for such a call is implicit in the recent statistics of prices, profits, and wage trends as recorded by *Business Week*. For the first nine months of 1933 the earnings of industry increased 160 per cent over the same period of 1932, while the farmers' gross income rose only 24 per cent and pay rolls decreased 3.2 per cent. The threat of a buyers' strike still looms. And when that happens, when the creatively psychéd Mr. Throttlebottom quits buying, then at last business-as-usual, even the advertising business, must stop, look, and listen.

The New Irish War

By AN IRISH OBSERVER

THE preliminaries to the present Irish situation may be told in a few sentences. Twelve years ago the treaty between Great Britain and Ireland was signed and the relations between the two countries were supposed to be settled permanently. For some ten years the Irish government respected the bond, while interpreting it freely. Then Mr. De Valera returned to power and one of his first actions was to hold back those annual payments on Irish land, bought from the landlords for distribution among the landless men, which are known as the land annuities. This, he said, he was legally entitled to do. He would not, however, discuss the matter except with an arbitration board chosen from outside the Empire. The British government refused to agree to such a board though it declared itself willing to consider a board drawn from within the Empire. From that point the situation has developed into a state of warfare between the two countries.

Tariffs on the British side have totally ruined our main export trade—cattle; while tariffs on the Irish side have hit several British industries. (In tariffs the British have to date collected all but £2,000,000 of the money thus due to them.)

The worst feature of this warfare, however, has been the gradual hardening of mind on the Irish side. Mr. De Valera proceeded to interpret the treaty even more loosely than before; he removed the Oath of Allegiance and the

appeal to the Privy Council, he reduced the status of the Governor-General, and so on. Finally he has raised the old question of the treaty and declared that it must go body and bones. He has thus gone back to the fundamental question which the treaty was supposed to have settled and which the British naturally refuse to reopen. But no alteration in the treaty except such modifications as may be permissible under the Statute of Westminster is possible without the express desire of the people. That Mr. De Valera has guaranteed. He will consult them before he moves further.

If one wished, therefore, to be cynical one could say that the Irish situation has no real existence. It is purely hypothetical, and the source of the hypothesis is the doubt in the mind of the Irish people whether or not they want what Mr. De Valera wants them to want. There is no reality in Irish politics—yet. That will come when the people are definitely called upon to choose.

It is not surprising that the people should be confused. Ten years ago Mr. De Valera repudiated the treaty and by a majority vote the people repudiated him. To any other man, to any other people, that would be perfectly clear and final. The alternatives would be to accept the vote of the majority or to retire from the field of politics. Mr. De Valera and his party did neither. Characteristically he revolted against the despotism of the fact—and for once it might appear that

he has revolted with success. For he revolted against ■ judgment of a people who do not themselves like to face facts. He set to work to persuade the people that they did not mean what they said, and all that has occurred in recent months is part and parcel of the persuasive process.

As he persuaded the people to elect him in 1932 as a treaty worker (the man who was in 1922 the treaty breaker), so he has succeeded by degrees in persuading the people to allow him to whittle away the treaty bit by bit, to rouse in the young folk all the hatred of England which was supposed to have passed with the "troubles," to raise again the cry of an Irish republic, and to wage an economic war with Great Britain—and finally he is in process of persuading them to bring back the old situation of pre-treaty days by refusing to recognize the treaty at all.

One must admire the tenacity and power of such a man. For ten years he fought against the fact of that treaty. He may end by wiping it out of existence—a sin against Ireland as it appears to him. It will be his day of triumph if and when he induces the Irish people to cry "Mea culpa," and take on their shoulders the inevitable penance that must follow on the definite acknowledgment of a change of mind. If he does so, it will be, incidentally, an exposure of the old fallacy that there is anything in the nature of a spontaneous national movement, another proof that all popular movements so called are merely the mass-expression of men of vision and power. It will make a mockery of democracy in Ireland for generations to come.

If one is willing to look at the present Irish situation from that point of view one will see at once why the alignment of parties is what it is. On the one side, the idealists led by Mr. De Valera, to wit, Fianna Fail. On the other side, the United Ireland Party, the men who originally accepted the treaty and membership in the Commonwealth of Nations—what one may call, is indeed obliged to call, the practical men of affairs. On the flank of Mr. De Valera, urging him on and on, is the Irish Republican Army, which at least is consistent in that it never accepted the treaty and, unlike Mr. De Valera, never pretended to work it. On the flank of the treaty party, the United Ireland Party, is the so-called Blue Shirt Army, whose leaders realize that Irish democracy is threatened by the very man who has set out to uphold it, but who have swung over to ■ left of their own and in despair favor secretly the establishment of a dictatorship. Last of all there is the official Labor Party, which has no political vision at all, is purely opportunist, and follows Mr. De Valera mainly for what it can get out of him for the workers.

The annuities are supposedly the bone of contention in the present Irish situation. They are not really. The question at bottom is the old question which Mr. De Valera's extraordinary will-power and personal attraction have managed to revive—that old question which was fought out for so many painful weeks in the autumn of 1921 in the Irish Dail: Shall Ireland accept the treaty or shall she not? Or, more accurately, shall Ireland repudiate the treaty she has signed or shall she accept it irrevocably?

It may be truly said that few people in Ireland today appear to care half so much what the answer to that question will be as that some final answer should at last be given to it. That, for example, is the attitude repeatedly taken by Frank MacDermot, the leader of the Farmers' Party, which

recently merged into the United Ireland Party. He expresses the feeling widely observed in Ireland that it is ignoble to shilly-shally over a question that involves the honor of a nation.

It will naturally occur to the reader of this résumé that it is strange that an idealist party like Fianna Fail, Mr. De Valera's party, should contemplate the breaking of a treaty. According to Fianna Fail, however, the treaty was never accepted as a final settlement. Its signatories put their names to it under duress, and therefore it is not binding and no moral question or question of national honor is involved in the breaking of it. It may represent the surrender of an army, even of a generation, but it does not represent the surrender of a people.

A few days ago an interviewer got from Mr. De Valera a significant avowal—the import of which has so far been recognized by nobody. The week before, the President had been skirmishing with J. H. Thomas, attempting to get from him an admission that Ireland was free to make her own choice, to stay in the Commonwealth of Nations or to leave it as she chose, and Mr. Thomas had refused to be drawn. "Well," said Mr. De Valera to this journalist, "if there is no free choice there are no moral bonds. You do what you can do, then." Apply it to the treaty and you get his position. The treaty was not a free choice; it was accepted under duress; there is no moral bond.

Nobody will ever get ■ franker statement from Mr. De Valera as to his views than that. He wished to leave the Commonwealth and he was himself prepared to leave. He was asked if, in that case, he was prepared to pay the price, and he replied that Ireland expected no better treatment outside the Commonwealth than any other country would get, France or Denmark, for example. He was asked then whether, if an Irish republic were declared and internationally recognized, he would be satisfied with the North left out, and he replied in the negative.

Obviously he is ■ man who knows his own mind completely. He has thought it all out. Only on one point is he vague, and that concerns not his views but his intentions. And he can have no clear outlook as to his intentions simply because the choice rests finally not with him, who is strong, but with the electorate, which is weak. The electorate may be secretly thinking things out for itself now—one might say at the last moment—but if it is, then it is for the first time in the history of Irish politics. But it may also be thinking nothing out. It may be in that state of mind in which it will presently throw up its hands and leave the thinking to this amazing man who would like nothing better.

And there, truly, is the secret of Mr. De Valera's power over his people. He is the born apostle. He is the lay priest of politics. His habit is not so much to implement the wishes of his followers as to tell them what to do.

He is the typical Irish Catholic—rather Low Church, that is to say—in that he looks at things not from the point of view of men and women but from the point of view of angels and archangels. He would understand the mentality of the New England Puritan, with which he has several points in common. He thinks not in time but in eternity. He thinks much of honor, the worldly code, but far more of morals, the heavenly code. So that in the breaking of a bond

he is less concerned with what is done than with what may be done. It is no use suggesting to him that "on ne fait pas ces choses," seeing that all questions with him are ultimately theological. It is a quality of mind entirely beyond the comprehension of the more downright Saxon mind. It involves many fine national traits and many ignoble ones. Between it and the mentality that respects the code of men there can be no sympathy.

In addition, he is respected universally because he possesses, as a man of the people, all the finer traits of the Irishman. He has courage. He has imagination. He lives in tradition and thinks in history. His private life is beyond reproach. He is a democrat. He came out of the simple life of the land and he thinks in terms of it and loves the people of it. He hates the modern machine age. His very austerity appeals. And he can occasionally lose his temper. Lastly, he is the traditional type of patriot—and even martyr. He would allow himself to be hanged, drawn, and quartered for Ireland.

The Irish are a young and in many ways unformed people, and their national character has not yet been consolidated in liberty. Like every other country they get the government they deserve. Between the practical, more worldly, more understandable government of President Cosgrave, and this visionary, rather *difficile*, idealistic government of De Valera it is easy enough to see the divided mind of the modern Irishman, the Irishman who, according to the British, wants to have it both ways but who, in a kinder judgment, is simply feeling his way toward a full national self-consciousness, a political philosophy of his own. The situation which is at present developing before his eyes is merely the articulation of one of the many problems with which he will be faced in the course of his history as a freedman. At the moment it is a question of whether he wants to be severely nationalistic or is prepared to be liberally international; and of how much and in what sort of coin he is prepared to pay for whichever brand of political philosophy he decides to adopt in the end.

For one thing, therefore, the Irish people may be eminently grateful to Mr. De Valera. He is forcing the pace of their mental development. To every periodical and newspaper in the English-speaking world which has again become interested in the Irish question the thing is merely a matter of an interesting crisis. But to the Irish it is far different. They are a people still passing through a revolution and to them there can be no static present. Everything is part of a process of becoming.

They have been badly served by all their leaders up to the present. The old Irish Parliamentary Party led them on their emotions for nearly fifty years, but with rare exceptions—such as Davitt, who was a constructive mind—it never appealed to their brains. This country should know that well, for here the habits and methods of that old Parliamentary Irish Party still linger on. Do we not know well the eloquent Irishman who has names for Ireland by the dozen and quotations by the score? You may hear them weaving their words about the pitiful vision of Cathleen ni Houlihan in chains any night of the year in their over-picturesquely christened clubrooms. They are the children of the "old gang" and they have all its faults and all its qualities. It was a party of great political acumen, no detach-

ment, powerful oratorical gifts, no constructive ability, and not the shred of a political philosophy. The main thing they did was to propagandize the Irish cause so efficiently that there is not a country on the earth that is not familiar to some degree with the pantheon of Irish misery. They had great belief in their country's future and no program for it. They did little to educate Irish democracy.

All this the new generation of Sinn Fein realized fully, but they did not go far enough in remedying the lack by a long chalk. Instead, they developed a new vision of their own—the Ireland-to-Be instead of the Ireland-of-the-Past—and with statistics and diagrams they replaced the names and the quotations. Arthur Griffith proved to our satisfaction that we were being impoverished by English rule, but except by strongly believing in whole-hearted protection, nobody attempted to show us how to bring it about. Worst of all, Griffith no more attempted to develop a political philosophy than did the old party which he dethroned.

The result was what one might expect. The revolution found Ireland unprepared, and when liberty—or, to be cautious, a measure of it—came with the treaty, Ireland was in exactly the same position as the Russian Duma at the fall of the Czars. It felt the time had come to do things but it did not know what to do. Some things it has been clear about; the restoration of the national language, folklore, a native culture, the development of neglected industrial resources, and the harnessing of the Shannon are examples of constructive political thinking. Cautious experiments in protection had also been made before Mr. De Valera came to power and went whole-hog protectionist. But when these things had been done, the first native government stopped. It had set its house in order. It had set the machinery going. And that, apparently, was liberty. A people who had associated liberty with a state of the greatest emotional enthusiasm and with poetic names and highfalutin quotations and with nothing else could not be expected to like it. So we come back to the present situation, in which Ireland is at last being forced to define its own desires in terms of a practical world.

The only group which might be expected to help here, which might well have been expected to define autonomy beforehand, is the Irish Labor Party. Unhappily Irish Labor has produced only two big men during the last fifty years, Jim Larkin and Jim Connolly. It is the tragedy of Irish Labor that Connolly went over to nationalism in the nineteen hundreds, was shot in 1916, and has been treated ever since as a martyr whom everybody hears of and nobody reads; while Larkin was in Sing Sing during the revolution, has always been a practical man, opportunist in the best sense, has never lowered the red flag to wave the green, and therefore has little influence in a country so fervently nationalistic as Ireland. The history of Irish Labor has consistently been one of the swallowing of the little whale by the great whale, and anyone who wishes to read that history cannot do better than to take that fine work "Labor and Nationalism in Ireland," by Professor Clarkson of Brooklyn College of the City of New York, and study it with care. The key to the Irish problem is within the pages of that book. For the key to the present impasse is in the hands of the men and women who made Ireland by the sweat of their brows. If Ireland has any future it lies with neither of the political parties but in the hands of non-political labor.

The Two Wings of the Blue Eagle

III. The Wing upon the Right (cont.)

By JOHN STRACHEY

THE purpose of the preceding article in this series was to form an estimate of the permanent effect upon American capitalism of the New Deal. It was submitted that in respect of two of the innate and fatal tendencies of capitalism—namely, the overexpansion of credit and the breeding of monopoly—the New Deal intensifies those very features of the system which produced the last crash. Now the third factor which has been at the root of the trouble is the tendency to mechanization. It is obvious that closely associated with the concentration of capital, with the supplanting of dozens of small firms by a few giants, goes the drive to better and better, more and more mechanized methods of production. There is no need for me to enlarge on the length to which this tendency has already gone in America, or on the rapidity with which it is still moving. The technocrats, in spite of their alleged statistical carelessness and their utter inability to suggest anything sane to do about it, drew this picture very graphically. Quite the best and most up-to-date figures on this subject which I have seen are to be found, however, in Stuart Chase's article *What Hope for the Jobless?* in the November number of *Current History*. A more alarming piece of work can hardly be imagined. Mr. Chase picks out and puts into high relief the employment and production figures of the brief boom of last summer. Taking the 1923-25 levels of employment and production at 100, we find that at the worst moment of the slump, namely, last March, production had sunk to 56 and employment to 57. Then the dollar was unleashed. Production responded superbly. By June it was up to 92, almost back, that is, to the 1923-25 level. *But employment only went back to 65.*

I remember noting these figures at the time and guessing at their meaning. Mr. Chase has now remorselessly exposed that meaning.

What they mean, in a word, is that Mr. Roosevelt has had his boom. And that the new boom left the unemployment problem substantially untouched. Mr. Chase has worked out, with a wealth of care and caution, a prognosis from these facts, and he comes to the conclusion that even if the New Deal succeeds in producing, during the whole of 1934, a level of production better than that of last summer—a level of 100, equal to that of 1923-25—it will still leave from 9,000,000 to 12,000,000 American workers totally unemployed.

Mr. Chase gives one graphic example of the way the thing is working. The A. O. Smith Corporation of Milwaukee has just put in a new mill with a capacity to produce 10,000 motor-car frames per day. The old mill also produced 10,000 frames per day. But it employed 2,000 men in doing so. The new mill produces the same output with 200 men. Ninety per cent of the workers have been dispensed with at a blow. Eighteen hundred men have suddenly dropped straight out of the market. They have ceased to be consumers—of anything except State-provided groceries at

any rate. The 2,000 men working A. O. Smith's old mill were all customers. You could sell them things. You could sell the better-paid of them, I dare say, radios and perhaps even some of the motor cars they were helping to make. But what a "prospect" for the enterprising salesman is provided by the new mill! Its iron hands have, I understand, superhuman deftness and intelligence. But it has no ears for the radio, nor does it drive a motor car. You cannot even sell it tooth paste.

This is, of course, an extreme case. But there is not the slightest doubt about the whole broad process of the replacement of "hungering, thirsting [also consuming] men" by non-consuming machines. Mechanization going hand in hand with monopoly is squeezing the market to nothing. Monopoly decimates the great staple market of the middle class. Mechanization cuts and cuts again into what market the workers themselves provided. Already it has driven 10,000,000 or 12,000,000 of them and their families out of the market altogether.

And now, for the third time, we must ask what will be the effect of the provisions of the NRA upon all this? Well, clearly, if you wish to check and delay the replacement of men by machines, then the vital thing is to make human labor as cheap as you can. If you wish to minimize the urge of the capitalist to produce with fewer workers, you must allow him to pay as little as he possibly can to each worker and to work him as long hours as possible. Then there will be some hope that when the capitalist comes to strike the balance, he will find that it will not pay him to purchase expensive new machines, and so cut down his wage bill. But what if you fix wage minima which are high, nominally at any rate, or maxima of hours which are undoubtedly lower than have been customary in America? What if, too, you forbid the capitalist to compete with his rivals by cutting prices? Obviously you give every capitalist the very maximum possible inducement to substitute machines for men. The NRA must, I should have thought, have sent every single struggling capitalist in the country searching desperately for new methods of eliminating wage workers. For not only has the NRA made hand workers a costly luxury, but it has canalized the whole force of inter-capitalist competition into the one field of higher and higher mechanization. For it has forbidden competition on wages, hours, or prices. Thus the only remaining form which the struggle between different capitalists for the shrinking market can take is the struggle for the best machines. And in this struggle the big capitalist must, of course, always win.

The influence of the NRA in this direction is already being felt; the process of mechanization has already, it seems, been accelerated. The *New York Herald Tribune* of September 12, for example, reported a boom in the stocks of machine companies. For the short hours imposed on white-collar workers have forced executives to be "on the lookout for ways to handle the same amount of bookkeeping without

added expense." Similarly, in the industrial field, the New York *Herald Tribune* of September 25 announced "Machine Producers Report Large Gains," and told us that textile mills were seeking high-speed machinery in order to operate "under present high production costs."

There have been, I am informed, certain tentative provisions, in some of the codes, of an anti-mechanization nature. There has been some gesture toward the idea of checking by agreement the drive toward more and more automatic methods of production. But, moving about the country, I could find no evidence whatever that anything effective had been done in this direction. And now I see that General Johnson himself has repudiated with scorn the view that the Blue Eagle would lend itself to anything so reactionary as the checking of American technical progress.

It is now time to sum up our conclusions on the NRA. In the first article we concluded that the inflationary side of the New Deal, though spectacular, was at bottom neither here nor there. America will, at my guess, go through the mill of inflation. But quite certainly this will do nothing whatever to produce a new, more orderly, or more stable form of capitalism. In the two following articles we have attempted some analysis of the main provisions of the New Deal. Do the codes and the other regulations, taken together, represent any step toward socialism or even toward a new organized, integrated form of capitalism? Our submission has been that on the contrary they represent merely an intensification of the three great innate tendencies of the capitalist system—namely, the drive to reckless, unplanned credit expansion, the drive toward monopoly, and the drive toward mechanization. And these are just the three things which caused the last slump. These are the three factors which, by increasing the appalling gap between the power of the capitalists to produce and the power of the workers to consume, by piling up an unparalleled concentration of wealth at one end of the social system and an unparalleled mass of misery and starvation, of "non-consumption," at the other end, finally make the operation of the whole system impossible.

To put the matter in the much-abused but none the less indispensable terminology of Marxism, the New Deal intensifies to an unparalleled degree the main contradiction of capitalism. Far from making for that mythical entity, an "organized capitalism," the New Deal is simply a part of the general transformation, which is going on all over the world today, of capitalism from its older, free-market form into its newer, monopoly, or imperialist, form.

And with the introduction of the word "imperialist" we come to the next important step in the argument. Since the New Deal only impoverishes the internal market still more, since it closes more and more rapidly all remaining avenues for the disposal of their commodities at home, what way out does it leave for the capitalists? It leaves open the alternative of disposing of their products abroad. It leaves open the alternative of imperialism. Whatever the New Deal ushers in for America, it inaugurates for the rest of the world an outward drive of American imperialism on a scale and with an intensity of which the world has hitherto had no experience.

It is extraordinary to watch the remorseless action of this economic reality upon the policies of the Roosevelt Administration. I should imagine that as far as personal opinions are concerned, the present Cabinet is one of the least

imperialist or aggressive which the United States has ever had. And yet there can be no doubt that the exigencies of the economic situation have driven Mr. Roosevelt and his ministers along a course which is leading them into ever more violent conflict with the rest of the world.

This conflict has expressed itself in the consciousness of the Administration by the discovery that its internal economic policy is incompatible with any form of international cooperation. Within a few months of the President's inauguration this fact forced itself on his attention. He had not the slightest hesitation in destroying all possibility of world economic cooperation in order to push on the monetary part of the New Deal. Moreover, it is significant that the particular form of inflation which Mr. Roosevelt and his advisers have adopted is of the most imperialist and aggressive type imaginable. The forced depreciation of the dollar in terms of foreign currencies, *before* there has been any corresponding rise in the American price level, is undeniably equivalent to a pro rata increase in the American tariff and a pro rata bounty on all American exports. This is a virulently aggressive economic policy; and it is evidently being steadily pursued by the Administration.

Naturally, all manner of cries and lamentations are arising in London and Paris as the full effect of the depreciation of the dollar and the consequent forcing of American exports upon the world markets is felt. These protests will grow more and more frenzied; Lombard Street and the Bourse will more and more accuse the American government of taking the most unfair advantage of them. President Roosevelt will hardly, however, be deflected from his chosen course by such protests, for he has a perfect answer to them. And this is to ask the self-righteous British capitalists where it was that he learned this policy of forced currency depreciation. For he learned it in the bank parlor of the Bank of England. In plain words, Great Britain, ever since she went off the gold standard in 1931, has been playing precisely the same game with the pound as President Roosevelt is now playing with the dollar. The British created what they called, politely, the "Exchange Equalization Fund." The purpose of this fund was not, however, to equalize the exchange, whatever that may mean, but to hold down the pound to the advantageously low level to which it fell in the autumn of 1931.

The pound stayed down until America went off the gold standard. This event occurred while Mr. MacDonald was, as he put it, "all at sea." (He merely meant that he was crossing the Atlantic.) By this stroke Mr. Roosevelt wiped out the differential advantage which the British exporters had achieved. But he has not been content with that; he is now steadily driving the dollar down until the American exporters in their turn obtain a substantial advantage. In doing so he is merely teaching the British that two can play at this game.

Thus there is no question whatever of there being any right or wrong about the embittered economic struggle which is going on between Britain and America, and between America and every other exporting capitalist nation, for that matter. (Japan has pushed the policy of exchange depreciation much farther than either Britain or America.) What has happened is that the comparatively feeble and obsolete economic weapons of the tariff, the export bounty, and the other established devices of economic nationalism have been

superseded by the incomparably sharper weapon of competitive exchange depreciation. The technique of economic warfare is evidently advancing quite as rapidly as the technique of actual war. Just as the machine-gun, the flame-thrower, and the super-bomber have superseded the musket and the bayonet, so currency depreciation has superseded the tariff or the export bounty.

It is only too obvious, however, that there is no clear line of demarcation between the two kinds of warfare. The economic struggle between the great capitalist empires of today passes inevitably into actual armed strife. It has already done so in the case of Japan, and the one prophecy which we can make without hesitation is that war is fast approaching between the other major empires. War is approaching, it is vital to realize, not because anybody wants it,

not because the capitalists underestimate the risk to themselves of a new war, not because of the plots of the armament makers (though these are real enough), but because the economic situation of each capitalist state is so desperate that policies have to be adopted which injure vitally the interests of every rival.

The New Deal is no exception to this rule. Designed, I have no doubt, purely as a measure of internal recovery, its authors have discovered, to their sincere surprise, that it involves an assault upon the interests of every other capitalist state. They are committed to it; they cannot turn back. An inexorable destiny is driving America to take step after step along the road which leads to the next war.

[*This is the last of a series of three articles by Mr. Strachey.*]

The Russian Revolution in Clothes

By MARGARET GREEN

THE Soviets have discarded tradition in clothes as well as in ideas. As a result they are in a way to evolve altogether new styles along with a new society. Moreover, certain practical considerations point in the same direction. Since citizens are not allowed to leave the country, they cannot return with clothes from Vienna, Paris, New York, or Shanghai. They cannot order them from abroad because they have no valuta (rubles cannot be changed into foreign money). Newcomers bring foreign clothes with them, but the clothes, along with the people who wear them, are so quickly adapted and absorbed that they make very little impression.

Although fashion magazines seep into the country and the Soviet Government actually prints a fashion magazine containing direct copies of these foreign styles, there is very little evidence that they have any influence. The reason, I think, is that they seem incongruous with Soviet life. Several times I stopped at newsstands and turned over the various publications; and every time I picked up the fashion magazine the salesgirl and I laughed together at its styles, so remote were they from Russian life as it is.

It might be supposed that the thousands of tourists passing through the country would introduce the styles of the outside world, but three reasons militate against it. The natives look at the clothes of foreigners with interest. Women, and sometimes men, on the streets, street-cars, and trains touched the material in my suits and remarked that it was very good. They even admired my clothes, but in the same way as we might admire the royal robes of Orientals. How beautiful, how beautifully made, we say. They are finer than anything we have; we may even admit that they are more becoming to more people, and more comfortable than our clothes. We may wish quite honestly that we wore clothes like theirs, but, if they should give us the most gorgeous suit, we would not wear it on the street. It is much easier to wear clothes like those of the people we associate with. One day in Moscow I saw some calico in a store and it came to me that I should like to buy a few yards and make a simple dress such as Russian women wear. I realized that if I stayed I should want to be very much like others.

The Russians will not copy foreign styles because they are not imitators. It is true that they talk much about equaling and surpassing other countries in technique, but that does not imply imitation. They want to develop their best talents in their own way. Wherever you look in Moscow, you will see people doing things in their own way. One day on a bus I noticed that the man in front of me had put his ticket inside his ear—not behind it, but inside as though it were a wad of cotton. That was an original idea. His pockets were full of bottles of oil, his hands held a gunny sack of potatoes and three loaves of bread. Probably living in a room with five or ten other people had developed his ingenuity; and certainly, on looking him over, I could see no other possible place for the ticket. What would an American have done under the same circumstances? He would have looked slavishly around to see whether other people were sticking their tickets straight or crooked in the fronts or sides of their hat bands.

In the Soviet Union one is not judged by one's clothes. In Moscow and Petrograd one soon learns that people in the shabbiest clothes or even in ridiculous clothes are to be entrusted with passports or anything one has; that they are to be found in the big, red-papered offices of high officials. Not only poor clothes but good clothes as well go unnoticed. The Russians are not clothes conscious. I soon learned to look not at clothes but at faces. The first time I walked down a Leningrad street among people who were barefooted or wore miserable shoes I felt that I must be conspicuously well dressed—I had felt well dressed in the same clothes two weeks before on Fifth Avenue. A girl spoke to me and I was flattered. She pointed to my hair and then to hers, plainly indicating that she wished hers was curly. As we walked along together she felt of my silk suit and picked at her own funny little dress, saying that mine was very good and hers very poor. She wanted to know how I held up my stockings, and I showed her right there on the crowded street. Then thinking she might like to see an American woman's wardrobe, I asked her to come to my room, and we entered the spacious October Hotel where men and women miserably clothed were passing in and out with perfect assurance.

Lola, my new friend, took in her hands eagerly the

first dress I showed her. "Crêpe de Chine," she said admiringly. She knew the words. But she did not hold the dress up in front of herself to get the effect. Immediately she turned it wrong side out and examined the seams. Then she said that it was all made by machinery, even the embroidery on the sleeves. That I-wonder-how-I-would-look-in-it expression with which American women look at each other's clothes was absent. Instead, I think something like this was running through her mind: "Some day we too will have crêpe de Chine dresses made by machines."

She did not seem interested in seeing more than the one dress but she wanted to examine my shoes. She put her hand inside and said how well they were made. Then she took off her own poor little shoes, padded inside with wads of cloth. Her plump little feet that matched her rounded body were covered with socks knit by hand of something almost as coarse as our wrapping twine. I had brought with me two pearl necklaces from Woolworth's to give as presents in the land where tips are insults. I gave one to Lola—and I brought the other one back with me. She put it on, but she did not turn her head toward the mirror to see how she looked in pearls.

I told her they came from New York, and she wanted to know how high the buildings are in New York and how long the hours of the office workers. She is a bookkeeper in a factory. She is young, but she is more interested in ideas than in dresses. When it came to ideas we had language difficulties. She had been speaking Russian and I English, an arrangement not impossible for our women's exchanges. Just then a guide came in and interpreted for us. Lola had her explain to me that when she had met me on the street she was looking for a place to have her hair curled and had asked directions of me, not noticing that I was a foreigner. She had not noticed my New York suit!

Much of my time in Russia I spent with a guide, and many times I meant to say to her: "Katherine, in America there is a saying, 'Better be dead than out of style,' and it is literally true for many people. What would you say to that?" But day after day the question stuck in my throat. I could not let her know I was thinking such trivial things. She was quite suitably dressed herself, but she is one who takes off her clothes at night and puts them on in the morning; you could not call the process dressing.

Do the women in Russia dress for men? I asked them, and they said no. And at times I was almost persuaded. But if women do not dress for men, I said to myself, and men are not attracted by clothes, then the best-dressed men will be seen with the most poorly dressed girls. But it is not so. From all I could observe, the men and women who chose each other were dressed on much the same scale of expense and fashion, which showed me that clothes, even when they are not good ones, do represent the people who wear them. A real attempt is made to dress up for the theater, and pride in clothes is apparent when, between the acts, couples go round and round the lobby arm in arm. Such pitiful attempts at dressing up—a baby-blue taffeta dress with the gores and ruffles of thirty years ago, silk stockings sewed up terribly, and bedroom slippers! But of course they were not pitiful to themselves, because they compare their clothes with each other's, not with those of outsiders. Once a nurse asked me to go to the opera with her and a friend of hers, a young doctor. They had an extra ticket.

She said, "Please wear a good dress." Then gently, as though I were an injured patient, she asked, "Have you a good dress?" If I had told her how much I had spent in New York for the suit I had on! And she was asking me if I had a good dress! And I had been feeling sorry for the Russians!

The country has been cleared of bourgeois clothes during sixteen years of struggle. None are left except a few pieces of lace sometimes seen on little boys' coats and a few black silk dresses for old ladies. The new clothes will evolve from the needs and desires of the people and not from the styles of a royal court or of foreign countries. To what extent those influences have determined style in the past, museums and books on costume demonstrate. Style in the Soviet Union will not be at the mercy of fashion dictators who are at the mercy of silk manufacturers or cotton growers. The new styles will be simple. They will be based on utility, in that respect following a fundamental principle of art.

Will there be uniformity and therefore monotony in the Russian clothes of the future? I think not. Even their present garments, poor as they are, show personality. There is no reason why the people should lose their capacity for expression. And if the dresses come from the factories too much alike to suit a Soviet woman with original tastes, she can write her protest to *Pravda*. Moreover, she can design clothes herself and submit the designs. If she proves capable, she may design the staple dresses for thousands of women and so raise the style level. At any time she will be free to buy material and make any sort of costume she chooses.

What may the Russians not do for the whole world in clothes? Especially for the men, I hope they will do something graceful. Men do not look right sitting down in their suits and they all look alike standing up. They might as well be in boxes. The Tolstoy or Russian blouses are a good starting-point.

In the Driftway

ACCORDING to William Seagle and William Gropper truth is not only stranger than fiction but also much funnier. In a book called "There Ought to Be a Law" Mr. Seagle has collected and Mr. Gropper has illustrated some of the sillier laws which with due solemnity have been inscribed upon the statute books of the various States and still remain there. The book opens with a quotation from Ambrose Bierce: "In the time of Henry III, of England, a law was made which prescribed the death penalty for 'kyllynge, woundynge, or mamynge' a fairy, and it was universally respected." And the quotation fairly indicates the intelligence and imagination which inform the laws to which this book is dedicated.

* * * * *

NO proud native son, whatever his State, can feel superior. As Mr. Seagle points out in his introduction: "The most frequently represented States in the present Oxford anthology of American laws are neither Tennessee nor Mississippi but such great civilized States as Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, Connecticut, and New York." His explanation of the phenomenon of idiotic and unenforceable legislation lays part of the blame at a door which must by now be

practically buried in various and sundry blames, namely, Puritanism. "The Puritans," he says, "were never bothered very much by the problem of the enforceability of legislation. It was enough for them that an Evil existed. . . . Puritan laws have always been in essence declarations of moral disapproval rather than commands." Another reason, he thinks, lies in the democratic ideal, "a government of laws, not men," which has tended to give American legislation a highly particularistic character. Still another and very pungent reason he finds in the low intellectual content of most State legislatures.

THE Drifter has the space to repeat only a few of the choicest laws, and he can give no adequate idea whatever of the humor and point of William Gropper's drawings. Suffice it to say that the well-known Gropper feet and faces are shown in some of the funniest attitudes they have ever assumed. So far as laws go, a statute of Ohio makes it a felony for an instructor of roller skating to seduce a female pupil. In Pennsylvania "it shall be unlawful for any person to use any cannon, gun, revolver, or other explosive device at any serenade of any wedding." In North Carolina "a special law has been enacted to permit bus companies to furnish free transportation to blind preachers." A law of New Mexico makes it a misdemeanor for the warden of a penitentiary to allow a convict to leave the institution on election day in order to vote. In California poverty is a crime, for "every person found sleeping or lodging in . . . any room or apartment which contains less than 500 cubic feet of space in the clear for each person so occupying such room or apartment is guilty of a misdemeanor." But perhaps the best example of misplaced legislative zeal is to be found in an Ohio law entitled "An Act to Protect Employers of Stenographers," which makes it a misdemeanor for a stenographer to divulge the character or contents of an employer's dictation.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Free Speech with No Exceptions

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

"I don't believe in lynching—but these kidnappers, Holmes and Thurmond deserved it." That was the invariable answer I received from people of about the mental status of tabloid readers. In a way this seems also to be the attitude of your correspondents in the December 20 issue of *The Nation*. They believe in free speech, but—and as soon as "but" is added to free speech, its death knell is sounded. Let me remind your correspondents that during the years of the war and the palmy days of the Honorable A. Mitchell Palmer, the right of free speech was similarly attacked and considerably curtailed. In those days the slogan was: "We believe in free speech, but not in free license."

It seems to me that the libel and slander laws, both civil and criminal, of the various States should be adequate protection against such false and slanderous statements as the Hitlerites have uttered against the Jews in Germany. One example in this country seems to stand out. I am referring to the action in libel brought by Aaron Sapiro against Henry Ford in the federal courts at Detroit. True, this case did not proceed to

judgment, but I doubt that Mr. Ford would have settled this action had his attorneys not been convinced that the plaintiff had more than a fair chance to succeed on trial. Perhaps our libel and criminal laws are in need of revision or amendment, but under no circumstances must such revision or amendment infringe upon our constitutional right to free speech. The point is that if we believe in our government, a legal course must be pursued. Miss Gruening says that free speech does not actually exist for large portions of our population. This is only too true. But shall we who are in favor of free speech for Communists, Socialists, and others show the same bigotry and narrow-mindedness as reactionaries simply because Hitler's agents want to preach something entirely repugnant to our doctrines?

The Nation and the American Civil Liberties Union are to be congratulated upon their unflinching stand in favor of free speech. Only by consistently favoring and actively fighting for freedom of thought and expression can we ever approach anything like true justice for all people within our borders.

New York, December 19

PHILIP GLABERMAN

"Fit to Print"

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

Your editorial in the issue of December 13 entitled *Fit to Print* came with particular pertinence to the members of at least the two universities mentioned who had in hundreds braved the freezing weather of the night of December 12 to participate in the anti-fascist demonstration which marked Hans Luther's appearance as guest speaker at the Institute of Arts and Sciences, a Columbia unit. What our reputedly most accurate journals consider news becomes a vital matter when their importance to the general public is carefully judged. Prejudicial reporting of crucial events in the only alive and progressive student movement in America is a pernicious evil which it is difficult to fight. The *Times* has now against its name for fairness and impartiality not only its neglect of the New York University Anti-War Conference and its somewhat peculiar emphasis on Dr. Butler's message as the focal point of the first session of the Columbia conference, but also its misleading statement concerning the anti-Luther demonstration, which declared approximately that if it had not been for the cold, many more students would undoubtedly have taken part in the rally.

It disregarded the fact that many more students than one thousand cannot very well be confined to the one street corner where, in violation of their constitutional right of assemblage, the seventy or eighty instructed police officers chose to confine them by physical force. The news of that evening was not, obviously, the apologetic and ridiculous remarks of the Nazi ambassador, but the vigorous display of anti-fascist sentiment among students from all parts of the city. For fair reports of that Tuesday night one had to turn to the so-called "yellow journals"—the *News*, the *Mirror*, the *Evening Journal*.

New York, December 14

GERTRUDE EPSTEIN

Theodor Lessing

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

Theodor Lessing was murdered on August 30, 1933, at Marienbad. The crime committed has made the whole cultural world indignant and has shaken its conscience. Theodor Lessing died for many. His work must live on. His own words were: "No one can or should today withdraw from danger. Therefore I do not feel myself endangered at Marienbad. Perhaps I can be more useful in death than I was in life."

The immeasurable wealth of this mind and this soul embodied in many writings can only be safeguarded if the work of the great thinker and poet is collected and made available for everyone. We intend to found a Theodor Lessing House, an institute in which all the writings of Theodor Lessing will be edited with the cooperation of congenial minds, for whom this Lessing House will become a place for work and who will make it an asylum for all independent philosophers. Our first intention is the publication in all leading languages of his not yet edited writings, among them an autobiography.

To carry on these tasks a Theodor Lessing Fund will be created in Prague. We appeal to all those for whom the work and the doctrine of Theodor Lessing have been of significance, to all those who desire that an infamous murder shall not triumph over the spirit, to promote the realization of these aims. In this behalf contributions are asked, payable to the "Lessing Fund Account" through the National City Bank, New York, or the Chase National Bank, New York.

F. X. SALDA, ROMAIN ROLLAND, OTTO KAR
FISCHER, ALBERT EINSTEIN, MAX BROD,
JUDAH MAGNES, HUGO BERGMANN

New York, December 15

No Fun to Be Single

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

The writer of these lines is fifty years old, single, and a graduate of a European university. He has been an American citizen for many years. During his stay in America he was employed in research and developing work. Three years ago he lost his position and life savings by bank failures and stock-market crashes. He is now greatly in debt and unable to secure work because he is single. All federal and State employment agencies take care of men with dependents or young people.

May the privilege be granted to the writer through your nation-wide circulation to be informed whether single men are less desirable in the human race and society and deserve exclusion from an honest livelihood? Single people left adrift without any chance for employment, reduced in the number of relatives, if any, on whom to call for help, deprived of all sympathetic and moral encouragement that family ties offer, should be able to count upon fair consideration from the government.

Pittsburgh, Pa., December 18 PAUL SCHNURMANN

White-Collar Workers

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

Not once in the six years' existence of the Office Workers' Union have we called for public assistance in our work of organizing white-collar workers; even during the past three years of unemployment our own members have generously supported all our activities. Today, however, we find ourselves in need of about \$300 which we cannot possibly raise from the members of the union, almost all of whom have had their salaries slashed and a great many of whom are either partially or totally unemployed.

At the present time we are conducting energetic campaigns of organization in the department stores and in Wall Street, and have assisted in organizing the Dry Goods Workers' Union. Only with some outside assistance can we possibly complete the plans for organization worked out by our executive board for the next three months.

New York, November 30

JAY ENGLE
Emergency Finance Committee

Help: Financial Hindrance!

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

I am teaching English to boys and girls at my place. I was sent some copies of the *New York Times* and *London Times* from a friend of mine. I read them with great interest and much pleasure and I got some material for English teaching from them. To my great regret I am not able to subscribe to the *New York Times* and the *London Times* financial hindrance. It is my hearty desire that any of your readers will kindly send me her or his *London Times* or *New York Times* in order to help me in English teaching and good English learning.

SEITARO MATSUBA

Tanabecho Nishimurogun, Wakayamalsen, Japan

Free Thought in Cleveland

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

The Cleveland Free Thought College has been established for two months. Our activities include lectures, debates, and classes in public speaking. We are also trying to build a library and we maintain a reading room which is open nightly. We wish to extend an invitation to all *Nation* readers in Cleveland and vicinity to attend our activities.

If any of your readers have books or pamphlets on Free Thought which they could contribute to our library, we should greatly appreciate receiving them.

Cleveland, December 1

ADELAIDE SCHUSTER

The Medical Bureau

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

The strides of the Soviet Union in medicine, prophylaxis, and public-health service have been great; but problems always arise, and help and advice from friendly American sources will be invaluable. An organization is therefore being formed for the exchange of discoveries and conclusions in medical research in the two countries. This organization will be called the Medical Bureau. The Medical Bureau will model itself on the Technical Bureau, a highly successful organization of friendly American engineers who for over a year have been rendering voluntary, non-remunerative consulting services to Soviet factories, farms, and scientific institutes. The Medical Bureau will be an affiliate of the Friends of the Soviet Union.

Members of the allied medical professions who are interested in the development of the closest scientific and fraternal relations between Soviet and American medical scientists, and hence in the formation of the Medical Bureau, are invited to write for additional information to the Medical Bureau, Room 330, 80 East Eleventh Street, New York.

P. L. CARSON, W. MENDELSON, A. H.
WOLFSON, W. WINACOUR, S. ROSE, The
Provisional Committee; IDA WOLFSON,
Executive Secretary

New York, December 20

Samuel Guy Inman

will sum up and analyze the work of the recent Pan-American Conference at Montevideo in next week's issue of *The Nation*

Books, Music, Drama

Poem

By LINCOLN REIS

It was my confusion to love quickly,
I, who had intended caution in friendship,
While you, ignoring design, discovered darkness,
Touched finger with finger,
And I was no Anthony inclined to a miracle.
Silence announced our meetings; with lips that moistened
Shapeless in desire, wit could find no word,
Conceit no phrase to echo wonder; but you
Continued to end innocence with a glance.
Here with no presence, with distinction lost,
And your person shadow to contradiction,
I would exhibit virtue, assert
No influence to sense; but memory
Dissolving into contact, ends distance with body
Or speaks of color, memory become seal to desire.

Archibald MacLeish

Poems 1924-1933. By Archibald MacLeish. Houghton Mifflin Company. \$3.

THIS book, as the poet tells us, is not a collected edition of his poems but a reprint of such poems from Mr. MacLeish's various earlier books as he himself chooses to preserve. "The Hamlet of A. MacLeish" is here, "Conquistador," all but one poem of "New Found Land," and several new poems not before printed. "Pot of Earth," one of Mr. MacLeish's earliest poems, is also reprinted. And the poet chooses, evidently, to preserve his attack on many elements in American society in "Frescoes for Mr. Rockefeller's City."

Now everyone knows that Archibald MacLeish has of late frequently been called upon to state and to defend his political position. And most readers of poetry know that Mr. MacLeish is a lyrical poet, not an expert satirist or a social theorist. His art has been injured by his compulsion to fight—in poetry—when, obviously, his is not the mind or the technique of the controversialist. Let us, then, examine his work without regard for anything but its artistry and its poetic message.

Archibald MacLeish's technique is of unquestionable excellence. He is one of the fine lyric poets of our times. He has experimented with rhymes and has made of the *terza rima* the perfect medium for his purposes in "Conquistador." One can trace the development of his art—despite his statement that he cares nothing about this evolution—by returning to the fragile improvisations in lyric form which he included in "Streets in the Moon" and excluded from this final volume. MacLeish has completely worked out the ways and means whereby poetry of statement can become the largely undramatic and almost purely lyrical instrument for conveying the *story of emotion*—this being what his narratives are. His music is, on the whole, much closer to Pound's in the more lyrical "Cantos" than to Eliot's.

MacLeish's imagery and syntax are not original in themselves. This type of imagery and syntax is fairly characteristic of the whole "Waste Land" school. But MacLeish's use of the same general type of imagery and syntax as Eliot's and Pound's is his own. His imagery, consisting very largely of simple comparisons and the use of descriptive adjectives—an imagery which shows no particular richness of association, intellectual or sen-

suous—is perfectly adapted both to poetry of simple statement and to parallelistic structure in poetry. MacLeish has relaxed syntax. He points, in his shaping of sentences, not toward any condensing or hardening of the English sentence, but toward a classical balancing of clause against clause, phrase against phrase—toward, therefore, the inclusion rather than the exclusion of many prepositions and connectives. Our language uses phrases and clauses as attachments to the body of the sentence, and connectives are links indicating the grammatical relationship. MacLeish, using clause balanced against clause, phrase against phrase, linking his ideas frequently by an "and" or an "or," develops, not the poetic paragraph (like Milton's), but the long-lined and parallel rhythm of simple descriptive and, to some extent, repetitive statement. This form of statement and rhythm is the best medium for the nostalgic repeating of lost instances of beauty.

Someone has pointed out that in English poetry the elements of rhyme, repeated rhythms, and rich or exotic imagery come more or less from the influence of the Romance languages and verse forms; that the elements of abrupt rhythm, clipped speech, action, and realistic imagery are of Anglo-Saxon origin. MacLeish seems to be curiously aware of these two influences in our poetic language. He employs them separately. Passages in "The Hamlet" are very like Anglo-Saxon, rhythmically and in statement. But in his lyrics and his lyrical narratives MacLeish moves away from Anglo-Saxon rhymes, clipped dramatic speech, and boldly realistic imagery. Here he holds to simple statement of emotion, often descriptive, to a loose sentence structure, and to colorful imagery, never exactly complex or lush but serving as an embroidery and a repetition of his theme. Thus he combines the usual essentials of narrative verse with those of lyrical verse, and his overemphasis on the lyrical side is just sufficient to prevent him from being a dramatic storyteller; it is not so strong as to dwarf his ability to tell a tale in episodic moments of beauty.

In his narratives and in his lyrics MacLeish employs a speaker who tells the tale. This speaker is almost never, at the moment, an actor in the story. He is indulging simply in nostalgic day-dreaming over a lost past. What effect has this on the reader? What mood does this use of the narrator induce? The reader reacts with a similar nostalgia, that of recollection. The reader is not thrust into the immediate action. He is called upon to recollect passion, beauty, heroism. This he does, but only after he is persuaded into the mood of the poem by the music of the poem. Then MacLeish's pictures of lost power and loveliness begin to pervade his senses. If the reader is in an active, decisive state of mind, he may resist both the poet's music and his nostalgia, and surely he will resist the poet's philosophy.

MacLeish's nostalgia is less dramatic than Eliot's, in a sense less passionate. It is not the fatuous and repetitive day-dreaming of Aiken. In his general attitude toward life MacLeish again resembles Pound of the many lyric poems. To the general feeling of defeat prevalent among these poets of the past he has contributed only one idea—that the American poet *must* return to his own land, cannot remain in exile. Though in his own land he be unhappy, there he must stay or be rootless. MacLeish states that he speaks to his own lost generation and wishes to speak to no one else. Certainly he sums up the feelings of that generation. He states their sad desire to retreat and their inability quite to neglect the present. MacLeish's strongest passion is a sense of irrevocable loss. He recognizes only to reject the almost violent images which the world presents of gains that must be made.

What we seem to need today, leaving aside for once all questions of a poet's sociological outlook, is the poet like Hop-

kins who can develop richer powers of association in language, more exactness and directness of expression, the poet who is a whole man and not a cripple sensuously or intellectually. Whatever that poet's particular philosophy might be, so long as it was based on an intellectual incisiveness and a direct rather than a remote or oblique awareness of sensuous delight in the actual world, he would have something to say to the present generation.

All the poets of the "Waste Land" school have been crippled. They have developed, therefore, an amazing precocity in sensations of suffering and defeat, a passionate life in letters. But they are not whole. They could not be. They have developed a superb technique for poetry, but they have also inevitably chosen a philosophy of despair and a nostalgia for the past. In MacLeish this philosophy has influenced imagery, syntax, rhythm, and in his poems it is so fused with these elements as to find almost perfect expression. Poets may, to be sure, write of whatever they please, must certainly write whatever they feel most, but no school of poetry which so perfectly expresses one generation of people as does MacLeish's is likely to express another, younger generation as well. So we progress.

EDA LOU WALTON

Homo Nordicus—U.S.A.

The Conquest of a Continent, or the Expansion of Races in America. By Madison Grant. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$3.

AS is fitting, this volume—a profession of faith and the exposition of the tenets of that faith—is introduced by one who has long battled at the side of the author for racial purity and the higher civilization. "The character of a country depends upon the racial character of the men and women who dominate it," begins this word of praise from Henry Fairfield Osborn, who continues as follows:

My faith is unshaken in the ultimate beneficial recognition of racial values and in the stimulating and generous emulation aroused by racial consciousness. . . . I set great store by the great mass of documentary evidence assembled by Grant in the present volume. I think it explodes the bubble of the opponents of racial values, that they are merely myths. The theme of the present work is that America was made by Protestants of Nordic origin and that their ideas about what makes true greatness should be perpetuated. That this is a precious heritage which we should not impair or dilute by permitting the entrance and dominance of alien values and peoples of alien minds and hearts. . . . I stand with the author not only in nailing his colors to the mast but in giving an entirely indisputable historic, patriotic, and governmental basis to the fact that in origin and evolution our country is fundamentally Nordic.

Thus the distinguished paleontologist leads the reader to the expectation of great things. This, however, is unfortunately not realized, for instead of a documented presentation of data, one finds only page after page of historical generalizations and anthropological errors. The book, indeed, has no documentation at all, unless the eighteen-page bibliography be so regarded, and even these titles, the sources from which material for a "racial" interpretation of American history has presumably been drawn, do not bear close analysis. Not only does one miss the names of most students—of no matter what type of theoretical complexion—who have worked in the field of race, but also the names of numerous outstanding American historians.

Beginning with the "cradle of mankind," the author envisages a process of racial differentiation that is in direct contradiction to the more widely accepted contemporary scientific position. Characterizing this position as "old-fashioned," it is

thus maintained that the process which Mr. Grant envisages has produced types of mankind so distinct that they must be regarded as different species rather than races. Even after admitting that "race is hard to define," and recognizing the extensiveness of race crossing, the author does not hesitate to interpret not only American but human history in terms of this very word. Inevitably, the book is not the more easily understandable for this and other lapses from logic that characterize it. Thus, Mr. Grant, though apparently quite in accordance with the position held by authorities that "it is unsafe to attribute the inception of any cultural feature to a given race," and with its corollary, that to mark a physical type because of its language or social behavior leads to error, finds no difficulty in maintaining the thesis that American culture has been determined by the "Nordic Protestantism" of a single group in the population. Similarly, in discussing the "racial" types which he claims characterize the several States of the Union, he is able to take the fact that many of the people of Louisiana do not claim English as their native tongue and are followers of the Catholic church as a reproach to their Americanism.

Space does not permit restatement, to say nothing of quotation, of point after point of opinion in this "documented" presentation. It is with some regret that the temptation to detail discussions of immigration and segregation laws, of rules for registration and deportation of aliens, of the countries to the north and south of the United States, and of the white man's burden must be forgone. It may merely be stated that the work is of the type which, exemplified in earlier books by this same author and by those who agree with him, raised such a storm of scholarly protest as to justify the feeling that the last of them had been seen. Such works, however, are apparently still being written.

MELVILLE J. HERSKOVITS

Distinguished Failure

De Vriendt Goes Home. By Arnold Zweig. The Viking Press. \$2.50.

LIKE "Sergeant Grischa," Zweig's latest book portrays an individual tragedy against a background of social conflict. "De Vriendt Goes Home" is only superficially a novel of Zionism. Departing from the realism of the earlier work, Zweig uses the locale of Palestine and the specific conflicts of the Zionist movement as a means to project the story in semi-allegorical terms, exploring those ultimate issues that confront the poet and philosopher rather than the propagandist for any immediate cause. As in "Grischa," the question at issue is justice; but where the emphasis there was on the injustice that a mass upheaval may work in the individual destiny, "De Vriendt" takes up the problem of justice in the formal sense. There is the symbolic figure of the English secret-service agent who tracks down a murderer, only to condone the crime in the end, and set the murderer free. Here, as in Wassermann's "Maurizius Case," the justified crime forms the theme, and a poetic and ethical insight is opposed to the conventional judgments of society.

De Vriendt, the protagonist, is a strange and complex personality, a man whose psychic predicament might serve as material for the writing of a modern "Faust." An orthodox Dutch Jew, a member of the Agudists—the most fanatical and mystical of the orthodox sects—he is secretly involved in a homosexual relationship with an Arab boy. This pagan love creates an inner conflict that he cannot resolve, and he appeases his sense of guilt by writing a long and blasphemous poem called "The Trial of God." Outwardly, however, he remains the medieval Agudist, in bitter conflict with the modern spirit of Zionism, and an enemy of all secularization of Jewish life. He insti-

gates a plan to alienate British support from the Zionists, to form an alliance with the Arabs, and to renounce the Jewish claim to possession of the Wailing Wall. Publication of the plan infuriates all camps. The Arabs, ripe for uprising, hail De Vriendt as the instrument of God. The Zionists denounce him as a traitor; the English secret service prepares to seclude him, knowing that his murder will be the signal for chaos. With the sultry and ominous landscape of Palestine as backdrop, the story shuttles skilfully between individual drama and political conflicts, follows the adventures of the Englishman Irmin in his pursuit of the young radical Zionist who murders De Vriendt, vividly reports the Arab uprisings, and gives cross-sections of the various hostile groups within the Zionist movement.

While a fine passion for justice and humanity animates the book, the strength of the novel does not lie in its ethical fervor but rather in those parts that make concrete Zweig's emotion in characterization or in straight realistic narrative. The inner conflicts from which De Vriendt suffers could in themselves form the theme of the novel; and the chapter describing his death, in which De Vriendt beholds Jehovah, whom he has rejected, and is received back again, is a unique and impressive piece of fantasy. Again, *The Death of an Old Man*, in which the aged pioneer Nachmann begs his comrades "not to waste a useful bit of earth" for his grave, has all the simplicity and powerful realism of the Russian writers.

This last chapter proves the sheer power of strong realistic writing as against allegorical mysticism. The book suffers from a tendency toward mysticism, a peculiarly German variety, that dominates even so naturalistic a study as "*Alexanderplatz*," and crops out in the rational Thomas Mann whenever he deals with the psychic aspects of death. On the whole, "*De Vriendt*" does not come off. But its failure is due to a too great exuberance of allegory and a chaotic richness of ideas.

GERTRUDE DIAMANT

Peace by Default

Peace by Revolution. By Frank Tannenbaum. Columbia University Press. \$3.50.

THIS is Frank Tannenbaum's "interpretation" of Mexico. Better stated, it is a distillation, an intellectualized summary, often in dialectic, of his extensive investigations and first-hand findings. All distilled *tequila*, to put the metaphor into Mexican terms, looks alike and tastes alike; the maguery plant from which it comes, however is a growing thing, individualized, rooted in the soil, of remarkable aesthetic stimulation.

Tannenbaum is well equipped to make such a distillation. He has been in Mexico many times and for extended periods; his previous study of the agrarian problem was heaped with ample statistics and tabulated most of the laws, some of which have been enforced; he has ridden far and wide through the country in search of material on education. Though he is thus well qualified to make the present sweeping generalizations, less opinion and more homely close-ups of Mexican life—the knack which makes Hindus's books on the Soviet Union so admirable—would provide us with a more convincing and living picture than does the present semi-academic and oracular version.

I sympathize heartily with most of Tannenbaum's specific analyses, though not always with his exuberant optimism or his contemporary judgments. His thesis is very similar to that of Stuart Chase, but with some of the exaggerations toned down; and unlike Chase he has not taken a non-typical community, so thoroughly studied by Robert Redfield, and improperly elevated it to a type in order to make unfortunate conclusions; he draws upon a vaster store of knowledge and personal observation. But

the general thesis that Mexico has been more or less in decline and has suddenly started on the upgrade with the post-Díaz revolution distorts history and irradiates the achievements of the revolution with too much sweet hopefulness.

The first half of the book, background material, contributes nothing new, but is a clear exposition not encumbered with too much finesse; the best part deals with the revolution, and on this the author's material on education contributes considerable new data. If in the first part he rather glosses over the church-state struggle, in the latter part he tells us most convincingly of the brighter aspects of the 1910-20 revolution.

It was a great social upheaval; it fundamentally altered human social relationships; it abolished peonage; it created the free village; it introduced enlightened labor reforms; it gave away a certain amount of land; it promoted popular education; and today it is building roads, teaching students athletics, and capably "managing" its currency. Its achievements are notable.

What Tannenbaum fails to inform us of—and this is inexcusable at this late date—is that, except for popular education, the revolution reached its maximum expression about 1926, at the time of the arrival of Ambassador Morrow; and that since then its purposes have been increasingly aborted, agrarian reform has been largely sidetracked, the leadership has to a great extent, for opportunistic reasons and for the accumulation of private wealth, largely betrayed the popular hopes. This is a normal cycle, but it should have been recorded even at the expense of anti-climax.

Tannenbaum gives no record of the smash-up of the Mexican labor and peasant movements by Portes Gil and his successors, or of the implications of the relations of the workers and peasants with the present semi-fascist, one-party ruling group, the National Revolutionary Party (P. N. R.). He leads us to believe that the peasant is expanding his organizations; actually they have been largely destroyed or converted into meaningless tails to the kite of the P. N. R. He lauds the peasant leagues of Vera Cruz and San Luis Potosí, without warning us that they are adjuncts to the political ambitions of Governor Tejeda and General Cedillo, the latter infamous for his jailing and murdering of striking teachers.

Tannenbaum's praise of the labor leader, Morones, should be checked up with Gruening's documented study, "*Mexico and Its Heritage*," for Morones's graft, bureaucracy, racketeering, and palatial living, his destruction of rival unions, his utilization of his position as Secretary of Labor to crush the Jalisco mine strikes and break up the 1926-27 railway strike, were important factors, far more so than the opposition of Obregón, in the decline and defeat of the Mexican labor movement. Tannenbaum tells us that today "labor unionism is probably stronger than it was." Ridiculous. The revolution gave labor much, but when he speaks of "labor's present power" as an organized reality, he is dealing with ghostly memories. Labor was not even given a voice in the formulation of the final labor code.

Tannenbaum ends one of his chapters on labor legislation with the statement that the Díaz style of capitalism is dead, "and a new type, more native, more Mexican, has come on the horizon and is replacing the previous forms. Here the revolution has created something new and challenging." But beyond these evasive phrases the matter is not elucidated. Here, indeed, may well be the clue to the post-1926 developments, here may even turn out to be the key to the whole Mexican revolution. Mexican labor was utilized to combat foreign capitalism and thereby won some advantages. But as soon as Mexican nationalism had won the day against American diplomacy, and the ruling group had utilized its political position to found a native bourgeoisie, labor was smashed, and its role has been increasingly difficult. Tannenbaum's book gives no hint that new armed struggles are impending to vindicate the revolution and make new advances. Except for the chapters on edu-

cation, the present book could be dated 1926. It might be well to remember that Gruening's monumental book, with its hard, exact appraisals, its encyclopedic information and documented case studies, was printed in 1928.

CARLETON BEALS

Three Books on the New Deal

The Roosevelt Revolution. By Ernest K. Lindley. The Viking Press. \$2.50.

Roosevelt and His America. By Bernard Fay. Little, Brown and Company. \$2.75.

The Future Comes. By Charles A. Beard and George H. E. Smith. The Macmillan Company. \$1.75.

AFTER reading these three works on the New Deal, along with several others, one is convinced that it is still too early to attempt a sound critical analysis, in book length, of the Roosevelt experiment. The Administration's economic and social program is not yet out of its formative stage. Changes in direction and tempo and even in ultimate purpose are bound to be made as this or that section of the program proves unworkable or unpopular. Until a more definite pattern has developed and results of measurable weight have appeared, it would seem the better part of wisdom to refrain from formulating anything resembling a definitive criticism of Mr. Roosevelt and the New Deal. Indeed, so rapidly has the scene been changing that it would probably be better to leave the task of criticism to the journalists.

The first of the three frankly sympathetic studies here under consideration is, of course, journalism rather than scholarly criticism. Mr. Lindley presents an exceedingly friendly though at all times sober review of the first six or seven months of the Roosevelt Administration. His is essentially a recapitulation of well-known facts and interpretations concerning the New Deal—"A History of the New Deal," according to his own subtitle—but he imparts a number of personal, human touches and relates a number of little-known facts which, together with the freshness and coherence of his style, make his study something substantially more than a mere rehash of newspaper clippings. Mr. Lindley endeavors at all times to be fair—to the Republicans by giving them credit for such little good as they did achieve while they were in office, to Mr. Roosevelt by not attributing to him certain superlative qualities which the man clearly does not possess. One could wish that Mr. Lindley had brushed up on his foreign policy and his economics before writing this book. His knowledge of the history and fundamentals of American foreign policy is perhaps equal to that of the average Washington correspondent, which is saying very little; and he appears to have swallowed whole the economic theories which the miscalled "liberal" wing of the Administration has been putting forward.

M. Fay's work is really a diagnosis of the American temperament and an exposition of the clever manner in which Mr. Roosevelt has taken advantage of that temperament. According to M. Fay, the American people are at their best when facing a crisis, and therefore Mr. Roosevelt, "in order to obtain complete power and to win the sympathy of the whole nation, took care not to spare them the abrupt shock of reality" when the banking structure collapsed last March. M. Fay knows the American people and he knows American history. Best of all, perhaps, he knows Franklin Roosevelt, of whom he has given us a character sketch much more real and convincing than that presented in Mr. Lindley's study.

Messrs. Beard and Smith, at work on a comprehensive survey of American policy, needed an outline of the legislation enacted to date under the Roosevelt Administration. This out-

line or draft report has been printed under the title given above. It is without question the best factual digest of New Deal legislation available to date. The authors seek neither to appraise the Roosevelt Administration as a whole nor to dispute any of its theories or contentions, but merely to weigh and understand such laws as it has caused to be enacted. "The Future Comes" has little spice but much meat; indeed, much more meat than is to be found in either of the other two volumes.

MAURITZ A. HALLGREN

Shorter Notices

Ah King. By W. Somerset Maugham. Doubleday, Doran and Company. \$2.50.

Ah King was the name of a Chinese boy who accompanied Mr. Maugham as a servant on a trip through the Malay Peninsula, a trip which provided the material for these six stories of white officialdom. Despite an annoying indifference to train time Ah King was an admirable servant, efficient and wholly impersonal. It was his unexpected tears at parting which moved Mr. Maugham to use his name as a book title. This is the only display of such sentiment in the stories. Murder and incest, a nasty example of complacent cowardice, a nastier incident of the stupid peril of innocence, are treated with the same detachment as a rogue's improbable reform and a cuckold husband's first step toward wisdom. It is a suave, sleek method. When a story fails as *The Vessel of Wrath* does, it is the validity of the material which may be questioned and not the way it is handled. *The Door of Opportunity* succeeds because the balance between character and incident is recorded with a certainty and ease that make the narrative tense and exhilarating. If the author allows himself no feeling, neither does he indulge in the more intellectual sport of cynicism. This prohibits, of course, any great dramatic qualities or any satire. But Mr. Maugham, with disarming self-confidence in his truly acute powers of observation and in his technical skill, never attempts to produce more than exciting exhibitions of human behavior.

The Eugenic Predicament. By S. J. Holmes. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$2.

An apter title for this book would be "A Eugenist's Predicament," for it reflects a biologist's vacillations between his loyalty to science and his allegiance to a cult. The result is a curious hodge-podge of fact and myth, of scientifically validated conclusions and unsubstantiated prejudices. The author at first graciously concedes many of the contentions of the critics of eugenics. Then with complete sang-froid he ignores these doubts while he parades the hoary, often-refuted eugenic chestnuts, and like a faithful missionary reasserts his faith in the eugenic theology. He acknowledges, for example, that insanity is not a definite clinical entity, but this does not deter him from presenting evidence treating it as such, to support his belief that insanity should be attributed to "bad heredity." He sees no incongruity in the eugenic creed that under capitalism occupational status is closely related to native ability, postulating, particularly for this country, that opportunity exists for unrestricted mobility from class to class for those "endowed with intelligence and ambition." Consequently he is agitated about differential fertility, fearing that the high birth-rate of the poor, who are to him synonymous with the biologically inferior, and the low birth-rate of the financially successful, to him superior stock, are leading to the deterioration of the race. This phobia obsesses him as it does all the eugenists, in spite of the fact that where contraceptive information is made available to the masses the birth-rate of all classes tends to be equalized and the difference in birth-rate may thus be regarded as a temporary one. The

birth-rate of the industrial workers of Stockholm since the World War, for instance, is even lower than that of the bourgeoisie, and in Bremen there has been a relatively greater decline in the birth-rate among workers than among the wealthy and the middle classes. A clue to the set of the author's mind is given in a passing reference in which, with condescending joviality, he dismisses criticisms of the Nordic myth as products of the defense mechanism of Jewish anthropologists.

Rabble in Arms. By Kenneth Roberts. Doubleday, Doran and Company. \$2.50.

"*Rabble in Arms*" is a sequel to "*Arundel*," and carries the fortunes of two Yankee soldiers through the northern campaign of the Revolutionary War. It is solid, unreflective historical romancing—870 pages—in the manner of Scott, with the medieval glamor replaced by an American variety—redolence of rum and frying pork, wood smoke, pine forests, painted Indians. There is a veneer of realism in the treatment of the Revolutionary army, but nothing that should prevent the novel from becoming collateral reading in the public schools.

Victoria. By Arthur Ponsonby. Great Lives Series. The Macmillan Company. 75 cents.

The author does not use the narrative method; he writes his little book as a series of essays: *The Queen and Her Ministers*, *The Queen and Foreign Affairs*, *The Queen and the Empire*, *The Queen's Husband*, etc. The advantage of the method is that a large volume of information can be conveniently handled; the disadvantage that it makes for less fluent reading than continuous narrative provides. Lord Ponsonby's portrait of Victoria is competent but hardly more.

The Dance

The Monte Carlo Ballet Russe

THE Monte Carlo Ballet Russe, which will give performances at the St. James Theater through January, presents a group of talented young dancers under the direction of Leonide Massine of the glamorous Diaghileff Ballet. The company also includes Woizikovsky, Dolin, and Danilova of the same famous group which America first saw in 1916.

The first ballet of the opening program, "*La Concurrence*," at once made it clear that the century-and-a-half-old art of the Russian ballet is alive to the spirit of our time, and is capable of adapting its technique even to the unlimited naturalism of André Derain, the French painter, who was the author and designer of this humorous ballet. A simple story of two competing tailors serves to bring to the stage a variety of excitable French townsmen; and the choreography of George Balanchine is fresh, animated, and highly amusing throughout. The humor was enhanced by a bit of classical ballet danced by a group in tarlatan skirts of the "tutu" or lampshade era. Credit must be given to the admirable coordination of the group as a whole and to the accomplished and exquisite performance of the fifteen-year-old dancer Toumanova. Woizikovsky displayed the inexhaustible possibilities of bodily gesture. The music of Georges Auric, like the ballet, was contemporary in spirit but lived a far less successful life of its own.

The chief number of the evening was "*Les Presages*," Leonide Massine's translation into choreography of Tchaikovsky's Fifth Symphony, with décor by André Masson. Its structure approaches Diaghileff's dream of a synthesis in ballet form of the plastic, musical, and pictorial arts. But the dream remains unrealized. Perhaps the weakness lies in Massine's de-

liberate division of the symphony into four elaborate and disconnected scenes, or perhaps in the difficulties that symphonic music in general presents to the medium of the dance. Moreover, if André Masson's strident décor symbolized in a way the desperate conflict between destiny and man, the simplification of the stylized costumes came close to the banal, while the acid greens and garish purples distracted the attention from the perfect correlation of music and dance. In consequence, the ballet did no more than afford an opportunity for some astonishing dancing, marked by brilliant precision, beauty, and intelligence.

As a finale, in contrast to "*Les Presages*," came "*Le Beau Danube*," arranged from the music of Johann Strauss. No philosophical pretension here, only the smooth, graceful choreography of the versatile Massine, rich with midinette gaiety and hussar nonchalance.

So the influence of the genius, Serge Diaghileff, continues. His followers claim that they have resurrected his great work. They do utilize his technique and his idea of correlating the arts. But the Diaghileff ballet in its pioneering stage was a powerful movement, raising and solving problems of aesthetics, while the Monte Carlo group shows none of this turbulent creative spirit.

What is generally known abroad as the Ballet Russe is, of course, the Russian ballet as Diaghileff and Fokine developed it. The old Imperial Ballet was quite different. Only the technique was the same. The Diaghileff ballet, with its emotional significance, color, and freedom of movement, constituted a revolution against the coldly perfect Imperial Ballet, which was static and stylized, quite devoid of emotional content, and designed only for the expression of intricate choreographic patterns. The upheavals and aspirations of the years 1905-07 reached the ivory tower of the ballet and spurred the two romantic rebels, Fokine and Diaghileff, to create new forms. Needless to say, they met with stubborn resistance from an audience content with visual illusions. Fokine won his battle only after his triumph in Europe. Diaghileff went into voluntary exile to develop and express the potential qualities of Russian dancers and painters. Both, however, maintained the superb technique of the Imperial Ballet, which is evident in the dancing of the Monte Carlo group; and in Soviet Russia the State Ballet has also preserved this same technique, which has proved adaptable to the new and vastly different rhythms, themes, ideas, and feelings of a collective society.

LYDIA NADEJENA

Music

Orpheus in New York

THE two performances by the New York Symphony Orchestra, under the direction of Nikolai Sokoloff, establish this organization as a valuable adjunct to the city's musical resources. The men seem to have been made particularly at home in music of a somewhat pensive quality, such as the Symphony in B Flat by Ernest Chausson, a secularly meditative pupil of the religiously meditative César Franck; the groans, sighs, and upward-reachings of Strauss's *Death and Transfiguration*; the more sentiment-loving moments of Brahms's Fourth Symphony; and Debussy's *Blessed Damsel*. In their choice of contemporary numbers, however, they are not happy.

The Debussy number—for soprano, contralto, chorus of frail women's voices, and orchestra—reminded us of the "Po-escape" aesthetic which underlies the entire nineteenth-century genius of music. By this we mean the poet's intention to leave us with the mood he has imposed upon us. The work would

provide no "formal release" for undoing what it had done to us. It would give us a realm of purgatorial moodiness to which there is a "way in" but no "way out," much as though one were to hypnotize a man and leave it at that, relying upon his own natural resistance for the restoration of his non-hypnotic temper. One devises the formula for the production of a spell; in Debussy's case, we are asked to acquiesce in a melancholy, an almost too Orphic "invitation," which can make us understand why even so musical a writer as Plato would have banished the softnesses of music from his Republic.

Where fit this art of wizardry into the ideals of a so-called "scientific" age? Our own conjecture is somewhat roundabout. It is that, since the quality of sound does have an intense capacity for the eliciting of emotional response (if one cares so to employ it), any marked extension of the expressive medium may lead correspondingly into marginal or exceptional states of consciousness. Hence, even devices discovered through sheer inventiveness, nimbleness, and curiosity may turn the sincere devotee toward remoter fields of imagination and sensibility, rare modalities of feeling that go with the rare modalities of tone. The inventor who, like an ancient alchemist, had begun by experimenting with his medium, is found in the end to have experimented upon himself and his fellows!

In any case, though much of contemporary music is but a new kind of parlor composition, a new kind of display piece in which dissonance and irregularity of rhythm happen to take the place occupied by trills, arpeggios, cadenzas, and runs in an earlier age, Debussy would go only so far as the emotions unmistakably followed. The result is not an industrious divertissement in new sound; it is religious enchantment, the suasive strategy of a magician, mournful formulas of a faith which is without the solidity of dogma, and perhaps wisely left vague. When hearing a work so thoroughly an embodiment of the romantic ideal—wherein the partial or exceptional or even dangerous experience is made, by lyric simplification and extension, to serve as the whole—we may ask ourselves whether the composer relies upon a certain lethargy or recalcitrance on the part of his audience, trusting that they will not really be convinced, but will lend themselves merely, will suspend their resistance only for the duration of the work, as with the story by Poe. And when recalling Thomas Mann's many tributes to the influence which Wagner exerted upon him, particularly the cumbrously beautiful reminiscences in his recent volume "Past Masters," we realize that these unresolved spells really can persist, that there have actually been "Northern wizards" surviving among us all these many centuries after the Druidic lore had supposedly vanished. As for the final act of liberation, the admonition "When I clap my hands and say 'awake' you will awaken," in the Poe aesthetic this "release" is purposely omitted—and the history of our first Wagnerites is the history of men whose hypnotic subjection to the master remained with them throughout their lives. Opera, as perfected during the nineteenth century, aimed to expand a rare moodiness, an exceptional exaltation, to the point where it served as an entire *Weltanschauung*, a philosophy of living. And perhaps the tendency of many modern composers to turn from opera to ballet, with its more mechanistic patterns, represents in a large part the attempt to reaffirm standards more in keeping with the ideals of "science." Yet the ballet itself continually reverts to the production of operatic moods—of emotional suasion as distinct from sheer intellectual maneuvers—possibly because of the fact that new forms of tonal and rhythmic imagination will tend to produce a corresponding readjustment in the qualities of our response. And thus it happens that, concomitantly with the "century of progress," when "pure science" and "disinterested mind" became the password, the Liszt-Wagner-Debussy devices of allurement were perfected.

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LET 'EM EAT CAKE. Imperial Theater. Sequel to "Of Thee I Sing," with Victor Moore and the other stars in continuations of their former roles. Very funny in spots but marred by a good deal of lost motion.

MARY OF SCOTLAND. Alvin Theater. Superb performances by Helen Hayes and Philip Merivale in a play by Maxwell Anderson. A great success though I found myself less moved than I should have been.

MEN IN WHITE. Broadhurst Theater. The problems of a young doctor made into a surprisingly moving and absorbing play. Thanks to a superb production by the Group Theater it becomes one of the two current offerings which no one can afford to miss.

PEACE ON EARTH. Civic Repertory Theater. Rather flat-footed propaganda against capitalist war. Much liked by those who like that sort of thing.

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THE PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS. Avon Theater. Historical farce-comedy centering about the pleasant old New England custom of bundling. Spicy, impudent, and genuinely amusing.

THE SCHOOL FOR HUSBANDS. Empire Theater. Arthur Guiterman and Lawrence Langner make a picturesque and flippant adaptation of Molière's "The School for Husbands." There is much difference of opinion concerning its merits as entertainment but I found it charming and funny, as well as not too far from the spirit of the original author. With June Walker and Osgood Perkins.

TOBACCO ROAD. Masque Theater. Grotesquely humorous treatment of human degeneracy as exemplified by the poor whites of Georgia, with a remarkable performance by Henry Hull. Not recommended to the squeamish.

rary music recently furnished at the New School for Social Research. First was a Sonata for Piano, by Isador Freed, played by the composer—energetic playing, a steady attack of sound, manifesting that "manliness" which is still welcome for all that it comes easy to the piano. The work was more in the virtuoso concert manner than is the rule with American music. Next came Angels, by Carl Ruggles, for six flutes. Originally scored for muted trumpets, and also arranged for strings, it seems to have found in flutes the instrument that would wholly reinforce its "angelic" quality, at least in so far as flutes go up. In fact, they can even go up so buoyantly that one might call for something very heavy to hold them down, as when listening to Henry Brant's Concerto for Flute on the same program, since the soloist, Georges Barrère, was accompanied by nothing other than ten more flutes. Within the work there was much attempt at change, the first movement being in a tempo mainly slow, and the second given to a scherzo-like fluctuancy of mood. At least, that was the avowed intention—but the noticeability of the instruments prevailed above all else, making it a flutiness i' the extreme. Wallingford Riegger's Trio for Harp, Flute, and Cello, given the same evening by Carlos Salzedos, Georges Barrère, and Horace Britt, offered a well-balanced assortment of textures; a plucking, a whistle, and a buzz evidently make for a good distribution of sound in which the destiny of the composer's themes, as they go from voice to voice, can be easily followed. We should also mention a pleasurable display piece, Carlos Salzedo's Sonata for Harp and Piano, starring the harp and ending with a short coda-like procession that began faintly, grew strong, and slowly vanished. Of all the concerts given this season at the New School, this one was certainly the most noteworthy as regards the general quality of the performance. We should remember, from earlier concerts, the Quartet Number Four of Bela Bartok, played by the Brosa String Quartet—its first movement of sharp scraping; its second *con sordino*, tiny, intricate, like gossamer, partly because muted strings sound that way and partly because the music itself was swift and light; the third ponderous and sustained; the fourth *pizzicato*, with everything picked out; the fifth "conservative" of all that had gone before. Throughout, the performers conveyed the great authoritativeness of this composer. He finds many ways of keeping all his instruments going steadily about their business, all asserting themselves and not merely "helping out." One felt here the work of a skilled rhetorician, who could embark upon varied kinds of discourse with confidence. In closing we should also recall the String Quartet, by Ruth Crawford. Like those disturbances of attention which seem sometimes to manifest themselves as *Ideenflucht* (or flight of ideas) and at other times as *idée fixe*, her music had its moments when the voices were widely scattered and others when they clung to their discoveries with an almost angry tenacity, determined to remember it, to dwell upon it, to let nothing separate them from it. Thus particularly toward the end, when dissonance was abandoned and in its stead we got an insistent climbing and descending of scales which, if my memory and observation are correct, was done almost wholly in unison. Might one call this composer the Marianne Moore of music, having in mind thereby that great precision of statement, the epigrammatic quality, which distinguishes Miss Moore's verse? Again, as with Miss Moore's verse, this is not ease-music: it is feminine, but it is the caustic aspect of femininity.

Among forthcoming items to which one might look forward, we should mention the six concerts in a "Contemporary Chamber Music Festival," to be presented by the Roth Quartet at intervals beginning January 22. This quartet promises New York audiences an opportunity to hear several important works by contemporary American and European composers.

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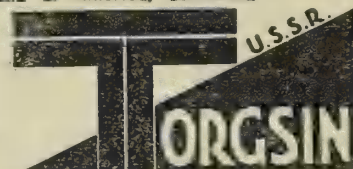
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NO satire on the dramatic critic and his activity ever ends without some reference to his habit of concluding his reviews with the remark that Mr. So-and-so, as the hero, was adequate. For once, moreover, satire corresponds with fact, and there are several reasons why even the most voluble commentator usually breaks down when faced with the necessity of saying something about the average performance of the average play. One reason is that he cannot know very much about acting for the simple reason that most of his experience has been in a theater which affords almost no opportunity for comparing the interpretations of two performers in the same role. Another reason is that acting, as genuine interpretative art, hardly exists in America today. There are literally hundreds of "types" from whom a casting director with a good memory and an exhaustive card index can choose someone more or less fitted by nature to represent any particular contemporary character. There are also a score or more of men and women either sufficiently handsome or sufficiently gifted with a spectacular personality to attract the interest of an audience and thus to rate as "stars." But I doubt if it would be possible to find a dozen performers of either sex who are capable of forming for themselves an original conception of a character in a play and of projecting that conception in such a way as to give the spectator an insight which another performer would have failed to give.

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After ten years of professional playgoing I can still count on my fingers the occasions when the adjective "adequate" did not say pretty much all that could honestly be said, or when we actually got a genuine interpretation made by a performer who knew what he was doing and who achieved an effect by the practice of a genuine art, instead of either blundering into it or—what is more usual in the case of stars—simply behaving in the manner which the audience had come to expect of him. Nearly four years ago Eva Le Gallienne gave a performance of Juliet which ought to have been praised even more than it was because it broke with a sugary tradition and created a believable character by presenting Shakespeare's heroine as a strong, impetuous, almost ruthless girl. Two years ago Romney Brent transformed a crude "nance" part in "The Warrior's Husband" into something to be remembered—and for his pains got mentioned as second in importance to an attractive girl with a good figure who was thereupon catapulted into stardom. Last year Leslie Adams in "Good-Bye Again" was given a role which consisted of few words and nothing much to do except to sit and wait, but by sheer force of his comic intelligence he made the whole play turn about him almost as much as it did about the nominal hero. There are other cases, of course, but there are not very many of them.

It so happens that the present season has been particularly rich in good performances—which means that three actors have earned for themselves the right to be taken seriously as interpretative artists. The first is J. Edward Bromberg, whose playing of the old doctor in "Men in White" is even more the result of a genuine power of interpretation than one is likely to realize unless one has seen him in another part—that, for example, of the love-sick merchant in "Big Night." The second is Osgood Perkins in "The School for Husbands," and the third is Henry Hull in "Tobacco Road." Mr. Perkins is perhaps the only actor except Romney Brent who has shown himself to be really at home in artificial comedy, where a consistent, non-realistic style must be created. Mr. Hull gives a performance which for completeness, for the integration of voice and gait and gesture, has not often been equaled in recent years. They deserve a greater reward than they are likely to get in our theater, and the least we can do is to point them out as exceptions to the rule that "adequate" is really adequate to describe a performance.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

[Mr. Troy's regular column of film criticism, which is unavoidably left out of this issue, will appear as usual next week.]

Contributors to This Issue

JAMES RORTY will publish this spring a book on advertising entitled "Advertising—Not to Praise."

JOHN STRACHEY is the author of "The Coming Struggle for Power" and "The Menace of Fascism."

MARGARET GREEN taught for three months in an Anglo-American school in Moscow and lived in a Zavod, twenty persons occupying three rooms.

LINCOLN REIS, a graduate student in philosophy at Columbia University, is engaged in research in medieval logic.

EDA LOU WALTON, associate professor of English at Washington Square College, New York University, is the author of "Jane Matthew and Other Poems."

MELVILLE J. HERSKOVITS is in the department of anthropology at Northwestern University.

CARLETON BEALS is the author of "Porfirio Díaz," "The Mexican Maze," and "The Crime of Cuba."



The Nation

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Contents

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS	57
EDITORIALS:	
Told in Billions	59
A Needed Amendment	60
Mr. Sullivan Bores from Without	61
A Sea Tradition	62
ISSUES AND MEN. THE SENATE PROGRESSIVES' DILEMMA.	
By Oswald Garrison Villard	63
GERMAN WRITERS SAY "YES." By Herbert Solow	64
THE MINISTER AND THE DEPRESSION. By Hubert Herring	66
AMERICAN DIPLOMACY IN CUBA. By Carleton Beals	68
YOUTH MEETS IN WASHINGTON. By Selden Rodman	70
BIG NEWS COMES TO RUSSIA. By Milly Bennett	72
IN THE DRIFTWAY. By the Drifter	73
CORRESPONDENCE	73
CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE	76
BOOKS, DRAMA, FILMS:	
Declamation. By Willard Maas	77
Jakob Wassermann. By Joseph Wood Krutch	77
Abstract Woman. By Mark Van Doren	78
A Stubborn Politician. By Louis M. Hacker	78
"Spider of the Escorial." By Arthur P. Whitaker	79
Stalin and World Revolution. By Louis Fischer	79
Shooting Straight to Glory. By Caroline Gordon	80
Drama: Miss Hepburn and "The Lake." By Joseph Wood Krutch	81
Films: "Lot in Sodom." By William Troy	82

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THE SUPREME COURT, as "Mr. Dooley" once astutely remarked, follows the election returns. Sometimes, of course, it is a good many years behind them, but by and large it has bowed to the public will in interpreting the federal Constitution during the century and a half of that document's existence. Obviously it has had to. Otherwise we should have had to scrap the Constitution or government would have had to cease to be a living organism. In reading the judgment of the court on the Minnesota law establishing a moratorium on foreclosures of mortgages, we feel that Chief Justice Hughes, supported by Justices Brandeis, Stone, Roberts, and Cardozo, has bowed to the inevitable rather than expounded the certain. The minority opinion—by Justices Sutherland, Van Devanter, McReynolds, and Butler—is an impressive statement of cold logic, but must be discarded for what Justice Hughes aptly calls "the protection of a basic interest of society." Had the Minnesota statute stood alone, the court might have upheld the letter of the Constitution and thrown out the law, but with our whole recovery legislation hanging by the same thread the path of necessity was plain. It is fortunate for the country—and for the court—that the Minnesota law has been upheld, but the circumstances must increase the amazement of all thinking persons at a system whereby policy vital to 120,000,000 people depends upon a five-to-four vote among nine men.

IN HIS SPEECH at the Woodrow Wilson dinner on December 28 President Roosevelt paid eloquent tribute to the desire of the peoples of the world for peace. Governments make war, he said; peoples fight wars against their will. He asked an agreement among nations to eliminate offensive weapons and a declaration that "no nation will permit any of its armed forces to cross its own borders into the territory of another nation." Evidently Mr. Roosevelt is concerned with war on the land. On the sea it is another matter. For in his new budget he asked an appropriation of \$53,819,000 for continued work on fifteen cruisers now being built and for the laying down of the last of the 10,000-ton cruisers permitted under the London naval treaty—an increase of \$1,622,000 over the navy budget for last year. An additional \$2,700,000 was provided to increase the navy's enlisted strength by 3,000 men, and another million dollars was added to bring the fleet into the Atlantic from the Pacific next spring and to return it next fall. All this is on top of \$238,000,000 of public-works funds turned over to the navy by executive order some months ago. The President is acquiring a reputation for courage; he is said to be a man who will try anything once, no matter how unpopular it may be, if it appears to be worth while. What if the President in his budget speech had said: "The \$53,819,000 asked by the navy will be used instead for relief to the workers thrown out of jobs by the abandonment of our cruiser-construction program. We have no use for more cruisers. We, both government and people, want peace, not war"? The big-navy hornets would have been about his ears, sure enough, but we venture to guess that they would have been unnoticed in the deafening chorus of applause from his countrymen.

THERE is so much to commend in the report on Philippine independence just made by a committee sponsored by the Foreign Policy Association and the World Peace Foundation that Mr. Roosevelt might well accept it as a program to be presented to Congress. The Hare-Hawes-Cutting act has been rejected by the Philippine legislature and is so objectionable in this country to all believers in common decency that it ought to be regarded as permanently in the discard. The unofficial committee now reporting agrees on two points which must be embodied in any reasonable bill: first, the date of independence must be definitely set, and, second, it must be far enough ahead to allow for proper preparation and a gradual transition. It is suggested that American sovereignty terminate at the end of ten years, subject to the conclusion of an international neutralization agreement, and that responsible local government should begin at once. The committee rightly regards neutralization as an essential condition of independence, saying:

The committee regards the possession of the Philippines by the United States as a definite liability. But . . . any withdrawal from the Philippines, without taking safeguards to prevent the islands from falling into the hands of any foreign Power, would be as unjust to the Filipino people as withdrawal prompted solely by a desire to increase the profits of certain American producers.

Tariffs and regulation of immigration are, of course, two old difficulties. The committee advises fifteen years of moderate duties on the part of both countries. "If it is deemed necessary for the United States to protect domestic beet-sugar production," it says, "such protection should take the form of a direct aid from the American government, such as a processing tax." The way to handle immigration, it is suggested, would be through a quota.

WHEN HITLER came to power the Protestant churches, in obedience to the call for "coordination," united to form a single great national church, the *Reichskirche*. The new regime seemed to have successfully surmounted the conflicts that had divided the evangelical sects. As the Reich had one Chancellor, so the church had its Reichsbishop; the states had their bishops as they had their *Stathalter*, or vice-regents. Corresponding to the Reich cabinet, the church had its Clerical Ministry, and what the National Socialist Party was in the state, the German Christians movement became for the church. But this union brought no unity; in this corporate church antagonisms were more bitter than they had been before. A few weeks ago the directorate of the German Christians ousted the directorate of the Berlin churches, and had itself to resign a few days later because of the storm of protest that arose. Storm troopers were sent to the centers of greatest disaffection and clergymen were arrested in Stettin, Greiz, Breslau, Leipzig, and Hamburg. But without avail. The Clerical Ministry resigned and the Third Reich met with its first political defeat. Reichsbishop Müller, Hitler's personal appointee, now offered to make concessions: clergymen would be exempted from the Aryan law; Hossenfelder, the director of the German Christians, a Nazi fanatic, would be withdrawn and the theological faculties would enjoy greater freedom. For a short time all seemed peaceful, but the German Christians continued their underground propaganda against accepted creeds and for the half-pagan, half-Christian sort of Wotan worship with which the Nazi government hopes to restore to its people pride of race and nationality.

ON SUNDAY, January 7, the Reichsbishop undertook a second and more vigorous offensive. A religious ceremony attended by a thousand children was stopped and the pastors were arrested. The government threatened to suspend all opposition clergymen who should dare to read in their churches the protest of the Pastors' Emergency Federation, an organization consisting of 6,000 Protestant clergymen, and ordered the reinstatement in the regulations of the church of the suspended Aryan paragraph. These measures showed that the Nazis were determined on a fight to the finish. It is possible that the announcements of Cardinals Faulhaber (Munich) and Bertram (Breslau) that they would support the fight of their Protestant colleagues had something to do with this change of front. National Socialist leaders saw in the protests of these dignitaries of German Catholicism against a "pagan hierarchy" the return of the officially dissolved Centrist Party.

DESPITE Mayor LaGuardia's repeated assertion that he is out of politics, it is a pretty game of politics that is being played by him and Governor Lehman. Nor is this said with any disrespect to the Mayor of New York City, for he

has shown himself not only the better strategist but the more disinterested public servant. On January 2 Mr. LaGuardia laid before the Board of Estimate a bill to be submitted to the legislature allocating to himself plenary powers for the reorganization of the city government and the rehabilitation of its finances. He asked for these powers, some of which would contravene the city charter, on the ground that there was a financial emergency, the city being without necessary funds to carry out its commitments for relief, and being unable to meet the demand for a balanced budget by February 1 which would make possible a federal loan of \$23,000,000. The financial emergency was to be met by economy, by elimination of unnecessary jobs, and by a compulsory furlough without pay for teachers, firemen, and policemen—specifically exempted from the general reorganization—and other city employees with a few definite exceptions. The Board of Estimate accepted the bill in a resolution which cut the time limit from two years to about eight months, making the Mayor's new powers terminate on October 1, 1934.

MAYOR LAGUARDIA announced that he would himself present the bill to the legislature, but before he had time to do so, Governor Lehman entered the scene with a strongly worded letter to the Mayor which he made public before Mr. LaGuardia had a chance to read it. The Governor, having sat silent during the Walker administration, the Seabury inquiry, and the final acts of the O'Brien administration, which safely salted away as many city jobs as possible for the deserving boys of Tammany Hall, now found himself gravely exercised over what he termed the proposals for a dictatorship made by Mayor LaGuardia. Moreover, although he himself was present at the negotiations between the city and its creditors, the bankers, last November, when the latter laid down the very stringent terms on which they would make further loans to the city, he denied that a financial emergency existed and declared that "the city of New York, if efficiently administered, should have better credit than it has had for years." He did not, however, point out just how this efficient administration could be worked out with the existing Board of Aldermen, controlled by Tammany Hall, possessing both the determination and the power to block every proposal for financial reorganization which would deprive the Hall of any part of its share of the spoils. In reply to this the Mayor first declared that he would accept any plan which would give him the power to balance the city's budget, and then, with the utmost good temper, reasserted the existence of the financial emergency, denied that he sought dictatorial powers for himself, since the acts of the city were subject to review by the legislature, and pointed out that talk of dictatorship was idle since the city had just ended sixteen years of political dictatorship which had drained its financial resources and laid on the taxpayers burdens which they were unable to meet.

THE MOST TELLING POINT in Mr. LaGuardia's reply was that he would "take any plan that will give me a balanced budget." This should dispose of his alleged ambitions to be a dictator. His next step, presumably, will be one of compromise, and he could not do better than to ask for the powers proposed in his bill for himself and the Board of Estimate together. (If he had done so in the first place, the Governor might well have countered by another

compromise which insisted on the concurrence of the Board of Aldermen!) It is hard to see what objection Governor Lehman can make to this without bringing down on his head accusations of being determined to save Tammany at all costs. The citizens of New York thought well enough of Mr. LaGuardia to elect him Mayor by a comfortable majority. It would be a sad irony if they did not think well enough of him two months later to permit him the opportunity to rescue them from the fix in which they were placed by the government they repudiated. Evidence of sweeping approval of the Mayor's plan on the part of the city as a whole would do much to convince the Governor and the legislature of its desirability.

WITH THE START of the new year the commonwealth of Pennsylvania and Governor Gifford Pinchot embarked upon a liquor experiment which it is to be hoped will be successful. One hundred of the contemplated 240 State liquor stores opened their doors, in the face of a mud-slinging campaign by the Philadelphia and Pittsburgh liquor interests that once used to buy and sell the State legislature. Prices are higher, because of taxes, than those prevailing in the Canadian provincial commissaries, but lower than those in neighboring New Jersey, where liquor can be bought in cigar stores, chain groceries, and department stores. The expected rush to New Jersey, where swinging doors, bars, and brass rails are still in vogue, has failed to materialize, and Pennsylvanians are doing their drinking either at home or in restaurants and hotels. Meanwhile, Michigan's State liquor stores have also opened, Ohio is stocking 250 State stores, Montana has declared a State liquor monopoly, Oregon, Washington, Iowa, Mississippi, and Wyoming are considering doing likewise, and the New York legislature at this session will have before it a plan to manufacture liquor as well as sell it. Virginia is looking with favorable eyes upon a State dispensary plan. Most other States have barred the saloon and adopted rigid forms of control. Gradually, out of the chaos into which repeal thrust them, liquor laws of varying excellence are being evolved.

THE EDITORS OF *THE NATION* salute the editors of the weekly *New Masses* and wish them well—or at least as well as possible short of the immediate establishment of the Communist state, which would in all probability mean the disestablishment of *The Nation*. The *New Masses* program is to support "the militant sections of the working class, the living core of which is the Communist Party." It will fight "against imperialist war, against fascism, evictions, hunger and wage cuts, lynchings and oppression of the Negro people." Modesty forbids *The Nation* to state how many of these causes have been its causes also; this is a note of congratulation, not the beginning of an argument. The *New Masses* for January 2 begins with a series of editorial paragraphs on the news, which are followed by longer editorials; then come, among others, an article by John Strachey, a cartoon by Art Young, an article on the Reichstag trial, what editors know as an "off" piece by John Dos Passos, a Washington dispatch about Congress, and a diverting correspondence between Josephine Herbst and Bruce Bliven of the *New Republic*. Book reviews follow, and articles on art, the theater, the films, and music. It will be seen that in make-up the *New Masses* is not radically different

from, say—*The Nation*! In tone, of course, it is and will be. Since it supports and believes in the Communist Party, the *New Masses* has the good fortune to know exactly where it is going, what it wants, and how it plans to get it. This is an estimable position compared to that of an editor who sees the future less clearly and the past less narrowly. But a paper that sets itself up as a lively and intelligent champion of an even newer deal than the New Deal deserves a lot of readers. To this extent, *The Nation* wishes the *New Masses* well!

Told in Billions

AN outlay of ten and a half billion dollars in the year ending June 30 and a deficit of more than seven billion; an additional outlay of almost six and a half billion in the next fiscal year resulting in an additional deficit of just under two billion; a total spending of some seventeen billion by the time the next fiscal year is up (in June, 1935) and a total deficit of some nine billion—this, in brief, is the budget which President Roosevelt has presented to the country. It means, in equally abbreviated terms, that the government will have to raise ten billions in the next six months—to meet the deficit and the refinancing or liquidation of past obligations. It means also that the national debt—which remained almost unchanged at less than two billions for many years up to 1916, which jumped to more than twenty-six billions in 1919, which fell to sixteen billions in 1930, and which rose to about twenty-four billions in 1933—will reach nearly thirty billions by the end of this June. If we include the probable guaranty by the government of the principal of the farm- and home-mortgage bonds, the debt will be increased by June, 1935, to nearly thirty-six billions.

When these unimaginable figures were announced, the country gasped. Then, with commendable nerve and optimism, it braced itself to accept the idea of expenditures, deficits, and debts of almost astronomical dimensions. After all, in order to climb out of an unprecedented depression, a country must be prepared to use unprecedented measures—provided, of course, that the measures work. This view of the President's program was summed up by Arthur Krock in the *New York Times*:

Estimates, broad but not considered fantastic, have placed the national income at ninety billion dollars for the year 1929 and at fifty billion dollars in a normal year. To spend one-ninth or one-seventh of the 1929 income or one-fifth of the country's normal income in order to restore normal economic conditions for a long period of time would not seem wasteful to most people.

The ease with which the average citizen has adjusted himself has been the greater, perhaps, for the reason that the main burden of repayment of these recovery debts is put off to a later and presumably a better year. His taxes will not now be appreciably higher; and when they do go up, eventually they must if the debt is to be reduced, he is willing to believe that, if industry revives as the President promises, he will be able to meet them with considerably less anguish. Americans, despite the horrid warnings of the past few years, are not afraid of future burdens. It is the weight of past obligations that depresses them; and these, they be-

lieve, will be relieved by the money that the new budget promises will flow from the government treasury into their empty pockets.

Granting the general theory behind the Administration's recovery program, the need of these vast expenditures is beyond argument. The government has staked everything on one great chance—that industry will resume normal activity if credit is eased and the buying power of the people is increased. To this end it has tried to raise the lowest level of wages to a level at least of minimum subsistence; it has put several million men to work either in industry or on made employment; it has paid out many millions of dollars in direct relief; it has attempted to reduce the debts of farm and home owners and to raise farm prices. To this end it has also already poured money to the amount of some two billion dollars, mostly in the form of loans, into banks and railway companies and agriculture. None of these activities can be curtailed while the emergency remains acute. One may argue the advisability of this measure or that—we believe, for example, that more money should go into direct relief and public works and less into loans to industry and banks and railways—but one must admit that together they represent a fairly consistent effort. The government is priming the pump on the assumption that the pump will work. This is its great gamble, and to pour in seventeen billions is surely not extreme, in comparison with the outpouring of goods and wages and profits that is presently expected as a result.

Our doubts are all centered on the President's confidence in this result. Will recovery begin as briskly and proceed as steadily as Mr. Roosevelt hopes? Even if the pump is sound and enough water remains at the bottom of the well, it seems to us that greater improvements are looked for within the next few months than the events of the past few months give reasons for anticipating. The budget allots almost four billion dollars to the RFC for this year's expenses, but it calls for no further appropriation in the following year; instead, a refund of \$480,000,000 is expected. The expenditure for public works in the two years will be kept well within the three billions already appropriated by Congress. The amounts allotted for relief are left vague; some will come out of RFC appropriations, some presumably from funds now listed as for undesignated needs. The whole outlay is based on an expectation that business will pick up from its present level of 67—using the average of 1923-25 as the basis of calculation—to 80 in the coming year and to 98 in the year after. If business fails to react according to specifications and the President consequently faces the need of another vast emergency budget, the probability of currency inflation becomes almost a certainty.

Even if recovery proceeds at the rate anticipated, the danger of inflation in the face of such unparalleled debts remains acute. It took eleven post-war years to reduce the national debt something more than ten billion dollars; and the depression caught us with some seven billions of war-time indebtedness still hanging around our necks. If 1935 brings back even the moderate prosperity of 1925, we may have some fifteen billion more dollars to pay back than we had ten years previously—on the same income. To carry the interest charges on this increased debt and reduce it to even a pre-depression level within the following eight or ten years—provided the next depression gives us that much time—will mean vastly heavier taxes. We could avoid these

in just one way—by outright currency inflation. No one who has ever lived through a currency inflation will assert that that form of debt reduction is less painful than the apparently more arduous method of paying increased taxes. But if Mr. Roosevelt's hopes should prove vain, if in 1935 we have not yet attained the level of prosperity we had in 1925, if we have less money than we had then with which to meet our vastly greater obligations—who can expect anything better than inflation and widespread repudiation?

Despite these possibilities of catastrophe, *The Nation* supports Mr. Roosevelt's general intentions and methods. We believe in paying out public money for the purposes of recovery. But we believe, too, that the country should never lose sight of the mountain of debt it is so cheerfully shouldering. And the Administration should face the job of reducing this tremendous burden with the same courage and frankness with which it announced the necessity of creating it. John Maynard Keynes, in an open letter to President Roosevelt, has advocated strongly, for the purpose of increasing national purchasing power, large government expenditure "which is financed through loans and is not merely a transfer through taxation from existing incomes." It is obvious that such vast expenditures as President Roosevelt projects could only be financed in this way. No conceivable current taxation could meet the estimated costs of recovery. But the day of reckoning must come, and the government should plan for it now when the debts are being incurred.

The Nation proposes in a later issue to discuss in greater detail the problems of taxation and inflation that are created by the President's budget.

A Needed Amendment

THERE are few better illustrations of the odd, unchartable changes in the currents of public opinion in the United States than the attitude of the country in regard to alcoholic liquor and toward child labor. The prohibition amendment went into effect in 1920, designed to accomplish a social reform. Four years later, without any appreciable change in the general temper of the country, another social reform was sought in the submission to the States of an amendment making it possible for Congress to restrict child labor. There was far more public sentiment for restricting child labor than for eliminating liquor. In a general plebiscite prohibition could have hoped to win only by a narrow majority, if at all. On the other hand, general opinion was clearly behind restricting child labor. Congress had twice passed laws with that intention, and there was widespread disappointment when in each case they were declared unconstitutional by the Supreme Court. The chief opposition to curtailing child labor came from a numerically insignificant but politically powerful group of employers who wished to exploit children for purely selfish purposes because they were the cheapest kind of human help.

Yet in spite of a national sentiment against child labor, the constitutional amendment languished. The general public was too much occupied with automobiles and movies, while small, aggressive lobbies of manufacturers had their way with legislatures. From 1924 to 1932, inclusive, only Arizona, Arkansas, California, Colorado, Montana, and Wisconsin

ratified the amendment, while it was rejected by one or both of the legislative branches of thirty-four States. In other States the amendment perished in early processes of legislation or was never considered. The child-labor amendment did not suffer because of dissatisfaction with prohibition. Sentiment against prohibition had not crystallized decisively a decade ago, when most of the State legislatures passed on child labor, nor was there any general attempt then to couple the two amendments. It has remained for President Butler of Columbia University to do that—without justification, we think—in a recent statement.

At the end of the year 1932 it looked as if the child-labor amendment had failed. Yet in 1933, when the public turned violently against prohibition and cast it out, there was a sudden and favorable revival of interest in the child-labor amendment. Fourteen States ratified it, in eleven of which it had previously been rejected by one or both houses of the legislature. Thus twenty States have now approved the measure, and favorable action is expected shortly in several more, notably New York and Massachusetts.

Doubtless the industrial depression was a powerful influence both in turning the public against prohibition of liquor and in making it more aggressively in favor of limiting the exploitation of children's toil. When there is not work enough for adult men and women, it becomes obvious that to injure the coming generation by premature employment is not only inhuman but economically crazy. *The Nation* feels that the changed public sentiment both in regard to liquor and child labor is sound. President Butler's attempt to discredit the child-labor amendment along with that against liquor on the ground that both constitute federal interference with local government and the family is an argument which, if accepted, would block all effort toward social legislation on a national scale in this country. Prohibition was resented not because it was federal rather than local action, but because it was a restriction which people in general did not want. President Butler's other ground of opposition—that a legislature having once rejected a constitutional amendment cannot reverse itself—is a legalistic point which must be left to the Supreme Court. Even in case of an adverse ruling, it would be possible to submit and obtain the ratification of a new amendment of precisely the same sort. Some persons have felt that with the prohibitions against child labor in the NRA codes a constitutional amendment is needless, but the codes expire in 1935 and even if they are renewed, it is desirable to give Congress permanent power to deal with the question.

The particular reason that it seems necessary to deal with child labor federally rather than through legislation by States is the existence of economic rivalries among the latter. Probably the people of New England would be glad to stop grinding up children's lives in their factories if it were not for losing their textile business to the South. Likewise the South would not willingly countenance child labor except for the hope of profit in the establishment of new industry. The number of children under sixteen years of age in the textile industry of the United States decreased 59 per cent between 1920 and 1930, but in the same period the number of children in the textile mills of South Carolina and Georgia increased 24 and 12 per cent, respectively.

It cannot be too strongly emphasized that the child-labor measure, unlike the liquor amendment, is permissive, not

mandatory. The child-labor amendment does nothing of itself at all. It merely gives Congress the authority to "limit, regulate, and prohibit" the labor of persons under eighteen years of age, a power which undoubtedly would be exercised in conformity with popular demand. We hope the measure will be ratified by the necessary thirty-six States.

Mr. Sullivan Bores from Without

MARK SULLIVAN, Medicine Ball Man to Herbert Hoover, has fallen victim to another obsession. Briefly, the Ancient Mariner of the *New York Herald Tribune* and numerous other newspapers is convinced that a certain group of "young intellectuals" of which Rexford G. Tugwell is head devil are "gradually" and "quietly" transforming the "familiar American type of social organization" into "one which the word 'Russian' describes more nearly than any other."

Not that Mr. Sullivan has been brief about it; during December, or Anti-Tugwell Month, he used every word at his command not once but five times. On December 12 Mr. Sullivan pointed out that the conflict between George N. Peek and Rexford G. Tugwell was in reality a "struggle between contrasting ideals of government." Mr. Peek, he said, was in favor of the "familiar" American system; Mr. Tugwell wanted to change it into "one which in a brief space can best be described as a nearer approximation to the Russian system than to any existing one." "Professor Tugwell and his adherents," Mr. Sullivan revealed, "have *quietly* got hold of what the technique of social change would call the key places of government, and . . . they are using the leverage *quietly* but powerfully to bring about a revolution, a *silent* revolution but yet a revolution." (The italics are ours.) It was the silence that Mr. Sullivan found so ominous. "The important point," he cried, "is that the public should be enabled to see the struggle . . . and to decide which [side] they wish to win."

On December 13 it was apparent that Mr. Sullivan had spent the night in a cold sweat. "It is accurate to describe the issue," he wrote, "by saying that Mr. Peek believes in the familiar American type of social organization, while Professor Tugwell believes in the type which the public generally calls socialism." "The charge," he said, returning to it even before he had left it, "amounts to this: that Tugwell in his official actions within the Department of Agriculture . . . does what seems designed to bring about in America gradually and quietly the social system he believes in." Mr. Sullivan then quoted Mr. Peek as follows: "I feel that . . . new methods of social control should be clearly outlined, and that the people as a whole should have the right and duty to make the ultimate decision." In order to avoid any misunderstanding, Mr. Sullivan then "amplified" Mr. Peek's "allusion." "Mr. Peek and others feel," ran Mr. Sullivan's exegesis, "that Professor Tugwell and the intellectuals associated with him are trying to bring about adoption of their conception of a social system without letting the public know it is being done." That was his story and he stuck to it. ". . . they [Mr. Peek and others] feel," he

said, turning around and going back, "that Dr. Tugwell and his associates by virtue of having key places of government are introducing their social philosophy quietly and gradually in a manner which opponents of the proposed system would call lacking in public notice"!

On Sunday, December 17, for the benefit of those who had not heard him, the Ancient Mariner told his story once more from the beginning. "What is going on," he said, "is a tug of war between two sets of forces . . . one of the groups trying to keep America approximately what it has been, the other group pulling us toward an objective for which the only practicable description is 'collectivism.'" Two paragraphs later, amplifying his allusion, he wrote: "To the average man, however, not familiar with the terminology of social science, 'Russian' describes more nearly than any other word the form of social organization toward which we are moving." "There would be," he wrote bitterly, "no roll call in Congress on this all important issue." "Never," quoth he, "will Congress vote for or against what Professor Tugwell calls a 'Workers' World.'" On the contrary, it will be put over by "some twenty or thirty young radicals, some of them having important k. p. in the g. [the abbreviations are ours], typified and quietly led by Professor Tugwell."

On December 18 Mr. Sullivan lamented that "Foes of New Social Order Lack Leaders to Combat Radicals. . . . American System Gradually Is Being Displaced with Little or No Protest." On December 20 hope sprang. "Mark Sullivan Thinks President Will Disappoint his 'State Socialism' Clique by Checking Drift Away from Fundamental American System." Hope soon faded, however, for on December 22 "NRA Radicals Are Suspected of Attempting Social Sabotage. Mark Sullivan Says More Conservative Colleagues See Signs of Boring from Within."

While Mr. Tugwell was boring from within Mr. Sullivan continued to be even more boring from without. On Sunday, December 24, for the benefit of those who had just flown in from the North Pole or had not seen his correspondence the Sunday before, Mr. Sullivan once more recapitulated in two and a half columns the whole desperate situation. "Mr. Tugwell," he said, "as Assistant Secretary of Agriculture . . . occupies a position in what the technique of revolution calls the 'key places' of government. . . . Critics and opponents of this radical group . . . feel that the group is moving quietly and gradually, adroitly and with much tactical skill, to bring about in America, with a minimum of public attention, a change which would introduce into America a social order which would be about the opposite of what we have always had."

It was on December 28, however, that he reached the heights, when he urged Mr. Roosevelt to "concentrate on recovery, shelve reforms." We had had the impression, which we were sure the President shared, that his "reforms" were somehow supposed to have something to do with bringing about "recovery." If they were not, the fact has certainly been lacking in public notice, and we are grateful to Mr. Sullivan for bringing it gradually and quietly, adroitly and with much tactical skill, to our attention. Meanwhile we are able to offer a grain of comfort to one who obviously prefers his revolutions fast and loud. According to everything we have heard and read, it has always been extremely difficult if not impossible to keep a revolution secret for any length of time.

A Sea Tradition

WHILE pushing her way through the Mediterranean the other day the American Export Line's steamship *Exarch* bumped into the island of Cyprus. The ship was not seriously damaged and no lives were lost, but the captain shot himself. The tradition of the sea, say some by way of explanation. But there is no such tradition. When a captain's ship goes down through his own negligence, there is an unwritten code which dictates that he should go with it. Also when a captain loses a ship, even through no fault of his own, the owners often will not give him another billet, in which case it may seem better to him to end his life. But a trivial or even pretty serious accident may happen to a ship, and if the skipper is held blameless he will be continued in command. The cabled details of the stranding of the *Exarch* are too meager to explain her captain's action. Undoubtedly there was more behind it than the dispatches told.

But even in its generally accepted form the code in regard to a captain and his ship is a hard one, much harder than that applying to other men in equally responsible positions. A doctor whose patient dies through careless treatment does not jump out of the hospital window. A lawyer who bungles a murder defense and whose client is condemned to death is not by tradition required to hang himself. Steamship executives ashore do not observe any code so rigid as that applying to their captains. They can mismanage their companies, causing hundreds of employees to lose their livelihood and hundreds of stockholders to lose their savings. Yet public opinion does not demand that they take cyanide of potassium. Lord Kysant ruined the great Royal Mail Steam Packet Company, but tradition did not compel him to jump off the dock. He hung around until he was sentenced to jail by an unsympathetic court.

Maybe it would be a good idea if our business ethics were stiffened by the development of a code which decreed that whenever a railroad went into a receivership, a manufacturing company was declared bankrupt, or a bank closed its doors, the president should repair to his speakeasy and order a goblet of hemlock. Of course someone may retort that presidents in such circumstances have followed practically that course. Some have, but they have always been the wrong ones. They have been either highly conscientious, strictly honest men who were overcome by remorse, or else executives who had lost their fortunes with the business and felt there was nothing more to live for. Our cities are full of discredited business officials who, having lined their pockets out of other peoples' losses, not only fail to end their lives but stand around licking their chops waiting for a new bunch of suckers to come their way. They never even miss a lunch.

We doubt if the code in regard to a captain and his ship serves any good purpose. It seems to be a survival of an antiquated conception of ethics or discipline long outmoded in other walks of life. Sailors commonly regard the tradition as unjust. It is the general public which thoughtlessly upholds it by cheering whenever it is observed. Doubtless it will go the way of other superstitions in time, but we are not sanguine of early reform. It may last as long as lynching, capital punishment, or war.

Issues and Men

The Senate Progressives' Dilemma

WHATEVER fears any of us may have about bi-metallism at 16 to 1 or a printing-press inflation destructive to almost every class in the community, the reconvening of Congress is neither to be regretted nor dreaded. In the first place, we are still a democracy, and despite the grant of dictatorial powers to the President, the Congress yet remains the final seat of authority. It is still a debating body, if it chooses to be, and whenever it assembles, additional light is sure to be cast upon economic and social problems. The Senate especially remains an open forum—the only political body in the United States in which there can be full, free, and unlimited discussion of public questions. Moreover, the assembly of Congress compelled Mr. Roosevelt to report on the state of the Union and to show his hand on various policies. Perhaps he may yet do away with the financial uncertainty which is widely heralded as responsible for the lack of return of complete confidence. It is plain that this Congress is not going to give the President any trouble, unless it be in respect to his currency policies and inflation.

Unfortunately, Republican opposition is extremely weak. Never before has the party been so impotent. It is without a single man in the Congress who can lay claim to being a leader of statesman-like stature. There are scarcely more than 100 regular Republicans in the House and only 27 in the Senate. Their present leadership is beneath contempt. The *Saturday Evening Post* is justified in despairing of the rehabilitation of a party which has fallen into the hands of such a group as Messrs. Snell, Bolton, and Bacon in the House, McNary in the Senate, Ogden L. Mills, and Everett Sanders, chairman of the National Committee, who is bitterly disliked by many persons and in addition represents the defeated Hoover leadership. The names of none of these men mean anything to the American people. They connote no policy, no definite program. These men wish to put Humpty-Dumpty back on the wall again, that is all. They take counsel of Herbert Hoover of all men, who is hopelessly buried but does not know it. Nor is the regular party leadership on the Democratic side very much better, which is a regrettable fact for Mr. Roosevelt himself. Every President needs skilful and aggressive opposition—and criticism from his own side. No one will pretend that the Democratic leaders will be able to offer any more constructive ideas on how to bring the country back to "normalcy" than can Mr. Roosevelt. As I have said, if there is to be any mutiny it will come, as everybody can see, from the inflationists and silver Congressmen and Senators, who have behind them a large body of constituents frightened nearly to death by the existing situation and wild to get rid of their debts by means of any nostrum.

But what of the Progressive Senators? In the past they have shown the best leadership in the Senate and they offered the only real opposition in the days of Harding, Coolidge, and Hoover. What stand will they take? Some of them, like Senator La Follette, are in an extremely difficult position. For some time past it has seemed plain that they could

not much longer remain in the Republican Party and retain their hold upon their supporters. In the first place, the gap between their views and those of their ostensible party has steadily widened. In the second place, several of them openly came out for the election of President Roosevelt. In the third place, local conditions have made it necessary for them to state definitely under which flag they propose to operate hereafter, with the result that several of them are considering setting up an entirely new standard, precisely as the first Senator La Follette created a party of his own during the 1924 campaign. The situation has become compelling for Senator Johnson and the present Senator La Follette because both are candidates for reelection this year, and they will naturally have to let the voters in their States know exactly where they stand. Their situation is further complicated by the fact that both have profited in the past by Democratic votes. While the Democratic State administration in Wisconsin is a complete failure, the present temper of the voters there is such that they would stand by the President overwhelmingly. Should La Follette run as third-party candidate he might, however, lure both Democrats and Republicans to vote for him, especially if, while avowing friendliness to the President, he stood on a more radical platform than that of Mr. Roosevelt himself. He has been under a disadvantage for a long time in running as a member of a party with which he is utterly out of sympathy. Should he not now cut loose from this body of death?

Already the *Herald Tribune* has reported that a conference recently took place in Chicago which was attended by Senators La Follette, Shipstead, Nye, and Fraser, with a view to forming an active independent block in the present session. Of course neither Senators Borah nor Norris will go along with this, though the latter will be completely sympathetic. I should think that Senator Bone of Washington, Senator Costigan of Colorado, and Senator Johnson would be extremely sympathetic to such a move, and one might easily prophesy that if these men make a good start and have a clear-cut program to offer, still other recruits will join them. Such a block would be able to exercise even more influence than in the past if they decided to cut loose from both the old parties and to demand the long overdue political realignment. The Middle West and Northwest are more than ready for a new party. Much, it is true, will hinge upon its objectives. To state that it will guarantee a job, a living wage, and independence for the farmer will not be enough; there must be more specific proposals. And there the rub comes. The multiplicity of issues makes agreement extraordinarily difficult. But as has been said, if the Progressives decide to go on the rampage they can exert considerable power and perhaps even head President Roosevelt farther to the left.

Donald Garrison Kilgore

German Writers Say "Yes"

By HERBERT SOLOW

FOR intellectuals to be acceptable to the Hitler regime they must worship or be silent. To literary men who have for some years expressed admiration for National Socialism, this presents few difficulties. Many German writers, however, before Hitler's rise to power, expressed concretely or in a general way their devotion to democracy, socialism, or pacifism and their intention of combating principles which they regarded as a blight on human culture. How has this type of writer stood up through a year of "coordination"?

First of all, there is the case of Gerhart Hauptmann. The author of that famous drama of social rebellion "The Weavers" praised and accepted honor from Friedrich Ebert, first President of the Weimar republic. He was a warm friend of such men as Paul Löbe, Social-Democratic president of the Reichstag on the eve of Hitler's coup, who after a course in rock-crushing in a concentration camp is now an inmate of a Nazi dungeon. As the months of Hitler barbarism rolled by, many were shocked that Hauptmann uttered no protest or reproach, not even when his close friends were jailed, beaten, and exiled. On November 11 the exiled Alfred Kerr, Germany's leading dramatic critic, who did more to build Hauptmann's international reputation than any other individual, gave voice to his bitter resentment. The following extracts give the gist of Kerr's piece, which was published, on the eve of the German elections, in the *Deutsche Freiheit*, a Socialist daily of Saarbrücken:

Since yesterday there is nothing in common between him and me, neither in life nor in death. I do not know this coward. May thorns grow under his feet and may the consciousness of shame choke him at every breath. Hauptmann, Gerhart, has lost his honor. . . . Not only has he found no word of condemnation for these most barbarous of barbarians. He does not wish to risk his economic status. So he has not simply ducked: he fawns. . . . With the respect he universally enjoys he could have dealt a blow to the reputation of these murderers, slaves, hangmen, liars, violators of every law, who hunt down before his eyes his own weaver folk and men whose sole crime is their birth. . . . Out of fright, out of desire for gain, out of sordid weakness, he used his last ounce of strength to hoist the Hakenkreuz rag on his dwelling. . . . Hauptmann has deserted to the enemy.

On the same day there appeared in the *Berliner Tageblatt* an article from Hauptmann's pen entitled "Ich Sage Ja" ("I Say Yes"). Hailing Germany's bolt from the League of Nations as a step toward peace, he indorsed all the details of Hitler's foreign policy and urged national support of the Chancellor and his program.

Hauptmann is, however, not alone in abandoning opposition to Hitlerism. This distinguished literary figure has distinguished company.

Of the many new magazines established by exiles, the least political and the least aggressive in fighting Hitlerism is *Die Sammlung*. Published in Amsterdam by the Querido Verlag, this monthly is edited by Klaus Mann, the son of Thomas Mann, and is sponsored by André Gide, Aldous

Huxley, and Heinrich Mann. Its contents are largely belles-lettres, and compared with those of, say, the *Neue Deutsche Blätter*, which is also largely literary in its interests, they have a somewhat academic tone. The first issue contained verse, two stories, a piece on the theater, and a personal essay by Jakob Wassermann. In addition, there was an essay by Heinrich Mann called Moral Education Through the German Upheaval, and a discussion of Jewish mass settlement and national minorities. The three subsequent issues contained stories and verse by Franz Kafka, Elsa Lasker-Schüler, Lion Feuchtwanger, André Gide, A. M. Frey, Max Herrmann, and other distinguished representatives of literary currents which thrived under the Weimar republic. There were pages from Aldous Huxley's new Central American notebook, an essay on music by H. E. Jacob, an essay by André Maurois on Proust and Ruskin, a study of Gide by Ilya Ehrenbourg, and a piece on Hölderlin by J. Sorel. On the more political side there were articles by Klaus and Heinrich Mann (hardly politicians!), some deploring of extremism in general by the semi-mystical Max Brod, and—high point of radicalism—a piece by Ernst Toller. The last-named was the one pro-Communist contributor in four issues; his piece was childhood memoirs! And there you have *Die Sammlung*.

No wonder some people were surprised when, on October 10, the "semi-official" Leipzig *Börsenblatt für den deutschen Buchhandel* published a communiqué of the Reichsstelle zur Förderung des deutschen Schriftentums (National Bureau for the Advancement of German Literature) which charged the *Sammlung* with inciting war against Germany, labeled all collaborators "intellectual traitors to the fatherland," and ordered German publishers to bring out no more works by such authors. Among those surprised was Alfred Döblin, who had written the article on Jewish mass settlement. Known chiefly as the author of "Alexanderplatz," "the last word in expressionism," Döblin is also author of a volume of essays urging intellectual youth to abandon pure aestheticism and enter the struggle on behalf of justice, progress, peace, and culture. On learning of the Reichsstelle's condemnation through S. Fischer (the Jewish-owned publishing house which has published a book dedicated to Göring "mit Sieg-Heil"), Döblin wired from abroad as follows: "Disavow all literary and political connection with editor of magazine *Sammlung*. Request you publish this quickly in suitable manner. Orientation of magazine was unknown to me."

Among the other collaborators announced by the *Sammlung* was René Schickele, an Alsatian whose regionalism produced not only charming genre tales, but also an anti-militarist slant aiming at a Franco-German rapprochement which might save his beloved province from further carnage. His reply to the pressure of the government which frankly proposes not only the reconquest of Alsace but a general war was this wire to Fischer: "Sadly surprised by political character of *Sammlung* since my occasional collaboration had in view only purely literary journal. . . . Henceforth will strictly steer clear of such things."

Another collaborator who had been announced was Thomas Mann, who, as father of the editor and brother of one of the sponsors, could hardly have been completely in the dark as to the journal's intentions. This is the writer who only last year at a Goethe memorial meeting in Vienna praised democracy and socialism, and whose every book voices the culture and aspirations of the Weimar republic which Hitler has drowned in blood. Threatened with National Socialist disfavor, he wired his publishers (Fischer again) as follows: "Can only affirm character first number *Sammlung* does not correspond to its original program." Thereupon he ordered his son to strike his name from the masthead. Criticized for this action by the Social-Democratic Vienna *Arbeit-erzeitung*, Mann explained:

As long as there was freedom of speech in Germany, I, as one who loved his fatherland and wanted to see it happy and respected, supported with all my might what I held desirable and right. . . . At this time, pure, positive, and creative art, serving the higher Germany, is nearer my nature than the polemical, and it is to this fact that my urgent wish as long as possible not to be cut off from my public in Germany is related. This is an idealistic interest which, as might easily be proved, has nothing to do with crass opportunism. Sincerely and demonstrably, this is not a matter of sales . . . but of opportunities for intellectual and artistic influence . . . my new book has just appeared in Germany. . . . I face the question whether I shall sacrifice the life of my creation, disappointing and abandoning those in Germany who heed my voice and have sympathetically waited years, especially for this new work . . . just for the sake of having my name on the list of contributors to a magazine.

These three eager defenders of culture were, however, not the first in the field. Stefan Zweig, heroic bard of a Jewish Renaissance and German pacifist spokesman for Romain Rolland, beat them to it. Even before the Reichsstelle could publish its condemnation of *Die Sammlung*, Zweig wrote his publisher (Insel) as follows:

When the editor . . . addressed me I agreed to give him a fragment of my work in progress . . . after he assured me the paper would be . . . in no sense political in nature. I never meant to collaborate regularly. I really learn to my great surprise that it is not a question of a purely literary, but of a largely political organ. The press condition . . . has, then, been violated. I have already written the editor that I will not do so, that is, I will not do so, that is, it is only for

The publishers supplied copies of the week at most, so to the Reichsstelle. The *Börsenblatt*, but I didn't think of the embattled idealists, and while beginning to hear about blessings soberly concluded that to walk over the rent—he might not find it essential to say—says, "That's all right,

To these heroes who decline to get more leisure than I power of Hitler to confer—the "When I go to buy a cap me on the back, "Ah, add many more names. Let us the stoop Mrs. O'Reilly Walter Bloem, Otto Brues, nipkin! what'll ye be doin' Halbe, Hanns Johst, Heinrich?" So I'm beginning to Josef Ponten, Wilhelm von Sater all, I got leisure.

In 1932 these writers signed a build Germany's first memorial to the payment of a debt "to the native life, but there is a little to the future," they also approved after's correspondent goes the traditional powers which he attacks children and that all him into exile." About one year later them, they have the

the auspices of the Reichsverband Deutscher Schriftsteller the following memorial to Adolf Hitler:

Peace, work, honor, and freedom are the greatest goods of every nation and the conditions of honest international relations. A consciousness of our power and restored unity, our frank will to serve without reservation internal and external peace, and our determination to do nothing inconsistent with our or the fatherland's honor, move us in this crucial hour, Mr. Chancellor, to give you this solemn pledge of our most enduring fealty.

And among the eighty-eight names attached to this statement were all those admirers of Heine listed above.

Rudolf Binding, an eminent literary contributor to the old liberal *Frankfurter Zeitung*, has also come out with a violently chauvinistic attack on Romain Rolland and all who, because of Nazi book-burnings, racial discrimination, exilings and killings, fail to see that at last "a nation which had ceased to believe in itself has begun to believe, and this belief makes it beautiful."

This knuckling under to Hitler has not of course been unanimous, and I do not want anyone to ask "What else could the poor chaps do?" and go unanswered. Let me cite the case of Hermynia zur Mühlen, a moderately popular novelist of the Weimar period whose latest work has just been published in Switzerland. Not only did her publisher, Englehorn of Stuttgart, forward to her the boycott threat of the Reichsstelle, but he suggested that in breaking with the *Neue Deutsche Blätter*—collaboration in which was her crime—she would not lose honor but would fall into "the best of company," and cited the easy capitulation of Thomas Mann, Döblin, Schickele, and Stefan Zweig. Zur Mühlen's reply follows in part:

Inasmuch as I do not share your view that the Third Reich is identical with Germany, or the "Leader" with the German people, I cannot reconcile either my convictions or my feelings of decency with following the example of the four gentlemen cited above. I am more concerned, about the South

The letters which we print below are only part of those we have received in answer to our question "Is this the voice of the South?" in *The Nation* for December 27. It will be seen that these eight correspondents are from six of the Southern States and that they express eight different shades of opinion, from blanket agreement with John Gould Fletcher to an almost complete agreement with *The Nation*. Other letters received expressed still other points of view, but space forbids their use. Charles Finger writes from Fayetteville, Arkansas, that the voice of the South is a "sane voice"; that "Mr. Fletcher is in error. He reports . . . but the faint echo of a vanished past." Clara Mae Jessup, a Southerner now living in New York, although she personally does not agree with him, says Mr. Fletcher's letter is the voice of the South and "of the North also." She adds, "The fight is against an economic system in which race and sectional prejudice is a symptom rather than a cause." Douglas L. Hunt, a Northerner who has lived many years in Tennessee, sees much that is not only inevitable but sound in Mr. Fletcher's position, and he declares that this position "is not the voice of the entire South, but of an important part of it," and that it "deserved slightly more understanding than you gave it." Eleanor Copenhaver, of Marion, Virginia, agrees with Mr. Fletcher in resenting "the habit of the North of pointing a superior finger at the South." But she too declares the issue to be one of class rather than of race. The correspondence as a whole indicates what was plain enough from the beginning,

The Minister and the Depression

By HUBERT HERRING

THERE are some 150,000 ministers of organized religion in the United States. The direct and clearly traceable toll which the economic collapse has exacted of this substantial group can at best be guessed at. The Catholic clergy suffer no unemployment; it is part of the genius of the Roman church that it lifts its ministers out of the world of fret and care and sets them free to serve without thought of gain or loss. The Catholic clergy are, for the most part, poor—poor in days of depression, equally poor in days of prosperity. They are never without work. The Jewish clergy are also in a favored position. There is no guaranty of life positions, but the rabbinate is closely guarded, and applicants are subjected to a long and arduous training. As a result, there has been little overproduction of applicants and virtually no unemployment. Many rabbis have shared in the depression through suffering reductions in salary, but rabbinical salaries have been the highest among the clergy.

The burden of the depression has fallen most heavily upon ministers of the Protestant groups. The diversity and variety of these groups make this inevitable. The ministers of the denominations most highly centralized have suffered the least. The clergy of the Episcopal and the Methodist churches are, in theory at least, assured of positions, and while salaries may be cut or disappear altogether, there is the backing of a strong central hierarchy. The ministers of the more loosely organized denominations such as the Disciples of Christ, the Baptists, the Congregationalists, and the Presbyterians have suffered the most unemployment. The figures

him and the Protestant faith are without this coward. May the consciousness of shame claim say that fully one-Hauptmann, Gerhart, has lost his honor. has he found no word of condemnation for these most barbarous of barbarians. He does not wish to risk his economic status. So he has not simply ducked: he fawns. . . . With the respect he universally enjoys he could have dealt a blow to the reputation of these murderers, slaves, hangmen, liars, violators of every law, who hunt down before his eyes his own weaver folk and men whose sole crime is their birth. . . . Out of fright, out of desire for gain, out of sordid weakness, he used his last ounce of strength to hoist the Hakenkreuz rag on his dwelling. . . . Hauptmann has deserted to the enemy.

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the exceptions are so rare as to prove the rule. Another force is the growing impatience with competitive denominationalism. Churches merge for greater economy and effectiveness, and fewer ministers are required. In thousands of villages and towns, two, three, or four churches have pooled their resources, organized a community church under one or another name, and dismissed one or two ministers from gainful employment. Furthermore, thousands of churches have been forced to give up altogether. Many of these existed only in name, but the depression has forced the cleaning up of the badly padded denominational rolls. Reductions in salaries are, of course, the rule. It is the rare church in which the minister's salary has not been cut from 10 to 25 per cent, and in many cases the cut has ranged from 25 to 100 per cent. Reports from different sections of the country, especially from farming and industrial centers, make bitter reading. Hundreds of ministers, probably several thousands, are living on in their parsonages, conducting their services, accepting from their neighbors any surplus of foodstuffs which can be spared, and receiving an occasional offering of money.

That the depression has levied a heavy economic toll upon the ministers is clear, but a more significant and interesting question is, What has the depression done to the thinking of the minister? What happens to the minister when revolution breaks out, disrupting traditional economic and social values, reducing one-third of the population of the country to actual want, evicting hundreds of thousands from their homes, sweeping away savings, and stripping from great sections of the population faith in the security of the economic system under which they have been reared? What happens to the minister whose church has been made the handmaiden of the capitalistic order when that order shows signs of crumbling and of disappearing altogether? What happens to the minister who believes devoutly in the religion he professes when the financial security of his employers shows signs of vanishing? There can be no blanket word in many things happen, and the responses which ministers during these days of crisis divide them into fairly

and culture. One typical response is to fall back upon "the old" through S. Fischer (his is the traditional escape mechanism of the devout Catholic; and the con- tation of magazine was the same. The orthodox rabbi will

Among the other collative Protestant will talk about lung was René Schickele, a he loyal Catholic will fall back reduced not only charming ge the same yesterday, today, and ist slant aiming at a Fran is a flight which is contemplated, might save his beloved pre and its brutal obstinacies. There reply to the pressure of th of reason, for trust in those higher poses not only the recon we are nothing. Millions today was this wire to Fischer: from reality, and joyfully commit acter of *Sammlung* since ily felt and implicitly trusted. Their view only purely liter in leading this retreat. strictly steer clear of s

There are other avenues of escape which have proved immensely satisfying to large numbers of ministers. One of the most fascinating of these, from the standpoint of the bystander, is that known as the Oxford movement, or more commonly as Buchmanism after its founder and high priest, one Frank Buchman. Buchmanism has been sweeping this country, Canada, and England. Its votaries carry its glad tidings all over the world. Emerson's dictum on the Church of England, that its cardinal tenet is "By taste are ye saved," applies with double force to Buchmanism. Its appeal is to the comfortable. Its "house parties" are always adorned with at least one Lady This or Lord That, at least one son of a rubber magnate or daughter of an oil king. The best people gather where the flag of Buchmanism is raised. There are neither intellectual difficulties nor social obligations in the Buchman scheme. Much is made of sin, of all the neat little sins, easily sorted and filed. The central obsession is sex. The "house parties" are gorgeous riots of confession. The instinct which compels drummers to swap their adventures in venery is sublimated, and the dapper youth home from college tells about the janitor's daughter, the supposedly sedate matron reveals that she is not so good as she should be. Over these Christian bacchanalia broods the explosively sunny presence of a leader—Buchman or one of his lieutenants—talking affectionately and endlessly about "absolute purity, honesty, unselfishness, and love." The simplest decision of the day—the choice of a cereal or the choice of a hat—is subject to "guidance." The Buchmanite bids his intellect a joyous farewell and leaves all to God. Of care for the plight of the victims of the most serious social revolution of modern times, there is not a trace.

Not all ministers take to their heels and seek escape. The depression years have stimulated solid thinking on the social applications of religion, and the churches are today showing more interest in the ordering of society than at any time in their history. The social emphasis is not new among the ministers. For many years there have been a few brave spirits who dared, in the name of religion, to protest against those who, in Edward A. Ross's phrase, "sinned by syndicate." These men have boldly sought to interpret the creeds in social terms. Today they are coming in usually on their own, and under the compulsion of our social reviver prefers to numbers are greatly augmenting.

This social movement has not been a new thing, that is, adherents of any one creed. In the past it has been for years a powerful and of the week at most, so movement to stress social justice and hands, but I didn't think forces of self-interest and undisciplined beginning to hear about cal of Pope Leo XIII on "The Church and the Rent"—he of Pope Pius XI on "Reconstruction"—says, "That's all right, proved powerful instruments in the past. You got more leisure than I bent upon making the church a better place." When I go to buy a new suit, the man slaps me on the back, "Ah, rebuilding. The National Catholic Review. On the stoop Mrs. O'Reilly done much to prick the social conscience. Snipkin! what'll ye be doin' work of Father John A. Ryan at all?" So I'm beginning to luminous chapters in American history after all, I got leisure. have also done much. The inheritance of the past has been forgotten, and the uncompromising demands of Israel upon predatory wealth the life, but there is a little many of the rabbis of the present. The writer's correspondent goes influences are at work among the Protestant children and that all Federal Council of Churches demonstrate them, they have the

pecially is it true of the younger men who are graduating from the theological seminaries. They view the task of the church in militantly social terms. They propose to use their ministry as an instrument for putting an end to an economic and social system which exalts property interests over human rights. It is no wonder that many of these recent graduates are finding their way blocked by the older "statesmen" of the church.

If one is asked to put one's finger on the single most significant effect of the depression upon the thinking of the Protestant ministry, the answer must be found in this increased determination to apply religion in social terms. It is significant that during the past five years, whenever ministers have met together, the one absorbing interest has been economic and social rebuilding. I have seen this time and again. The older emphases—missions, evangelism, church organization—are still maintained, but the younger men have lost interest in these things. They are asking, and with increased emphasis, what the church can do and intends to do on the vexed questions of war, uncontrolled economic banditry, the whole disorderly house of our modern civilization, and the penalties which it exacts in unemployment, insecurity, and misery. It is impossible to compute in neat statistics the strength of this movement within the Protestant churches. In some denominations there is almost none of it; in others it flourishes. I would venture the guess that at least 10 per cent of the ministers of the major Protestant denominations would agree in insisting that the chief job of the church is to work for a reordering of society. They would not agree as to the terms of the reordering, but the agreement upon the need is significant.

The other side of the picture is not so rosy. If it is true that the depression has increased the number of those ministers who are determined to use the church as an instrument for social regeneration, it is equally true that the forces of conservatism are doing their best to keep the church, be it in the North or the South, as it has been for centuries. **Correspondence**

Voices from the South

[The letters which we print below are only part of those we have received in answer to our question "Is this the voice of the South?" in *The Nation* for December 27. It will be seen that these eight correspondents are from six of the Southern States and that they express eight different shades of opinion, from blanket agreement with John Gould Fletcher to an almost complete agreement with *The Nation*. Other letters received expressed still other points of view, but space forbids their use. Charles Finger writes from Fayetteville, Arkansas, that the voice of the South is a "sane voice"; that "Mr. Fletcher is in error. He reports . . . but the faint echo of a vanished past." Clara Mae Jessup, a Southerner now living in New York, although she personally does not agree with him, says Mr. Fletcher's letter is the voice of the South and "of the North also." She adds, "The fight is against an economic system in which race and sectional prejudice is a symptom rather than a cause." Douglas L. Hunt, a Northerner who has lived many years in Tennessee, sees much that is not only inevitable but sound in Mr. Fletcher's position, and he declares that this position "is not the voice of the entire South, but of an important part of it," and that it "deserved slightly more understanding than you gave it." Eleanor Copenhaver, of Marion, Virginia, agrees with Mr. Fletcher in resenting "the habit of the North of pointing a superior finger at the South." But she too declares the issue to be one of class rather than of race. The correspondence as a whole indicates what was plain enough from the beginning,

American Diplomacy in Cuba

By CARLETON BEALS

Havana, December 28

THUS ends garage diplomacy," said a well-known Cuban to me when Sumner Welles, former Ambassador to a non-recognized government, left Havana by plane. One of Welles's numerous secret conferences at small hours of the night, by which he endeavored to force the Grau Government to abdicate in favor of a reactionary coalition, was reported to have been held in a garage. For three months tight-lipped austerity and blue-blooded superciliousness concealed the facts from the Cuban and American public, while hidden intrigue and inept meddling were producing disastrous results and making non-intervention merely a hypocritical pose. This has created an almost insoluble situation.

Throughout Welles's incumbency, as during that of former Ambassador Guggenheim, the fiction of "official" and "non-official" diplomatic activities was maintained. There is and can be no such division of the activities of a diplomatic representative. It was impossible for Welles to divest himself at will of the authority of his position and to act as a simple citizen.

The general tenor of our official position is that we will recognize any provisional government—except this one—strong enough to maintain order if it represents the will of the people. The assumption, of course, is that the State Department is fully qualified to determine what government in Cuba represents the will of the people—an interventionist attitude not one whit different from the traditional non-coercion of previous Washington administrations.

him and in . . . on the theory that the Grau Government is a coward. May the . . . he actively tried to the consciousness of shame . . . say that he sought Hauptmann, Gerhart, has lost his honor. . . . but to has he found no word of condemnation for these monstrous barbarians. He does not wish to risk his economic status. So he has not simply ducked: he fawns . . . With the respect he universally enjoys he could have dealt a blow to the reputation of these murderers, slaves, hangmen, liars, violators of every law, who hunt down before his eyes his own weaver folk and men whose sole crime is their birth. . . . Out of fright, out of desire for gain, out of sordid weakness, he used his last ounce of strength to hoist the Hakenkreuz rag on his dwelling. . . . Hauptmann has deserted to the enemy.

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is an impossibility. Moreover, he sought to set up a reactionary united front of the most vicious sort. Ever since the fall of the De Céspedes Government, which he brought into being by promoting army treachery, Welles has been actively hostile to the Grau Government; he has consorted with all the enemies of that government, particularly with the A. B. C. terrorist group, then and since so busy exploding bombs and sniping from roof tops in Havana. Not only was the De Céspedes Government an attempt to offset a revolution which would really represent the will of the Cuban people, not only did Welles attempt to reinstate reactionary elements, but later he sought to encourage further military treachery by encouraging the army elements within the Grau Government itself to bring about its destruction—actions not entirely contradictory.

I hold no brief for the present regime in Cuba; on the other hand, a new coup under Welles's leadership could only have led to bitter and fruitless civil war. Coalition government has never worked for any length of time in any revolutionary crisis. Even in the United States, where wide conflicts of ruling ideology do not exist, would it not be absurd to demand that Roosevelt and Farley abdicate, that Al Smith be appointed President with a Cabinet including such names as Hoover, Mellon, O'Brien, Jimmy Walker, Rolph, and John Dewey? This is approximately what Welles was demanding of Cuba—with the weight of a great nation behind him and with that peculiar self-assurance of purple-veined career diplomats.

Why did he assume that all the conspiring pseudo-aristocratic job-hunters of the white Creole Vedado suburb of Havana were representative of Cuba as a whole? Upon what revolutionary precedent did he base his contention that Cuba would be best served by a hybrid coalition of discredited politicians, the present student-army faction, the Nationalists, known R. C. bomb-throwers, and others? Why did he exclude from his program all the powerful labor elements, the essays urging a League, the Communist Party? Why a and enter the these a coalition, why not a complete coalition? and culture. Or ed in by Welles and the State Department through S. Fischer (al r. Cuba, even when its nature had been published a book is the failure to realize that the overthrow Döblin wired from abroad, definite revolution, however hard and political connection he dis into a traditional army coup Request you publish this q ut tias. Revolutions cannot be con- tation of magazine was u the a The ease with which Welles

Among the other coll same, ination concealed the explosive lung was René Schickele, a active ieved, the dictator's downfall, duced not only charming ge he led the accumulation of terrible ist slant aiming at a Fran is d a revolution of great import might save his beloved pre atfully disguised in legal niceties, reply to the pressure of th an But the efforts of the embattled poses not only the recon of e general strike, were sidetracked, was this wire to Fischer: wag utilized, by the United States acter of *Sammlung* since, mbassy abetted the betrayal of Maview only purely lit Welles, seeking strength, not justice strictly steer clear of s popular will, wished to have General

Herrera, Machado's loyal companion in the assassination of a people, assume the presidency, and only reluctantly abandoned this impossible solution. His puppet De Céspedes Government represented a queer alliance of the Machado officer caste, the American Ambassador, the various old-line political parties, and several secret revolutionary organizations already in the process of dissolution. De Céspedes himself was an amiable old gentleman who had served Machado faithfully, but he lacked the energy and understanding to comprehend the crisis involved. In fact, not the most powerful personality in the world could have ruled Cuba with such contradictory elements, especially when the main objective was to salvage as much as possible of the iniquitous Machado regime.

In most matters the administrative center of the De Céspedes Government was the American Embassy. There the various political factions resorted for instructions; there were agreed upon various important political appointments which suited Welles's fancy. Even so, the nondescript De Céspedes regime, against Welles's wishes, was obliged to abandon in part the judicial system built up by Machado to sustain his power, to abolish the Machado constitutional changes of 1928, and to dissolve the Machado congress by executive decree.

Three army plots were in process. The reactionary Menocal element was getting the upper hand by winning over the Machado officers. The A. B. C., part of the De Céspedes government, was losing its grip on the rank and file and was courting the younger officers. The left-wing of the students' directorate (all the students refused to accept the original Welles mediation and none were part of the government) was propagandizing the rank and file, and a secret organization controlled by Sergeant Fulgencio Batista, ex-member of the A. B. C., was gaining ground. In addition strikes were continuing, and the workers everywhere were seizing mines, factories, and sugar estates.

Twenty-two days after the formation of the De Céspedes Government, was losing its grip on the rank and file of Sergio Carbó, made its revolution, partly out of fear of communism and threatened pay cuts, although the movement was disguised as a protest against inadequate bathing facilities and other minor matters. The officers were just usually sent home. Not a drop of blood was spilled. After prefers to wing of the students jumped into the breach.

away from left-wing elements, and haster workingman, that is, blance of government, an executive cor get work it is only for nationalist program—Cuba's shif the week at most, so Eventually Grau San Martín wə hands, but I didn't think

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huge letters, "Down with Amerhe life, but there is a little Welles could hardly be expectrifer's correspondent goes ment. His magic wand had swept ir children and that al and he had set up an illegal governme them, they have the

The press had showered him with praise. He had posed in close embrace with De Céspedes before the movie cameras. The Batista revolt snatched the too easily won laurels from his brow. Inevitably Welles became the chief conspirator against the new government. The enemies of the Grau-Batista regime, with the exception of labor and Communist elements, flocked to the Embassy and were received there with open arms and much advice. Secret diplomacy. Hectic late night sessions. All this feverish activity was disguised as "conciliation." But as one Cuban expressed it to me, "During the brief De Céspedes rule Welles was the real President; when the Grau-Batista revolution destroyed his power, he became the head of the opposition to the existing government."

Welles was particularly close to the A. B. C. group, who were thus encouraged to continue their terroristic tactics. The leaders of this group had become friendly with Welles during the rule of the De Céspedes Government and had hurried to throw overboard their principles and do Welles's bidding. During that twilight period Martinez Saenz, a National City Bank lawyer and Minister of the Treasury, in ten short days made a complete right-about-face, junking the previous A. B. C. program. Under De Céspedes the A. B. C. had tried to convert itself into an open political party. Instead of anonymous leadership unknown to the rank and file, it thereupon had to provide satisfactory leadership and to popularize it with its members and with the country. Those who jumped into open control turned out to be lawyers, bankers, and corporation agents with intimate connections with powerful American interests. Members of the Porra, Machado's secret strong-arm gang, also flocked to the A. B. C., seeking refuge from popular wrath by wrapping themselves in the false cloak of the revolution. The A. B. C. has since allied itself with the deposed Machado army officers and the corrupt ex-President Mario Menocal. It moral leverage when it accepted Welles's

Correspondence the voices from the South

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The last of the three parleys which Welles had with Grau dealt with the new light rate of 9.66 cents a kilowatt-hour (previous rate 17 cents, the highest in the world), which Welles demanded should be revised. According to the President (Welles refused to state what had been discussed), Welles at one point acidly remarked that it would be wise for Grau to remember that he, Welles, was an intimate friend of President Roosevelt.

The present regime is bitter; it accuses Welles of aiding the Machado army officers' resistance when they gathered around him in the Hotel Nacional. At the outset he arrogantly used the authority of his position and in person prevented the arrest of some of the officers, thus making dislodgment of them by semi-pacific means impossible. The government feels that if it had been obliged to occupy an American-owned hotel for its own purposes, Welles would have protested vehemently, but that he made not the slightest protest to the officers for thus seizing American property and converting it into a fortress for the overthrow of the government. Instead, he extended the extra-territoriality of the American Embassy to protect them.

With regard to the leaders of the subsequent tragic Atarés revolt by the A. B. C., army officers, and politicians, the government points out that Blas Hernández was a puppet of Antonio González de Mendoza of the American Sugar Refining Company, at whose home Welles had previously lived; that Ituralde visited the embassy two days prior to the revolt and emerged rubbing his hands and declaring to the press that the Cuban situation was now settled; that after the defeat of the rebels, Collazo was saved from arrest and the con-

sequences of his acts by being placed aboard a P. and O. packet boat by the American battleship launch. Ituralde was one of the worst of all Machado cabinet officials, and is said to have provoked the first important Machado assassination. Collazo rose from the ranks to become the cacique of Matanzas province, a millionaire and a power in the land; he was also a notorious Machado politician. These were the elements with which the A. B. C. and Welles cooperated.

The present Grau Government is a romantic nationalistic affair without a definite program. But on the other hand it is the first government in Cuba's history of purely Cuban origin. Whether it will sustain itself, whether it is doomed in any case, I do not know, though it has been growing increasingly stronger. But Welles's attempt to instal reactionary and discredited elements in control of the Cuban government, his use of the embassy as a clubroom for the reunion of all the enemies of the government, his abetting of the terrorist A. B. C., which talked conciliation during the day and planted bombs during the night, have contributed to instability and armed revolt. Unwittingly Welles has been preparing the ground for a great, unorganized social upheaval in Cuba. His meddling has been very similar in character and purpose to that of Henry Lane Wilson during the Madero administration in Mexico after the revolution against Díaz. Wilson contributed greatly to the downfall of Madero and hence to his subsequent assassination, and he helped spill a river of blood across Mexico for a decade or more. The Cubans will not soon forgive Welles his meddling and his partisanship; he has sowed and reaped a fresh crop of hatred for the United States.

Youth Meets in Washington

By SELDEN RODMAN

him and this coward. May the consciousness of shame chief. Hauptmann, Gerhart, has lost his honor. He has found no word of condemnation for these monstrous barbarians. He does not wish to risk his economic status. So he has not simply ducked: he fawns. . . . With the respect he universally enjoys he could have dealt a blow to the reputation of these murderers, slaves, hangmen, liars, violators of every law, who hunt down before his eyes his own weaver folk and men whose sole crime is their birth. . . . Out of fright, out of desire for gain, out of sordid weakness, he used his last ounce of strength to hoist the Hakenkreuz rag on his dwelling. . . . Hauptmann has deserted to the enemy.

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political philosophies. The National Student League—the Communist group—was not represented at the outset, but leaders of all the other organizations, and particularly the Know-nothing order to keep the conference open in the future word in many and radicals alike, no resolutions were to be essays urging the adoption of any sort permitted. The N. S. L. and culture. Officially it sent a representative to only one has published a book.

Döblin wired from abroad. The National Student Federation and political connection. The heads of the student government of the colleges, held a five-day convention of magazine was in the Mayflower Hotel.

Among the other college observers, was captured lung was René Schickele, a noted to set up NRA clubs. He led to Secretary Roper's suggestion not only charming gentleman be sent to Washington might save his beloved price expense to study the workings reply to the pressure of the federation go on record poses not only the reconciliation as passed—but not unanimously. was this wire to Fischer: went insurance and elimination acter of *Sammlung* since defeated.

view only purely literature that there were progressive strictly steer clear of social, in the N. S. F. A. How, I won-

The "United Front." As the Drifter's correspondent goes close, the tension and bitterness ran high over our children and that always being slung right and left. There they have the

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Big News Comes to Russia

By MILLY BENNETT

Moscow, December 21

TO the average Muscovite, that Utopian strand of skyscrapers, soda stands, Lincolns, jazz, hornrims, and Mary Pickfords that is the United States of America moved a few notches nearer on November 18 when he pulled his damp and slightly frozen *Izvestia* out of the mail-box and found four columns—two columns for each—of Litvinov and Roosevelt staring up at him from page 1.

There can be no question that news of recognition, coming to Moscow on that snowbound, blizzardy November day, with the thermometer flirting seriously with sixteen below, found the 200-odd Americans in town "excited" and the 3,000,000-odd Russians "surprised and pleased."

It was an exuberant American, one A. A. Johnson, statistical expert from Springfield, Massachusetts, who proposed a mass demonstration of Moscow's American colony down the Ulitsa Gorki "led by the thirty-four-by-sixty-inch solid-silk American flag that I brought from home for the very purpose." "The Russians would love us for it," he persisted, only slightly discouraged by the measured advice of more solemn souls.

Kings have come—there was Amanullah of Afghanistan, silken rugs run over the pavements to soften the way for his royal feet; Japanese planes have reconnoitered over Soviet territory; Bernard Shaw has roared "Tovarishchii" from the platform of Moscow's Hall of Columns; the French Herriot has been and gone; the Five-Year Plan has been accomplished; four; France has made friends, and Germany has

him and the Ukraine." Yet not one of these this coward. May the notes of space in Soviet the consciousness of shame chief say the much as the Hauptmann, Gerhart, has lost his honor. . . . He has found no word of condemnation for these most barbarous of barbarians. He does not wish to risk his economic status. So he has not simply ducked: he fawns . . . With the respect he universally enjoys he could have dealt a blow to the reputation of these murderers, slaves, hangmen, liars, violators of every law, who hunt down before his eyes his own weaver folk and men whose sole crime is their birth. . . . Out of fright, out of desire for gain, out of sordid weakness, he used his last ounce of strength to hoist the Hakenkreuz rag on his dwelling. . . . Hauptmann has deserted to the enemy.

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hique, the song of praise to America's industrial and scientific development reaching its climax perhaps in an article from the director of the giant tractor plant at Chelyabinsk. After pointing out that the factory is modeled after American plants, he said that all the equipment would have been American as well if the Soviet could only have reached satisfactory terms with American manufacturers.

Within three days of the time that news of recognition reached Moscow a squad of "twenty-minute men" were marching on the town's universities, factories, and shops, delivering talks on the significance of the American-Soviet agreement. At the Communist University this is what the students heard:

Recognition was forced on the United States by the economic crisis, by her need for new markets, and by the political situation and the role that Japan is assuming in the Far East. Both the Soviet Union and the United States strengthen their positions in the Far East by this friendly pact. This step on the part of the United States shows that the foreign policy of the Soviet Union has been correct in the past sixteen years, our policy of advocating international peace and disarmament and of refusing to discuss the debt question until diplomatic relations are established.

It is lunch hour on November 21 at the Seventh Moscow Printshop, called Spark of the Revolution. The big flat-bed and rotary presses are rolling out *Krasnaya Zvezda*, the Red Army daily; *Legkaya Industriya*, the light-industry newspaper; the *Moscow Daily News*; and the German daily, *Deutsche Zentralni Zeitung*. Linotype operators, printers, pressmen, stonemen are pouring out of the dining-room to where a short, stout fellow, forty or fifty years old, is talking about recognition. He is a representative from the district committee of the Communist Party. He is saying: "America, the leading capitalist country, thought that the Soviets knew a temporary affair, that they could get along without word in the Union." He gets around to the crisis: "America's essays urging anything, anything which might promote better and enter the psychological effect upon Japan's firebrands and culture. On the ship between the Soviet Union and the through S. Fischer (the little fellow mops his brow, gulps has published a book on his way to another speech. Döblin wired from abroad reporters from *Komsomolskaya* and political connection the American doorbells with such per- Request you publish this question you like living in Moscow?" the cognition open for the United tation of magazine was used the same girl reporter, surely not more

Among the other collective questions to me, I countered: *lung* was René Schickele, a he lone Russian mujik think about duced not only charming ge the did not change expression as ist slant aiming at a Fran is a fruit. Even America must might save his beloved pre an reply to the pressure of the an poses not only the recon of ing All-Union Photograph Com- was this wire to Fischer: w ures of well-known Americans acter of *Sammlung* since, in a series called "Moscow Yan- view only purely liter the challenge of the Mayor of Jersey strictly steer clear of s dren to enter into competition with

American youngsters for the best composition on the subject of the significance of America's recognition of the Soviet Union. The literary weekly *Liternaturnaya Gazeta* brings out a special American edition, featuring a leading article called Literature and the Class Struggle in the U. S. A., and carrying full-page discussions of the work of Sinclair Lewis and Theodore Dreiser, both great favorites with Russian readers.

The Foreign Office, a few days after the agreement was reached, tendered a big dinner to American correspondents which turned into a mutual-admiration meeting, and on December 4 the correspondents gave a farewell dinner to A. A. Troyanovski, who goes to Washington as the first Soviet Ambassador. Just to show their good-will, such important individuals as Krestinsky, Rosenholz, and Mezhlauk signified their willingness to attend, an unprecedented occurrence.

And Louis Fischer reports that when he tried to board a street-car the other day, what with the crowds in sheepskins and the ice-coated, snowy pavements, he found it well-nigh impossible to get on; he finally boarded the front end, the entrance reserved for children, cripples, the very old, pregnant women, members of the party, and militiamen, and was promptly challenged. "I'm an American," he said, producing his foreign correspondent's card. "An American? It's all right then," and the guard waved him along with a broad smile.

In the Driftway

"DEAR DRIFTER: You are a smart man and I want to ask you a question. I hear people talking about this thing leisure and I think I have it but I am not sure, so I want to ask your opinion." So a letter begins which arrived in the mail. Anyone who begins by calling the Drifter a "smart man" may, of course, ask all the questions that pop into his head. The Drifter will lend a sympathetic ear, though he does not promise a satisfactory answer. Answers are not much in the Drifter's line. He can sometimes supply an analysis, but what most people mean by an answer is a prescription. To give that one must usually be a quack. Anyhow, for the present the Drifter prefers to go on with the letter, which continues:

I am a hod-carrier by trade, a workingman, that is, and therefore out of a job. If I do get work it is only for a short time, one or two days out of the week at most, so that I have a lot of time on my hands, but I didn't think I was fortunate until now I'm beginning to hear about leisure. My landlord comes to talk over the rent—he comes often to talk over the rent—says, "That's all right, look at the leisure you got. You got more leisure than I have. I'll be around to-morrow." When I go to buy a newspaper the candy-store man slaps me on the back, "Ah, there is a man of leisure." On the stoop Mrs. O'Reilly greets me, "Glory be to God, Snipkin! what'll ye be doin' with all yer laizure, at all at all?" So I'm beginning to think maybe I'm not so bad off after all, I got leisure.

* * * * *

THUS far this sounds like the life, but there is a little more to it than that. The Drifter's correspondent goes on to say that he has a wife and four children and that although he has a lot of leisure to give them, they have the

contrariness to prefer potatoes, which are getting dearer. Besides that, winter has arrived and the wind whistles through the flat like a subway train. One child needs a pair of shoes and another is going around without a coat. All of them could do with some more vitamins.

So all in all, Mr. Drifter, I'm thinking, if I have it and it's a good thing, this leisure, maybe I could do something with it? Maybe you know of somebody who wants it? Maybe you could use a little yourself? I would sell it for cheap because I got a lot of it.

* * * * *

NOW that the Drifter has come to the end, he has decided that an answer is easy. He does not have to formulate one of his own. He need only pass out one already given by an eminent American, who is a college president and so, of course, must be right. Nicholas Murray Butler of Columbia University said the other day that nobody could have leisure until he had work to guarantee him a livelihood. Without that, one lacked the tranquillity of mind essential to leisure. And the Drifter might add that it is necessary not only to have work but a sense of security in it in order to attain leisure. For leisure is in part at least a state of mind. The Drifter will make one other comment also. His correspondent will never have any leisure to give away. If sometime he gets the reality, as the Drifter hopes he may, he will sense that it is non-transferable, besides which he will not want to transfer it. As for the spurious leisure which the Drifter's correspondent has at the moment, he will not be able to give that away either—nobody wants it.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence Voices from the South

[The letters which we print below are only part of those we have received in answer to our question "Is this the voice of the South?" in *The Nation* for December 27. It will be seen that these eight correspondents are from six of the Southern States and that they express eight different shades of opinion, from blanket agreement with John Gould Fletcher to an almost complete agreement with *The Nation*. Other letters received expressed still other points of view, but space forbids their use. Charles Finger writes from Fayetteville, Arkansas, that the voice of the South is a "sane voice"; that "Mr. Fletcher is in error. He reports . . . but the faint echo of a vanished past." Clara Mae Jessup, a Southerner now living in New York, although she personally does not agree with him, says Mr. Fletcher's letter is the voice of the South and "of the North also." She adds, "The fight is against an economic system in which race and sectional prejudice is a symptom rather than a cause." Douglas L. Hunt, a Northerner who has lived many years in Tennessee, sees much that is not only inevitable but sound in Mr. Fletcher's position, and he declares that this position "is not the voice of the entire South, but "of an important part of it," and that it "deserved slightly more understanding than you gave it." Eleanor Copenhaver, of Marion, Virginia, agrees with Mr. Fletcher in resenting "the habit of the North of pointing a superior finger at the South." But she too declares the issue to be one of class rather than of race. The correspondence as a whole indicates what was plain enough from the beginning,

that no one thing is thought to be the cause of lynching, or its cure; that "Northern interference" is not universally resented in the South; that injustice to Negroes is not universally championed. In short, the lynching problem remains with us, with all its antecedents and its accompaniments, but very slowly progress in solving it is being made. The average number of lynchings over the last ten years is considerably less than over the years preceding. There are fewer lynchings than there used to be. Lynching, in and out of a courtroom, seems to most Northerners and to many Southerners a violation of the law to be unequivocally condemned. This is about all that can be said about the matter without risk of vituperative contradiction.—
EDITORS THE NATION.]

From the Editor of the *News and Observer*

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

I have read with considerable interest and some little resentment the letter of John Gould Fletcher in which he undertakes to express the view of the South with regard to the Scottsboro cases as one of resentment against the North and of determination, as a result, to do what we please with the damn niggers. As the editor of a Southern newspaper and as a younger Southerner than Mr. Fletcher, I am perhaps guilty of sass to my elders in expressing the opinion that Mr. Fletcher's views are those of an educated Southerner of twenty-five years ago but not of today. Mr. Fletcher's views are held today by only a very small group of educated men in the South, and most of them formed their opinions a long time ago.

... Mr. Fletcher comes back into a South in which white men and Negroes have learned slowly that they are not master and slave but men, black and white, who share a common destiny. There are white lynchers and black rogues, but the South generally is populated by white and black men who realize the difficulties in the problem of their relationship. ...

As one Southerner I refuse to accept Victoria Price as an emblem of Southern womanhood. I believe that women in the South will be made safe from the crime of rape and all other crimes in direct proportion to the quality of justice in our courts. The South has suffered because of both the harshness and the leniency of its courts toward the Negroes. We are the murder country because our courts have refused to regard "nigger killings" as serious matters. So far as I know there has never been any failure on the part of Southern courts to convict Negro degenerates guilty of crimes against white women. I hope there never will be. But if the womanhood of the South is sacred, it is too sacred to reduce it to the level of an Alabama prostitute who has tangled herself repeatedly in a maze of falsehood. ...

I particularly resent Mr. Fletcher's protests against *The Nation's* position as if it were singular and Northern. *The Nation* has taken no more vigorous position in this matter than the *News and Observer* and numerous other Southern newspapers whose readers are Southerners who have learned out of long experience that the Negro is their neighbor and will continue to be. They wish him well. Certainly they wish him justice. For the Southerner knows what he so long refused to see: that the ignorance of the Negro, the exploitation of the Negro, injustice to the Negro result only in ignorance, poverty, and injustice for all.

Raleigh, N. C., January 3

JONATHAN DANIELS

From the Dean of Blue Mountain College

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

Throughout his letter Mr. John Gould Fletcher voices the beliefs and feelings of the South with perfect fidelity, and

nowhere more faithfully than when he says that we are determined to treat the Negro "as a race largely dependent upon us, and inferior to ours." In regard to the racial question we are realists; we treat the Negro as we find him, and that is how we find him. Upon that point all Southern white people, rich or poor, learned or ignorant, are in perfect accord. None doubts it, because the truth of it is incontestable. That you find that truth, or "position," as you prefer to call it, unendurable will strike them with astonishment, just as if you were to find it unendurable that Sunday follows Saturday or that two and two make four, but their conviction in the matter will in no wise be shaken. ...

Now the South today is perfectly willing for the rest of the country to handle its Negro question as it sees fit. If the people of New York wish to eat and sleep with Negroes and to intermarry with them, the South does not care, and will send no agitators to combat practices that it regards with utter abhorrence. If the people of Chicago drive Negroes away from their bathing beaches with brickbats, the South has no feeling in the matter, unless it is a mild sympathy with the Negro for being a victim of Northern inconsistency. The people in the North told the Negro that he was their social equal. We in the South never did.

As best I can make out, the people in the North believe in the Negro as a race but dislike him as an individual. We in the South are consistently opposed to him as a race but like him as an individual. And it seems to me that the Negro is more likely to thrive where he is liked as an individual. Certain it is that the vast majority of the race, as Mr. Fletcher says, are living happy and contented lives in the South today. In spite of local occurrences, magnified by the press out of all proportion to their importance, the white people and the Negroes in the South are on very good terms, enduring each other's foibles and eccentricities with good-natured tolerance.

Is it too much to ask that our indifference toward the problems of the North be reciprocated? We are now convinced that the liquor question can best be handled by local option. Why not let us try local option on the Negro question?

GEORGE T. BUCKLEY

Blue Mountain, Miss., December 25

A Plea for Intelligent Understanding

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

The letter from Mr. John Gould Fletcher—whose efforts as a poet I admire very much—and your answer to it with its implied request for statements of attitudes from Southerners prompt me to add my own note to what will probably be a swelling and discordant chorus.

It seems to me that there are a number of factors that are not properly emphasized when there is a discussion of lynching in the South. First of these is the relationship of the percentage of Negro population in various sections of the South to lynching. For example, Georgia, Louisiana, and Alabama have relatively large Negro populations and also a very bad record for taking the law into their own hands when meting out "justice" to the blacks. On the other hand, Virginia and North Carolina, States in which the whites outnumber the Negroes roughly two to one, have the best records on the subject in the whole South.

The second point is that those States which have the highest illiteracy rate both as to whites and as to Negroes, but particularly as to Negroes, also do most honor to the memory of Judge Lynch. Louisiana, South Carolina, Mississippi, Alabama, and Georgia, in the order named, have the largest percentage of illiterates of all classes in the South, and with the exception of South Carolina also have the worst records in lynching. (I

hardly know how to account for the failure of South Carolina to fit into this scheme except that she just naturally won't "stay put.") These States also have an appallingly high rate of illiteracy among Negroes, Louisiana having 38 per cent according to the 1920 census figures. North Carolina and Virginia, however, have fewer illiterate Negroes than most Southern States.

Third, in general there are more lynchings in those States where the economic lot of the Negro is hardest, and fewer where he is more successful.

It would seem, then, that the most effective method of attack on the lynching menace would be an intensification of the effort to bring education to all groups in the South, and a redoubling of efforts to improve the economic status of the Negro.

Mr. Fletcher's objection to Northern interference with Southern problems and Southern justice is a natural and very human one. In emotional moments the South still resurrects and fights anew the Civil War—the irreconcilables still call it the "War between the States." I myself share Mr. Fletcher's antipathy toward the "I-am-better-than-thou" type of reformer, to which Mr. Leibowitz evidently belongs. However, despite my emotional resentment, my common sense and knowledge of human history tell me that outside pressure can be very effective in bringing about reforms, particularly if the outsiders have morality and justice on their side, as they most certainly have in the Scottsboro case. I believe that Mr. Leibowitz's methods have made it almost certain that the Scottsboro boys will be put to death, but in losing a skirmish he has, I think, won a battle. For after the resentments and emotions of the moment have been allowed to quiet down in Alabama and other sections of the South, it will be a long time before there is another "Scottsboro."

After all, the Negro problem in the South is almost purely an emotional one, having its roots partly in slavery but largely in the animosities and crimes of the 'Tragic Era.' If the rest of the country could realize that very important fact, its sympathetic and intelligent criticism would be accepted with better grace down here.

Spartanburg, S. C., December 29 KENNETH D. COATES

The Negro Is a Southern Problem

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

In regard to lynching, I very strongly feel that mob violence must be most heartily condemned by all right-thinking citizens no matter in what section of the country lynching may take place, or to what race the victim may belong. It seems to me that the slowness of court actions aggravates such demonstrations, but that is another matter.

I do not believe that the famous nine Negroes of the Scottsboro trial are guilty, or that even if they were guilty of raping Virginia Price and her companion they would merit the electric chair. However, I heartily agree with Mr. Fletcher in his statement that the Negro is a Southern problem which must be solved by the South alone. I believe much harm will be done by the agitation resulting from the Scottsboro trial, and perhaps many innocent Negroes may suffer injustice as a consequence. I also agree that the majority of the Southern Negroes are living normal and happy lives. . . . I feel that no Northerner can fully appreciate the Southern Negro problem without living in the South for a long period of years. The articles written by Northern authors on the Negro problem in the South often remind me of the European authors who come to the United States, spend six weeks, and forthwith publish a book telling us all that troubles us and exactly how to remedy our troubles.

As to the justice meted out by Southerners to the Negroes as a race and individually, I believe on the whole it is very

good. Perhaps in a few thousand years we of the South, both white and Negro, will have reached a higher plane of civilization, and a different or better justice may be possible. But it must be remembered that 50 per cent of the population of many of the Southern States is Negro, and although as a whole this Negro population is not illiterate, it is very ignorant, and some of it is illiterate. With this large proportion of ignorant population the problem is much more complicated than if both races were equally civilized. It cannot be denied that at present the Negro race is inferior to the Southern white race. . . .

As for myself I was born and reared in the South, but lived four years in Boston. My wife, a Northerner, joins me in these sentiments.

Leesburg, Fla., December 29

JOHN W. WILSON

Race Prejudice Is Indefensible

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

Deplorably, the voice of John Gould Fletcher is the voice of the South, but hardly recognizable as Mr. Fletcher's voice. Undoubtedly his words would be all but unanimously applauded in every Southern community, and that is justification enough for the existence of the International Labor Defense and the attitude of the editors of *The Nation*.

If Mr. Fletcher and the South were interested in the merits or demerits of the Scottsboro case, the interest of outsiders would be unnecessary. I too think the Scottsboro Negroes are innocent but that is beside the question. Whether guilty or innocent, as charged in the indictment, does Mr. Fletcher or any intelligent Southerner think that a white man could be convicted or even indicted on the testimony thus far presented against the Scottsboro Negroes? Call such discrimination race prejudice, social inequality, irregular legal procedure, or what you will, I challenge any member of the Southern bar to answer that question affirmatively.

Mr. Fletcher unwittingly indicted the South shamelessly when he warned that if the North did not stay out and quit interfering with our Southern brand of justice, we would, out of resentment, continue to lynch Negroes. If, as he charges, the intrusion of the North is good cause for lynching, why not lynch the real offenders, the Northerners?

It has been said repeatedly that delays in rendering justice are the cause of mob violence, but that is not the cause for lynching Negroes in the South. When there is ample evidence against a Negro, justice is always swift and sure. The real cause is prejudice of one kind or another, and race prejudice is indefensible whether it is aroused against unwelcome intruders from the North or against the Negroes as a race.

In the Scottsboro case, if it had not been for the intervention of outsiders, the Negroes, without benefit of counsel, would long ago have been legally executed. They may ultimately be executed, but thanks to Mr. Leibowitz and the unwelcome organizations that sent him to Alabama, the executions have been delayed long enough for the world to know that the Negroes were the victims of a rank and prejudiced miscarriage of justice; and the wide dissemination of the facts in the case may have educational value.

El Dorado, Ark., December 30

SILAS W. ROGERS

The Fletcher Explosion

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

That the attitude of John Gould Fletcher toward legal justice for the Negro in the South is still the Southern attitude is borne out by a recent inquiry made among the students in a prominent Southern university. Of ten students interviewed

on the subject of lynching, all, with one exception, condoned the lynching of Negroes accused of raping white women. Only three opposed other varieties of lynching. Questioned as to the recent action of Governor Rolph of California, the students without exception agreed that the Governor was wrong; but only one thought him guilty of criminal offense. With one exception the students blamed the Governor for making an unwise political move, not for breaking the fundamental law of the land. And just here, I believe, is the root of the evil: nine out of ten are not concerned with the rightness or wrongness of the matter, but with whether or not it can be got away with. . . .

Back of the schools lie the conditions that produce this "anything is all right if you don't get caught" attitude. Baptist and Presbyterian predestination, possibly misunderstood, have contributed to the vapid Rotary-Kiwanis spirit of everything's all right, everybody's O. K. Out of such a background have come generations of men who have murdered niggers and justified themselves by the well-known "God made him so" argument. And such background, part and parcel of the majority thought, is difficult to alter. Though many of us in the South believe some slight progress is being made, we are constantly having our hopes shattered by such explosions as that of Fletcher and such expressions as those of the students here mentioned.

Gainesville, Fla., January 1

THOMAS B. STROUP

Northern Scolding Gets Nowhere

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

In your comment on the letter of John Gould Fletcher in *The Nation* of December 27 you say you would like to know how large a section of the South he represents. I was born and reared in the central part of North Carolina, a rural section of small farms; lived one year in the northeastern part of South Carolina, a land of plantations and small farms; and have been in Texas for more than forty years. I make yearly visits to North Carolina. I can speak with some degree of authority for the people in all three States.

It is my opinion that Mr. Fletcher is not in accord with many others in considering the conviction in the Scottsboro case a foregone conclusion. A traveling man who spent several days in Decatur a few weeks before the trial told me that he did not hear the case mentioned while he was there. All of us feel keenly the smart of Northern and communistic criticism and interference, but not many believe that the hostility excited by these things was the determining factor in the mind of every one of the twelve jurymen in reaching a verdict. Personally, basing my judgment on the printed evidence, I could not have brought in a verdict of guilty. But while I deeply regret it, my observation leads me to go farther than Mr. Fletcher and say that any man against whom a woman of whatever character swears rape has a mighty poor chance of escaping with his life. I judge this is true both in the North and in the South. . . .

There has always been a law-abiding majority in the South; I trust that it is growing in numbers continuously not only in the South but in the North as well. We believe, however, that you attribute any change for the better to the wrong cause: it has not been due to the carping, critical missionary work of hostile Northern papers; this has hindered rather than helped. It is evident that you do not understand human psychology if it has been your purpose to bring about a kindlier attitude of the Southern white toward the Negro. I am bold to assert that the great majority of Southern whites have all along been against lynching and have deplored any act of injustice to the Negro in court or out. . . .

The true Southerner wants to help the Negro; he is willing to give him work. The first time I ever heard the right of a Negro to work challenged, it was by a man from the North,

and I have found this feeling rather generally shared by people from the North. . . .

We may be perverse, but there are some things in addition to those mentioned in Mr. Fletcher's letter that are settled, so far as the South is concerned. I will mention two: The Negro will never be treated as a social equal. The whites, even though they constitute a small minority, will not submit for long at a time to Negro rule in any county in the South.

Fort Worth, Tex., December 29

R. L. PASCHAL

Disgraceful Affairs

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

I certainly do not agree with the attitude expressed by John Gould Fletcher in his letter printed in your issue of December 27. I have never believed that the Southern white man gains anything by keeping the Negro down. On the contrary, I am convinced that most of our excessively high criminal rates, our disease, our ignorance, and our poverty are directly attributable to preoccupation with keeping the Negro down. The chief result is that we have kept down both the white and the black man. This is proved by the hard facts of Southern life.

Mr. Fletcher's argument that radicals from the North are responsible for the miscarriage of justice in Scottsboro has a reminiscent sound in my ear. Interfering damyankees have been held the cause of most of the South's misfortunes; and, according to Mr. Fletcher, in such cases as that of Scottsboro it is absolutely necessary that Southern justice continue being perverted because outsiders are continuing their interference. I should like to have Mr. Fletcher's definition of an "outsider." I wonder if he is ignorant of the fact that every wife-beater regards his neighbors as interfering outsiders, that every gang of thieves and cutthroats regards the law-abiding citizen as an outsider? In the case of Scottsboro I am glad there are outsiders and I congratulate *The Nation* on the consistency with which it is outside such disgraceful affairs.

Like Mr. Fletcher I also am a Southerner by birth and upbringing. But if I were an Eskimo or Hottentot I hope I would have enough balance and sense of justice to repudiate utterly the attitude expressed by him.

Chapel Hill, N. C., December 27

W. T. COUCH

[The article on the Pan-American Conference, by Samuel Guy Inman, which was announced for this issue will appear next week.]

Contributors to This Issue

HERBERT SOLOW, after three years as assistant editor of the Encyclopaedia of the Social Sciences, has returned to free-lance journalism.

HUBERT HERRING is secretary of the department of social relations of the Congregational Education Society.

CARLETON BEALS is author of "The Crime of Cuba."

SELDEN RODMAN is one of the editors of *Common Sense*.

MILLY BENNETT is a California newspaperwoman who has spent the last three years in Moscow.

MARK VAN DOREN is the author of "Jonathan Gentry."

LOUIS M. HACKER, in collaboration with Benjamin B. Kendrick, is the author of "The United States Since 1865."

ARTHUR P. WHITAKER is professor of American History at Cornell University.

CAROLINE GORDON is the author of a novel about the South, "Penhally."

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

Abstract Woman

The Mother. By Pearl S. Buck. The John Day Company. \$2.50.

MRS. BUCK'S heroine has no name. She is simply the wife of a small Chinese farmer surnamed Li who is never called anything except "the man," and she is the mother of three children who are referred to as "the elder son," "the daughter," and "the younger son." Her mother-in-law, her cousin, her cousin's wife, and later on her elder son's wife are known to us only by the terms which designate their relationships to her. Indeed, we have here a whole Chinese village, not to say a whole Chinese class, which passes its monotonous days in a perfect and murmurous anonymity—the murmurousness coming from Mrs. Buck's style as much as from anything else, though it comes also from the type of event which she repeatedly and accentlessly intones.

There was the man. To him there was no change in time, no hope of any new thing day after day. Even in the coming of the children his wife loved there was no new thing, for to him they were born the same and one was like another and all were to be clothed and fed, and when they were grown they must be wed in their turn and once more children born and all was the same, each day like to another, and there was no new thing. . . . Sometimes . . . it fell upon him like a terror that so long as he lived there was naught for him but this, to rise in the morning and go to this land of which they owned but little and rented from a landlord who lived in pleasure in some far city.

There is pleasure in China, then, and doubtless there are people with names. But all of that is hopelessly remote from this village where the mother, deserted by her man after she has borne him only three children, is left to live out her life. Her man, presumably, escapes into the wider world of cities and silver coins and many-colored clothes. She neither escapes nor wishes to escape, though she would like to have her man back for two reasons: she loves him and she could have more children by him. Pregnancy and nursing not only are the deepest joys of her existence; they are the only diversions she has, they are the only events capable of convincing her that she lives and has importance. So her tragedy is that she must spend most of her years in an atmosphere unheavy with procreation. Even her hunger for grandchildren is denied satisfaction. Her elder son's wife is pale, passionless, and barren; her daughter is blind and must be given away to a degenerate youth in whose miserable house she dies childless; and her younger son, escaping like his father, is converted by the Communists, whom he joins, to the belief that all this business of marrying and child-bearing is old-fashioned and irrational. The mother has her only triumph at the end, when, returning from the terrible scene of her younger son's execution as a Communist agitator, she learns that her daughter-in-law has produced a grandson after all. So life goes on.

Mrs. Buck's refusal to name characters and her selection of a wholly unaccentuated style are doubtless proper for the kind of novel she has written, which is a kind that many may write during decades to come when, happily or unhappily, classes are likely to be considered more interesting than individuals as material for fiction. But it is worthy of note that she has not been able in the end to avoid individualizing her people. The mother, the father, each one of the children, the cousin, the landlord's agent who seduces the mother, the village gossip—not one of these but has his uniqueness and picturesque clarity. At the same time that the book reminds us of the similarity which human beings bear to one another it reminds us of the

fact that no two of them are identical. This, of course, is what good fiction always has done—and what, proletarian or otherwise, it will always do, though the emphasis may be altered to suit the temper of a time. From the purely literary point of view, if there is such a thing, there would seem then to be no cause either for exultation or for despair in the prospect of a future age when great quantities of class-conscious fiction are to be produced. That fiction will have its individuals—never worry—quite as much as fiction before the flood had its types, its classes, and its common human nature.

MARK VAN DOREN

A Stubborn Politician

Letters of Grover Cleveland, 1850-1908. Selected and Edited by Allan Nevins. Houghton Mifflin Company. \$5.

THESE letters, which Mr. Nevins has used all the resources of scholarship to collect and edit, are, I am afraid, a little confusing. The editor, in his introduction, has exhausted the vocabulary of heroism to characterize Grover Cleveland: "courageous soul," "stubborn human integrity," "Bunyan's Valiant-for-Truth," "steadfast heart," these and dozens of similar extravagant phrases assail the eye in the preliminary pages and prefatory passages Mr. Nevins has written. What emerges from the letters, on the other hand, is the picture of a stubborn and unimaginative tory politician who, in the midst of a depression less severe only than the present one, conceived it as his sole function to defend the integrity of the gold standard against the assaults of the silverites.

While farmers in the West and South were mobilizing for political action and listening to exhortations to "raise less corn and more hell," while unemployed workers were organizing great mass demonstrations and converging from a half-dozen different directions on Washington, while desperate strikes filled the land, President Cleveland fiddled with tariff bills and carried on negotiations with private bankers for the issuance of gold bonds which presumably were to be used to maintain the Treasury's gold reserve. That the generous bankers turned right around and obtained the gold from the Treasury with which to buy the bonds, leaving everything exactly where it was before except for their profits of promotion, of course detracts nothing from the President's statesmanship. Like other Bourbons—Herbert Hoover and Alfred E. Smith, for example—Cleveland was sure that the protection of the owning classes against currency heresies was all that was required to assure the stability of American economic institutions.

Offhand, it might be said that Mr. Nevins is entitled to his own definition of a historian: that if he conceives his function to be the building up of the reputations of negligible tory politicians, that is his own concern. I, for one, should be the last to object to a reasoned defense of the right position in either politics or economics. But when the editor can distinguish between Tories and Tories—can say that Grover Cleveland was a great and courageous leader because he knew how to twiddle his thumbs during a national crisis while Herbert Hoover was a weak and ineffectual one because he twiddled his thumbs during another (see Mr. Nevins in *Current History* for July, 1932)—then a certain bewilderment naturally arises.

Cleveland's little notes to E. C. Benedict make very amusing reading in the light of the editor's noble apostrophes to his hero. The wealthy Mr. Benedict, who like the President was fond of fishing and sailing and on that basis was able to build up quite a charming friendship, was kind enough to take care of Cleveland's private investments during the second Administration. On January 1, 1897, when his address was still the White House, Cleveland wrote as follows to his good friend:

You speak of an investment you lately made and say you were thinking of me at the time and that I can help myself to some of it. I see it has risen in price since then and of course I ought not after my delay to avail myself of your offer. I confess I have been thinking about bonds and income by way of interest, but as I said in my former letter I am willing to abide by your judgment and will do whatever you suggest, or will keep what I have to invest to a more convenient season.

On January 31, still from the same address, Cleveland wrote:

I inclose you check for \$6,412.50 in payment of the balance due you on our last transaction, excepting interest, which if I should attempt to adjust I would probably get astray. That can be adjusted hereafter, I suppose. There has a thing occurred within the last day or two which will raise the price of Northern Pacific securities. I believe they have appreciated some under suspicion that something might or had happened, which is undoubtedly an accomplished fact.

Cleveland's letters are almost uniformly dull and trivial but one communication in this book is worth reading, that of Governor Altgeld to Cleveland on July 5, 1894, which bitterly protested against the dispatch of federal troops to Illinois to break the Pullman strike. On the basis of the interchange of telegrams between the two men I cannot for the life of me see anything in Mr. Nevins's contention that Attorney-General Olney had sold Cleveland a bill of goods when he persuaded his chief to send the soldiers. Cleveland, like the stout reactionary he was, knew exactly what he was doing.

LOUIS M. HACKER

"Spider of the Escorial"

Philip II: The First Modern King. By Jean H. Mariéjol. Translated from the French by Warre B. Wells. Harper and Brothers. \$3.75.

IF Henry Adams's attempt to apply the second law of thermodynamics to the history of mankind did not meet with conspicuous success, the theory would seem to find better justification in the historiography of Philip II. The vital energy of earlier assaults on this sixteenth-century Lucifer has given way to an equilibrium of pros and cons. In the last half-century the portrayals of him by historians and biographers have become more and more dispassionate—and more and more pallid. The once familiar figure of the "Spider of the Escorial" has been transformed into that of a chief clerk bending over files of correspondence, a mediocrity to whom is denied even the distinction of diabolism. In current accounts of his reign, the murders, massacres, and *autos de fe* belong to the spirit of the age; only the red tape is Philip's. Thus in 1926 the Spanish historian Ballesteros characterized him as a "bureaucrat-king," in 1932 Loth found him a "very ordinary sort of man," and now Mariéjol declares that "Philip II was neither so black nor so great as he has been painted," and that "he was not a great king" but "a man who fussed with documents."

Why should anyone write a biography of so commonplace a person, even though he was a king? It is not surprising that historians turn out reams of monographs on the subject, for many of their profession hold that history is a science and that it must therefore deal with the recurrent, the constant, the uniform—in short, the commonplace. But there is no such school of scientific biography. The exceptional character is still the proper subject for biographers. Yet they continue to write about Philip, "the prudent king," and they continue to declare that there was nothing unique about him.

We may turn the spirit of the age against Philip's recen-

biographers and say that it is in accordance with the spirit of our own age that they debunk villains as well as heroes, reducing both to a dead level of mediocrity. This sort of thing occurs so frequently that we often suspect the mediocrity lies not in the subject but in the mind of the biographer. Or else the biographer finds the subject less commonplace than he would have us believe and his verdict of mediocrity is an obeisance to the Zeitgeist. But even that is changing.

The truth about Philip is that in several respects he was an exceptional person, and that in its totality his character was unique. There was no one else quite like him in Europe. There was no one else quite like him even in Spain. Every other prince in Christendom, including the popes themselves, knew the salutary uses of compromise; not so Philip. No other ruler in the history of Europe has acted more consistently in the profound conviction that he was the agent of God on earth and that God (read Philip) could not fail. Nor was he a typical Spaniard, as most writers assert. If we must generalize about national traits, your Spanish gentleman of the sixteenth century was an individualist, a fighter, and (fighting aside) a loafer. Philip was the dutiful son, the stern father, the king, the champion of the Faith; never once in his life was he ever merely Philip. He loathed fighting, and he was an indefatigable worker. Even on the darker side his character was not Spanish. His dominant emotion, hatred, did not express itself in the hot passion of the South. Says Mariéjol himself: "His acts of vengeance, carried out in cold blood, make us shudder." Devotion to duty and an implacable hatred of all who stood in the way of his performance of it—this seems to me to be the key to Philip's character. If in following the course which his character dictated he brought the empire to the verge of ruin, he could console himself with the reflection that the world was well lost for hate.

Interpretations of Philip's character will always be as numerous as the interpreters. The "facts" about most of the events of his life are now pretty well ascertained. With a prudence worthy of an academic historian and of Philip himself, Mariéjol has chosen to confine himself almost entirely to a statement of these facts. We should be rather grateful to him for having done so, for while his occasional essays at interpretation are neither essentially novel nor convincing, his long familiarity with the period has enabled him to write the most satisfactory narrative of Philip's life that has yet appeared. The story is one of absorbing interest, and Mariéjol has told it clearly and authoritatively. But why call Philip II the first modern king? The translation seems to be a good one in most respects, despite occasional slips. The translator has David dancing before the "bow"; what David danced before was the Ark of the Lord.

ARTHUR P. WHITAKER

Stalin and World Revolution

World Revolution and the U. S. S. R. By Michael T. Florinsky. The Macmillan Company. \$2.

THE thesis of this book—that Stalin is substituting Russian Socialist construction for the earlier Communist ideal of world revolution—has had considerable currency in the last few years. Professor Florinsky modestly refrains from adding any new thoughts or interpretations, but most of his long excerpts from official Bolshevik publications—about half the book is given over to quotations—have hitherto been available only to those Russians who frequent Yarmolinsky's Slavonic room at Fifth Avenue and Forty-second Street in New York, or H. H. Fisher's War Collection at Palo Alto, or the Congressional Library at Washington, where the entire interesting bibliography should certainly be on the shelves.

Professor Florinsky knows these sources well, but it is a

very far cry from knowing congress protocols to understanding the Soviet Union. Though its subject is extremely important, this book reads like a Ph.D. dissertation, moving from convention to convention, from speech to speech, instead of from one phase of life to another. This stricture would be gratuitous if there were not internal evidence that the author has mastered his theme only mechanically and lacks a real grasp of its true inwardness.

Before criticizing Professor Florinsky's general treatment, however, I owe it to him to say that he must not misquote Lenin and then ridicule him on the basis of the misquotation. In his last testament, Lenin said:

Bukharin is not only the most valuable and most important theoretician of the party, but also is deservedly looked upon as the favorite of the entire party; nevertheless his theoretical views can hardly be accepted as truly Marxian because there is something scholastic about him. He was never trained in dialectics and, I think, never fully understood them.

Professor Florinsky distorts the testament, using the word "dialectician" instead of "theoretician" and then says:

How a man who was never trained in the dialectic method and never fully understood it could in spite of this be the party's "most valuable and important dialectician" is perhaps as difficult to comprehend as the application of the dialectic method itself.

Strange that the application of the dialectic method should seem so difficult to a professor who explains it in seven pages.

This wet little squib fired by the Columbia teacher at N. Lenin was propelled by an attitude of hostility toward the Soviet Union. It is extraordinary, not to use a stronger adjective, for anyone who aspires to be called a Russian authority to say, as Professor Florinsky does (pp. 34 and 62), that the Allies intervened against the Soviets in reprisals against Bolshevik propaganda. They intervened chiefly because they wished to reestablish the eastern front, crush bolshevism, and divide Russia. The secret Anglo-French convention of December 23, 1917, which cut out British and French zones in Russia, and innumerable statements by Lloyd George, Churchill, Poincaré, and others prove this. Did the British occupy large sections of Turkestan and the Caucasus because they were irritated by Communist agitation or because they wished to round out their empire and get more oil? Did the Poles march into the Ukraine in April, 1920, on account of the Comintern or in order to fulfil ancient federalistic, expansionist designs? Did Japan want to stop Zinoviev or seize Siberia up to Chita? History gives the incontrovertible answer, and it is not Professor Florinsky's. When he adds that revolutionary Russia's withdrawal from the imperialistic, immoral World War can be considered "not without good reason" as "something akin to treason," it becomes abundantly clear that the author is handicapped in his study of Soviet affairs by a lack of sympathetic understanding which probably reflects his Czarist Russian background.

Now as to his main thesis. Trotsky maintained that socialism cannot be built in a backward country like Russia with 100,000,000 private-capitalist peasants. Therefore the safe future of the Bolshevik revolution depended on further revolutionary developments abroad. Stalin maintained that since revolution was receding in Europe and Asia, the Bolsheviks had no choice but to build socialism in Russia only, and it could be done by collectivizing and industrializing. The heart of the Stalin-Trotsky controversy and of the Socialism in One Country versus Permanent Revolution conflict is the fate of peasant Russia. If collectivization can succeed in socializing Russian agriculture, then socialism can be built in a single country. One would think, accordingly, that Professor Florinsky would pay some attention to collectivization. Unbelievable as it sounds, he uses the word "collectivization" only twice in the whole volume and

then most casually, and does not discuss the process at all.

Secondly, everybody who knows anything about the Stalin-Trotsky struggle will agree that the Chinese revolution of 1924-27 played a role in it second only to the peasant issue. In a book filled with interesting full-page quotations, which nevertheless repeat one another, the author can spare only a page and a half to the Chinese revolution and only six lines to the Stalin-Trotsky storm that raged around it. These six lines, however, are completely wrong. Professor Florinsky says that Stalin wanted a Chinese soviet republic and that Trotsky attacked him for this. But how can that be when Trotsky demanded the stimulation of the world revolution even at the expense of Russia's interests? If China could be made soviet, then the world revolution might be achieved quickly. It is not logical that Trotsky should have been opposed to Stalin's advocacy of a Chinese soviet republic. And it is also not true. Until the summer of 1927, when the Chinese revolution collapsed, Stalin actually was interested in creating a strong nationalist China and favored cooperation with certain bourgeois Chinese elements, while it was Trotsky, not Stalin, who naturally wished for a Chinese soviet republic and an outright Communist uprising. This mistake on so fundamental a question is a heavy count against the author.

Professor Florinsky promised in his preface to examine the changing Bolshevik ideas on world revolution, "along with the interplay of political and economic considerations." The examination of this interplay is absent, and the whole treatment suffers accordingly. Nevertheless, the changing Bolshevik ideas are presented in orderly, academic, faithful fashion by means of translations from the very revealing original statements accompanied by comments by the author on these statements.

LOUIS FISCHER

Shooting Straight to Glory

Kingdom Coming. By Roark Bradford. Harper and Brothers. \$2.50.

MR. BRADFORD'S book deals with a subject hitherto neglected by American fiction writers—the plight of the Negro suddenly set free by Mr. Lincoln's Emancipation Proclamation. The scene of the story is a Red River plantation in the days of the underground railroad—the "true" underground and the "blind" underground by which many an unsuspecting Negro was lured to his death. Ideas of God and freedom hang heavy over the plantation. Of the two the idea of God seems more immediate. Mr. Bradford's Negroes—unless they are abandoned characters—walk in close communion with Sweet King Jesus.

Grammy, his hero—he is named Telegram for a famous race horse—is a fine man with horses, as was his father before him. In the natural course of events he would live to an honored old age, and his son, Good News out of Penny, would follow in his father's footsteps. But the war comes. The master gets on his horse and rides away, leaving Grammy to manage the plantation. This he does creditably until the depredations of the soldiery leave him little to manage. He loads his womenfolk and his baby into a wagon then, and joins the vast encampment of bewildered Negroes in New Orleans.

Leisure and lack of direction take a heavy toll of the encampment. The sophisticated city Negroes initiate many of the newcomers into voodoo rites. Penny, Grammy's wife, becomes a voodoo queen and lets her own baby be killed in order that the devotees may have human blood for their sacrifices. Grammy, undeterred by her threats to burn his eyeballs out and scorch him to a feather, seeks her out and kills her by felling her with a brick. Having punished her and avenged the

death of his son, who will now never grow up to be a fine man with horses, he goes back to his tent and falls into a dreamless sleep. The next morning he goes through his trial without even knowing that he has been condemned to death.

Mr. Bradford, more than any other American writer, knows the Negro. He approaches his Negro characters with the proper reverence. In the midst of easy and often careless magazine prose he dwells lovingly on the rhythms of Negro speech. And it has been his brilliant achievement to make these rhythms set forth the workings of the Negro mind. But it is, after all, only one aspect of the Negro mind that he has chosen to deal with.

His plantation scenes are fresh and moving; his characters are seen in a clear and authentic light. Grammy trains the pacing mare to singlefoot by riding her every morning over a tier of rails. Tobin, the overseer, lounging on the porch, is told that there has been a murder over in the bayou. "That so?" he asks with mild curiosity. "White man or nigger?" The relation of white man and black is often thus illuminated by an unforgettable scene or a single phrase.

Mr. Bradford is writing here about things and people loved and remembered. He is not so happy in his New Orleans scenes. Penny, hitherto an exemplary wife and mother, turns into a voodoo queen with bewildering rapidity. The reader balks at the idea of her sacrificing her own child. Henceforth she is not so much a character in the book as a person of whom Mr. Bradford is relating stories which we may or may not believe. And one may fairly charge the author with regrettable paucity of invention in the denouement of "Kingdom Coming." Grammy cheats the firing squad in much the same way that the docile, trusting Willy of Mr. Bradford's brilliant short story eludes the hangman's trap.

The soldier with the pistol said the last word of the charm that set Grammy free. But Grammy did not hear it. He heard a rumble and a roar . . . and he landed squarely in the middle of Free Heaven, right on the lap of the Sweet God Almighty King Jesus.

But what of the Negro who was not armed with this shining simplicity of spirit? There is still a book to be written about his emancipation.

CAROLINE GORDON

Drama

Miss Hepburn and "The Lake"

THE producers of "The Lake" (Martin Beck Theater) have very plainly suffered from the fact that too much was expected of both the play and its star. The only fair thing to do is to forget for a moment what had been heard of both and to ask ourselves what the reaction would have been if the first were not known as the hit of a London season and if the second were not handicapped by a lush reputation grown overnight in the subtropical climate of Hollywood. At best the present production could hardly have repeated the London success, but it might, at least, have been better received by an audience which expected nothing in particular. In England Dorothy Massingham's play acquired a certain extraneous interest because its author, member of a famous literary family, committed suicide shortly after writing this story of a young girl who takes her leave of us with suicide obviously on her mind. In its own right, moreover, the play has elements of unmistakable power, while its equally obvious weaknesses are such that a really extraordinary performance of the leading role might well conceal them. Unfortunately, however, these weaknesses remain all too obvious in the present production.

The first difficulty is, I think, that it has only three moments and that the writing is technically unskilful in so far as it fails adequately to sustain the interest between these moments. Its other conspicuous weakness lies in the fact that the story itself is loosely knit, that the incidents follow one another as a series of possible but fortuitous events instead of being, like those of the most satisfactory fables, logical outgrowths of what preceded them. In the first scene the heroine breaks with the weakling whom she loves; in the second she discovers how deep is her attachment to the man whom she has just married *faute de mieux*; in the third she learns of his accidental death a few minutes after the wedding. Obviously these truly affecting incidents might have happened, but they are devoid of that meaning and that impressiveness which events can have only when they are brought about by something more than chance, when they proceed from, or are at least particularly appropriate to, the characters involved. Moreover, the heroine is but sketchily presented, and we know her too little to be very deeply concerned with her fate. The play merely marks time between its climaxes when it should be building up our interest in the principal personages, and one can only assume that in England the actress intrusted with the part created a role which the author had left too largely blank. This Katharine Hepburn fails to do, and as a result the play seldom seems much more than a rather faltering sketch which may have been based upon actual incidents but which never achieves the more solid reality of art.

Miss Hepburn has obvious gifts. As a personality she is vivacious, pleasant to look upon, and piquant in that faintly androgynous manner so popular at the moment. She is also very much alive and she knows how to keep the eyes of an audience upon her. It would be ungenerous not to add, also, that there are several moments—notably that in which she confesses her love for her husband—in which she is genuinely effective. But it is equally plain that she is not equal to the task of making the heroine of this play seem a person real enough and definite enough to engage us very deeply. She is shrill, she is metallic, and she seems, far too often, merely a spoiled adolescent when it is very important for the play that we should believe her to be a great deal more than that. I fancy that Miss Hepburn would be an excellent ingenue, but she is not yet a tragedian—certainly not one capable of concealing the weakness of a play like "The Lake." Frances Starr and Blanche Bates are both better in roles which are also better written, probably because the author could be objective about them in a way she could not be about what is, in part at least, a self-portrait.

"The First Apple" (Booth Theater) I found very genuinely if rather quietly amusing. Most reviewers were rather grudging in their praise, but I happen to have a special liking for even minor examples of polite comedy in the great tradition, and that is exactly what "The First Apple" is. Our heroine, a nice girl, pays a call on a young man whom she meets by chance, and to her great amazement she does what she is told it is impossible to do—namely, "go wrong on Brahms." In her horror she not only gets herself engaged to a young man who is as innocent of music as he would be of seduction, but threatens to stick to her new contract even when the original tempter turns up with honorable proposals. The struggle between the representatives of respectability and good sense is very nicely played out on the comic level, and of course sense wins. A good deal of charm is added by the pleasing presence of Irene Purcell.

As its title may possibly suggest, "Big Hearted Herbert" (Biltmore Theater) is in another tradition, but there are some very solid merits to this broadly told tale of a self-made man cured of his boastful "plainness" by a neat trick. J. C. Nugent gets a good deal of broad fun out of the part of the obstreperous husband, and Elizabeth Risdon is also very good indeed in the part of the wife who finally decides to give him a taste of living even plainer than he bargained for. My guess is that

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Continued on page 84

this is exactly the sort of play which is likely to please a great many people who find the usual Broadway fare a little too highly spiced. I might add that even the sophisticates could easily choose a worse evening's entertainment.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

Two new ballets were presented by the Monte Carlo Ballet Russe in the second week of its performances. "The School of Ballet" is a light and graceful comedy. The dancing is consistently good and the pace never lags. The stars of the piece are Leon Woizikovsky, who contributes some delightful humorous dancing, Leonide Massine, and Tatiana Riabouchinska.

As a spectacle of color and design "The Beach," for which Raoul Dufy designed the curtain, scenery, and costumes, is very pleasing. But Irina Baranova has neither the bodily grace nor the technical finish to carry the very literal role of a simple girl in an ordinary bathing suit which happens also to be the pivotal role in the production. At such moments the question arises how far or how directly the dance as an art form should venture into literalness. It would seem, at least, that only dancers unusually gifted both in personality and in technique—a group which would include Massine, Woizikovsky, Danilova, and others in the Monte Carlo ballet—can overcome the old and often banal associations inherent in literal material, and in addition create fresh images. In dancing as in music, abstraction may be the most direct path to response.

M. M.

Films**"Lot in Sodom"**

TO describe "Lot in Sodom" (Little Carnegie) as a highly interesting experiment in the direction of pure cinema is possibly to do the picture more harm than good in the minds of a certain class of people. For some time it has been impossible not to detect in much of what is written about the screen—one cannot call it criticism—a kind of supersnobbery, directed toward those who have chosen to take the films with a certain amount of seriousness, and taking the form of ridicule of whatever terms these latter employ for the purposes of analysis or description. Thus, it is pretty nearly fatal at the moment to make use of such terms as "pictorial rhythm," "composition," or "montage" in defining one's response to a new picture. Even to refer to the movies as cinema, as in the opening sentence of this review, is to lay oneself open to charges of pretentiousness, obfuscation, and what is perhaps even worse—"artiness." It is to run square into the trap set by those engaged in the favorite game of contemporary journalism, the game that Leonard Woolf, in one of his essays, calls "hunting the highbrow." The horror of appearing to take the films too seriously is of course part of the general horror nowadays of taking anything very seriously. But it is more particularly related to the still very profound distrust of the motion-picture medium—a medium whose origins have been so lowly, whose history has been so checkered, and whose vocabulary of criticism has not yet solidified into any convenient or trustworthy set of clichés. Embarrassed in this manner, those journalists who have been unable to assemble enough gossip or personality to substitute for criticism have been forced to fall back on the ever-reliable appeal to the lowbrow's resentment toward what he does not understand.

These remarks are prompted by "Lot in Sodom" because more than any picture in months it makes one realize how inadequate is the vocabulary we have so far been able to devise to describe or analyze a film which is a *film*, and not something

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MEN IN WHITE. Broadhurst Theater. Fine teamwork on the part of the members of the Group Theater helps to make this play about a young doctor one of the things which must not be missed.

PEACE ON EARTH. Civic Repertory Theater. Propaganda play about the next war, in which the workers strike and a young college professor gets framed for murder. Drawing special but enthusiastic audiences which evidently do not agree with me that the play is quite uninspired.

SHE LOVES ME NOT. Morosco Theater. Mad doings at Princeton which involve the efforts of some high-minded students to rescue a not too innocent maiden in distress. Much the funniest farce of the year.

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THE GREEN BAY TREE. Cort Theater. Absorbing psychological drama about a young man who cannot give up luxury for love. Shares with "Men in White" the first place on the list of dramas.

THE PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS. Avon Theater. Spicy and more or less historical comedy about a young Austrian who finds bundling one of the pleasantest of the new freedoms in Revolutionary New England.

THE LAKE. Avon Theater. Katharine Hepburn in an English tragedy which came highly recommended. Neither the play nor the star quite up to expectations.

THE SCHOOL FOR HUSBANDS. Empire Theater. Sparkling adaptation of Moliere's comedy by Arthur Guiterman and Lawrence Langner. Charming produced, and acted *con amore* by Osgood Perkins and June Walker.

TOBACCO ROAD. Masque Theater. Superb performance by Henry Hull in a grotesquely humorous play about total depravity exhibited by the poor whites of Georgia. Dramatized from a novel by Erskine Caldwell and not likely to be forgotten even by those who find it a little too strong for their stomachs.

else—a novel, a play, or a poem in celluloid form. Here is a picture whose effect is qualitatively different from the effect produced on us by any other art-form to which we may have responded. Yet such are the limitations of our vocabulary that we can indicate that effect only by analogy with another form. Like Dreyer's "Passion of Joan of Arc," the picture that Dr. John S. Watson, Jr., has made offers an example of lyricism in the cinema: its method is a rhythmical arrangement of symbols rather than a chronological development of action. An objective pattern of events, Mr. Elict's "objective correlative," it undoubtedly possesses in the Biblical story; but what counts is the intensity of feeling which reduces this to its essential symbols for the imagination. The director is the poet, and these smoking plains, fluctuant shapes, tongues of fire, melted together in rhythms that give them at one and the same time emotional and aesthetic unity, constitute his personal vision of the destruction of Sodom. There is no attempt at realistic historical reconstruction, as in "Sign of the Cross" and "Ben Hur," and no undue exploitation of the contemporary fascination with the *moeurs* to which the Sodomites have given their name. The angel that comes to Lot and the woman turned to stone lose none of their reality to the imagination through being translated from verbal to visual symbols. The story as a whole loses nothing by the translation; and it is because Dr. Watson has recognized so clearly the difference between these two types of symbols that his picture is one of the purest examples in some time of the cinema as distinguished from literature or drama.

The point is here revived with such emphasis because the inability on the part of Norman MacLeod, the director, to distinguish between the language of literature and the language of the screen is undoubtedly the essential reason for the failure of the current film version of "Alice in Wonderland." In the light of this fundamental error, all its weaknesses become immediately explainable—its aimless structure, its jogging tempo, and its uniform deadness of effect. It is a mistake, therefore, to put too much blame on individual performers, like Gary Cooper, whose White Knight is something of a triumph of bad acting, or Charlotte Henry, whose Alice lacks pretty much everything that we associate with the character. The principal responsibility for the catastrophe lies with the director and with those who prepared the script. Alice contracts and expands, it must be admitted, with the most admirable mechanical neatness—but that is exactly the trouble. With what we know of modern double-exposure processes and the rest we are hardly able to be affected where we should be most affected—in our imaginations. Never for a moment is the Looking-glass world on the screen the equivalent of the Looking-glass world of Lewis Carroll's fantasy. No amount of technical ingenuity can compensate for the frustration of the imagination involved in reducing word-symbols, with their infinite potentialities, to a set of more or less fixed and never more than approximate aural and visual symbols. What Mr. McLeod's version of "Alice in Wonderland" most nearly resembles is a joke that has been so badly translated into a foreign language that its whole point is lost.

WILLIAM TROY

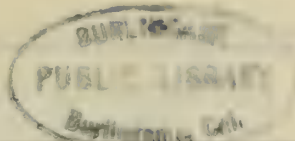
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Contents

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS	85
EDITORIALS:	
Where Will the Money Come From?	88
Rule by Advertisers	89
A National Waterway	89
A Neglected Art	90
ISSUES AND MEN. THE CRUCIAL MONTHS AHEAD. By	
Oswald Garrison Villard	91
"ART" AND THE AD MAN. By James Rorty	92
FREEDOM OF SPEECH. By Carl Becker	94
THE NEW DEAL AT MONTEVIDEO. By Samuel Guy Inman	97
A NEW REBELLION IN CHINA. By Crispian Corcoran	99
THE WASHINGTON SEESAW. By Paul Y. Anderson	101
IN THE DRIFTWAY. By the Drifter	102
CORRESPONDENCE	103
CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE	104
BOOKS, ARCHITECTURE, DRAMA:	
Sculptured. By Charlotte Wilder	105
Sean O'Faolain. By William Troy	105
Book of a Liberal. By Lewis Galantière	106
White and Black. By Dorothy Van Doren	106
Honesty and Fiction. By Eda Lou Walton	107
Franklin and His Grandson. By William MacDonald	107
Justice Brandeis. By Beryl Harold Levy	108
Shorter Notices	108
Architecture: 1933: Looking Forward at Chicago. By Douglas Haskell	109
Drama: "The Sickness of Today." By Joseph Wood Krutch	110
Films: Garbo and Screen Acting. By William Troy	112

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PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S latest monetary plan seems to be a compromise designed to please as many persons as possible and gloss over some of the fundamental difficulties of the Administration's financial policy. An obvious defect is that it does not provide the genuine stabilization of values that would ensue from devalorization by a fixed percentage and a simultaneous resumption of gold payments, but Mr. Roosevelt may naturally hesitate to take that step at present, if indeed he intends to take it at all. His scheme seems to contemplate an attempt at a managed currency for an indefinite period, at least within a prescribed range. Whether industry will thrive any better under such modified insecurity of values than it has heretofore, remains to be seen, but there seems to be a feeling that the demand for new kinds of inflation has been staved off for the time. Theoretically, the announcement of a definite intention to devalue the dollar at least 40 per cent should be followed by higher prices. Actually, it is not certain that its immediate effect on domestic prices will be greater than has been that of the lessened value of the dollar in foreign exchange. Apparently this effect has been slight, since such price rises as we have had are more readily attributable to other causes. Mr. Roosevelt's monetary policy has failed to bring the immediate higher prices which he

wanted, for which the country, if not the President, may well be thankful. Just the same, in the long run the devaluation of the dollar seems likely to reduce its purchasing power at home as well as abroad, and the gradualness of the process, if it occurs, should not blind the public to the knowledge that the government has confiscated a portion of its savings. This will not have been done by a capital levy or taxes falling specially on the well-to-do, but by a straight slash into the savings of poor as well as rich. In fact, it must fall most heavily on the small saver, his little accumulations are mainly in fixed-dollar values—savings-bank accounts, Liberty bonds, insurance policies, and the like. It may be, though it is not certain, that some such despoliation of the middle class is inevitable, but if so it should not be forgotten as an indictment of the industrial system under which we live.

DESPITE a few unexpected signs of restiveness that developed in the first ten days of its present session, there is no reason to suppose that Congress will not remain the well-mannered though not especially deliberative body which the Administration considers so necessary to its purposes. It is apparent that the Republicans will make little trouble, not only because they have but a handful of votes, but also because they lack intellectual courage. The President gave them a unique opportunity when he bravely announced that his recovery program would make necessary a budgetary deficit of something like seven billion dollars, the largest deficit in the country's history. A determined opposition could doubtless have made excellent political capital out of this startling statement. But the Republicans, either because they were struck mute by the President's audacity or because they suddenly recalled Andrew Mellon's habitual miscalculations in handling the budget, forgot to roar. They contented themselves with a polite request or two for detailed information on how the various recovery appropriations were being expended. The Democrats quite naturally are disposed to go along with the President. Yet it is from the Democratic side that difficulties may be expected if the Administration does not watch its step. Though they have a common party label, the Democrats in Congress represent numerous conflicting economic and sectional interests. It will take very tactful handling to keep them all loyal to the Roosevelt program.

THUS IT WOULD BEHOOVE the Administration not to put Congress to too severe a test. It almost overreached itself when it insisted upon forcing a gag rule on the House with a view to expediting legislation to extend certain provisions of the 1933 Economy Act. This stratagem was both unnecessary and unwise; unnecessary because the House had already indicated its willingness to approve the Administration's economy bill without unreasonable delay, and unwise because it aroused a great deal of hostility among otherwise loyal Democrats. The gag rule is an illiberal and hardly defensible measure at any time, but in the present instance there was added the suggestion that the Administra-

tion did not fully trust its own party members in Congress. As it was, the rule was forced through with a margin of only five votes, eighty-four Democrats joining with the solid Republican and Farmer-Labor delegations in opposing it. True, the Democrats were under pressure from several strongly organized lobbies. But this should have warned the Administration to proceed with more than ordinary caution instead of rushing in with a measure that was bound to offend the sensibilities of most Congressmen.

THE RECOVERY ACT was devised, in part at least, to increase consumer purchasing power. This was to be done by spreading employment over a greater number of workers and also, what is more important, *by increasing the real wage-income of these workers*. Employment has been increased somewhat, but the buying power of the workers as a whole has not been improved. Indeed, to judge by the studies of the American Federation of Labor and other agencies, the real wage-income of the working class is perhaps lower today than it was last spring. For wages have not risen so rapidly or so far as prices. A part of the fault lies with the NRA codes. These permit employers to raise their prices in order to cover the additional labor costs made necessary by the codes. But obviously, if the total wage rise is offset by a commensurate price rise, no expansion of purchasing power has been achieved. General Hugh S. Johnson seems to be aware that the code system has fallen short of its goal in some respects. But instead of supporting the Consumers' Advisory Board in its desire for an inquiry into the effect higher prices have had upon purchasing power, he has sought to minimize the importance of the price factor. He has shown himself equally unconcerned with the wage problem. On the other hand, he is advocating a further reduction of the working week to thirty-two hours from the present forty-hour average. Such a reduction is unquestionably necessary, for the slack in employment is still distressingly large. But under the circumstances any further reduction of the working week that is not accompanied by an absolute rise in the wage-income of the workers as a whole can amount only to an extension of the share-the-work idea.

THE OLD HABIT of appointing unreconstructed Southerners to government posts in the Caribbean seems to persist despite the unfortunate results that almost invariably follow. Puerto Rico, having happily lost a Mississippian as Governor, has now been presented with a native of Georgia. The fact that ex-Governor Gore was politically inept, inexperienced, and hopelessly ignorant of Puerto Rican affairs, while Major General Winship is undoubtedly able and intelligent, only slightly modifies our regret at his appointment. The new Governor has had an excellent record as an officer, and is reputed to be a kind and cultured gentleman, but he unites in himself the attitudes characteristic of the South and of the army—a combination peculiarly unfortunate in Puerto Rico as it would be in any of the Caribbean islands. The first essential for a governor of Puerto Rico is a shrewd understanding of the intense, highly developed political life of the island, and a respect for its people. The second is an ability to keep out of partisan political activities. Mr. Gore failed in both respects. General Winship may know enough to refuse to become entangled in island politics, but we fear that he brings to his

position an inbred sense of the superiority of the United States and its institutions and a kindly contempt for "backward" and underprivileged peoples that are bound to injure his chances as governor. When Governor Gore resigned, the Administration had an opportunity to send to Puerto Rico a man who would represent the aims, economic and political, proclaimed by Mr. Roosevelt. By the appointment of Governor Winship, it has forfeited this chance.

THE RESIGNATION of Ramon Grau San Martin and the assumption of the presidency of Cuba by Carlos Hevia on January 15 accentuated rather than lessened confusion in the republic. As this issue of *The Nation* went to press the differences between Colonel Fulgencio Batista, Chief of Staff of the army, and Antonio Guiteras, Secretary of the Interior, War, and Navy, had apparently reached a stage of open rupture, and a clash of forces was predicted. The one certainty in the situation was that the policy of the United States in the last six months had failed, leaving a condition of greater turmoil than at any time since the fall of Machado. This was bound to happen, as *The Nation* has repeatedly indicated, in consequence of our refusal either to fish or cut bait. There can be only two courses for the United States to pursue in Latin America. It may forcibly intervene and dictate the government that is to exist, as to its shame it has done in various instances in the past. Or, if it is to live up to our better traditions and the policy of non-intervention recently announced by Mr. Roosevelt, it can refuse to meddle, and recognize any regime which obtains a de facto control of the government. There is no middle course, such as we attempted with President Grau, for it is an accepted doctrine in Latin America that no government in a small state can survive without recognition from the United States. This ought not to be so, but it has become a fact owing to our financial dominance of the Western Hemisphere and a policy followed for many years of imposing our will on less powerful republics. Our continued refusal to recognize President Grau doomed him to defeat as surely as frank intervention. But where has it got either the United States or Cuba?

IGNORING THE PROTESTS of the Dutch government, the Nazis have proceeded with the execution of Marinus van der Lubbe, the young Hollander convicted of having started the Reichstag fire. Several aspects of the case are particularly unpleasant. First, the execution was carried out under the provisions of a retroactive law passed after the fire, making arson punishable by death. Second, Van der Lubbe himself gave little evidence of being aware of what was happening to him. At the trial, after his first explosive acknowledgment of his earlier confession and his plea to "kill me and get it over with," he showed no interest in, and indeed no ability to comprehend the proceedings. Sunk in a lethargy, he evinced all the symptoms of an advanced form of dementia praecox. To guillotine such a person, of whom there were the gravest suspicions of pathological irresponsibility, seems even more horrible than the numerous other murders of which the Nazis have been guilty. With Van der Lubbe's death all hope disappears of solving the question whether or not he had accomplices and who they were. The Nazis may be expected now to turn their attention to Ernst Torgler and the three Bulgarian Communists acquitted of arson but still held in jail. Torgler, as the avowed leader

of the Communist Party in Germany, will, it is announced, be tried for high treason and conspiracy against the state. If the critical eye of the world kept the German court from carrying out, in the first trial, the evident bloody intentions of the German government, there is all the more need, in the trial that is to come, of protest from every possible source.

IN THE HITLER-DOLLFUSS FIGHT for supremacy in Austria, the Austrian Premier unquestionably scored a victory in the last engagement. The arrest of an attaché of the German Embassy in a secret meeting of Austrian Nazis proves that Berlin is directing and paying for the movement to overthrow the Dollfuss Government. Documents confiscated on this occasion show that the National Socialists are planning not only the overthrow of the present regime but an Austrian revolution. Heimwehr leaders are demanding a fascist regime. They insist on the suppression of the Social Democratic Party and on the appointment of an administrator for Vienna to take the place of the Social Democratic municipal council. Chancellor Dollfuss does not object to such measures, but he is unwilling at this stage to grant the demand that the most important Cabinet posts be filled with Heimwehr leaders. The Heimwehr, on its part, is trying to force his hand by threatening to make common cause with the National Socialists. Indeed, the presence of Count Alberti, Heimwehr leader for Lower Austria, in the above-mentioned meeting points to a well-developed alliance between the two openly fascist groups. It seems clear that fascism will shortly replace what remains of republican institutions. The latest politico-economic measures of the Dollfuss regime show that the Christian Social Party is prepared to take the final step; it has already announced the appointment of a commission of employers, officials, and workers to outline the reconstruction of Austrian industry in a corporate state.

THE PRESS has long been carrying on a battle with the radio as a dispenser of news, charging that because of federal licensing freedom of the air is unknown. But this year's meeting of the American Academy of Political and Social Science in Philadelphia brought out strikingly the extent and kind of censorship which radio stations themselves exercise. The meeting's topic was the NRA, and one of the speakers was Frederick J. Schlink, head of Consumers' Research. The address was scheduled to be broadcast over the Columbia chain, the president of which, William S. Paley, is a member of the academy. As usual, one of the directors of the local station read the speech first. It was sharply critical, pointing out that the benefit of the NRA to the consumer was still largely negative, because it was permitting commercial prices to rise too rapidly. It also took exception to the great volume of misleading advertising which the radio, among other media, lets loose. After several conferences Columbia decided that the address was a "direct, unwarranted attack on the Administration" and refused Mr. Schlink the air, substituting something more innocuous and "constructive." The *Philadelphia Record* told the story and it created something of a furor. Columbia officials, including Mr. Paley, disavowed the censorship action of "a subordinate," and General Johnson said it was "silly," adding that the NRA welcomed criticism and Columbia did what it did without any influence or pressure

from the Administration. Mr. Schlink was permitted to give his speech on the air a week later and it did not shatter any radio sets.

PHILADELPHIA'S bloody taxicab strike is over, and the powerful Philadelphia Rapid Transit Company has agreed to recognize the union of some 900 drivers—the first union to pierce the paternal Mitten street-railway monopoly. It was in the cause of union recognition that the men converted a lockout into a strike and stayed out seven weeks, and it was in this cause that hundreds of taxicabs were damaged or destroyed and hundreds of strikers arrested for violence. But the significant thing about the strike is that the drivers' victory was achieved without the aid of the National Labor Board. The P. R. T. was one of three large companies which ran into trouble through persistent support of the company union. The others were the Budd Manufacturing Company, also in Philadelphia, and the Weirton steel mills. The National Labor Board made dire threats about what would happen if its demands were not acceded to, but thus far no action has been taken, although according to General Johnson both criminal prosecution and civil lawsuits are contemplated. The same ultimatum was sent to the P. R. T., which promptly refused to recognize the Labor Board's authority, and imported several score more strike-breakers. The settlement was finally made in self-defense; the company was losing heavily by the strike, not only in taxicab transportation but on its trolley and subway lines as well. Senator Wagner hailed the settlement as a victory for the Labor Board, but it is quite obvious that that claim can be disputed.

SOME of the peculiar evils of overbuilding in New York and doubtless other cities are shown by the suit just brought against the Rockefeller Center development by real-estate interests under the control of August Heckscher. The Rockefellers are charged with unlawful competition in an attempt to obtain tenants for the Rockefeller Center buildings by lowering rents below the level which was sufficient to pay fixed charges through bonuses offered to prospective tenants, and by inducing such tenants, for monetary considerations or otherwise, to break leases already contracted in other buildings. It was evident when the elaborate and extensive plans for Rockefeller Center were first published that there was no demand in that neighborhood for the enormous extension of office space which the buildings would afford. It should have been evident that tenants for such buildings could only be had at the expense of other structures already built. And it is evident now that tenants could only be induced to leave their former quarters and lodge their businesses in Rockefeller Center by extraordinary means. Whether or not these means are also illegal, the present lawsuit will demonstrate. It is just as well that a test case of what everybody has been suspecting should be made with defendants as well known as the owners of Rockefeller Center. And if the unfair practices of which they are accused are established, the government could not do a more effective job of relief than to appropriate money for the razing of some of our more splendid business structures and the creation upon their site of public parks or playgrounds, with special benches, perhaps, reserved for the former owners of the vanished towers.

Where Will the Money Come From?

THE depression, if and when it ends, will leave behind it as a monument a public debt higher than any incurred before in the history of the United States, a debt more than sixteen times as great as that which the country supported for many years before the war. Public debts have to be paid off—unless the debtor defaults—and in the process they have to be supported; and it is primarily the people of the country who are called upon to provide the money to do both. If the people fail, if their government cannot get out of them enough to pay the interest and amortization of its debt, the only alternative is repudiation, which in most cases takes the form of printed paper money distributed to the creditors. This process reduces the debt, but it also dilutes the incomes of all the citizens in a way that in the end produces more painful effects than even the most uncomfortable open taxation.

The President's budget message makes it clear that he expects eventually to pay off the vast borrowing projected, not by printed money, but by an increase in the government's receipts consequent upon a return of prosperity within the next two years, at least to the level of 1924. If his expectations are proved wrong, we may as well admit at the start that the country faces repudiation through a dangerous dose of inflation. But let us adopt for a moment the President's role of optimist. Let us assume that when 1936 arrives, the country's prosperity will have reached the figure of 98, which is 1924's proud index number, and that the public debt will be no more than 32 billion dollars. We may, of course, still face certain additional emergency expenses; the railways, for example, can hardly be expected to recover along with the rest of the country, and the government may be forced to purchase and operate them. This alone would add at least 13 billion to the debt. There is the possibility of another wasteful and destructive war. There is the probability of another costly depression. Any of these would necessitate enormous government borrowing and result in another large increase in the national debt.

A sound government fiscal policy is one which will permit a rapid expansion of public expenditures in time of depression or sudden need. The success of such a policy must obviously depend, first, upon the maintenance of a high degree of confidence in public credit, so that the government will always be able to borrow funds at low interest rates, and, second, upon a rapid reduction of the public debt in time of prosperity, so that it can be safely expanded in time of need. That the first of these conditions is not being fulfilled at present is evident from the fact that the Treasury is now faced with the necessity of borrowing 10 billion dollars before June 30 in a market where its short-term notes are selling at a yield of well over 2 per cent and many of its long-term issues at nearly 4 per cent.

Fulfillment of the second condition requires the immediate adoption by the Administration of a realistic taxation policy. If we are to be prepared for future financial emergencies we must plan to reduce the public debt much more rapidly than we did during the post-war decade, probably at the rate of at least 2 billion dollars a year. (Even at this

rate eight years would be required to liquidate the cost of the depression and bring the public debt to the 1930 level.) At least another billion dollars will be needed to pay interest at 3 per cent, so that debt service alone will cost the people of the United States in the neighborhood of 3 billion dollars a year. Assuming that general operating expenses can be held to another 3 billion, it appears that the annual federal budget for some years to come can hardly be less than, and may greatly exceed, 6 billion dollars. This is a larger amount than the government has ever collected in any year except in 1920, when prices were about twice as high as they are now and war profits were pouring into the Treasury. It is three times as large as government revenues last year. It is half again as much as the annual receipts during the seven years from 1923 to 1929, when the public debt was being reduced at the rate of a billion a year and prices and wages were 40 per cent higher than at present. If this obligation is to be met, most of the money must be obtained from sharply increased income and inheritance taxes.

It is necessary to inquire whether the very rich can be made to foot a substantial part of the bill. In 1924 the money income of the nation was 70 billion dollars, half again as large as it is now; wholesale prices were 40 per cent higher; unemployment was negligible compared with the 10 million or more persons out of work at present; government receipts were 4 billion dollars—twice the amount collected last year. Of the estimated 44 million persons who were gainfully occupied in that year, income-tax returns were filed by only some 7 million, which presumably included all single persons earning more than \$1,000 and all married persons earning more than \$2,500. If Huey Long's idea of confiscating all income over 1 million dollars had been put into effect, the seventy-five persons reporting such incomes in 1924 would have had to contribute about 80 million dollars, or enough to "run the government" for five days on a 6-billion-dollar annual budget. If each of the 22,000 persons reporting more than \$50,000 a year had been made to disgorge all income above that amount, the Treasury would have been enriched by about \$1,200,000,000—not much more than enough to pay interest on a public debt of 32 billion dollars. Apparently most of the gold will have to be found in the foothills rather than the mountain peaks. Out of the total net income of some 25 billion dollars on which taxes were paid in 1924, 91 per cent was earned by persons receiving less than \$50,000 a year; 85 per cent by those earning less than \$25,000. Obviously, it is the "backbone of America," the good old middle class, which will have to foot the bill when it is finally paid.

And the bill will have to be paid, of course. The only alternative to a budget ultimately balanced by adequate taxation is debt repudiation through uncontrolled inflation. And inflation is in reality no alternative to taxation. It is merely another and a grossly inequitable form of taxation—a devastating sales tax which exhausts the purchasing power of the wage-earner, and a cruel form of capital levy which destroys not the holdings of the very rich but the savings of the small man.

Rule by Advertisers

THE medicine men, the ad men, and the vitamin men have won the first round of the Tugwell-bill fight. They will win the final decision during the next few weeks unless, by some miracle, the people of this country can be induced to crack the whip over Congress and force back into the bill the crucial provisions which were either struck out or modified to death in Senator Copeland's revision. In its present form the bill does not oblige patent-medicine manufacturers to disclose the full formula of their products on the label. The "not a cure" statement has been eliminated, and therapeutic claims may be made if they are supported by substantial medical opinion. Such opinion has been purchased in the past and will doubtless be purchased in the future. The restriction on advertising which threw the big drug houses into a panic has been almost emasculated.

Why did this happen? It happened because the embattled ad men and patent-medicine men cracked the whip over Congress and particularly over the press. All over the country publishers and editors heard the Master's Voice. For example, if you were a country editor how would you feel if you pulled out of your mail this grim communiqué from the Creomulsion Company of Atlanta, Georgia?

GENTLEMEN: You are about to lose a substantial amount of advertising revenue from food, drug, and cosmetic manufacturers. Your pocket-book is about to be filched, and you will see how if you will personally study . . . the inclosed copy of the Tugwell bill. This bill was introduced by two doctors. . . . You publish your paper for profit and as a service to your community. In most virile business organizations the altruistic policies in the final analysis are means to the primary end, which is profit. . . . An isolated editorial or two will not suffice. . . . You need to take an aggressive stand against this measure. You need to bring all personal pressure you can upon your Senators and Representatives. You need to enlighten and thereby arouse your public against this bill that is calculated to greatly restrict personal rights. If this bill should become law we will be forced to cancel immediately every line of Creomulsion advertising.

Doubtless our "free" press, with some honorable exceptions, saw its duty and "enlightened" the public as ordered. But when Dr. Walter Campbell and his associates in the Food and Drug Administration attempted a little enlightenment of their own, what happened? The trade press of the drug, food, and advertising industries raved against the Washington "bureaucrats" who, they alleged, were misusing public funds to tell the truth—nobody has impugned the accuracy of Dr. Campbell's exhibits—to the people. Nor was that all. Congressmen began to get missives like the following from Daniel A. Lundy, "Advertising Counsel and Copy":

MY DEAR SENATOR: It would seem, if Section 6 of the Deficiency Appropriation Act, for the fiscal year of 1919 and prior year, is still active, that Walter Campbell may well be dismissed and prosecuted for his alleged gross violations and abuse of authority in spending government money without permission of the Congress for radio, Paramount newsreel, diversion of his employees' time for selfish purposes, and other means to influence passage of unconstitutional Tugwell-Copeland-Sirovich food and drug bill.

Walter Campbell, it would seem, has overridden all official propriety and wisdom in his alleged overt act, and no public trust or confidence once violated, as in this case, can be restored. There seems but one road for Congress—the road of dismissing the chief of the food and drug department, with penalties, if substantiated.

All others who have aided and abetted in these vicious and irregular proposals, whether in lending their names or in actions, should come under the same discipline.

Honest industry and a decent public prays for a thorough and speedy investigation and not a whitewash of an alleged crime as despicable and deplorable as the sell-out of the Teapot Dome.

Dr. Campbell, an able, honest, and courageous official, is on the spot. Professor Tugwell and his associates are on the spot. The Consumers' Advisory Board of the NRA and especially Dr. Robert S. Lynd are on the spot. F. J. Schlink, director of Consumers' Research, is on the spot. *Printers' Ink* remarks that "advertisers have been too lenient with F. J. They have underestimated the importance of Consumers' Research."

It would seem that the fight on the Tugwell bill, even if lost, was worth staging for at least one reason: it has given us a concrete example of what rule by business means. It should be clear that every man or woman in public life who challenges the vested interests of even the least defensible commercial rackets—and the proprietary medicine and advertising rackets are in that category—will sooner or later be "taken for a ride." And the Fourth Estate will either have to cooperate with these business gangsters or find some other source of income besides the advertising of the Creomulsion manufacturers and their ilk.

A National Waterway

THE fight against the Great Lakes-St. Lawrence waterway, which in our issue of December 27 we predicted was likely to be made in Congress this winter, took definite and dangerous shape as soon as the new session began. Forces began to mobilize almost at once which darkened the outlook for ratification of the treaty with Canada in spite of a special message in favor of the waterway from President Roosevelt. As we indicated in our previous discussion, there is evidence that the opposition—nominally against the waterway as a navigational project—is actually a covert attack upon the power development contemplated in the scheme, made by utilities interests of New York and neighboring States which see their monopoly and their oppressive rates threatened by government-produced electric current. This is not to say, of course, that men have not been led into the opposition camp for honest reasons, but the suddenness and force with which the storm gathered out of an almost clear sky are not explainable as a spontaneous change in public sentiment. It should be recalled that the St. Lawrence waterway has been before the public as a definite project for more than a decade and had been gaining favor all the time until the recent mobilization against it. A preliminary treaty with Canada was ratified in 1932, and it would seem that the Senate should be more than ever ready to go on with the project today when the federal government is trying to develop a large public-works program.

The arguments urged against the waterway at this stage of the proceedings seem essentially trivial or belated. The technical objections now raised have all been considered and dismissed by our army engineers, whose verdict must naturally be accepted by the average layman just as it is accepted by President Roosevelt. That the waterway may do some damage to local interests, as does every great national project, is to be conceded, although the extent of this damage is probably exaggerated. New facilities create new business, and far from hurting the railroads and ports of the Northern Atlantic States, the waterway is likely to help them. The argument of Senator Wagner of New York that our wheat trade is diminishing and that therefore we should not increase facilities for it would be sound if the waterway were intended only for wheat. The fact is that the waterway will further all kinds of commerce. Virtually it will bring the Atlantic Ocean 1,000 miles inland, making seaports of cities in the Mississippi Valley and putting a new empire in touch by water with the world at large. Not only should it help the much-needed revival of our foreign trade, but it will be of vast service in domestic intercommunication.

Those who seek to create prejudice against the project on the ground that our money is to go to Canadian workmen are on insecure ground. On October 20, last, Brigadier General G. B. Pillsbury, acting chief of army engineers, wrote to Frank P. Walsh, chairman of the Power Authority of the State of New York:

In accordance with your request for information on the percentage of funds furnished by the United States under the Great Lakes-St. Lawrence Deep Waterway Treaty which will be expended for American labor, materials, etc., I take pleasure in advising you that of the total estimated expenditures of American funds of \$257,992,000 for both navigation and power works, approximately 80 per cent will be expended by United States engineers and United States labor and with United States material. The remainder, under the terms of sub-paragraph (b) of Article III of the treaty, will be for work executed by Canadian engineers and Canadian labor and with Canadian material for works within Canadian territory to be constructed by the temporary St. Lawrence-International Rapids Section Commission. Approximately 60 per cent of the total cost will be expended on works in the State of New York.

If there are some who ask why even a fraction of the expenditures should go to Canadian labor, they should remember that of the three rapids in the St. Lawrence River, Canada is undertaking to build the locks for two entirely at its own expense, as well as doing a fair share of other work toward deepening the present waterway.

The power possibilities of the waterway are not less important than its navigational advantages. As we pointed out on December 27, it is proposed to develop more power from the St. Lawrence rapids along the international boundary—to be divided equally between Canada and the United States—than is at present contemplated at Muscle Shoals and Boulder Dam combined. This, of course, is the reason for the secret utility campaign against the waterway.

As President Roosevelt reminded the country in his message, the waterway is going to be built. If the United States does not participate, the work will be done eventually by Canada alone. Thus navigational facilities—which will be limited—would be available to the United States only to the extent that Canada did not want them.

A Neglected Art

DO you, dear reader, happen to know that many royal hides—including those of King Edward VII, King George V, Czar Nicholas II, and Queen Olga of Greece—are or were tastefully ornamented with designs in tattoo? If you do not, and if—what is perhaps less likely—you are ashamed of such ignorance, then Albert Parry has just published the book for you. You will discover that in his volume called "Tattoo" he provides a rich store of useful information. There are, for instance, times when any one of us might need to know that the possession of an indecorous emblem is sufficient to bar a sailor from reenlistment in the United States navy, or that at least one American court has decided that a gentleman who has seen an innocent design on a lady's thigh is justified in regarding her as a woman of immoral life—even though it is subsequently proved that she was innocence itself.

Mr. Parry's researches take him into the fields of psychology, anthropology, and aesthetics as well as into the records of history. The circus, the jail, the brothel, and the man-of-war interest him no less than the royal courts, and he introduces us to the leading American practitioners of the art as well as to their patrons. What is more, he points with proper pride to the fact that in our country the wickedness of our bad men and women is—literally—not even skin deep. Our prostitutes go in for true love knots, our sentimental criminals are embroidered with tributes to their mothers, and it is only in corrupt Europe that one is likely to find a lawbreaker like a certain Frenchman who had a blue circle about his neck with the inscription, "Executioner, cut on the dotted line."

We shall pass hastily over the fact that a nameless American collector is accustomed to enter into arrangements with the possessors of works which strike his fancy, and that by virtue of these arrangements he has a choice collection of segments of skin which came into his possession by legal process after the death of the original owner. We shall also allude only in passing to the history of a young lady who grew so tired of her career as a typist that she had herself engraved all over for the express purpose of joining a circus. But there is one story so rich in human interest that we must tell it in full.

It seems that there was a certain sailor whose chest, back, and arms had been transformed into a veritable salon of graceful nudes. When, bared to the waist, he worked at his tasks on deck he was both the admiration and the solace of his laboring companions, who forgot their chanteys while they studied art. One day, however, he took to himself a wife of puritanical temperament, and when next the gallery was open to the public the unfortunate results of a censorship were evident: each figure had been newly provided with a brassière and a skirt. There is, we know, a persistent legend to the effect that after Turner's death Ruskin destroyed a great quantity of drawings which offended his sense of decency. We are also familiar with the undisputed fact that Lady Burton burned the manuscript upon which her deceased husband had been laboring for years. But these victims were presumably beyond caring about earthly things. Our sailor had to choose between love and art, and love won.

Issues and Men

The Crucial Months Ahead

THESE are crucial months which lie ahead of us between now and July, especially for the President. By the end of the first half of 1934 we shall know how certain expedients are going to work, and whether the fundamental question, Can a depression be cured by wholesale spending? will be answered affirmatively. Will the gold and silver purchases and other currency experiments or the NRA itself finally raise the level of prices? Will there be continuing reemployment? Will the lot of the farmer improve, or is he profiting—where and when he profits—solely by the direct payments the Treasury is making to him? Are those pessimists correct who say, like John T. Flynn, that there has been no improvement whatever except that created by the government spending? These and various other questions must be answered soon. I fear it is undeniable that if we reach July 1 without substantial changes we shall be measurably in sight of some considerable currency inflation.

For the Administration this period will be the severest test. Mr. Roosevelt will have to use all his suave skill and tact not only in heading off the silver fanatics and those who favor paying off the entire national debt in greenbacks, but in coping with those, like Senator Borah, who are on the rampage once more in the matter of the Allied debts. During this period we shall learn how well the President has selected his personal advisers, and whether the theories of the latter are sound. His subordinates will have finally to prove just how capable they are as administrators, as coordinators, and as field generals in carrying out the policies of the President. Some of them are already the subject of increasing criticism, and their efficiency and wisdom are being doubted—notably in the case of the Postmaster-General. General Johnson himself has said that the greatest need now is to get the various administrators of the several branches of the recovery plan to “click together.” Much will depend on the progress of the agricultural-relief campaign during the coming months. Again, there are new problems always coming up. How, for example, are the railroads to raise the \$2,300,000,000 they need to refinance security issues maturing this year? How are the \$10,000,000,000 of new government securities to be sold within six months’ time in such a way as not seriously to damage the government’s credit? And can the government bring itself to a definite policy in the matter of the tariff, as suggested by Secretary Hull at Montevideo and Secretary Wallace in his Midwestern speeches, and outlined in part by the Executive Commercial Policy Committee? If so, is there a chance that Congress will give to the President the unlimited power to raise, or lower, or abolish tariffs which the committee apparently desires him to have?

As to the banking situation, no one can assert that it is satisfactory. There are still approximately 3,200 closed banks, and it is no secret that of those that are open many are being kept going by RFC aid, that others are in trouble, and that numerous others would be put out of business if State laws as to the valuation of the securities in their port-

folios should be enforced. I am delighted to see that one section of the President’s “brain trust” is at work on a study of the possibilities of an extension of the Postal Savings system so that there may be increased deposits and small checking accounts. The latest figures show that the government now has no less than \$1,187,186,208 on deposit, whereas two years ago it had only \$347,416,870. In other words, the deposits show a growth in two years of 230 per cent.

During the same time the number of depositors has increased from 1,545,190 to 2,342,133. Obviously, if the \$2,500 limit were taken off, the sum on deposit would again be increased, and would provide an additional market for the government securities which must be issued in such large amounts. A. A. Berle, Jr., has just said that we must have a unified banking structure under the control of the federal government, a savings-bank system with a mortgage-rediscout bank at its head to provide liquidity, and a system of large regional banks with branches covering great areas of the country. But as Harry W. Laidler asked him: “Isn’t it logical for the government to go farther, acquire control of the entire banking system, and run it wholly for the service of the community?” The President must take a position on this before very long.

If we turn to the foreign field, there are not only the questions of the tariff, especially in regard to South America, and of the debts, which the President has deliberately allowed to drift; there is the vexed question of currency stabilization, which sooner or later will have to be settled. It cannot be settled in any way without affecting our foreign relations. One act of the President has done more to injure American standing abroad than any other of the many singular and inconsistent acts to our credit and discredit since the conclusion of peace. That is, of course, the dishonoring of the gold clause in our bonds. This has aroused a fury against us in Norway, Denmark, Holland, and Switzerland such as we have not witnessed before. Sooner or later the President, if he is wise, will find a way of rescinding that order, especially since the decision of the House of Lords in the recent Belgian case has upset a precedent which the defenders of the President’s acts had cited as his justification. One thing is certain, we cannot play the moralist and abuse foreign nations for failing to pay the debts that they owe us in the face of this dishonorable breaking of our pledged word.

Upon the outcome of these next fateful months may even depend the future structure of our government, and whether we shall find ourselves face to face with a full-fledged fascist movement in this country. At least we can agree upon one thing in wishing the President all possible success in his program and also the very best of health for the tremendously arduous days which lie before him.

Donald Garrison Killard

"Art" and the Ad Man

By JAMES RORTY

SINCE advertising is essentially a traffic in belief, the profession habitually takes the name of Truth, though usually in vain. And since Beauty is Truth, Truth Beauty, the profession is also forever rendering vain oblations at the shrine of Beauty.

This worship has two major phases. The first is the manufacture, by advertising, of successive exploitable concepts of feminine beauty, of beauty in clothes, houses, furniture, automobiles, kitchens, everything. The second phase of this worship has to do with the ad man's view of his own craft, and would appear to represent, in part at least, a perversion of the normal human instinct of workmanship.

For some reason it is thought necessary for the ad man not merely to sell the idea of beauty but to sell beauty beautifully. It is contended that an attractively designed advertisement of an allegedly beautiful toilet seat is more effective than an ugly advertisement of the same object. But this has never been proved conclusively. On the contrary, there are many examples of very ugly advertising which has been exceptionally effective. Yet the desire for beauty in advertising is inextinguishable and has more or less had its way. Fifteen years ago the well-designed newspaper or magazine advertisement was the exception; today it is the rule. Has the effectiveness of advertising increased proportionately? On the contrary, it has decreased, and one of the factors in this decline is undoubtedly the increased cost of producing this economically superfluous beauty in advertising. There is, of course, a recognized and demonstrated commercial justification for using expensive "art" and expensive typography in the advertising of certain luxury products such as perfumes, de luxe motor cars, and the like. The principle is that of "conspicuous waste," used to create an ambience, a prestige, for the product which will lift it above the rational level of price competition. But as many hard-boiled professionals have often protested, beauty has been permitted to run hog-wild in contemporary advertising practice. Carroll Rheinstrom estimates that 90 per cent of current advertising is waste because of the ad man's preoccupation with his techniques to the exclusion of practical economic considerations.

No, the logical economic explanations don't make sense. Advertising today is often inefficient precisely because it is far better designed and written than it needs to be; certainly it costs far more to produce than it ought to cost. Part of the explanation, I think, lies in a private impurity of the advertising craftsman; he is more interested in beauty than he is in selling. For him the advertisement is a thing in itself. Highly developed craftsmanship in the graphic arts and in writing, enormous expenditures of mechanical skill are deposited at the shrine not of Mammon but of Beauty. And all pretty much in vain. The art isn't really art. The writing isn't really writing. And frequently the worst "art" and the worst "writing" sell products better than the best art and the best writing. The explanation of this curious phenomenon may well be that advertising, since it doesn't make sense in economic, social, or human terms, jumps right

through the looking-glass and becomes a thing in itself!

It takes a naive eye to see this. I had to have it pointed out to me by a poet friend who makes his living writing prose for a commercial magazine. He picked up a copy of the publication and pointed to a Camel cigarette advertisement in color. "How much did that cost?" he asked. I estimated rapidly—\$1,000 for the drawing, add \$200 for the time of the art director and an assistant, \$400 for the color plates, \$100 for typography, \$100 more for miscellaneous mechanical charges, \$100 for copy, \$300 pro rated for executive and management charges. Total for one advertisement, not counting the cost of the space, about \$2,300.

"Well," commented my poet friend, "that's what it's all for, isn't it? That's why Kentucky planters go bankrupt growing tobacco, why Negro and white share-croppers sweat, starve, and revolt, why millions of men and women diligently smoke billions of cigarettes—all so that this magnificent advertisement might be born and live its little hour."

My friend was treating himself to a little poetic license of course. But the more I stared at the phenomenon, the more I became convinced that it made just as much sense upside down as the right side up. And the more I reflected upon the role of the "creative worker" in advertising, the more I came to suspect skullduggery of an obscure, unconscious sort. Ostensibly these craftsmen are employed to write words and draw lines that will persuade their fellow-man to buy certain branded cigarettes, soaps, tooth pastes, and gadgets. But do these artists really give a whoop about these gadgets and gargles or whether people buy them or not? Did I, when I was a member in good standing of the profession? Never a whoop or a whisper. What I cared about was my craft, and that is what every genuine craftsman cares about—that and nothing else. Each piece of copy was a thing in itself. I did a workman-like job, not for dear old Heinz, or Himmelschlüssel, or Rocketeller, or whomever I was serving indirectly, but for myself; because it was pleasant to do a competent job and unpleasant to do a slovenly job. I was aware, of course, that Mr. Rockefeller, via the agency, was paying me, and I tried not to get fired. But I never worried about my duty to Mr. Rockefeller and to his oils and gadgets. The prospect, the customer? I was a bit sorry for the customer, and tried to let him off with as little bamboozlement as possible. But my real loyalty was to the Word, to the materials of my craft.

My indomitable instinct of workmanship was hard on my employer. Unconsciously I sabotaged his interests every day. I tried to write clean, lucid prose, when the clumsy screed that the advertiser wanted to print would probably have sold more goods. When my immediate superior plaintively objected that what I wrote was too good for the audience to which it was addressed, I was indignant and recalcitrant. Ordered to rewrite the advertisement, I seized the opportunity to bring it closer to my standard of craftsmanship, which had nothing to do with commerce. If the client objected, I bullied him if possible; otherwise I made a minimum of grudging concessions.

A percentage of the copy writers in advertising agencies are craftsmen. I have known scores of them. They felt as I felt, and consciously or unconsciously they did what I did. The artists were even more obsessed and obstreperous. As I knew them, their disinterestedness in the profits of Mr. Rockefeller was extreme. They were interested in drawing pretty pictures. As craftsmen they drew them as well as they could, regardless of the advertiser and what he had asked them to draw. Naturally, the picture had to convey a sales message, and they chattered a great deal about "putting a selling punch" in their pictures. But I noticed that the best of them became so interested in the design and the drawing that they frequently left no room for the copy or even for the trademark of the manufacturer. When account executives and advertisers repined at such extravagant oblations at the shrine of Beauty, the artists were haughtier even than the copy writers. And since the average American business man has a puzzled and diffident reverence for art, coupled with an enormous ignorance of the nature of artists, their motivations and techniques, these so-called "commercial" artists did then and still do get away with an astonishing amount of sheer mayhem and murder. The writers did, too, though to a less degree, because most advertisers can read and write. All account executives in agencies and, worse still, all advertisers have an obscene itch to write themselves. Consequently the copy writer must sternly and vigilantly keep these vulgarians in their places. I always considered it to be my duty to stand on my dignity as a "genius"—the word still goes big in the world of commerce, especially on the West Coast—partly as a matter of self-respect, and partly as a practical measure of professional aggrandizement.

Does this seem exaggerated? But how can the honest chronicler record fantasy except in the terms of fantasy? And the vast accumulation of advertising during the post-war decade was fantastic in the extreme. It is still fantastic. Look at it in the pages of any commercial magazine. Does it make sense in terms of the sober, profit-motivated business that advertising is supposed to be?

Recently the investigators of the Psychological Corporation discovered that the variation between advertisements of lowest and highest effectiveness runs as high as 1,000 per cent. An automobile assembly line is considered poor if it permits a quality variation of more than 30 per cent. Is it sensible to believe that a production technique which shows 1,000 per cent variation in the quality of the product is really aimed at its avowed objective, namely, the sale of products and services to customers?

To understand this phenomenon we must employ a far subtler analysis, giving all the factors their due weight, no matter how fantastic they are, and no matter how seemingly irrational the conclusion to which we are led. Veblen furnishes us with the essential clue. In his "Theory of Business Enterprise" and elsewhere Veblen notes that advertising is one element of the "conscientious sabotage" by which business keeps the endlessly procreative force of science-industry from breaking the chains of the profit system. In this view the business man figures as an art-for-art's-saker. His art is the making of money, which has nothing to do with the use of the productive forces by which a society gains its livelihood. The art of making money is perhaps the purest, the most irrational art we know, and its practitioners are utterly intransigent. Today these artists in money-mak-

ing are prepared to starve millions of people, to plunge the planet in war, to destroy civilization itself rather than compromise the purity of their art.

Veblen saw all this clearly, and Stuart Chase has employed the Veblenian opposition of business and industry in a sequence of useful books. What both failed to see, however, is that the contradictions of capitalism persist even within the mental gears and pistons of its functionaries.

Business sabotages industry by means of advertising. True. But we, as advertising craftsmen consciously or unconsciously motivated not by a desire to make money but by an obsessed delight in the materials of our craft, we in turn sabotaged advertising. We were and are parasites and unconscious saboteurs. During the whole post-war decade we gathered strength, inflated our prestige, consolidated our power. More and more the "creative worker" became the dominant force in agency practice, and advertising consequently became more and more "pure." The shrine of Beauty was buried under the fruits and flowers placed there by devout artists and writers in advertising. We were no humble starvelings. We caused the salaries and fees paid advertising artists and writers to become notorious. Agency production costs hit the ceiling, broke through, and sailed off into the empyrean. We developed an aesthetic of advertising art and copy, a philosophy, a variety of equally fantastic creeds—a whole rich literature of rationalization which should interest the psychiatrists greatly if they ever get around to examining it.

I say "we" with poetic license. I speak for the profession, but I speak without authorization, and I shall doubtless be roundly repudiated and condemned by the menagerie of Cheshire Cats, March Hares, Mad Hatters, and Red Queens who still roam the scant pastures on the other side, the right side, of the advertising looking-glass. As a matter of fact I contributed nothing to this literature of rationalization. I was too busy making a living, trying to keep sane and do a little serious work on the side, and wondering just how soon that beautiful iridescent bubble would break, leaving us "creative workers" with nothing much in our hands and a lot of soap in our eyes.

It broke. Came Black Thursday, and a chill wind blew through the advertising rookeries of the Grand Central district. Advertising appropriations were cut. That exquisite First Article of the ad man's credo, "When business is good it pays to advertise; when business is bad you've got to advertise," was invoked with less and less effect. As the months and years passed the whole structure of the industry began to sideslip and sway. *And advertising became less pure.* That beautiful, haughty odalisque had to hustle down into the market-place and drag in the customers. She had to speak of price. She became dowdy and blatant and vulgar. The primitive technique of Hogarth in the eighteenth century was resurrected via the tabloids, and moronic sales talk issued in ugly balloons from the mouths of ugly moronic figures. Photography was cheaper than drawings and worked as well or better. Testimonials were cheap and worked best of all. Every time car loadings hit a new low, another big advertiser would go buckeye with testimonials and other loathsome practices.

It occurs to me that in discussing the role of the craftsman in advertising I may have given the impression that his

"conscientious sabotage," his interest in the materials of the craft rather than in selling, his attempts to convert advertising into a thing in itself, represent a genuine release of creative capacity. No such impression was intended. If any genuine creation goes on in advertising agencies I have never seen it. I have seen the sort of thing described—the crippled, grotesque make-believe of more or less competent craftsmen who played with the materials of their craft but could never use them in advertising for any creative purpose. By and large there is no such thing as art in advertising any more than there is such a thing as an advertising literature. There is merely sterile virtuosity turned inward because of the im-

possibility of making art out of the prescribed subject matter. On the door of the art department of an agency where I worked, a friend of mine, one of the ablest and most prolific commercial artists in the business, once tacked a sign. It read: "Fetid Hell-Hole of Lost Souls." There are many hundreds of these fetid hell-holes in the major cities of America. The inmates are of course dedicated to beauty, beauty in advertising. Whether they know it or not, they are, as artists, so many squeaking, tortured eunuchs. The sultans of business pay them well or not so well. They have made sure that they do not fertilize the body of the culture with the dangerous seed of art.

Freedom of Speech

By CARL BECKER

The worth of men consists in their liability to persuasion.

WHITEHEAD

I

THE NATION'S recent affirmation of faith in freedom of speech called forth an unusual number of protests, not against the principle, but against an unlimited application of it. A reexamination of the liberal doctrine is always in order, but never more so than now. The times are such that every liberal may well ask himself, not so much how far he is willing to carry the principle of free speech, but rather how far the principle is capable of carrying him.

It seems necessary to ask what we mean by freedom of speech, since people often have disconcerting ideas about it. A woman once asked me what all the pother was about. Weren't people always free to say what they thought? Of course one must be prepared to face the consequences. I didn't know the answer to that one. Last summer a Columbia University student explained to me that all governments, being based on force, were dictatorships, and that there was no more freedom of speech in the U. S. A. than in the U. S. S. R., the only difference being in the things one was permitted to say. I suggested that, supposing freedom of speech to be a good thing, a poor way of getting more of it than we already had would be to adopt a philosophy which denied that it was worth having. The editors of *The Nation* do not say that the laws guaranteeing freedom of speech are always effective. They say that freedom of speech, as defined in our fundamental law, is the foundation of free government, and should therefore never be denied to anyone—"even to the Nazis."

The fundamental law guaranteeing freedom of speech was well formulated in the Virginia constitution of 1780: "Any person may speak, write, and publish his sentiments on any subject, being responsible for the abuse [as defined by law] of that liberty." As thus defined, freedom of speech was the principal tenet of the eighteenth-century doctrine of liberal democracy. Its validity, for those who formulated it, rested upon presuppositions which may be put in the form of a syllogism. *Major premise:* The sole method of arriving at truth is the application of human reason to the problems presented by the universe and the life of men in it. *Minor premise:* Men are rational creatures who can easily grasp

and will gladly accept the truth once it is disclosed to them. *Conclusion:* By allowing men freedom of speech and the press, relevant knowledge will be made accessible, untrammelled discussion will reconcile divergent interests and opinions, and laws acceptable to all will be enacted. To the early prophets of democracy the syllogism seemed irrefutable; but to us, in the light of liberal democracy as we know it, the minor premise is obviously false, the conclusion invalid. There remains the major premise. What can we do with it?

II

The major premise, with reservations as to "human reason," we can accept—must do so in fact, since there is nothing else to cling to. Even if reason be not always Reason, even if, like Hitler, we have nothing better than our blood to think with, we must make the most of whatever thinking we can muster. "All our dignity," said Pascal, "consists in thought. Endeavor then to think well: that is the essence of morality." It was by taking thought that man first differentiated himself from the beasts; by taking more thought that he achieved whatever men have, by taking thought, judged worthy. What more he may achieve can be achieved, and whether it is worthy can be determined, only by taking still more thought. Since men must in any case think, and do what they think of doing, it seems axiomatic to say that they should be free to think and to express their thoughts as well as they can.

Nevertheless, the statement is not axiomatic—obviously not, since, if it were, *The Nation* would not bother to print articles about it. There is a catch somewhere. Perhaps we are too prone to think of freedom of speech in terms of Man and Speech. This was the way in which eighteenth-century liberals thought of it. Confronted with a social regime which hedged in the individual at every point, they found the obvious solution in the maximum of liberty for the individual—political liberty, economic liberty, liberty of speech and the press. Knowing little of these liberties in the concrete, they visualized them as ideal abstractions, so that all the spacious but unfurnished chambers in the Temple of Freedom could be brilliantly illuminated by turning on certain phrases—as, for example, Voltaire's epigram: "I disagree absolutely with what you say, but I will defend to the death your right to say it." Liberals still think of liberty

somewhat too much in the eighteenth-century manner. Give us, in a mental test, the words "free speech," and we are apt to recall Voltaire's epigram, which then fades into a picture of two amiable, elderly gentlemen engaged in a rational discussion of the existence of the Deity.

Voltaire's epigram expresses a profound truth in the ideal world of knowledge. It would be equally relevant to the world of practical activities if society were a debating club of well-intentioned and reasonable men in which speech, being the only form of action, issued in nothing more dangerous than abstract propositions about reality. Since the activities of men are diverse, the ideal of a debating club is sometimes nearly realized. Mathematical physicists, discussing the nature of the atom, enjoy (at least in this country) the utmost freedom of speech without having (as yet) to call upon *The Nation* for first aid. Economists, historians, even biologists are more likely to encounter obstacles, since their activities have a more direct bearing on practical affairs. Where the principle of free speech has to fight for its life is in the realm of concrete political activities. Since the eighteenth century we have learned at least this much, that society is something more than a debating club of reasonable men in search of the truth. We know what use men actually make of their liberties. We are therefore in a position to estimate the principle of free speech in terms, not of Man and Speech, but of men and speeches—in terms of the best that has been thought and said by the Honorable Members we have elected, the Attorney-Generals we have known, the Insults we have suffered, the fruity-throated announcers who, every day, for a profit, avail themselves of the Liberty of Lying.

Estimated in terms of its concrete manifestations, the principle of free speech is resolved into a diversity of oral and printed utterances, some of which need to be suppressed. No one has ever thought otherwise. Even the editors of *The Nation* do not approve of the freedom of speech that issues in slander and libel. Do they approve of the freedom of speech that issues in the lynching of Negroes? In the sale of poisoned cosmetics? The sale of worthless stock to honest but gullible people? They would say that of course there are, as the Virginia constitution recognizes, "abuses" to be defined by law; but that unless the law is careful, the definition may be a greater abuse than the speech it suppresses. True enough: the law is always in danger of being "a ass." But as soon as abuses appear, the principle of free speech is merged in another and broader principle: "Liberty is the right of everyone to do whatever does not injure others"; and we are at once confronted with the fundamental practical problem of all government: What individual acts, including the act that is speech, do here and now injure others?

By no formulation of principles beforehand can answers to this question be provided for concrete situations. The answers must wait on experience. Experience has taught us, or surely will teach us, that the eighteenth-century solution for social ills will no longer serve. Economic liberty, which was to have brought about equality of conditions, has contrived, with the aid of machines, to bring about a monstrous inequality of conditions. That there are rich and poor is nothing new, nor even disastrous. What is disastrous is that a great part of social wealth is owned by the many who do not control it, and controlled by the few who do not own it. Having well learned this, liberals find the obvious solution

for social ills not in extending but in restricting the economic liberty of the individual. What we have not learned, or not sufficiently, is that the economic liberty of the individual is intimately associated with his political liberty, and that both are associated with his liberty of speech and the press. It will prove extremely difficult to restrict the one without restricting the others.

The speech that is socially vicious, to the point of endangering all our liberties, functions chiefly as an instrument of the competitive "business" economy. Such an instrument it has always been, no doubt; but never before so important an instrument, for the reason that modern methods of communicating thought are more subtle and effective than any ever before known, while the verification of the truth or relevance of the thought so communicated is far more difficult. The result is that there issues daily from the press and the radio a deluge of statements that are false in fact or misleading in implication, that are made for no other purpose than to fool most of the people most of the time for the economic advantage of a few of the people all of the time. This steady stream of falsification is called by various names which smell, if not too sweet, at least not foul—"advertising," "propaganda," "selling the public." Selling the public is an exact description of what is essential to the "successful" conduct of "business"—so essential that it is itself a business; and not the least of its evil consequences is that it is creating a state of mind disposed to regard anything as O.K. if you can get by with it. This manifestation of free speech is a far greater menace to liberal democracy than the freest dissemination of an alien political philosophy by Nazis or Communists is ever likely to be; and the only defense for it is that to restrict it would endanger the principle of free speech.

III

The danger is chiefly verbal, since the practical problem carries us beyond the speech we condemn to the practical activities that occasion it. The evil cannot of course be cured by creating a board of censors pledged to exclude lies from oral discourse and printed matter. But neither can it be cured by waiting while truth crushed to earth pulls itself up and assembles its battered armor. In the competitive business economy, as it now operates, those who largely control and extensively use the avenues of expression are not seeking truth but profits; and freedom of speech will not cease to be used for purposes that are socially vicious until it ceases to be profitable so to use it. It would seem, then, that the essential thing is either to abolish the profit motive or divert it into socially useful channels. Communists and fascists confidently assert that neither of these objects can be attained through the liberal democratic political mechanism. They may be right. Liberals who think otherwise must at least take account of a disturbing fact: the liberal democratic political mechanism functions by enacting into law the common will that emerges from free discussion. Thus the circle seems completed: for curing the evil effects of free speech we must rely upon a public opinion formed in large part by the speech that is evil.

The editors of *The Nation* admit that the situation is full of "uncomfortable possibilities," but they hold to the traditional liberal method of meeting them—the promotion, by appealing from free speech drunk to free speech sober, of a "healthy movement to the left." The uncomfortable possi-

bilities, as seen by *The Nation*, are that "continued economic decline," and the "demand of a despairing people for drastic action," may enable a "well-directed [Nazi] propaganda" [free speech] to bring about the "triumph of fascism . . . with all its attendant horrors." Another uncomfortable possibility, as I see it, is that the "healthy" movement to the left may become "unhealthy," and end in the triumph of communism with all its attendant horrors. Among the attendant horrors, in either case, *The Nation* would no doubt include, as one of the drastic actions demanded by a despairing people, the drastic suppression of free speech as a political method. The logical dilemma involved in free speech for political objects is therefore this: if social ills cannot be alleviated by the democratic method of free speech, this very freedom of speech will be used by those whose avowed aim is the abolition of the democratic method, and free speech as a part of it. Am I expected to be loyal to the principle of free speech to the point of standing by while, writhing in pain among its worshipers, it commits suicide? It is asking a lot.

It is asking too much only so long as we remain in the realm of logical discourse. In demanding the privilege of free speech from a liberal government in order to convince its citizens that free speech is a present evil, neither Nazis nor Communists have any standing in logic. Their programs, so far as the preliminaries of social reform are concerned at least, are based on an appeal to force rather than to persuasion. Very well, since that is their program, let us cease talking, resort to force, and see which is the stronger. Their own principles teach us that it is logical for them to resist oppression but merely impudent to resent it. Nevertheless, the logic of events is not very logical, and I see no practical virtue in a syllogistic solution of the problem presented by Nazi and Communist propaganda. The freedom of speech which by their own logic I deny them, I am therefore quite willing to concede them in fact.

I concede it because, for one thing, there is a bare chance that the Nazis, or the Communists, or both of them may be, as they seem to claim, true prophets whom the world would not willingly have stoned—agents of the God Woden or the Dialectic duly accredited and predestined to establish truth and justice by a ruthless suppression of oppressors. I should dislike very much to put myself in opposition to the forces, not of persuasion, that make for righteousness, apart from the fact that it would be futile to do so if they are in any case to triumph. But perhaps a better reason for conceding freedom of speech to Nazis and Communists is that freedom of speech can neither be suppressed by argument nor maintained by suppressing argument. The principle of free speech must justify itself or go under. The real danger, from the liberal point of view, is not that Nazis and Communists will destroy liberal democracy by free speaking, but that liberal democracy, through its own failure to cure social ills, will destroy itself by breeding Nazis and Communists. If liberal democracy can sufficiently alleviate social ills, freedom of speech will have sufficiently justified itself; if not, freedom of speech will in any case be lost in the shuffle.

Whatever may be the virtues of freedom of speech in the abstract world of ideas, as a rule of political action it is like any other law—it works well only if the conditions are favorable. It works not too badly in a society in which the material conditions of life, being relatively easy, create no radical conflicts of interest, and in which there exists a com-

mon tradition of moral and social ideas, one of which is that just government rests upon the consent, freely expressed and freely given, of the governed. A long-time view of human civilization discloses the fact that such favorable conditions have existed only in a few places or for short times. Experience gives us slight ground for supposing that nineteenth-century liberal democracy is a permanent conquest of intelligence. It may very well be but a passing phase, a cumbersome and extravagant form of government, practicable only in relatively simple agricultural societies suddenly dowered with unaccustomed wealth by the discovery of new instruments of power and the invention of new machines.

Present events do little to discredit this view. Certain European countries have already abandoned liberal democracy—gladly by all accounts—for one or another form of dictatorship. Even in this Land of the Free there are developing, under the pressure of continued economic distress, significant movements to the left and to the right. These movements can surely not be checked by declaring a quarantine—by pronouncing them "unhealthy," and closing the mouths of Nazis and Communists in order to prevent the spread of verbal infection. They can be checked only by removing the economic confusion and distress on which they thrive. Perhaps this can be done by the methods of liberal democracy. Perhaps not. If not, it needs no prophet to tell us that sooner or later a "despairing people" will demand "drastic action." The demand may assume the voice of communism, or of fascism, or of both. It may conceivably lead to another "irreconcilable conflict," similar to that of 1861. Outmoded liberals would not then need, any more than they did in 1861, to ask whether they should abandon the principle of free speech, since the principle of free speech would already have abandoned them. The logic of events would present them—perhaps is already, without their knowing it, presenting them—with nothing better than that choice of evils which liberals always have to face in times when arms speak and laws are silent, the choice of joining one uncongenial armed camp or the other.

There would, it is true, be another way out for any liberal who wished to take it. Any man might in desperation cry, "A plague on both your houses!" Withdrawing from the world of affairs, he might, as a non-resistant pacifist, still exercise the right of private judgment, having deliberately fortified himself to face, as the woman said, "the consequences." In short, he might, as a last refuge from imbecility, turn Christian and practice the precept that it is better to suffer evil than to do it. In that elevated spiritual retreat he would have leisure to meditate the bitter truth of Pascal's profound commonplace: "It is *right* to follow that which is just, it is *necessary* to follow that which is stronger."

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

January 24, WEVD, 8:15 p.m.

Radio listeners will not be able to hear Mr. Villard speak over the radio after this date until his return, about April 1, from an extensive lecture tour to the Pacific Coast.

The New Deal at Montevideo

By SAMUEL GUY INMAN

Montevideo, December 26

TO an old stager at Pan-American conferences the difference between the atmosphere of Montevideo and the preceding conferences was nothing less than astounding. The first conference at Washington in 1889 lasted five months, mainly because of the interminable disputes between the United States and Argentina. In every succeeding conference up to the present there has been a threatening Latin American bloc which looked with suspicion on every North American move. Well do I remember during the Fifth Conference at Santiago in 1923 the combination of fourteen Latin American countries to compel a reorganization of the Pan-American Union in order to give more place for Latin American countries and bring about less dominance by the United States. The few concessions granted, after long and painful waiting to hear from Washington, during which delay committee meetings were postponed from day to day, were ungraciously made. Latin American delegations and newspapers were practically unanimous in condemning the superior attitude assumed by the chief of the American delegation, Mr. Fletcher, and his group of lame-duck Senators. "I got all I came after," was the way Mr. Fletcher summed up to me his supposed victories, following the conference. So incensed was Latin America over the optimistic report of our delegation to President Harding that Dr. Estanislao Zeballos of Argentina, former Minister of Foreign Affairs, gave an entire address at the next Williams-town Institute on what he called "the optimistic report of the United States delegation, which does not reveal to that country in the least the sad plight of Pan-Americanism resulting from the Santiago conference."

At Havana in 1928 the same sullen resentment against the United States was evident, although the imperious personality of Charles Evans Hughes kept down the smoldering fires except for a few outbursts which occurred especially in the closing session, when, as the question of intervention finally thrust itself into the limelight, the discussion took such an ugly turn that much of it had to be erased from the record. As if to confirm the suspicions of Latin America, the United States delegation went to Havana on a battleship in company with President Coolidge, who vied with the dictator Machado in such extravagant mutual eulogies that the Cuban government almost forgot the presence of the Latin American delegates.

Throughout the conference there were all kinds of protests against the United States. The head of the Argentine delegation resigned during the conference because of his differences with Mr. Hughes, and suddenly one day, exasperated by the tricks used to avert a discussion of intervention, every Latin American delegation heatedly declared against such tactics on the part of the United States.

At Santiago, Mexico was not represented because of the profound differences with the United States, and Peru and Bolivia sent no delegates because they felt that the United States had favored Chile in the Tacna and Arica question. The shadow of Mexico rested over every act of the Santiago

conference and balked the American delegation at every turn. On the other hand, a Mexican delegate said to me here in Montevideo, "We had to come to this conference to find out how much nearer we are to the United States of America than to Argentina and these other South American countries." On two occasions Dr. Puig, Mexican Minister of Foreign Relations, made an extended address concerning the hope offered to Latin America by the new policy of the Roosevelt Administration. The first was after Secretary Hull had made his proposal to reduce tariffs all around on the American continent and to work out bilateral agreements between all American countries, as the United States and Colombia have recently done. This proposal in itself reversed completely the position of Mr. Hughes at Havana when he blocked Argentina's effort to have the Pan-American Union consider economic questions.

When Puig seconded Hull's tariff proposal he did it not because he was sure that Hull and his chief would be able to carry it out, for with the London conference and the farmers' strikes before them Latin American delegates are quite skeptical over the possibility of any general lowering of tariffs in the United States. But the Roosevelt Administration is making a great experiment which, if carried out, will mean new social justice not only in the United States but also for all Latin America. "This New Deal," continued Dr. Puig, "which will mean profound social, economic, and political revision (for this very reason opposed so tenaciously by selfish interests in the United States), needs and should command the unanimous support of this Pan-American assembly."

Here is the real reason that the Seventh Pan-American Conference has had the most favorable atmosphere for co-operation between the north and south of any of the series of congresses since the first meeting at Washington in 1889. The Roosevelt Administration has already shown its resistance to the old policies of dictating what legislation other countries ought to have and using marines to enforce its will. Even if the present Cuban government has not yet been recognized and American collectors of customs are still in Haiti and Santo Domingo, the refusal to land marines in Cuba and the agreement to withdraw them completely from Haiti by October, 1934, thus leaving no shadow of military occupation in any Latin American country, have made a deep impression on our southern neighbors. But a still deeper impression has been made by what is happening in the United States itself. The nations of Latin America believe that the people and government of the United States are turning from their complete trust in money and attempting to build a new order where social justice is the first consideration. For it seems at times that the Latin Americans distrust us not only because of our imperialist program but because of their feeling that big business controls all of our life and purposes. As Dr. Puig says, "This new program we hope is not simply a New Deal but a whole new pack of cards."

The United States could have found no one better fitted to transmit to Latin America the ideas of the new policy than the fine type of Southern gentleman represented by the

Secretary of State. The very fact that he is so different from the brilliant, overpowering, imperious Hughes, who headed the American delegation at Havana, or the astute career diplomat Fletcher, who led the lame-duck Senators at Santiago, is his greatest attraction for Latin America. Outside of Dwight Morrow in Mexico no American who has visited Latin America since the memorable visit of Elihu Root in 1906 has made such a favorable impression. Mr. Hull's almost naive simplicity, after all the slick and big-stick diplomats and bankers, is the most commendable trait possible. When, on the first day of his arrival in Montevideo, in a business suit, accompanied only by his secretary, he began to call on each of the heads of the Latin American delegations, ignoring all formality, revealing his great desire first of all for peace in the Chaco, he walked straight into the hearts of Latin Americans. When he declared a few days later that the Roosevelt Administration had no idea of getting behind the international bankers to help them collect their debts and that it disassociated itself from high finance, he entered still further into South American affections. His declarations concerning tariffs, while received with caution and wonder as to how far he could make good, aroused still more appreciation of his own friendly attitude. His statement on peace and the new political attitude of the United States on the American continent, made later on that same day, was a triumph for simplicity and sincerity.

Hull's address on Pan-American peace was made at an afternoon session of the Commission on Peace Machinery in the same impressive *sala* where the discussion on economics had taken place in the morning; there was thus on one day a square look at two big questions out of some twenty-eight on the agenda of the conference. That afternoon session on peace marks the high spot of friendship and emotional kinship in inter-American gatherings. Another one of the fine figures of the American continent was presiding, Dr. Miguel Cruchaga of Chile, one of the ten ministers of foreign affairs heading their delegations here—which fact alone made this conference stand out as unique. So far the peace commission had done little. Consciousness of the war going on between Bolivia and Paraguay settled like a dense fog over any enthusiasm for new peace machinery. And everyone knew that war in the Chaco might have been stopped if it had not been for the war between the peace pacts—the Kellogg Pact, the League of Nations, the Neutral Commission at Washington, the A. B. C. of South America, all of which had got in each other's way in trying to settle the Chaco question. The conference had before it the youngest of all such schemes, the Argentine Anti-War Pact. The whole peace machinery was so clogged and confused that there seemed no way out, especially if the pride of the United States in the Kellogg Pact and that of Argentina in her anti-war pact were to be saved, for neither one had signed the other's pact or seemed likely to do so. Then came the dramatic presentation of a joint resolution by Argentina and Chile that all the nations of America be appealed to to sign all five peace treaties: the Gondra Treaty on Conciliation, approved at the Fifth Pan-American Conference, providing for conciliation commissions at Washington and Montevideo, respectively, to investigate and report on disputes, but with no right to suggest settlement; the Washington (1929) Conciliation Treaty, which improved the Gondra agreement by providing for recommendations for settling disputes;

the Washington Treaty on Arbitration of the same date, which provides for compulsory arbitration of juridical questions; the Kellogg Pact, which commits all signers to renounce war but provides no machinery for settling differences; and the Argentine Pact, recently signed in Rio by six Latin American countries, which provides for conciliation and for signatories to unite in economic and political pressure to compel violators of the pact to keep the peace.

The chairman read the list of countries which had and had not signed these various agreements, thus making clear the confusion in the whole matter and the rivalry between various countries like Argentina and the United States in their attitudes toward peace machinery based on political and economic nationalism. Only Mexico was able to report that she had signed every one of these pacts, as she was able to say she had no serious questions pending with other nations. Then one by one the penitents came to the altar, confessing their sins. The first was Argentina. She had not signed the Kellogg Pact, the Gondra Pact, or the two Washington treaties; she would sign them all! Brazil followed; she had signed all but the Kellogg Pact; she would sign that! Then rose the gray-haired gentleman from Tennessee. What would he say? Was it possible that he would accept the olive branch offered by Argentina? Yes, and much more, the United States would sign the Argentine Pact as it had already signed the other pacts—which was not accurate, as the President has refused to promulgate the Washington Arbitration Treaty after its mutilation by the Senate. Continuing, Secretary Hull made his remarkable address, the most far-reaching speech of any American since Root's famous words in Rio de Janeiro in 1906 and Wilson's in Mobile in 1913. The effect of this declaration was tremendous, especially of the following section, which was quoted often within and without the conference:

May I for a moment direct attention to the significance of this broad policy as my country is steadily carrying it into effect under the Roosevelt Administration, the extent and nature of which should be familiar to each of the nations here represented? My government is doing its utmost, with due regard to commitments made in the past, to end with all possible speed engagements which have been set up by previous circumstances. There are some engagements which can be removed more speedily than others. In some instances disentanglement from obligations of another era can only be brought about through the exercise of some patience. The United States is determined that its new policy of the New Deal—of enlightened liberalism—shall have full effect and shall be recognized in its fullest import by its neighbors. The people of my country strongly feel that the *so-called right of conquest must forever be banished from this hemisphere and, most of all, they shun and reject that so-called right for themselves*. The New Deal indeed would be an empty boast if it did not mean that.

The adherents continued to announce themselves. Cuba, Haiti, and Santo Domingo threw spice into the gathering by reference to what they hoped the words of the Secretary of State would mean in relation to their respective countries. The conference might have adjourned then with a real accomplishment to its credit, since it had succeeded in getting Argentina and the United States, together with various other countries, to pledge themselves to observe all the peace provisions of the five pacts.

But this unity was to produce two other moving ses-

sions, one when the armistice in the Chaco war was signed, the other when intervention was discussed. The whole conference has been deeply affected by the struggle between Paraguay and Bolivia. Tremendous pressure was being put on these two governments to settle their difficulties. Fortunately the Commission of the League of Nations, with which the whole conference was determined to work in closest cooperation, was in the Chaco itself working for a settlement. At 1 a.m., December 19, the sirens of the Montevideo newspapers announced the news that an eighteen-day armistice had been signed.*

There followed that afternoon the session of Commission II on the Codification of International Law, when intervention was considered. The United States had secured the postponement of the meeting for several days to get more time to study the proposal of a subcommittee which brought forward eleven articles concerning the rights and duties of states, the main one of which was the declaration that "no state has the right to intervene in the internal or external affairs of another state." This was the one question on which the American continent was absolutely divided, with twenty nations standing on one side and one on the other. Not a Latin American nation failed to register itself as completely opposed to intervention. Even Argentina and Chile, which it was rumored might come to the rescue of the United States and ask for a postponement of the vote, were unable to make anything but categorical statements favoring the resolution.

What would Mr. Hull say? For by his attitude here would be judged all the fine promises he had been making.

He was evidently confused by the debate, inadequately interpreted in whispers by a companion at his side. He read his prepared address and added slowly a few words of explanation, the substance of which was that the United States felt that more time would be needed to codify a law on intervention but that the United States voted for the resolution, with the interpretation given by the addresses of President Roosevelt and of himself on the Good Neighbor policy, and that he could absolutely assure every Latin American nation that they need fear no intervention in their countries during the Roosevelt Administration.

Pan-Americanism has been saved from the rocks on to which it was rapidly drifting. After the memorable session on intervention I talked with delegates from Cuba, Guatemala, Santo Domingo, Paraguay, Bolivia, and various other countries. All these confirmed my feeling concerning the positive accomplishments at Montevideo, which mark a real change of course in inter-American relations. The Cuban delegation was among the most enthusiastic. With Haiti and Nicaragua they have been the sharpest critics here of American policy. While they would have liked an unequivocal vote by the United States against intervention, they believe that a great step forward has been taken, that, in fact, the final blow has been given to a practice that has divided the American continent. The magnificent tribute of Dr. Puig of Mexico to President Roosevelt and Mr. Hull and his appeal to them to rise to a great generous new day was a ringing, honest tribute such as had never been heard before in a Pan-American conference. It was only one of the things that made this meeting unique.

A New Rebellion in China

By CRISPIAN CORCORAN

Tientsin, December 1

REGARDLESS of external aggression, natural disasters, and all the other woes which have beset her during the last two years, China cannot abandon her age-old pastime of civil war. Since the fateful day in September, 1931, when the world was startled by the Japanese occupation of Mukden, no fewer than four major conflicts have broken out in different parts of the country. This number does not include the perennial "anti-red" campaign which is constantly in progress to suppress what is essentially an agrarian revolt in the provinces of Kiangsi, Fukien, Hupeh, and Szechwan.

A fortnight or so ago were heard the first rumblings of a new revolt, this time in the maritime province of Fukien, which with Canton supplies 90 per cent of China's overseas emigrants. Several facts invest this new outbreak with great importance. In the first place, its military backbone is the Nineteenth Route Army, famous for its heroic defense of Shanghai. Secondly, the rebels immediately made common cause with the so-called "Communists" in Kiangsi. Thirdly, for the first time since the great anti-North expedition of 1926, a rebellion has taken place which has expressly repudi-

ated the Kuomintang and its founder, Dr. Sun Yat-sen, instead of claiming, as others have claimed, to be the only "true" Kuomintang and to be waging war for the spirit of the founder's message. Finally, the new regime has fearlessly tackled the delicate problem of land reform in the landlord-ridden southern provinces. Instead of vague promises of future action, almost its first official act was to order the survey and reapportionment of the great estates on the principle of "the land to tillers of the land."

The new government was proclaimed on November 20 as a "Workers' and Peasants' Republic." On the same day it issued a proclamation, the main terms of which may be briefly stated as follows:

1. The power of government is taken away from the hopelessly compromised Kuomintang and handed back to a National Assembly of the people to be convened at the earliest possible date.

2. Full equality and freedom to all citizens and inhabitants of China irrespective of race, creed, or sex, with the exception of rebels and "oppressors of the workers and peasants" such as "militarists, mandarins, gentry, landlords, counter-revolutionaries, parasites, and riffraff," who will be "exterminated."

3. Emancipation of workers and peasants; repudiation of all unequal treaties; full enforcement of tariff autonomy.

* War in the Chaco was resumed on January 4, negotiations for peace having failed. Attempts to reach a settlement will continue, and Secretary Hull will discuss the question with other Latin American delegates on his way home.—EDITORS THE NATION.

4. Nationalization of agriculture. An immediate measure toward this aim to be the granting of land only to those who can themselves till it. Forests, mines, waste lands, and so forth to be immediately taken over and managed by the state.

5. Industrial reconstruction. State management of the most important industries.

6. Firm establishment of the right to work, to personal freedom, to freedom of speech, to assembly and publication, as well as the right to strike.

7. Repudiation of the Kuomintang Government. Establishment of a People's Revolutionary Government which it will be the duty of all citizens to defend.

The personnel of the new government shows clearly that here is an attempt to reconstitute the old "united front" of Communists and Kuomintang (under a different name) which obtained until the historic break-up of the Nationalist movement in 1927. Li Chai-sum, head of the new administration, was one of the chief commanders of the Cantonese expedition. Chen Ming-shu, another veteran of the campaign and an old Kuomintang man, is the head of the Executive Committee (that is, virtually Premier); Eugene Chen, who has been Foreign Minister in Nanking, Hankow, and Canton, assumes the same position at Foochow. Tsai Ting-kai, once lauded as the "hero of Chapei" and today the target of Nanking's propaganda machine, will play the same role in the "Cabinet" as Chiang Kai-shek played in the first years of the Kuomintang advance. It is feared in some quarters that he will play it to the bitter end. Like Chiang Kai-shek he is ambitious.

The gulf between actions and words is in China, more than anywhere else, a yawning chasm. Before going into raptures over the Foochow program it is well to remember that Chen Ming-shu and Tsai Ting-kai, nobly announcing the impending "extermination" of militarists, themselves fall under that category. The same applies to Li Chai-sum, an opportunist, who has hitherto leaned rather to the right than to the left. Eugene Chen is not exactly a chameleon as is charged by Nanking. His career has been much more consistent and can stand far closer examination than those of his would-be detractors. Nevertheless, he has been in the wilderness a long time, and it is possible that he is willing to yield a little in principle for the satisfaction of being again "Foreign Minister."

Very indicative is the fact that Mme Sun Yat-sen, who at one time organized the "Third Party" reputed to be one of the factors in the movement, has said in effect that the new uprising is another case of disgruntled militarists and politicians tempting the people with slogans in order to climb over their backs. This report was issued by Nanking's Central News Agency, which is overloading the cable lines with denunciations of the rebels. Nevertheless, since Mme Sun has not taken the trouble to repudiate the message, it may be taken as an indication of her true feelings. Mme Sun is one of the brightest spots in the Chinese political and intellectual world. If she has not allied herself with the movement, it is because very valid reasons have prevented her from doing so. The factor of fear for personal safety may be ruled out. Mme Sun long ago showed that fear is not part of her make-up.

The international aspect of the revolt is important. The Fukien coast is directly opposite Formosa and is recognized

as a special sphere of Japanese influence. No political change can be made within the province without a full consideration of the Japanese factor. Although the aims of the present rebellion are outwardly in every way inimical to the Japanese, it must be remembered that Japan has long managed her affairs in China on the principle of *divide et impera*, and helped any and every faction sow discord when it suited her purpose.

The Foochow regime, although it has tacitly let it be understood that one of the reasons for its dissatisfaction is Nanking's policy of pandering to Tokio, has made no pronouncement on the vital question of relations with the Island Empire. Of course this may be a purely tactical silence guided by the fear that the Japanese and Chiang Kai-shek's troops will unite to crush the present revolt as they united last spring to crush the "anti-Japanese National Salvation Army" of Feng Yu-hsiang and his allied generals in North China. Nevertheless, the position is not such as to prepossess Chinese public opinion in favor of the new government. I myself prefer to think that the movement is not inspired by the Japanese and that it is far less friendly to them than, for instance, Chiang Kai-shek, who has been doing their donkey work for them in north and south for more than two years.

There is so far no indication that the Fukien regime has found allies among other disaffected elements in China. The semi-independent reactionary government of Chen Chi-tang in Canton is an autonomous feudal administration owing allegiance to Chiang Kai-shek. Of late the influence of the politicians of the right wing, headed by the embittered Hu Han-min, has waned in the southern city and the military cabal seems to have decided on armed neutrality. The attitude of other southwestern militarists seems essentially the same, though their future movements are more difficult to predict.

Feng Yu-hsiang, former Christian general and a recent rebel against Nanking, is also sitting on the fence. The southern leaders gave him little but fine phrases when he needed their support last spring. Now, with more than one province under his control despite his recent "defeat," he is giving them some of their own medicine.

There is no doubt that the Fukien movement of revolt will have a beneficial effect. Whether it succeeds or not is immaterial. In a sense it may be said to provide a final test for the Kuomintang. The bankruptcy of the party's policy was made evident by the Japanese crisis. If this situation is not met its influence will be at an end. Nevertheless, it is obvious that China's salvation will come neither from Nanking nor from Foochow. It can come only when the bankruptcy of the present rulers, both in the Kuomintang and out of it, has manifested itself in every field and a new popular movement is born out of the general disintegration. This may find its genesis in the "Soviet" districts of Kiangsi or elsewhere. There are signs of it everywhere. China awaits a movement led neither by generals nor by silk-gowned politicians. The solution of her problems can only come after a new revolutionary era.

[Recent dispatches indicate the imminent defeat of the Nineteenth Route Army by the Nanking forces. This probable shift does not, however, affect the validity of Mr. Corcoran's interpretation of the Fukien revolt and the present conflict of interests in China.—EDITORS THE NATION.]

The Washington Seesaw

By PAUL Y. ANDERSON

Washington, January 13

"WHEN the Supreme Court displays some common sense, *that's news!*" Although this rule may not be attributed to a famous editor, it explains the extraordinary furor created by the decision in the Minnesota mortgage case—and the explanation is soundly grounded on experience and logic. The court has taught us to expect the worst, and the contrary occasions surprise. It so happens that in this particular instance I was not surprised. In the first place, I never believed the Constitution to be the stupid instrument expounded by Jim Beck and his kind. In the second place, it has been obvious, almost since last March, that the country is under what amounts to a dictatorship by common consent, and that interference would be brushed aside. That the dictator is a man who believes in democratic processes, is willing to take counsel, and is concerned with the plight of the common man is but another lucky break proving that God takes care of drunken men and the United States of America. As I asserted here a year ago, there are four old men on the court who would take particular delight in defying the popular will, knowing that the mob was at the door. The doubtful and deciding element consisted of Hughes and Roberts. Following the Senate debate over his confirmation, it was evident that the Chief Justice had dedicated the remainder of his life to proving that he was not a mere corporation lawyer. Roberts is conservative by nature, but he is young enough to see what is going on in the world, intelligent enough to understand it, and honest enough to discard his prejudices. In that lies the answer to the decision. The quintessence of the question was whether a nation of 125,000,000 people should immediately be plunged into economic and social chaos or the strict letter of a document composed by men who have been in their graves more than a century should be violated. The fact that the decision was close should provoke reflection on the future status of the court. It appears that some editors are striving to persuade themselves and the public that the decision carries no implications touching other recovery measures. I suggest they read the dissenting opinion.

WHILE the highest legal tribunal, by a majority of one, was demonstrating its right of survival, the highest industrial tribunal was adding to the evidence that it should either be drastically reorganized or completely abolished. Nothing in the progress of the recovery program has been more disappointing and demoralizing than the collapse of the National Labor Board. Set up as the supreme arbiter of disputes between labor and capital, it has degenerated into an object of employers' contempt and employees' despair. Buried under a growing mountain of complaints, it blusters and does virtually nothing. It was futile against Ford at Edgewater, and pathetic against National Steel at Weirton. It meets, only to adjourn for the ridiculous reason that the industrial members don't show up. Even Louis Kirstein, the most devoted of them, is missing. Its chairman, Senator Wagner, is

away on Capitol Hill, leading the fight against ratification of the President's St. Lawrence Waterway Treaty. Its most diligent officer, Dr. William Leiserson, has resigned as secretary and gone over to the Petroleum Labor Board, apparently in search of action. As thousands of automobile workers are reported discharged for joining the union, General Johnson removes the limitation on working hours in that industry. The strange new friendship which has developed between Donald Richberg and the steel barons since he joined their code authority has aroused profound suspicion among labor men. Probably it is unwarranted. I have had a speaking acquaintance with the man for several years, and have always trusted him. But distrust exists, and it will be the seed of trouble, mostly courted by himself. Prices continue to rise much faster than wages, despite the now strenuous efforts of Mrs. Rumsey and Dexter Keezer, and more than six million men are still looking for work—even such work as lifting rocks from one pile and laying them on another for the CWA.

* * * * *

THIS ominous prospect is mainly responsible for Johnson's decision to move immediately for a national thirty-hour week in industry—and inspires one, incidentally, to wonder whether Senator Black's original thirty-hour bill should not have been incorporated in the Recovery Act. With approximately 85 per cent of industry operating under codes and more than six million unemployed, a further shortening of hours is plainly demanded; with prices soaring as they are it is equally plain that such reduction must be attended by no cut in wages. Johnson sees the problem clearly, and was characteristically frank in discussing it with me.

Most of the codes in force [he said] call for forty hours. We have gone far enough to know that a forty-hour week won't do the job. I never did think it would, but it was necessary to convince some people by actual experience. In fact, even under normal prosperity, a forty-hour week would not result in the absorption of all the unemployed. The change must be made, and the sooner the better. I realize the difficulties from the employer's standpoint. Some of the codes in force have literally raised hell in some industries. Companies without cash reserves, or whose reserves are frozen in closed banks, and which are unable to borrow, will howl their heads off at the idea of cutting hours without cutting wages. But there's only one way out of this depression, and that's to put people to work at decent living wages. When industry goes as far as it can in that direction, it will be the government's duty to help it. We're all in this boat together, and we will all float or sink together.

As suggested by Johnson, the matter of financing increased industrial employment is crucial. Aside from the obvious fact that Wall Street is seeking to engineer a bankers' strike against the Administration, and partially succeeding, there is the genuine fear which prompts well-meaning banks to remain liquid. This fear arises from the fact that the public doesn't trust the banks. All of which serves to emphasize once more that the greatest blunder which Roosevelt ever

made was to turn the banks back to the bankers. It is my belief that he already realizes it, and it is my suspicion that before he gets through events will compel him to take them over again. The government is now prepared to take their gold; the next logical step would be the assumption of their commercial functions. Senator Cutting has endeavored to hasten the event by proposing the establishment of a central federal bank, with a government monopoly of credit. If recovery must wait until the public can learn to trust the bankers again, we might as well end everything now.

* * *

THE historic struggle to preserve the constitutional right of any American citizen to advertise and sell poisonous garbage in fancy packages to the sick and suffering as a cure for whatever ails them goes briskly on, and no recognized method of blackmail, coercion, or slander has been overlooked in the campaign to defeat the Tugwell bill and discredit its sponsors, although I believe the food, drug, and cosmetic manufacturers have not yet resorted to kidnapping. Among recent essays of that character was an attempt to get the job of Walter G. Campbell, Chief of the Food and Drug Administration, an official with a long record of devoted and honorable service to his country. The demand for his dismissal came from the ostensible head of a "patriotic" society, and was based on the claim that Campbell had violated the Act of 1919, prohibiting departmental officers from lobbying. Campbell had appeared before a Senate committee (at its request), explained the provisions of the measure, and urged its passage. Had he refused to appear he would have been punishable for contempt. Inquiry revealed that the individual demanding his head manufactures a "home remedy" for gallstones! The corporation which operates a national chain of gaudy fountains dispensing a well-known horse physic in the guise of a newly discovered "tonic" for human beings has heard the call, retained a prominent Democratic politician as counsel, and rallied to the fray. But hold! All is not so well. It was suggested here recently that some friend of the President might properly apprise him of the numbers in which his campaign supporters had rushed to Washington and were cashing in on their prestige. A friend lost no time. Within a week, by what I am assured was sheer coincidence, the Honorable J. Bruce Kremer, attorney for the Drug Institute, arch foe of the Tugwell bill, presented his resignation as Democratic national committeeman for Montana. Almost simultaneously, North Carolina's national committeeman, who had established headquarters here in behalf of the rayon and such other interests as might hire him, retired to private life. I make bold to say that similar resignations will shortly be forthcoming, either voluntarily or by request. Incidentally, Secretary Morgenthau the other day sent for Elmer Irey. It is Irey's duty to uncover income-tax frauds. Being probably the ablest investigator in the government service, he has uncovered plenty of them, but often in the past found himself powerless to do anything about it. Morgenthau told him that the lid was off, the bars were down, the sky was the limit, and no holds barred. Such things tend to prolong this old cynic's faith in the head of this Administration. For years I trembled to print in *The Nation* the name of any unemployed crook for fear I would wake next day and find him on the Federal Trade Commission.

In the Driftway

IN the midst of the alarms and financial excursions which have filled the newspapers since the President asked for a ten-billion-dollar budget, the mysterious monster that lives in Loch Ness in Scotland has persisted as an item of news. The creature has now been seen by several dozen persons, it has been photographed, shown in the newsreels, described variously by eyewitnesses, and learnedly discussed by experts, not the least of whom is the Right Reverend Sir David Oswald Hunter Blair, Bart., a monk of the Order of St. Benedict, who has been in turn Headmaster and Lord Abbot of the Monastery at Fort Augustus at one end of the famous loch. The Lord Abbot expresses his belief in the existence of the monster and confidently describes it as an amphibian belonging to a species that existed many million years ago. It is not clear whether or not his lordship saw the creature himself, but taking the word of a large number of persons who did, including a number of persons living by the shore of the lake, certain foresters, students and servants at the Fort Augustus Abbey School, and nine independent travelers, he declares that it has "both lungs and gills, four rudimentary lys or paddles, and is about thirty to thirty-five feet long, with a remarkable neck, long and flexible, broad shoulders, and a large, flat, broad tail which can churn the water of the loch" to a foam. As a final picturesque detail, the Lord Abbot adds that the distinguishing characteristic is its skull, which consists of one single bone.

* * *

THIS description is admirably detailed and enlightening. It would, indeed, be convincing if it were not that what other persons saw differed a little from the Lord Abbot's account. W. Urwick Goodbody, a member of the Ness District Fishing Board, reported, according to the *New York Times*, that he had seen "a creature with a long, thin neck, a small head, and eight humps." Arthur Grant, of Edinburgh, also reported a sight of the creature on January 5. Mr. Grant was pursuing his way along the shore of the lake on a motor cycle, the time being about 1:30 a. m. of a bright moonlight night. He reported what happened as follows:

It was about thirty or forty yards from the Glasgow-Inverness road that I observed in the moonlight on the other side of the road from the loch what appeared to be a large black object. I was almost on it when a small head on a long neck turned in my direction, and the object, taking fright, made two great bounds, crossed the road, and plunged into the loch. . . . It had a long neck with eel-like head and large oval-shaped eyes just on top of its small head. The body was very hefty and I distinctly saw two front flippers. There were two other flippers which seemed to be webbed behind, and there was a tail . . . five or six feet long. The curious thing about the tail was it did not, as far as I could see, come to a point but was rounded off.

* * *

IT is plain from these presumably sober accounts from presumably sane persons that Something Large and Strange is floating about in or walking about on the edge of Loch Ness in northern Scotland. The motion pictures taken so far of the monster show merely a disturbance in the water at some

distance from the camera. The accounts by eyewitnesses, as the foregoing extracts show, are very far from being in agreement, and one might add that Mr. Grant had very sharp eyes to see all he saw at night, even in bright moonlight. Nor is this to impugn the veracity of Mr. Grant or any of the other honest accounts of the Scottish monster. The Drifter would even wager that further eyewitnesses will describe the creature, and the more accounts of it there are, the closer they will agree. It is perhaps possible, but certainly not likely, that a large animal, fish or mammal, belonging to an otherwise vanished species, actually inhabits an inland lake twenty-three miles long and eight miles from a bay of the North Sea. It is more easily understandable that if even one person with telling earnestness reported that such a monster had been seen, other persons would, before long, believe just as earnestly that they saw it also. The Drifter does not, of course, like to express an attitude of too great skepticism in the matter, particularly since he has never been in that part of Scotland. Being in a mellow mood, he is willing to declare that if *The Nation* will pay his traveling expenses to Loch Ness, and if while he stands on its shores in broad daylight, he sees, first, a churning of the water, then a creature, with or without humps, swim to the shore and climb the bank at his feet, and if it is even six instead of sixteen feet long and looks like something other than a beaver—if all these conditions are fulfilled duly and in the presence of witnesses, then and then only will he believe—and will give himself up to the nearest alienist forthwith. There are some things which it is not good for man to see, and Sea Serpents are this sort of thing. But to talk about them—that is another matter!

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

An Answer to Mr. Rodman

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

There are several plain errors of fact in Selden Rodman's article *Youth Meets in Washington* in *The Nation* of January 17.

1. The National Student Federation of America was not the group which originally proposed a joint conference of student organizations. The original suggestion came from the Student League for Industrial Democracy, whose representatives took it up with leaders of the Y. M. C. A. and the N. S. F. The proposal was made in the middle of October, *not* last summer.

2. There never was any clear agreement in the Executive Committee that planned the National Conference of Students in Politics on whether or not resolutions were to be passed. Whenever the subject was mentioned, the representatives of the Student L. I. D. plainly said that if two or three planks—on the R. O. T. C., retrenchment in education, and other things—could get nearly unanimous acceptance, they should be introduced. Such, I am sure, was the understanding of the majority of members of the Executive Committee.

3. Mr. Rodman dismisses the conferences of the Student L. I. D. and of the National Student League with a scant paragraph, most of which is taken up with our demonstration outside the White House. But his description of the White House meeting also is incorrect. It was a protest against the continued appropriation of federal funds for the R. O. T. C., and all the placards were relevant to that particular protest.

4. No program was presented to the Executive Committee before the conference decided whether it should "have a program at all." And if no program had been presented, how could "the leaders of about half the organizations taking part in the conference [have] opposed the program," as Mr. Rodman claims?

5. As for the post-conference attitude of the Student L. I. D. toward the N. S. L., Mr. Rodman might have consulted the L. I. D. He would have learned that we are undertaking several joint activities this spring.

All these points are important, because through these errors of fact Rodman tries to discredit the only student organizations that have shown any aggressiveness and intelligence in building up a student movement, accusing them of bad faith, stupid tactics, and stereotyped thinking.

The Washington conferences were successful because they had color, dash, and militancy and the clash of cleanly opposed points of view. The proof is in the fact that the issues that were raised in Washington are now being debated in undergraduate newspapers and forums throughout the country. And if credit is due to anybody it should go to the Student League for Industrial Democracy, which first had the vision of all these student conferences being staged in one city, which faithfully cooperated in the dreary organizational details, which backed the only sort of program which could have been adopted without splitting the conference, a program which, nevertheless, was one taking a stand on the vital student issues. Credit for Washington should go to the two courageous student organizations that dared to picket and parade at the risk of offending the unemancipated and the prominent campus politicians, and that made the week in Washington the colorful, exciting, and significant event in student annals that it has become.

New York, January 11

JOSEPH P. LASH,
Secretary National Executive Committee,
Student L. I. D.
Member Executive Committee, National
Conference of Students in Politics

Is This Currency Inflation?

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

J. David Stern of the *New York Evening Post*, reproaching you for your regret at his "championship of currency inflation," writes you that he has "never championed currency inflation," and none of his papers ever has championed it.

Now Mr. Stern is highly educated, and he knows very well that we do nine-tenths of our business without the use of specie, by means of bank checks, drafts, and bills of exchange. This is sometimes called "deposit currency," sometimes "bank currency." Both terms are descriptive, for deposits are created mostly by loans, and this, the bulk of our currency, is a credit currency.

"We have fought for a program of credit expansion, not currency inflation," Mr. Stern avers. But credit expansion of the kind he describes results inevitably in bank-currency inflation. His *Philadelphia Record*, moreover, has denounced Wall Street time and again for the pre-depression inflation of credit which brought the boom and its disastrous consequences. He is now urging that the government practice, in a different field and under certain safeguards, the same sort of inflation; and it is useless to deny it.

Elsewhere I have spoken publicly in praise of Mr. Stern's courage, intelligence, and independence; it is thus the more disquieting to find him attempting, by hair-splitting and quibbling, to mislead the public.

Old Greenwich, Conn., December 29

SILAS BENT

Violent Dissent

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

James Farrell's review of Jack Conroy's "The Disinherited" in *The Nation* of December 20 struck me as being one of the most malicious bits of slander I have observed among the book reviewers. Practically all of Farrell's adjectives in the review are so false that perhaps he was reading some other book. To call Conroy careless is calumny; Conroy has a better ear than Ring Lardner; besides that, the parts that appeared in the *American Mercury* received the approval of the most careful man in the United States, H. L. Mencken. For Farrell to call this superb writing slapdash and mere reporting is an insult to an honest and experienced writer. To call it burlesque ought to call for a duel. To say that Conroy re-created almost nothing makes me dubious of Farrell's mentality, for in my opinion "The Disinherited" re-created the experience of *work*, a man on the job, physically and psychologically, particularly in those basic industries not generally used as subjects of literature, although they ought to be—steel mills, coal mines, auto factories, road building. And Conroy did this better than any other person ever did, including D. H. Lawrence on coal.

New York, December 23

ROBERT WHITCOMB

Lese Majeste?

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

Today's issue of a local daily gives front-page prominence to the following A. P. dispatch:

Accused of maligning President Roosevelt, Tom Smallwood, employed on a Civil Works project, was fined \$10 by Police Judge Jim Givens, of Muskogee, Oklahoma. The Judge raised the fine from \$5 to \$10 because, as he said, the defendant bit the hand that was feeding him. Smallwood was allowed to return to work when he promised to be more patriotic in the future.

Although at first sight this incident does not seem of importance, I feel that the issue involved cannot be overstressed. It is unnecessary for me to point out the obvious future of such an ominous beginning.

Los Angeles, Cal., December 18

L. OSHEROFF

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Contributors to This Issue

JAMES RORTY will publish this spring a book on advertising entitled "Advertising—Not to Praise."

CARL BECKER is professor of European history at Cornell University.

SAMUEL GUY INMAN, an authority on Latin American affairs, was an unofficial observer at the recent Pan-American Conference at Montevideo.

CRISPAN CORCORAN is the pseudonym of a newspaperman who has lived many years in China.

PAUL Y. ANDERSON is a Washington correspondent of the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*.

WILLIAM TROY is a member of the English department of Washington Square College, New York University. LEWIS GALANTIÈRE is the author of "France Is Full of Frenchmen."

BERYL HAROLD LEVY is the author of "Reform Judaism in America."

Books, Architecture, Drama

Sculptured

By CHARLOTTE WILDER

Goaded through a vein of rock,
The pinch of marble at her heel,
(Stone pares her temples and her thighs)
She cannot vent her blood on steel,

She may not slake her throat with sighs;
Trapped in motion, she molests
Solids, forcing to a rift
Only the semblance of her eyes.

Sean O'Faolain

A Nest of Simple Folk. By Sean O'Faolain. The Viking Press. \$2.50.

SEAN O'FAOLAIN is not a new writer, although this is the impression that one might get from a reading of the many enraptured reviews with which his first novel has been greeted. Although he is still quite young Mr. O'Faolain has been writing, and writing extremely well, for at least six or seven years; his *The Bomb-Shop*, published in the *Dial* in 1927, remains, in the opinion of this reviewer, his best single piece of writing to date; and several of the stories in "Midsummer Night Madness," particularly *Fugue* and *The Small Lady*, surpass in intensity both of style and characterization anything that may be found in his new work. Nor is Mr. O'Faolain so isolated a figure in recent Irish writing as the almost certain popularity of this new book is likely to make him appear. He belongs, as a matter of fact, to that generation of Irish writers whose common conscience was forged, some fifteen or more years ago, out of the smithy of Stephen Dedalus's soul. Mr. O'Faolain could not write of Ireland as he does, could not make political passion a subject rather than a motive, if Joyce had not written his "Portrait." This is of particular relevance in any study of Mr. O'Faolain's style—a style which reflects a sensibility that has absorbed, with exquisite tact and certainty, all that is best in modern Irish writing. From Joyce this writer has learned much about the use of homely words and images for unsuspected values of imaginative association:

Leo stirred the splinter-end with his toe, and it leaped into flame and then died out. A fir tree grew in his mind, tall and snow-clotted, waving in the flame. Then, sliver of a root, levered from its womb in the bog, it fell like all its ancient branches into a little dust.

He has learned also—what few of Joyce's imitators have ever learned—that in projecting a subjective state a feeling for the precise rhythms of the mind or consciousness is at least as important as the choice of words:

But he ~~man~~ forgot him and all of them, his eyes big with Limerick and the evening that was coloring the tall red houses and the muddy streets wide as a sea.

But neither his use of images nor his handling of rhythms allows us to class Mr. O'Faolain among the many crude imitators of the author of "Ulysses." What has been learned has been assimilated into a personality that is in most respects fundamentally different. It would be better to say that what Mr. O'Faolain, like so many of his contemporaries, owes to Joyce is an enrichment and reorientation of the sensibility which make

it possible for him to treat familiar Irish materials with a new freshness and beauty. Of Joyce it may be said that he has changed the whole landscape of a country—no longer does Ireland even *look* the same as the Ireland of Tom Moore, Lever, and Boucicault. Of this new landscape Mr. O'Faolain is an accomplished painter—on the whole, the most accomplished of the several who have recently appeared. A proper comparison, therefore, would be between Mr. O'Faolain's novel and the earlier novels and stories of Liam O'Flaherty, who gives a more violent reading of the Irish temperament, since he is writing of Aran and the west rather than the "soft" south of Kerry and Cork. Or between Mr. O'Faolain and Peadar O'Donnell, whose tenderly etched studies of the poorest class of Irish peasantry have won him the disfavor of the church and the admiration of the extreme left in Irish politics. And it is impossible, in reading Mr. O'Faolain's evocation of Cork on a sunny morning, to forget the fine descriptions of that city in Frank O'Connor's "Saint and Mary Kate." This comparison alone, if properly undertaken, would reveal how much all these younger Irish writers share in common. If Mr. O'Faolain's novel seems like a miracle among recent works of fiction, then, it is a miracle that does not come as too great a surprise to those who have been following the current development of Irish letters.

"A Nest of Simple Folk" covers a longer span of time than any other Irish novelist, except Joyce in "Work in Progress," has so far essayed: the narrative begins in 1854, with the boy Leo O'Donnell standing before his aunts' house in Kerry, and ends with the same character fighting in Dublin in the rebellion of 1916. Between these two events is crowded enough material to make the substance of at least a half-dozen novels of the average sort. In form it represents a fusion of the biographical with the chronicle or "panel" type of novel: Leo Foxe-Donnell, the son of Judith Foxe and "Long John" O'Donnell, sums up in his psychology and in the contradictions of his career the old conflict between the Anglo-Irish gentry—Protestant in religion, English in manners and loyalties—and the native Catholic peasantry. Any discussion of the work as a whole, its form or its theme, gets down, therefore, to the question of how skilfully Mr. O'Faolain has rendered the fundamental ambiguities of his hero's character. Without going into this question in detail, one must point out that the transition from the sensitive romantic boy of Book I to the rollicking and incredibly callous landlord of Book II is much too abruptly indicated. The sympathetic treatment of the first part, written in a thoroughly poetic subjective style, prepares us for a very different sort of development. The trouble is that Mr. O'Faolain has fallen into that quite common error nowadays which consists in an author's confusing his own sensibility with that of his character; the boy of Book I could not grow up to be the man of Book II, for the boy of Book I is too much like Mr. O'Faolain himself, or like his own image of himself in childhood. In the final section Leo takes on a new and much more credible identity as an old man, surrounded by his wife, Julie Keene, whom he had seduced in the old days, his nephew, Johnny Hussey, who had got him sentenced to jail for ten years, and his son, Johnno, in whom he finds a fellow-conspirator against the forces which have wrecked his life. It is impossible to enumerate all the brilliant character creations which Mr. O'Faolain has fitted into his pattern, all the way from Judith Foxe, who betrays all the instincts of her class in a single dramatic scene, to young Denis Hussey, whose disgust with his father's treachery brings the book to its thematic conclusion. The pattern has been so richly filled in that there is little that bears even remotely on the theme which has been left out. If there is rather less political material than one might expect, it is because Mr. O'Faolain wishes to allow politics to enter no more than it actually does into the everyday lives of these simple folk. But

by the same argument one is forced to object that he has allowed religion much too small a place in his scheme. It is true that the hero denounces the priests in several passages; but there is an eloquent suspension of any sort of attitude on the part of the author, who probably wishes to profit by the examples of other Irish writers in recent years. Despite this important blank-space, the novel is a truly comprehensive picture of the social, economic, and political forces in Irish life during the last century which were to lead to the fateful bonfire of 1916. But what is truly admirable in it, what gives it its special significance in this country at the present moment, is the manner in which these forces are represented, not explicitly like so many abstractions, but as actively operative in recognizable human experience. This is to say, finally, that Mr. O'Faolain is something rarer and more necessary to us at the moment than the critic, the social historian, the orator. He is, first and last, the artist.

WILLIAM TROY

Book of a Liberal

The Paris Front. An Unpublished Diary: 1914-1918. By Michel Corday. E. P. Dutton and Company. \$5.

THIS is a melancholy book. Were it a work of art, it would affect us as does, say, the Blue Danube waltz, for book and author are the product of a civilization now dead, the manifestation of a view of the world beclouded and perhaps—as a party view—never again to be seen. Corday is a sort of 1880 liberal, a sober, decent humanitarian to whom the notion of unilateral war guilt was from the beginning preposterous; for whom war itself, and not the German's conduct of the war, was the atrocity; who records almost with satisfaction instances of German respect and French disrespect for property in the invaded French territory, examples of French Socialist pusillanimity and German Socialist courage in their respective parliaments. He was close to those in high places, and his shrewd, disheartening diaries display terrifyingly the degree to which personal foibles and jealousies and animosities defeat the national purpose, defeat even the narrower purposes of those in power. As an *homme de gauche* he is suspicious of Poincaré, he detests Clemenceau, he abhors the military caste (to his mind the product of Jesuit teaching, with the exception of Sarrail, the "republican general"). A bureaucrat, he remains behind the lines, in Paris most of the time, where he takes note of the myths and superstitions, the heedless gaiety and disgusting blood-lust of the civilian population. He repeats—perhaps he said it first—the often-cited half-truth that the nation is quicker to sacrifice its sons than its savings. He records that at any moment until the very end proponents of peace were looked upon as traitors. In short, his are the book and the offended spirit of any liberal in any country during the progress of a war; and for those with perspective sufficient to allow them to see the clear import of these monotonously fragmentary notes, the cumulative effect is severe. But what, in the end, does it prove except that liberalism is a passive will to live and let live? That in a world of base passions liberalism is inconceivable as a national expression and powerless as a party creed? That liberalism is a word which may be used only to define the temperament and bias of an individual, and cannot stand for the sum and substance of a doctrine or of a plan of action? And even so, M. Corday remains a party man and not a man *tout court*. He displays the shortcomings of the French liberal as well as his more attractive humanitarianism. For example, he cannot hear of a Catholic priest carrying water to the thirsty or binding up the limbs of the wounded without assuring himself that the priest is in the field of danger only for the outrageous purpose of forcing the sacrament upon some helpless and un-

willing agnostic. For this humanitarian a priest of that particular church cannot act out of plain pity and love. To answer the question why this should be would demand a survey of the history of the Third Republic. Meanwhile, it should be observed that much of this book will be unintelligible to readers unfamiliar with French politics and personalities in the years immediately preceding the outbreak of the war.

There are many reportings of the wit of Tristan Bernard and the irony of Anatole France—the first very stale and the second very elaborate at this remove in time from their uttering. Somewhat this is due to the anonymous translation, which is a piece of British hack work. The book is heartily puffed by H. G. Wells.

LEWIS GALANTIÈRE

White and Black

Roll, Jordan, Roll. Text by Julia Peterkin. Photographic Studies by Doris Ulmann. Robert O. Ballou. \$3.50.

HAVING spent most of her life in South Carolina, Mrs. Peterkin is qualified to write about the Negroes there. There are a few plantations left in the Gullah districts—she lives on one of them—where substantially the same spiritual relationship between white men and Negroes exists as existed before the War of the Rebellion. Although the Negro is no longer a slave and may leave his master when he will, actually he and two or three generations of his ancestors have lived on this same land, have been "looked after" in more or less the same way by white master and mistress, and have kept the same mixture of black and white genteel tradition. Now that the white overseer with his whip and his heavy boot is eliminated, the relationship is often purely benevolent as well as patriarchal. The black servant, by his own lights, is uniformly loyal to his master; the white master would consider it a violation of the code of a gentleman to "let down" his black servant. Both, as Mrs. Peterkin points out, are gentlemen in their way and have the same contempt for white trash and field-working Yankees. Both venerate high breeding, one of the first canons of which is that no gentleman performs manual labor and no gentleman's gentleman permits him to do so.

It is only fair to say that there are other canons of good breeding, and these the black servants exemplify in their persons and in their behavior as much if not more than do the whites. Gentleness, kindness, patience, soft voices, rich laughter, slow gesture—how often they are seen and heard among these Negroes Mrs. Peterkin makes clear. They have a confidence in themselves and in the continuity of their lives which no other racial group in America possesses to the same degree. These children of the forest, snatched untimely from their ancient way of life and subjected to a system of manners and discipline utterly strange to them, have not only, with a kind of somber triumph, adapted the white man's life perfectly to their own, but have actually molded it so that the tradition which is so significant and inescapable a part of the South is as much black as white.

The result Mrs. Peterkin describes with sympathy, humor, and impressive erudition. She knows how the Negroes speak and look and act, what they believe, how their songs grew, what it must mean to be a Negro child, and the importance of their religious beliefs. Exposed to Christianity, they found in it the equality and the freedom denied them in life, and they embraced these new myths with deep and passionate ardor. Mrs. Peterkin's last chapter is a moving account of how Christmas is celebrated, of the preparations which begin as soon as Thanksgiving is over, the scrubbing and mending and cleaning to make the house neat, the food that is prepared, the holly trees that are placed in the yard, the sweet cakes and candies, the songs

practiced on meeting nights. Finally on Christmas Eve the celebration begins with the children's performance at the "school breaking." Songs are followed by sugar cane to suck. Then to children and grown-ups alike the preacher tells the Christmas story. As the evening wears on, Watch Night services are held, and singing, prayers, and speeches last until the Christmas sun rises in the East.

Then everybody comes out of doors to watch its glad mounting, for even the sun shouts on Christmas morning. The whole world rejoices when Christians and sinners clasp hands and march round and round giving everybody a glad Christmas handshake. Voices grown husky with singing all night become clear and strong as they lift the last song up to heaven: "Jesus is born in Bethlehem! Peace on earth, good-will toward men!"

It is idle to ask, as many intransigent non-believers will ask, what is the utilitarian value of such a simple Christian faith? Does it keep the Negro from suffering cold or hunger or from being lynched? Certainly not. Neither does it advance the revolution one hour. But that it has a value I do not doubt. A look at the faces in Mrs. Ulmann's photographs shows it clearly—when the face can be seen at all. For many of the pictures are so soft and vague as to be mere black blobs. It is a pity that the printing could not have been better or the photography sharper. But text and pictures together make a valuable record of an important contribution to American culture.

DOROTHY VAN DOREN

Honesty and Fiction

Passions Spin the Plot. By Vardis Fisher. Doubleday, Doran and Company and the Caxton Printers. \$2.50.

THIS second novel in Mr. Fisher's tetralogy, which began with "In Tragic Life," continues the story of Vridar Hunter through his college years. Both books are rather like case histories, both seem to be rather thinly disguised autobiography, and as autobiography they are very interesting and quite powerful. Mr. Fisher tells us that his purpose above all others is to write an "honest" book, and this he has done. His ability to describe a strange and primitive country like the Antelope Hill territory, and to interpret the effect of such a background on his characters, is unusual. But honesty in fiction and honesty in biography may be two different things. Honesty in fiction implies selection in order to achieve structure. To describe every experience in a young man's life and its effect upon his character, to document with letters and with diaries the inner struggle of youth, is not necessarily to write a novel. "Passions Spin the Plot" loses dramatic power because of its detailed, episodic form. Written as fiction but giving the impression of autobiography, it falls between the two forms.

Mr. Fisher is acutely aware of the complexities in his chief character. He traces the development of Vridar with great care. We see this very egocentric, extremely sensitive boy suffering as only such a boy would suffer when thrown into a new and somewhat alien environment. The first of his clan to go away to college, Vridar tries to learn what college and what college youths are about. Both his professors and his classmates disillusion him. But nevertheless he remains the stubborn individualist, intent almost exclusively upon his own inner feelings. He is in love with the little playmate of his childhood days, and as the book closes he marries her. One can see that the marriage will bring further tragedy to him, and to her a life she cannot understand.

If the other books in this series follow the same plan, the tetralogy will form a most interesting psychological document. Mr. Fisher's style is without affectation and is a good medium

for his analysis of a single life. The other characters in these books are of minor importance. The whole is Vridar's story. But Mr. Fisher can draw character, can give with complete realism the picture of a curious and rather cruel clan society. There is passion behind his writing—and bitterness. Mr. Fisher is able, moreover, to make clear the various forces playing upon his central character and to persuade his readers of their part in forming that character.

EDA LOU WALTON

Franklin and His Grandson

The Two Franklins: Fathers of American Democracy. By Bernard Fay. Little, Brown and Company. \$3.50.

Imaginary Conversations with Franklin. By William Cabell Bruce. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$2.

PROFESSOR FAY has made a lively story out of the relations between Benjamin Franklin and his grandson, Benjamin Franklin Bache, and out of Bache's part in the "second American Revolution," as he calls it, which gave form to Jeffersonian democracy, although the claim of political fatherhood which he puts forward is at least open to debate. "Benny," as Bache is called throughout, was born in Philadelphia in 1769. In 1777, when Franklin went to France to negotiate a treaty of alliance on behalf of the new United States, he took Benny with him, but the lad fell in too readily with French ways, and Franklin, who intended him, as he said, "for a Presbyterian as well as a Republican," sent him to school at Geneva. Back in Philadelphia in 1785, Bache went to the University of Pennsylvania and fell desperately in love, while Franklin, after serving as a member of the Constitutional Convention of 1787, presented Bache with a type foundry and printing establishment, and launched with him an ambitious but unsuccessful venture in publishing children's books, a Latin grammar, and some classical texts.

Bache stuck to printing for the rest of his short life (he died in the yellow-fever epidemic of 1798), but his contribution to American history was that of a partisan journalist. The field was not easily entered. Jefferson's star was rising, but the Federalists were in power with Fenno's *Gazette* as their organ, and Jefferson, after suggesting that Bache publish "a weekly edition without any padding or advertisements, so that it might be a paper of general distribution through the States and address itself to philosophical minds everywhere," gave the poet Freneau a job in the Department of State and helped him start the *National Gazette*. Late in 1790, however, Bache began issuing the *General Advertiser*, according to Professor Fay "an intelligent, philosophical, and erudite paper well fitted for the intellectuals of Pennsylvania," but one which nevertheless mixed news, moral advice, and advertisements "in picturesque and disconcerting disorder."

With the arrival of the French minister Genet, of whose personality and spectacular doings Professor Fay gives an inimitable account, the *General Advertiser* became his organ. In 1794, with Genet discredited and Freneau no longer to be reckoned with, the paper was rechristened the *Aurora*, and Bache the political journalist arrived. He achieved a "scoop" by obtaining and publishing a copy of the Jay treaty, attacked Washington without restraint, and made his paper a power in the bitter fight out of which John Adams emerged as President. In 1798 he raised a storm by publishing, probably with Jefferson's connivance, a long communication from Talleyrand, "not any too good or any too clear," which showed that France did not want war. His violent attacks had something to do with provoking the Sedition Act of 1798, but when summoned before a court to answer to the charge of libeling the President he defended himself, was released on bail, and went on with his

paper. The last issue of the *Aurora* before his death carried a charge of falsehood against Adams.

Professor Fay has had access to the Bache papers and has made industrious use of the newspapers of the time. His description of Franklin's last years in Philadelphia is delightful, and the whole volume is sprinkled with attractive sketches and entertaining anecdotes. One does not often find the results of scholarship presented in such an enjoyable form.

The nine scenes of Mr. Bruce's "Imaginary Conversations," each introduced by a prolocutor who speaks in verse, deal with episodes in Franklin's life in France, England, and Philadelphia and with the signing of the Constitution in 1787. The talk, with some exceptions, is too formal to be lifelike, but it is not without interest as an expression of Franklin's ideas.

WILLIAM MACDONALD

Justice Brandeis

Brandeis: Lawyer and Judge in the Modern State. By Alpheus Thomas Mason. Princeton University Press. \$2.

WITH the constitutionality of the recovery program recurrently to be tested, and Mr. Justice Brandeis, though beyond the age of retirement, still staunchest of the liberals on the Supreme Court, this presentation of his views is especially welcome and timely. The texts of recent Brandeis decisions are among our most illuminating commentaries on current difficulties, filled, in the tradition of the "Brandeis brief," with economic materials persuasive in determining the course of law. None seems to have been more influential in emancipating the law from narrow professionalism, its bondage to *stare decisis*. "The logic of words should yield to the logic of realities."

Brandeis is a liberal in a sense in which Holmes is not; Brandeis is more *The Nation* liberal. Where Holmes would favor a State legislative enactment involving social experiment only because of his conviction that such matters are properly within the province of the legislature, Brandeis is positively concerned for the extension of social goods. Liberty through law is a central precept in his philosophy, and he stresses one as much as the other. This accounts for his zeal in furthering the rights of labor (as in opposing yellow-dog contracts) and those of the average business man (as in favoring a heavier license fee for chain stores), at the same time that he angers labor leaders by refusing to condone shady union methods. His insistence on human rights against property rights distinguished his activities as a lawyer, and his judicial philosophy of democratic individualism proceeds from a solicitude for that self-fulfilment of every individual which he holds to as the American ideal. "Always and everywhere, the intellectual, moral, and spiritual development of those concerned will remain an essential and the main factor in real betterment." It is this sensitivity which seems salient to the preeminence of a lawyer whose special competence is economics, especially statistical and accounting. Where others have also focused on limiting private-property rights, he has uniquely sought to enhance liberty by extending privacy to the realm of personal relations. Government intervention may and should insure greater equality of opportunity in competition, but it must not encroach upon the "right to be let alone—the most comprehensive of rights and the right most valued by civilized man." His article on *The Right to Privacy*, written in collaboration forty years ago, actually created a new dimension in the law of torts. So strenuous is his central idealism that he will at times, however, seek to advance against a man's will his own presumed best interests. This may serve to explain his stand in favor of severe prohibition-enforcement measures, so puzzling to the author, as well as his unexpected assumption of Zionist leadership be-

fore mounting the bench, of which no mention is made here.

Whether the Wilsonian New Freedom, which he has essentially advocated (the same which Horace Kallen, with due indebtedness, has urgently restated in "Individualism: An American Way of Life") has not run its day instead of being the underlying philosophy of the Roosevelt program, as Mr. Mason contends in his only original thesis, may be seriously considered in the light of most recent developments. For a crucial instance it might be remembered that Brandeis, the "people's attorney," early conceived an inveterate distrust of large corporations as incapable of efficient administration and dehumanizing in their absentee control. (*Vide* as exhibits of prophecy Insull, Wiggin, the Van Sweringens, *et al.*) Hence he has been peculiarly anxious for the protection of the small entrepreneur, who, it seems clear, is suffering the gravest difficulties in meeting the demands of the Blue Eagle.

The book, by an assistant professor of politics at Princeton, has an even academic adequacy adapted to the interests of the general reader.

BERYL HAROLD LEVY

Shorter Notices

Upsurge. By Robert Gessner. Farrar and Rinehart. \$1.

Whatever else this book may be, it is not a poem or a series of poems. It is a statement, but it is not a program. Mr. Gessner begins and ends his "poem" with the American "depression bastards." Meantime he reviews the desperate condition of youth in England, Germany, France. He attacks the society which makes of itself and for its youth a hell. All this is done in a kind of free verse or oratorical prose. The "oratory" is rather of the soapbox variety. But Mr. Gessner has not the language of a street speaker. He does not know the slang. He obviously means to identify himself with the people whose outcry he voices, but he does not know their language. The intention of "Upsurge" is obvious. Certainly the author wishes to move to action. The only question is whether such very obvious propaganda in verse moves to anything at all except astonishment. Today good soapbox speaking is needed, and is entirely purposeful. But "Upsurge" is a hybrid both in form and in subject matter.

The Aesthetics of William Hazlitt. By Elisabeth Schneider. University of Pennsylvania Press. \$2.

The present century has seen a broadening and deepening of interest in the character and writings of William Hazlitt, a new interest evinced not only by the market for an edition of his works (still in course of publication) that is "complete" and by a judicious and successful biography but also by numerous critical studies and at least three volumes of selected essays. In general, however, the old view, represented by Saintsbury, has held the field, that Hazlitt's general pronouncements upon literature and the fine arts are less valuable and less stimulating than his particular criticisms of individual authors and their works. There was room for a critical study which should set these two departments of his writings in their right relation one to another and give a fairer evaluation of his philosophic and aesthetic theories. This need has now been very competently filled by Elisabeth Schneider in her monograph, which is described in its subtitle as "A Study of the Philosophic Basis of His Criticism." Miss Schneider's little book is itself so thoroughly condensed that it is not possible to offer a review of it in the form of a more succinct summary. It must suffice therefore to say that she examines Hazlitt's theoretical generalizations in the light of eighteenth-century critical theory, of the likenesses and contrasts between his views and those of Coleridge, of his partial understanding—an understanding that came to him not only at second

band but somewhat perverted by interpreters of Platonic leanings—of the critical philosophy of Kant, and of his other miscellaneous reading in English and foreign literature. She demonstrates forcefully that his indebtedness to Coleridge has been generally much overestimated. She shows also that the charge of "ignorance" which has traditionally been brought against him (notably by Saintsbury) is grossly exaggerated, though for this Hazlitt was himself somewhat to blame because of the candor of some of his own admissions of lack of knowledge. His philosophic pluralism is related to the catholicity of his tastes. The degree to which, and the points at which, he anticipates subsequent developments of aesthetic theory are clearly indicated. A carefully compiled list, based on all available evidence, of Hazlitt's reading in the fields of philosophy, aesthetics, and criticism is of much value. An index would have enhanced the usefulness of a monograph which is excellent of its austere kind.

The New Party Politics. By A. N. Holcombe. W. W. Norton and Company. \$1.75.

Professor Holcombe, one of the foremost students of American politics, presents here a concise analysis of the present trend of party politics in the United States. With the relative decline of agriculture and rise of industry, he reports, agrarianism is passing and urban politics is taking its place. Henceforth parties or factions will be based not on sectional interests but on class divisions. Therefore it is essential that we understand something of the way in which classes are likely to divide for the purpose of expressing themselves at the polls. Discussing the prospects of a proletarian dictatorship, Professor Holcombe frankly admits that "the American proletariat, as estimated by Bukharin's method, comprises a clear majority of the American people." Yet he feels that, given competent leadership, the broad middle class best represents the true interests of the country. A middle-class government might not be the most perfect conceivable, but in Professor Holcombe's judgment, as in Aristotle's, it would be "the safest." He examines the function of the middle class and offers suggestions for a program whereby it might take over and hold political power. He does not make the mistake of confusing the economic interests of the middle class with the program of the fascists, for he sees clearly that fascism is an upper-class device for perpetuating its own control of the state. If this book has no other value, it is certainly to be commended for attempting to show the petty bourgeoisie that if they are to be saved at all, it will only be by their own efforts and not by following blindly a demagogic Hitler or a blustering Mussolini.

The Poetry of Gerard Manley Hopkins. By E. E. Phare. The Macmillan Company. \$2.75.

Anyone interested in Hopkins's poetry will wish to read this brilliant analysis of his poetic imagery. Miss Phare draws comparisons between Hopkins's poetry and Crashaw's, shows how Hopkins may be said to have learned from Wordsworth, relates, in other words, the most original poet of the nineteenth century to other poets whom he may have read. She is forced, however, chiefly to interpret his work as that of a poet's in isolation. So little is really known of Hopkins's life that any critic must turn to the texts of his poems in order to understand him. No one else has made so complete or so sensitive an analysis of these texts as has Miss Phare. Her account of Hopkins's imagery, language, syntax is most convincing. She proves Hopkins to be that rare type of poet who uses every awareness he has in his art. She shows that he never denied his complete sensuousness, that he disciplined this until it became part of his religious vision. Miss Phare employs admirably the method of interpreting the poetic process through its actual objective product. Imagery will, if carefully and correctly analyzed, indicate both a poet's methods and his philosophy.

George Eliot. By Ann Fremantle. Great Lives Series. The Macmillan Company. 75 cents.

In the effort to avoid eulogy Miss Fremantle tends to disparage unduly the breadth and individuality of George Eliot's mind and the power and originality of her writing. It was her intelligence and tenacity and honesty that enabled her to overcome the personal handicap of her uncomeliness and the obstacles that Victorian society put in the path of an ambitious woman. Her insistence upon being called Mrs. Lewes, though she made no effort to hide the nature of her union with George Lewes (who had a legal wife living at the time), may seem pretentious to us today, but it is just such brave and self-sacrificing challenges that have made modern social freedom possible. But for her grudging attitude Miss Fremantle's brief biography is readable and illuminating.

Architecture

1933: Looking Forward at Chicago

ARCHITECTURALLY, 1933 was the year of the Chicago Fair; not much else. And a turning-point was marked. just because the turn had already been made. Not that "modern" was born at Chicago, any more than "classic" was born there at the Columbian Exposition in 1893, but that "modern" has now gained its popular acceptance. An entire previous generation was concerned with "reproductions." Now "modern" goes alongside, and tomorrow it will forge ahead. Twenty-two million tickets were issued to its first large demonstration at Chicago; moreover this was "not a motion picture," and the people liked it.

Some such consolation is needed by the exacting observer for his own hope deferred. The fair was a poor eye-rack. It was jazz. This aspect of it has already been commented upon. The forms were chaos, and the color was camouflage. True to jazz, the fair was best at night. Darkness dissolved the jarring zigzag silhouettes, while floodlights and neon tubes aerialized the colors. The forecast was fulfilled that was made in *The Nation* of January 14, 1931, under the title *The Bright Lights*. The fair was a sweet and crooning architectural blues.

Now jazz is a substitute. If it knew how, it would be something better than jazz. So our interest lies less in the achievement than in the aim. However limited their imagination, these architects meant to accept their times. They were consciously looking forward, as against the men of 1893, whose organization was better but who looked back. So it came about that the Century of Progress opened its doors, by however small a crack, to the forty years that have elapsed since the show of their predecessors closed down. These forty years were eventful, particularly in science, to which the fair was appropriately dedicated. We may see their effect, giving meaning even to the absurdities of the fair. Thus the color, for example, would never have been so bright had there not been a new attitude toward the buildings. They could be bright because they were built for only a day. This was correct, however bad the execution. If I build a house for "posterity," then it shall be stone gray, with everything done to hurry up the moss, or it shall be washed down a neutral white. But my clothes, designed for only a year, may have more color; and a masquerade costume for a single night—. The fair accepted the fact that it was ephemeral. This was a signal event. You can find no textbook of the nineteenth century that considers architecture, even in plaster, as anything else than just short of eternal. But we are

now to build lighter, cheaper, sufficient for the day. Our houses are not to stand in the way of our children, or even of ourselves later when the community needs the land or when we want—and could have—something better for that time. There must be no temptation later on to convert plaster into stone, as was done with the Fine Arts Building of 1893, and to foist it as a “beautiful thing” on a museum director for his use at just the moment when it is most hopelessly out of date, fit not for a museum but only for a museum piece. The butterfly is every bit as beautiful as the rock, and is a better butterfly.

Being frankly temporary, the fair structures were necessarily light. To eclectic architects like those in charge of the fair, the idea of lightness, to be sure, comes hard. These people were raised on “monuments.” At the fair, for example, there was one big curiosity, the Chrysler Building. At first glance it was a Greek-cross arrangement of very handsome rectangular solid slabs—the architecture, as you understand, of “monumental mass.” This mass was most carefully modeled, sliced thin, and painted classical white. And then, when you approached nearer, you saw that it was not the building at all. The real building was peeping out from between the pylon’s knees. And this real building, neat and clean, had a circumference that was all plate glass!

Being ephemeral and lightly built, the fair could be planned as a part of a continuous process, not as a “finished” thing. I mean that the planning itself made provision for a next succeeding phase. The materials were such that they could be salvaged when the community needed the land again for other purposes and the buildings were torn down. The idea may not sound like much, but think what it might have meant to us today! Chicago and New York, planned for eternity, are both obsolete. What would one not give to be able to move whole sections of them bodily away! Frozen music, frozen assets, frozen life. Architecture has been the favorite art of those who made men slaves. Mobility and impermanence are its emancipation.

Few noticed that a related fluidity was working its way into the very layout of the fair. Superficially the long roads and ramps about which the fair was grouped had about as orderly an arrangement as the firehose at a fire. Yet at least they were not square or otherwise geometrical courts. The Columbian Exposition was. It had a “Court of Honor.” Now the peculiarity of any such court is that it is self-contained, and your movements are determined by the space. You change your position from point to point, and you admire the vistas that turn on axis after axis. Entrances and exits are a mere accessory or even a nuisance, mere gaps in an otherwise perfect enclosure or mere holes in a wall. But today it is the movement, the traffic, the transportation, that is determining. The arrangement of the space itself is determined by your movements. And this was rudimentarily present in the long roads and crossed ramps of the fair, which were literally streamlined to the crowds. They conformed to the flow. It was a difference analogous to the difference between Aristotelean physics and Newtonian. In the one, objects are at rest unless interfered with. In the other, being at rest is only a particular state in a general condition of motion. It is a widening and slowing of the river, a pause in the symphony, an open terrace along the road. The modern man is less a Ulysses who returns from his journeys to a bedpost rooted in the ground than an Arab pitching his tent, at home wherever he stops along the way. At the fair, to be sure, the execution was confused and halting. No ruling categories can be clearly grasped by an eclectic.

Still, the effect of flow in the layout was reinforced by its presence in some of the buildings. Only the General Exhibitions Building was at all articulate, guiding you over a sort of crankshaft path, which included vertical slopes as well as horizontal turns. But the intention was there; the idea was announced. It needs now only a first-class imagination.

And here we might leave the fair. As an accomplishment, not much. A pain in color over a medley of chizzle-chuzzle forms. A masquerade of jazzed palaces and pylons. And yet, as against the fair of 1893, a better promise for the succeeding decades. As against axes, courts, and vistas, an evolving incipient roadtown. Wasteful mass yields to economical lightness; sluggish permanence to mobility and improvement. These are not all the architectural virtues, and indeed they entail the sacrifice of other contrary ones; but they furnish a unique opportunity of our own.

In one respect the architects badly erred. Their own movements lacked economy. They need not have had for their central feature a tower by a Frenchman in the manner of a Dutchman after American ideas exported circa 1903. Frank Lloyd Wright is doing better work today, and different. Those ideas of mobility, lightness, gaiety, growth, for which our fair architects were only reaching and striving, have by him long been thought upon and worked with, and achieved. The politics of the architects kept him out. I suppose, though, that Paul Whiteman might actually think himself the superior of Toscanini, and not every Michelangelo can appeal to a pope.

DOUGLAS HASKELL

Drama

“The Sickness of Today”

EVERY critic of Eugene O'Neill has of necessity pointed out that his plays are full of violent deeds and blasphemous opinions. For some reason, however, it has been less often remarked that they are also heavy with a sense of sin and that it is, after all, less the violence itself than this attitude toward it which is responsible for the peculiar flavor of his work. No one has been more thoroughly uncomfortable in our famous Waste Land or has taken less pleasure in boasting a membership in the legion of the damned. Quite plainly he is, by temperament at least, a man of faith, and the driving force behind his plays has always been a will to believe. Sometimes it has broken out into a half-articulate affirmation; sometimes it has been almost completely engulfed in doubt. But behind every fable has been implicit a search for what the author, speaking in his own person, has called some substitute “for the surviving primitive religious instinct,” some cure “for the sickness of today.”

Now official religion has always maintained that no such “substitute” can exist. Theoretically at least it merely waits for the sinner to discover the fact for himself and to return at last to that God whom he cannot, finally, do without. It is also accustomed to point with pride to those cases where the method has worked, and Mr. O'Neill can hardly be surprised if it claims him now. Quite possibly he will protest that “Days Without End” (Henry Miller Theater) is a play, not a confession; that his story of a rebel who returns to the bosom of the church says no more than that some men can thus cut the knot which he is still struggling to untie. Yet the fact remains that there is obviously much of himself in the hero, and that the whole process of surrender is described with sympathetic understanding. He was born a Roman Catholic, and his church has every reason to believe that he is closer to it now than he has ever been since the time when, like his new hero, he broke away.

As for the play as a play, it is only very partially successful. One must assume, I think, that it was deeply felt, but the deepest feelings do not, unfortunately, always receive the most adequate expression, and the fable suffers from the fact that

it can hardly mean much to those who are not themselves half prepared to join the hero in his leap. No one can doubt that such conversions do take place, that the difficulties which had previously seemed insuperable do sometimes simply fade away. But conversion is also a subjective phenomenon—something hard for a spectator to follow for the simple reason that he cannot, as an outsider, very well understand why the objections which seemed so valid before have become irrelevant now. The gesture is merely a gesture, and for the uninitiated the story remains only a pious tale too familiar to take on the new significance which, for the author, it must have acquired.

John Loving had lost his faith because his prayers did not save the lives of his parents. He had passed through various cynicisms and various social faiths until he found peace at last in his love for his pure and beautiful wife. His evil nature had not, however, really died, and almost against his will he becomes guilty of a casual infidelity with a woman whom he despises. Conscience will not let him rest; he makes a veiled confession, and when he realizes that his sin is about to deprive him of the woman he loves he is brought once more face to face with the emptiness of a world where there is nothing in which he can believe. Now in his darkest hour he throws himself at the foot of a cross; the wife returns from the threshold of death and—that is all. One difficulty is that Mr. O'Neill has not solved the notoriously hard problem of making virtue attractive, and that the pure woman appears only as a dull perfection. Another and more serious one is that the fable seems hardly relevant to any discussion of that "sickness of today" which always before has concerned him so deeply. We may grant that this sickness involves a loss of faith and a sense of sin; but the faith we lack is something much more inclusive than the kind of faith we lose when our prayers are not answered, and a casual adultery will hardly stand for the most

characteristic of our sins. It would seem, in other words, that the symbols which Mr. O'Neill has chosen are hardly suitable to his theme unless, indeed, he does not mean them as symbols at all and is talking quite simply of sin as the theologian defines it and of faith as it is understood by the priest. The sickness which is here finally cured is much simpler than the one he has so often diagnosed. This is not a substitute for "the primitive religious impulse," but merely an illustration of how that primitive impulse itself can work. Hence if the play does not mean that he is at least contemplating surrender to an old faith rather than to a new one, it is difficult to see how it can mean anything at all.

The Theater Guild has produced the play with its usual loving care, and Earle Larrimore—who gives perhaps the best performance of his career—is admirable as the hero. It must also be confessed that after a pedestrian and very unpromising first act "Days Without End" again demonstrates the extraordinary ingenuity with which its author can turn the most unpromising material into good theater. Nevertheless, the fact remains that it is one of the least successful of Mr. O'Neill's mature productions. If it indicates a change in his whole attitude, then it may be remembered as announcing a series of definitely and perhaps more satisfactory Christian plays. If, on the other hand, it is to be understood as continuing with new symbols his characteristic theme, it must be described as merely a minor work.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

Those who took the "Ziegfeld Follies" with great seriousness will doubtless complain that the new series begun by Billie Burke at the Winter Garden resembles the original "Follies" only in name. Nevertheless the new production is a good show in its own right and it gives Fannie Brice an opportunity to be funny in a very unrefined manner.

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Films

Garbo and Screen Acting

IT would be pleasant if it were possible to say with any degree of honesty that in the picture which marks her return to the screen Miss Garbo adds something new and unexpected to the impression of her that already exists in our imaginations. But, unfortunately, "Queen Christina" (Astor) is no better than the majority of films in which it was her lot to appear before her temporary retirement. In one respect at least, it is considerably worse—the direction against which Miss Garbo has to struggle this time is by Rouben Mamoulian. As far as one can remember, she was never before made to appear positively grotesque, as she is made to appear in one scene in the present film, a scene which bears the indubitable marks of Mr. Mamoulian's directorial fancy. It begins, this particular sequence, with a close-up of Miss Garbo lying supine on the floor of a bedroom in a country inn. John Gilbert, as the Spanish envoy with whom she has passed the night, is by her side, and for some time the action consists in nothing more harmless than the dangling of a huge and probably symbolical bunch of grapes above Miss Garbo's lips. Then, separating herself from her lover, the disguised queen rises to her feet, and with an almost methodical thoroughness begins to caress every object in the room—the table tops, the bric-a-brac, the bedposts, and finally of course the bolster. Naturally, after this has gone on for several minutes, Mr. Gilbert, left among his pillows on the floor, is compelled to ask—and in that voice whose pitch is unique even among former silent-screen actors: "What are you doing?" Needless to say, Mr. Mamoulian supplies an explanation, as he invariably does after such subtle effects; but the pseudo-poetic lines which S. N. Behrman provides for Miss Garbo are not enough to prevent a robust snicker from running through a large section of the audience.

As long as Miss Garbo is exhibited in such inappropriate and badly directed roles, it is of course impossible to come to any judgment as to her ability as an actress on the talking screen. But the suspicion increases that she will never be so effective, either as performer or symbol, as she was in the old silent medium. Like Chaplin, Lillian Gish, and a number of others, she had built up for herself a style of acting which depended for its special forcefulness on economy rather than variety of means. She belonged, that is to say, to the panto-

mimic tradition of screen acting, the essence of whose quality consisted in the almost hieroglyphic simplification of action and emotion. And since she belonged to this tradition by temperament as well as accident, the change to the broader and more effusive methods of naturalistic stage acting was for her particularly difficult. If Miss Garbo compared so badly with Pauline Lord in "Anna Christie" or with Doris Keane in "Romance," it must be remembered that everything in her personality as well as in her training was opposed to the excessively histrionic technique for which the roles in these plays were designed. It must be remembered with what undeniable effect she managed to create her earlier silent roles in "Torrent," in the screen version of Michael Arlen's "Green Hat," and in the fantastic abridgment of "Anna Karenina" which was called, *tout simple*, "Love." The real explanation for her failure in the so-called big moments in "Green Hat" and the present film is that she is not, and probably never will be, a good histrionic actress. But this is not so much a criticism of Miss Garbo, who can hardly be expected to adjust her style and the personality which has dictated it to every advance in mechanical invention, as it is a criticism of the present talking film, which has not yet learned to reconcile the best of the old with the best of the new. The chief reason that Miss Garbo is so disappointing in "Queen Christina" is that the picture itself is not what it should be, namely, a picture.

Francis Lederer, with years of the best stage experience and training behind him, illustrates, on the other hand, in his first American picture the dangers of a too great display of histrionic ability in a screen role requiring very little of any sort of ability. "Man of Two Worlds" (Radio City Music Hall), which uses the background and many of the sex angles of "Eskimo," is of course an unfortunate undertaking all around; but it required an ineptitude amounting almost to genius to cast this young Czech actor, whose gift is for a wholesale spontaneity of physical energy, as a member of what is reputedly the most lethargic race on earth.

It would be pressing distinctions too far to find in "Enemies of Progress," the new Soviet film at the Acme, examples of the third type of screen acting—what is usually called the "natural." As it happens, the actor who plays Ataman Annenkov, the Cossack captain with whose predatory raids in Siberia after the revolution the story deals, was borrowed from the Moscow Art Theater, and as a result the acting is all too clearly in the stage tradition. For variety of background, rapidity of movement, and neatness of development, however, the film as a whole can be recommended as one of the best that has come out of Russia in a long time.

WILLIAM TROY

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Did you note that the sessions of this board have been changed to every other Wednesday at 8 p.m. over WEVD? The next date will be January 31.



Contents

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS	113
EDITORIALS:	
Cuba and the New Deal	116
A Tariff Revolution?	117
When Mothers Die It's News	118
ISSUES AND MEN. THE PRESIDENT'S DISARMAMENT OP- PORTUNITY. By Oswald Garrison Villard	119
LUXURY IN THE U. S. S. R. By Louis Fischer	120
THE DOLLAR: A POLITICAL TOY. By Henry Hazlitt	122
HITLER DISSOLVES THE FASCIST UNIONS. By Ludwig Lore	124
WHAT PRICE TALL BUILDINGS? By Oliver Whitwell Wilson	126
THE POWER INDUSTRY GOES NRA. By Jerome Count	128
THE BIRTH-CONTROL CONFERENCE. By Stella Hanau	129
THE INTELLIGENT TRAVELER. By John Rothschild	131
IN THE DRIFTWAY. By the Drifter	132
CORRESPONDENCE	132
FINANCE. WALL STREET PLAYS 'POSSUM. By Peter Hel- moop Noyes	133
BOOKS AND DRAMA:	
Winter Revery. By Sara Bard Field	134
Wanted: An Attitude. By Horace Gregory	134
Objet d'Art. By Florence Codman	134
Johnson's England. By Joseph Wood Krutch	135
Europe Before the War. By G. P. Gooch	136
The Southwest and Its People. By Mary Austin	137
Shorter Notices	137
The Dance: The Persistence of Ballet. By Lincoln Kirstein	138
Drama: Two Strange Plays. By Joseph Wood Krutch	140
CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE	140

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WHEN the Tugwell-Copeland bill is threshed out on the floors of Congress, where will the publishers' lobby stand? Amusingly enough, it is just possible that when the roll is called, the publishers will have become so desperate that they will actually support the bill which Generalissimo C. C. Parlin of the Curtis Publishing Company and his food, drug, and patent-medicine allies have spent many months and plenty of expense accounts in fighting. For it is becoming increasingly clear that the publishers, by going along with the hysterical ballyhoo of Frank (Cascarets) Blair, Huston (Feenamint) Thompson, and Thomas (Crazy Crystals) Love, are finding themselves hoist by their own petard. The Parlin lobby has badly frightened advertisers who would not be affected by the Tugwell-Copeland bill. They are holding up contracts, so that the *Saturday Evening Post*, the *Ladies' Home Journal*, the *Country Gentleman*, and other mass publications are undernourished and unhappy. The publishers, allied with the food and drug interests, have prepared their own bill, the chief author being Charles Wesley Dunn, representing the Associated Grocery Manufacturers of America and the American Pharmaceutical Manufacturers' Association. A bill drawn by Dr. James H. Beal, representing the National Drug Trade Conference, has already been introduced. The patent-medicine buccaneers haven't

been doing so well. J. Bruce Kremer is now an ex-National Democratic Committee member, and back of that "ex" is a sad story. In brief, when it got out that Mr. Kremer was representing simultaneously the people of Montana and the Drug Institute, Mr. Kremer found that he had stepped on a political banana peel. The Tugwell-Copeland bill has only about two teeth left, but both of them bite, and it can probably be passed if the consumer is heard from loudly and frequently. Write or telegraph. Do it now. Send no money. The papers probably won't do a thing for you, but the United States mails are still yours.

WE DO NOT SEE why the Federal Coordinator of Transportation, Joseph B. Eastman, should have gone to the trouble of outlining a plan for government ownership of railways so long as he was not ready to recommend its adoption at this time. Nor can we understand his argument that government ownership is not now desirable because it would involve large and unpredictable expenditures. Does he not realize that the country has rarely been so ready to indorse large and unpredictable expenditures as at present? Does he not know his Administration? For our part, even though government ownership as Mr. Eastman proposes it might be something of a gamble, we would sooner see the nation acquire the railroads in return for its money than sink millions in them as loans without obtaining control. For the present Mr. Eastman asks for few changes except the power to compel consolidations instead of merely to recommend them. A year ago financial circles were predicting the necessity of government acquisition of the railroads in order to prevent default on their bonds in such proportions as to carry the savings banks under. Since then the financial position of the railroads has improved somewhat, although their ultimate fate, of course, hinges on the strength of the recovery program. Whatever the wisdom of Mr. Eastman's recommendations, we agree with his prediction that if government ownership comes it will only be because private enterprise can no longer carry on. That has been the history of all government ownership in this country—federal, State, or municipal. Private ownership holds on as long as there is a possible chance to squeeze a penny out of an enterprise. When it is hopelessly bankrupt, the public is allowed to take it over. This has the double advantage of preserving private profits as long as possible and discrediting public ownership by permitting it only when it must function at a loss.

THE ADMINISTRATION of President Roosevelt, the nation, and the people of New York State are to be congratulated on the forthcoming retirement of James A. Farley from his chairmanship of the Democratic National Committee and of the Democratic State Committee. The Farley influence has been distinctly detrimental to the achievement of the New Deal. Mr. Farley is the spoilsman extraordinary of the Roosevelt Administration, and his political sagacity, since March 4, has materialized in placing in important positions deserving Democrats regardless of competence, but with a special regard for the date of their

adherence to the Roosevelt candidacy. Almost without exception, his appointments have been atrocious. His culminating injury to the Administration came when he managed to stampede his chief into assenting to the McKee candidacy in New York, the only result of which was to prevent the Fusionists from making a clean sweep. Mr. Farley is a typical boss of the old school, who as such has no place in an Administration that purports to be progressive and enlightened. Mayor LaGuardia has pointed out the obvious absurdity of having government dominated by, and its business transactions conducted through, a hierarchy of bosses, district leaders, and the like who are not elected by the people but have arrogated to themselves the perquisites and power of government.

WHEN THE PLANS for the Civil Works Administration were projected early in November, all sorts of promises were made that would evidently be difficult to fulfil. There was available \$600,000,000 to finance the project; 4,000,000 persons were to be put to work by December 15; minimum wages were to range from forty to fifty cents an hour, but much higher wages were to be paid for skilled labor. A student in elementary arithmetic could have proved that the prevailing wage, with the funds available, could not exceed the minimum of fifty cents for the northern and eastern sections of the country, and that, even so, it would be difficult to make the funds last until February 15. Now it is announced that the funds will not last, and instructions have already been issued to cut hours and to fill no more jobs.

PRESSED for an explanation of why it was necessary to cut CWA wages and hours, Harry L. Hopkins, Federal Relief Administrator, declared that there had been an "original bad guess" about the size of pay rolls and about average pay. Mr. Hopkins said he had estimated the average weekly pay roll at \$12, although how he figured that amount as payment for a thirty-hour week at fifty cents an hour is difficult to explain. But whatever the reason, funds are about gone. On January 18 CWA employees were put on a fifteen-hour week in small and rural communities and a twenty-four-hour week in cities of 2,500 or more population. In addition, instructions have been issued to drop CWA workers from the pay rolls at the rate of 500,000 a week, beginning February 15, to make the whole project end by May 1, \$350,000,000 to be made available in the meanwhile from the emergency funds included in the budget. In New York City about 140,000 persons are employed under the CWA. In addition, 200,000 are registered for jobs which do not exist. It is plain that something drastic should be done to extend the employment-relief program and to bring it up to the needs of the people who are out of work. President Roosevelt, when asked for additional funds for Civil Works relief, announced himself as unwilling to include extra appropriations in his budget, and declared that the project must end by May 1 as proposed. Out of our budget of ten billion dollars for the next fiscal year large sums are evidently planned for relief of some sort. But it is not encouraging to have the whole matter left so vague and so uncertain. The Civil Works administrators plainly do not know where more money is coming from. The persons at work at from \$7.50 a week up do not know what weekly

pay check will be their last. Billions of dollars have been asked by Mr. Roosevelt for the RFC. If there are other billions, or even hundreds of millions, that are earmarked for relief, the country cannot be told too soon, in the plainest possible language, just how, for whom, and when the money will be spent.

ANNOUNCEMENT of the new German labor code can hardly have caused surprise in other countries. It was to be expected that the Hitlerites would "crack down" on the workers with all the force at their command. Nevertheless, the harshness of the terms of this "law for the organization of national labor" is such as to take one's breath. All the liberal labor laws and the splendid system of labor courts, built up over a period of years through the efforts of the trade-union movement, are abolished. The worker is stripped of all freedom of action. The right of collective bargaining is denied him. He may not join with his fellows in striking against an unfair employer or against low wages or poor working conditions. He may not join an independent union or even the shop council established in the business which employs him unless he is considered "nationally reliable." This council, moreover, is completely under the control of the employer or "leader" of the business. The leader is given full right to fix wages and working conditions, although the council may by a majority vote take an appeal to a state labor trustee if it feels it has a grievance. But since the council is made up of hand-picked employees, and since the labor trustee will be an official of the state which has drawn up these rigid regulations, it can hardly be supposed that this right of appeal will have any value for the average employee. The code is replete with glowing phrases designed to convey the impression that it is a genuinely socialistic measure. Actually, of course, it saddles upon the German worker all the hardships which his Russian colleague has been enduring, without giving him or even promising him any of the benefits of socialism.

MENACING as the Japanese militarists were when they held power unchallenged by public or press, they have become much more dangerous to the peace of the Far East with the recent reawakening of liberal and moderate sentiment in Japan. While they dominated Japanese political life and had public opinion almost solidly behind them, they had little need for propaganda or saber-rattling. In the last few months, however, the moderate element has taken on fresh courage, partly as the result of President Roosevelt's order withdrawing the Atlantic fleet from Pacific waters and partly because former Ambassador Debuchi and other diplomats and business men returning home from America have brought assurances that the United States is not even thinking of war with Japan. This has had a marked effect on many Japanese people. Indeed, so strong has the anti-militarist current become that the militarists feel they must resort to vigorous tactics in order to hold the public in line. In consequence the popular magazines and a section of the press have been flooded with articles, some of them signed by the highest navy and army officers, intended to re-create suspicion of America and Russia and to arouse the war passions of the Japanese people. On the one hand, the American navy is pictured as an ever-present menace to world peace in general and to the Japanese islands in particular. On the

other, the Japanese are reminded that Vladivostok is only 400 miles away by air; a bombing expedition could quickly wipe out the more important Japanese cities. It is suggested that it might be well to start a preventive war against Russia before this tragedy occurs. Given moral encouragement, the moderate element may yet triumph over the militarists. But such encouragement, on the part of the United States, requires that its public officials exercise the utmost tact and discretion; and the requisite discretion does not consist in the blatant demands for "a navy second to none" that have lately been pouring from the mouths of our Swansons, Brittons, Vinsons, and Admiral Standleys. The resignation of General Araki as Minister of War will apparently make no difference in Japanese policy, since General Hayashi, announced as his successor, is a militarist of the same school.

WHAT HAPPENS to labor in a period of industrial depression is set forth in figures lately published by the Department of Commerce on the loss of income sustained in this country from 1929 to 1932, inclusive. The total of income produced and distributed to individuals dropped from 81 billion dollars in 1929 to 49 billion in 1932, or about 40 per cent. But in this period the loss in wages was 60 per cent in those industries in which it was possible to segregate that item, while the decrease in income on property was 30 per cent. In other words, the industrial worker—with nothing to say about the conduct of the enterprise to which he gives his labor—nevertheless suffers more severely from its mismanagement than those who are financially interested in it and responsible for its direction. Doubtless in good time we shall learn the same in regard to the financial inflation with which it is now proposed to liquidate the depression. In so far as prices rise, they will soar more and sooner than wages and salaries, and will in effect be a sales tax falling mostly on the low-paid workers, as the most numerous class in the community. Thus both coming and going the poor man gets it in the pocket-book, while politicians and promoters make him smile and pretend that he likes it.

THE BATTLE against the avarice of the sugar-beet trust in the West has become so hot that some hope of victory for the forces of justice and decency seems to be rising. Throughout the whole sugar-beet country growers are in open revolt against the Great Western and its subsidiaries, to which they have so long been meek and humble lieges. Both the Mountain States Beet Growers' Association of Colorado and the Nonstock Cooperative Beet Growers' Association of Nebraska have recently demanded equality of profit with the sugar company, threatening a one-year production moratorium if the company refuses the demand. Even more significant was the action of the United States Beet Sugar Association in Salt Lake City on January 10, when it declared for the complete elimination of child labor in the beet fields. This organization of manufacturers has for its president W. D. Lippitt, president of the Great Western, which efficiently dominates the membership. Evidently the public clamor for common decency on the part of the sugar trust has begun to have results, but it would be unwise to be too optimistic about the outcome yet. The Great Western has many times proved itself to be a slippery customer. Much credit for the present hopeful outlook is

due to Senator Edward P. Costigan of Colorado, whose influence has been on the side of humanity and justice. Senator Costigan is the sponsor of a bill in Congress, backed by Secretary Wallace, to amend the farm act to include sugar as a basic commodity and provide for a possible downward revision of tariff rates. The sugar trust, heretofore bitterly and outspokenly opposed to such legislation, has apparently begun to develop a faint heart for further battle. No action on the Costigan bill was taken by the Beet Sugar Association at the meeting in Salt Lake City.

THE NEW WALK-OUT of 30,000 insurgent miners in the Pennsylvania hard-coal fields is another thorn in the much-lacerated side of the National Labor Board, and it is all the more painful because the miners blame the board itself for their present difficulties. The strikers are members of the United Anthracite Miners' Union of Pennsylvania, which for two years has been at odds with the conservative policies of the United Mine Workers of America, their leader, John L. Lewis, and the American Federation of Labor. They ask only recognition of their own union, and in this cause went on strike last November. There followed three weeks of bloody warfare, which was halted when the National Labor Board agreed to investigate conditions in the anthracite region. But the investigation was carried on by the Anthracite Conciliation Board, made up of representatives of the operators and the old-line union, with the new union frozen out. The rebel miners called the findings of the inquiry a whitewash and walked out again, renewing their request for recognition. In the pending peace negotiations they are naturally at a decided disadvantage. The situation, it would seem, is an ideal one to reveal just what, if any, are the rights of independent or radical unions under the National Industrial Recovery Act.

IN ORDER to keep in line with modern enterprise *The Nation* is obliged to blow its own horn occasionally, and it feels specially inclined to emit a blast in connection with the practices of companies selling "guaranteed" mortgages which New York newspapers have been making public, as revealed in an official inquiry recently begun. When the New York State Superintendent of Insurance testified the other day that four of the larger mortgage companies had paid dividends right through the depression years of 1931 and 1932, although they stopped payments of interest and principal to mortgage-holders on January 1 of the latter year, the testimony was considered worthy of the front page. Nor does *The Nation* quarrel with this estimate. It merely wants to remind a forgetful world that it presented these facts in its issue of May 17 last in an article by Benedict A. Leerburger. The article brought out also that the Lawyers' Mortgage Company, the New York Title and Mortgage Company, and the Bond and Mortgage Guaranty Company increased their salary rolls in 1931 over those in 1930. The Bond and Mortgage Guaranty Company paid a dividend of 25 per cent in 1930 and one of 19 per cent in 1931. The other three of the "big four" were not far behind in their largess to stockholders while failing signally to protect their investors. Banks, insurance companies, "guaranteed" mortgage houses—our most "respectable" and "conservative" financiers—all took part in picking the public's pockets in those grand-extravaganza days when the pickings were good.

Cuba and the New Deal

THE rapid march of events in Cuba records the resignation of President Ramon Grau San Martin, the forty-eight-hour presidency of a member of his Cabinet, Carlos Hevia, and the selection as interim President of Colonel Carlos Mendieta. By the time these words reach the majority of *Nation* readers Mendieta will probably have been recognized by the Roosevelt Administration. Sumner Welles succeeded until the end in preventing recognition of Grau San Martin. Despite this non-recognition, which carried with it the non-recognition of nearly all the other nations of the world, served as a constant incitement to every hostile and self-seeking force in Cuba, delayed the much-needed program of reconstruction, and intensified the economic collapse, the Grau regime lasted for nearly four and a half months. It was an extraordinary achievement—an achievement in self-government. It was likewise a demonstration of the strong social-revolutionary sentiment in Cuba which furnished the support for Grau—the Cuban masses were in large measure his following. It furnished conclusive evidence of the fatuousness of the Administration's Cuban policy. It revealed how gravely the wise, larger Latin American policy conceived by President Roosevelt and Secretary Hull and efficiently materialized by the latter at Montevideo may be impaired by a single truculent subordinate.

The Nation maintained from the start that the Roosevelt Administration should have recognized the Grau regime promptly, even as it automatically recognized the Céspedes regime which Ambassador Welles played so important a part in installing. Apart from the specific instance in Cuba, *The Nation* believes that our whole recognition policy in Latin America should be scrapped, and that de facto governments should not be required to win the approval of the United States ambassador or minister at the post, or of some underling in the Latin American division of the State Department. To date, this policy has got us into no end of trouble and created only ill-will. The Mexican policy under the so-called Estrada doctrine, in which recognition automatically takes place after changes of regime, is far more sensible. As matters now stand, the Welles policy in Cuba has created a tremendous amount of anti-American feeling and has naturally inculcated the conviction that our Cuban policy continues to be what it always has been—one of meddling in order to establish the particular type of government which the State Department desires. That is a tragic and unfortunate belief, for the purpose of President Roosevelt and Secretary Hull is really much better. To their credit let it be restated that they have refused to send in marines and have pledged themselves before the world not to intervene militarily in Cuba. Unfortunately the destinies of the United States and Cuba are so closely linked that the United States holds the whip hand without military intervention. The fate of Grau San Martin is the concrete evidence thereof. Hevia, who represented a continuation of the Grau San Martin policies, was similarly a victim.

Washington cannot well do other than recognize Mendieta. The situation is already far more complex and far more anarchic, if that is possible, than it was four and a

half months ago when Grau San Martin came into office. Mendieta is an old-line politician, not too bright. The best thing that can be said is that he is honest, which means a good deal in the case of a Cuban politician of the old regime. His Cabinet, which includes representatives of the A. B. C., of the Menocalistas (followers of former President Mario Menocal), of the Marianistas (followers of Miguel Mariano Gómez, son of former President Gómez), and several men not particularly associated with any one group, contains some able men. It is, however, essentially the same kind of government as that of Céspedes. It leaves out the students, who have played so important a part in the government for the last four months, and it leaves out the left wings generally—those groups who understand that Cuba requires more than a political change. The A. B. C., whatever may have been its original orientation and the present divergences within its ranks, comes closer to representing a fascist movement today than anything else. Fascism and old-guardism are conspicuous in the new line-up. It has the support of the American colony in Havana, whose real desire, of course, is annexation. It is warmly indorsed by Orestes Ferrara, Machado's Secretary of State, now in exile. One important element distinguishes the support of the Mendieta Government from that of Céspedes. The Mendieta Government has at this moment the pledged support of Colonel Fulgencio Batista—who indeed was the implement with which Grau and Hevia were successively deposed and Mendieta established. When, as a sergeant, Batista led the revolt of the rank and file of the Machado army against its officers and joined with the students to overthrow the Céspedes Government, one of the most potent arguments, especially directed at liberal opinion in the United States, emanating from our embassy at Havana, was that the United States could not well recognize a government largely supported by the military. Now the fact that Mendieta has the support of this same Batista is cited in justification of his recognition. To contrast the insurmountable tests and standards we presented to President Grau and the ready recognition we accord to Colonel Mendieta is to disclose the inconsistency, the absurdity, and the personal bias which have characterized our Cuban policy. The only way in which those past errors can be rectified and a New Deal really brought to Cuba is to proceed henceforth with a frank, vigorous, and generous policy which will include prompt announcement of:

1. Our abandonment of the Platt Amendment without reservations.

2. Negotiation of a new reciprocal agreement which will give Cuba a certain preferential arrangement in the matter of sugar quotas and duties. (This arrangement, while benefiting Cuba, will also permit its restoration in an American market and need not be set down as pure altruism.)

3. Active and disinterested cooperation of the United States with the Cuban government in relieving distress and in bringing about economic reconstruction.

It is fortunate that Secretary Hull is back to take personal charge of affairs. *The Nation* wishes here to record its unqualified praise for the masterful way in which he con-

ducted himself at Montevideo. He achieved there far more than even the most optimistic had a right to expect. The Administration had greatly handicapped him with its Cuban and Haitian policies and its original prohibition of the discussion of economic matters. At the opening of the conference, in an atmosphere of skepticism, defeatism, and distrust of the United States—the cumulative legacy of our past Latin American policy—Secretary Hull's task looked nearly hopeless. That he succeeded in reversing this attitude, that he instilled for the first time a genuine trust and confidence in the purposes of the United States, that he substituted good-will for hostility, was no slight achievement. But it should not be forgotten that the Latin American took at their full value what were really pledges for the future, such as Secretary Hull's plea that the Administration be judged by its acts rather than its utterances. For that reason the Cuban policy henceforth will be of the greatest importance. It will be regarded as one of the acid tests of our sincerity. It will have to be a policy totally different in spirit and attitude from the personal, intriguing, manipulating, and domineering policy of recent years and, unfortunately, also of recent months.

A Tariff Revolution?

AN extraordinarily far-reaching and revolutionary plan of dealing with the industries of the United States in relation to our tariffs and foreign trade has been prepared for the President. It emanates from a group of advisers termed the Executive Commercial Policy Committee. The chairman of this committee, Francis B. Sayre, declares that the outline of the plan already published in numerous newspapers is not the final document and that a number of changes have been made in it. None the less, certain phases of the memorandum are in accord with the tariff policy of the President so far as it has emerged from darkness at Montevideo and elsewhere. Primarily, the object is to give the President almost complete power over the tariffs, even to the extent of permitting him to declare that certain industries do not need and shall not have protection. The purpose is twofold: to place the tariffs in the hands of the President as a weapon with which to obtain trade bargains, concessions, and agreements from foreign countries, and to insure a long-term commercial policy. The memorandum points out that such a policy was urged by the Secretary of Agriculture in his speech of November 14. Mr. Wallace declared at that time that the country is now compelled to choose whether it will sanction retention of our present foreign markets and their increase, or abandon foreign trade altogether, or discover some possible middle course. In other words, what is at hand is an attempt to make the country face its commercial future, decide what course it will pursue, and then adjust not only our foreign relations and foreign trade to this policy, but also relate to it the necessary domestic readjustments. Secretary Wallace declared that this might mean the withdrawal from agricultural purposes of no less than 50,000,000 acres of land and the assignment of the population to other industries.

Primarily, the plan as thus far outlined requires the classification of all the industries of the United States into six grades, in accordance with their economic suitability to the

country, their value for national defense, their general social utility, the number of their employees and the amount of capital involved, their geographical distribution, the alternative sources of foreign goods for the goods they create, and finally "the mutual dependence, for proper operation, of each industry on others." In Grade A would be placed industries the products of which normally are largely exported. In Grade B would be put industries which on the whole have shown the power to sustain themselves against foreign competition without much assistance, employ large numbers, and turn out satisfactory products at reasonable prices. In Grade C would come industries important primarily in relation to national defense. In Grade D would appear industries that have not shown themselves as well suited to our economic environment as those in A and B. In Grade E would be placed industries which "are, on the whole, a burden because they possess so weak an economic basis or because they have exhausted their basis," and with them would be ranked certain luxury trades now so highly protected as to lead to the total exclusion of foreign competition. Finally, in Grade F would be put commodities for the production of which the country is totally unsuited, such as bananas, coffee, tea, and rubber. It is explained that care must be taken to make it clear that "no immediate tariff adjustment is in contemplation," which does not seem to comport with Mr. Hull's pronouncement at Montevideo. Each of the grades is, of course, to be studied as to the tariffs it needs and the conditions under which it is to be conducted.

Obviously this plan involves a radical break with the past. If the principles outlined above are adopted by the President and by Congress, there will be placed in the President's hands a tremendous power over American industry. It will be possible for him to pass the death sentence upon weak and struggling enterprises and to regulate the profits of those remaining, precisely as in the past Congress has made the government a partner in all protected enterprises and undertaken to insure their profits. The arguments for this change are plain. It would put an end to the sale of tariff favors by political parties in return for campaign contributions. It would end the terrific pressure upon Congress by vested interests and local considerations. It would doubtless put an end to a considerable amount of corruption, but on the other hand, it would transfer to the President and to the Tariff Commission that pressure from which Congress has suffered. This may, however, be more or less eliminated if the country can establish a given and unchangeable policy for a number of years. Whether that can be done in view of the ever-changing economic conditions of the world, and within the United States itself, is open to question. The tariff has always been in politics and it will be difficult to remove it for long. At least it is gratifying to record that the old emotional tariff slogans are not to be found in this memorandum. We hear nothing about the full dinner pail or competition by pauper labor or the maintenance of the "high standard" of American living. It contains a concrete proposal to deal with the tariffs, as long as we still continue them, in a generally scientific way in accord with national economic planning.

Whether Congress will assent to yield its power over tariffs remains to be seen. Of course the Executive has had the power to make changes in the tariffs on the recommendation of the Tariff Commission established by President Wilson

in 1917. But in practice the commission has disappointed its friends and justified its critics in that it has been little else than a tool of the protected industries and not a safeguard against extortionate prices. It is only just to add, however, that the chief reason for its innocuous desuetude lies in the course pursued by the three Republican Presidents who succeeded Mr. Wilson rather than in any special weakness in the commission theory. But with conditions of tariff-making as they have been and with the sale of tariff favors the established custom of the Republican Party, no other outcome was possible. The Commercial Policy Committee believes that the enormous amount of knowledge and statistics acquired by the Tariff Commission during all these years will be of great value in the stupendous task of cataloguing and grading all the industries of this vast country. While we cannot yield our belief that the world would profit enormously by heavy lateral tariff reductions or far-reaching reciprocity agreements, we cannot withhold our gratitude that this study, whether one approves of its details or not, bears the earmarks of an earnest effort to mitigate what has been in many respects the outstanding folly and scandal of our economic life.

When Mothers Die It's News

WHEN more than 300 newspapers in thirty-nine States of the Union pick up a story sent out from New York City, it is safe to say that it is a matter of acute and outstanding public interest. This was the surprising response to the recent report of the New York Academy of Medicine on the question of maternal mortality. It will be remembered that the report studied 2,000 maternal deaths in New York City over a period of two years, and found two-thirds of them to have been preventable. The sequel to these figures was brought out in the discussion, on January 18, sponsored by the New York Maternity Center Association, in which the question was, in effect: Here is this report. What shall we do about it?

Representatives of the medical, nursing, and public-health fields presented their ideas of the best way of dealing with what is a crucial problem in American vital statistics. It was to be expected that the list of remedies would be long and varied. They ranged from reform in the medical schools—where, except in the few first-class institutions in the country, there is no provision for special training in obstetrics—to the education of women in the dangers of easier and shorter labor in childbirth. More and better midwives was the suggestion offered by Mary Beard, associate director of the Rockefeller Foundation; better control of hospitals was the plan offered by Thomas S. McLane, president of the Children's Welfare Foundation. Mr. McLane, incidentally, made the astonishing statement that of 110 proprietary hospitals in New York City, controlled at present only by means of the license issued them by the Department of Hospitals, only three met the standards imposed by the College of Physicians and Surgeons. Several speakers were in favor of a certified list not only of hospitals qualified to give obstetrical service but of physicians qualified to perform it. It was the general feeling that the public must be educated in the

knowledge of what constitutes proper maternal care, both prenatal and at delivery, and must then be enabled to find out where such care is available.

Although the maternal-mortality report received such widespread attention from all parts of the country, it must be remembered that New York City presents a situation peculiar to itself. Probably the best care in the country is available there, and it is a tribute to the vitality of American women that the maternal-mortality figures for the country at large are less than 1 per cent higher than they are in New York City. It is evident that in a small rural community, for example, where the only available doctor is a general practitioner who is overworked, underpaid, and perhaps not too thoroughly trained in the first place, the problems of adequate medical care and possible education of the community are much more acute than in a metropolitan area with first-class hospitals and innumerable opportunities for education in public health. If the matter be viewed as a national problem, therefore, it is evident that, although there is a definite responsibility devolving on public-health agencies to obtain nation-wide publicity, the responsibility is equally heavy on the medical profession to insist that adequate training in obstetrics is given to medical students before graduation and that after graduation some method of examination and certification be devised to insure that no physician engages in the practice of obstetrics without the necessary skill for simple cases and the knowledge of his own limitations, so that he may consult more experienced physicians when emergencies arise.

It is one of the curiosities of modern medicine that such reforms, which would seem axiomatic on their face, should be necessary. No general practitioner would attempt to perform an operation on the brain of one of his patients; he would turn the case over to a specialist. But in obstetrics an inexperienced operator will not hesitate to perform a Caesarean section, and more than that, will presume to decide when and if it should be performed.

It must not be forgotten, however, that one of the gravest difficulties in the way of providing and obtaining adequate medical care in childbirth is an economic one. The doctor claims that he is not adequately paid for his obstetrical work; he knows that he should spend a number of hours in prenatal examination and analysis; he knows that he must be prepared to give more hours of attention during labor and for post-partum care. It is estimated that the average obstetrical case requires thirty hours of the doctor's time, and for that he is paid an average fee of not more than \$50—probably less than that. Moreover, for medical schools to institute special courses in obstetrical work will take money. To provide adequate hospitalization takes money also. Dr. Louis I. Dublin declared at the Maternity Center meeting that the public should be prepared to pay for better care than it is now getting, either through taxation to provide funds for city hospitals or directly in the form of larger medical fees. The public, of course, is convinced that it pays at present every cent it can afford, and more, for medical care. The answer points directly to some form of socialized medicine. But before we get it, we may continue to wonder at the strange state of mind which has persisted in considering childbirth not as a bodily crisis requiring expert diagnosis, prognosis, and therapy, but as a natural function which more or less takes care of itself.

Issues and Men

The President's Disarmament Opportunity

THE President has won deserved applause for his return to the question of peace and disarmament in his address at the Woodrow Wilson dinner of December 28. He then made the daring and wise proposal that the nations insure peace by pledging themselves to abolish offensive armaments and never to cross the boundaries of their neighbor states. If this program were followed, the whole aspect of the world would change. It would certainly be a test of the sincerity of the tiresome assertions by statesmen everywhere that they seek only the defense of their countries. If you listen to them, you can only wonder how it is that any wars ever take place. On the other hand, the military men employed by these gentlemen are always saying that the truest defense is a quick and overwhelming offense—a theory that Theodore Roosevelt was always harping upon. If President Roosevelt should ask the nations of the world to meet in convention and reinforce the Kellogg-Briand Pact by pledging themselves to his two latest proposals, we should certainly be able to find out whether the countries that are so certain—like our own—that they never, never are aggressors in international strife are genuine in their professions or not.

Now when the President made that speech he was perfectly aware that the Disarmament Conference at Geneva has had before it the major aspects of the proposal to discard offensive weapons which he mentioned. For in Geneva the effort has been to outlaw all bombing planes, poisonous gases, heavy artillery, and tanks. Plainly Geneva offers the opportunity to achieve one of the President's objectives. But, it may be said, the Geneva conference is dead, Germany has withdrawn from it, so why waste any more time upon it? The answer is that the Disarmament Conference is not dead, and that the withdrawal of Germany, largely due to internal political considerations, may as a matter of fact make it easier to negotiate with that country than if its delegates were at Geneva working in the open and closely watched by the excited public sentiment at home which Hitler has created and which, some people think, is now beginning to be a little worrisome and out of hand. Certainly there is every evidence that negotiations are still going on. The press reports direct communication between France and Germany. Whether the next step is achieved by direct negotiations or through the conference, the simple fact is that something has got to be done about the German demands and the general question of disarmament unless Europe is to drift aimlessly while Germany proceeds to arm in defiance of the Allies and the Treaty of Versailles. It may be an impasse at the moment, but the way out has got to be found unless everybody is to sit down and resign himself to the coming of the next war.

Here lies the President's great opportunity. Now would be the psychological moment for him to come to the front with a definite proposal for the solution of the Franco-German problem of the moment and with definite concrete suggestions concerning what the United States is willing to do. I am well aware that the Disarmament Conference is

dealing with land armaments, but I would have the President bring in naval armaments as well without waiting for the next naval conference, now scheduled for 1935. I would have him take a leaf out of Secretary Hughes's book and electrify Geneva, as Mr. Hughes electrified the Washington Conference for the Limitation of Armaments by the practicality of his proposals. I would have him announce that he was recommending to Congress immediately the decrease by one-third of the United States army and the mustering out of 50 per cent of our reserve officers as evidence of our good faith, and that he was willing to stop the building of new ships and to accept the Hoover proposal for decreasing existing naval forces by one-third upon a similar agreement to act by England, Japan, France, and Italy, provided, furthermore, that France and Germany accepted a compromise proposal offered by the President to end the existing deadlock between those two countries.

It would be an enormous advantage if the initiative came from the United States, for that would save the face of the French and make it much less possible for Hitler to convince his people that the result was brought about by his aggressive stand against the Allies and his withdrawal from the Disarmament Conference, by which he frightened the French into a compromise arrangement concerning German rearmament. As for the exact form of the proposal, that would not be difficult to arrive at. I believe that the President and Norman Davis could very quickly work it out. My reason for this is that the Germans and French have twice been on the *very verge of agreement*, once just before the Tardieu Government fell and spoiled things, and again when the Germans withdrew from the conference. If they were so near to a satisfactory working plan then, they could hardly decline to accept one now, unless Hitler is determined to bring upon his country the hostility of all other nations.

While no one else is in such a strategic position to do this as the United States, it should be our policy first to ask Great Britain to join with us in this offer to Germany and France. But if for one reason or another England refused, we could and should go it alone. I believe that this offers a certain way, perhaps the only immediate way, out of the deadlock. Such a move, even if it were only partially successful as far as disarmament is concerned, would give a marvelous uplift to all Europe. Indeed, it would change its whole psychology, which is now rapidly drifting toward a state of mind which makes everybody speculate how soon another conflict will come. It would be a vital contribution toward economic recovery, for it would restore confidence in a sane future, and without confidence there can be no progress toward a genuine rehabilitation of Europe and our own country.

Arnold Garrison Killam

Luxury in the U. S. S. R.

By LOUIS FISCHER

Moscow, January 3

IN Germany "the use of machinery has been forbidden in certain trades," writes a highly recommended contributor to the *New Statesman and Nation*. Mussolini enacted a law in January, 1933, whereby "the erection of new, or the extension of existing, plants may only be undertaken with the sanction of the government." The Roosevelt Administration, says the New York correspondent of the *London Times*, "intends to see that no increase in productive machinery of the great corporations shall be made without its specific approval." This is the reply to Professor T. E. Gregory ("Gold, Unemployment, and Capitalism") and to other apologists of the capitalist system who ask whether a planned economy does not retard progress. Yes, it does—under capitalism. The bourgeoisie submits to government direction when it needs government subsidies, and that is in time of crisis. A crisis registers the expansion of plant beyond the capacity of the population to absorb the plant's products. The government therefore uses the power its subsidies give it to check capitalism's natural instincts toward expansion. The more far-reaching the government's "plan," the more complete is the resulting stoppage of industrial advance.

One of the chief objections of industrialists to inflation is that it induces factory construction. Inflation may serve as a temporary and illusory stimulation of economic activity; by enlarging industrial capacity, however, it prepares the ground for another slump. Since a depression registers the failure of consumption to keep pace with production, there are two cures for a depression: increase consumption or reduce production. Planning under capitalism is conceived first of all as a means of reducing the productive capacity of the nation.

Soviet planning does the very opposite. The primary purpose of the first Five-Year Plan (1929-32) was to build new cities, industries, factories, hydroelectric power stations, railroads—in a word, to expand the U. S. S. R.'s productive capacity. At a tremendous cost of money, health, nerves, and life, it has achieved that purpose.

More than 1,500 Soviet factories were built during the four years and three months of the first Five-Year Plan period. In the same period the Bolsheviks constructed thirty-three "giant" blast furnaces and sixty-three open-hearth furnaces. The production of electric energy rose from 5,003,000 kilowatt-hours at the start of the first Piatiletka to 13,100,000 kilowatt-hours on January 1, 1933, when it ended. The Soviet coal industry was using 60 pneumatic pick-hammers on October 1, 1928, and 5,220 on January 1, 1933. About 1,000,000 spindles were introduced into the Soviet textile industry between 1928 and 1933. Of the 2,700 sawmill frames working in the U. S. S. R. in 1933, 1,000 were erected during the period of the plan, doubling the output capacity of the industry. The area under grain cultivation was increased during the first Piatiletka by 7,500,000 hectares, and that under technical crops—cotton, flax, and so forth—by the same amount. These figures, the Bolsheviks

like to say, are the "music of socialism." Similar performances could be cited in literally every branch of Soviet industry.

Not only have old Russian industries been expanded; wholly new industries have been created. No automobiles or tractors were produced in Russia before the revolution. But in the first nine months of 1933 three new automobile plants manufactured 35,327 passenger cars and trucks, and three factories built since 1928 turned out 54,624 tractors. A whole new chemical industry has sprung up. New mineral and metal deposits have been discovered and placed under exploitation. Between 1914 and 1933 the urban population of Russia rose from 25,000,000 to 39,000,000, an increase that includes towns which simply did not exist a few years ago even in tiny settlements but which are now booming industrial centers. Soviet planning, obviously, does not retard progress. It stimulates progress. The progress indicated above is continuing at a rapid pace under the second Five-Year Plan.

A planned society, says Professor Gregory—and with him many others—"is one based on the principle of force." This is the anti-planners' second argument. It is a naive argument. All governments are based on force. The question is only of the degree of force, who administers it, and for what purpose. Donald R. Richberg, chief counsel of the American NRA, in discussing this problem recently before the Cleveland Bar Association, said quite correctly: "Practices which definitely destroy the economic security of great masses of people are clearly destructive of their liberty."

For what benefits it a man if he retains the ballot but has no job and no bread? Does freedom include the right to be unemployed and to be sent into the trenches? Force which eliminates oppressors and exploiters, creates work and prosperity, and guarantees progress and economic security will not be resented by the great masses of people. With the growing interference of the state in industry, the liberties of individuals are being circumscribed in every country in the world. The United States government is even insisting on the reduction of salaries in private business corporations. Tariffs, taxes, and laws are forms of force. Control of currency is a most powerful weapon in the hands of the state. No one can properly object to planning because it is based on the principle of force. The real issue is: Force, to what end?

Must the force and centralization which make planning possible eliminate the consumer's free choice? The assertion that it must is often encountered in the literature of the anti-planners. They contend that the government's compulsive weapons would be used to standardize life; that citizens would have to eat, drink, dress, and live as the authorities wished them to. Here the experience of the Soviet Union is instructive.

In the first three years after the Bolshevik Revolution the government was faced with the trying task of repelling the armed invader, and no attention could be paid to the

consumer's tastes. Between 1921 and about 1927 the New Economic Policy gave appreciable freedom to private capitalists who produced for a market and attempted to meet individual wishes. But in the production of most commodities the role of the government was paramount. After 1929 it became practically monopolistic. During all those years the goods famine was grievous. During the first Five-Year Plan it became extremely painful: people were ready to buy anything no matter what the quality. And since most citizens could not buy what they wanted, many Russians, especially young Communists and pro-Soviet intellectuals, affected an indifference to worldly needs and "superficialities" by arguing that fine clothes, for instance, were bourgeois. Girls wore ugly men's caps when nothing prettier was available, and to comfort themselves decided that caps were "Bolshevik." All this sprang in part from prerevolutionary traditions. Hatred of the bourgeoisie inspired hatred of everything that pertained to the bourgeoisie. Simple clothes, simple living were protests against the finery and pleasures of the wealthy. Simple living, moreover, conduced to concentration on revolutionary activities. Self was submerged in the struggle for the liberation of the class. Sparta was trump.

During all those hard years, however, the state endeavored to beautify life. The opera, the ballet, and many theaters displayed a dazzling richness of scene and costume incomparably greater than elsewhere in the world. Parks of culture and rest were established throughout the country to provide sensible recreation and civilized leisure. Around new factories were refreshing flower beds, to which workers always pointed with pride. Palms and rubber plants were the inevitable decorations of public communal kitchens equipped with the most modern imported machinery. Sports and games played in new, magnificent stadiums afforded recreation for millions. But individuals, though thankful for these favors, thirsted for more intimate beauty. The social amenities first made available to them by the Soviet government merely whetted their appetites for more color, light, and softness in their personal life.

The NEP was dead, and the despised, detested Nepmen, or parvenu capitalists, disappeared in 1927-28. A generation appeared that had not known capitalism and that had been too far removed socially from NEP capitalists to be infected by them. Capitalism had become too unreal to warrant a protest against it in the shape of Spartanism. People wanted pleasure for its own sake. Comforts and luxuries were hard to get during the five years of sacrifice between 1928 and 1933. But for that very reason men and women sought and yearned for them all the more. Toward the end of the first Five-Year Plan one could discern a tremendous popular striving for relaxation and brightness. When a theater director showed on the stage how the decadent bourgeoisie of the West was "rotting" in fox-trot cafes, people went because they liked to hear fox trots and to see well-dressed women. A foreign fashion magazine was a prize and still is. What would a woman not give for a French beret! Those who could manage it got gramophones and records from abroad. From the polkas and folk dances of the park of culture and rest to the weekly "five-o'clock tea and dance" at the Metropole or National Hotel is but one short step. In the beginning jazz was underground—in the homes of the influential. But soon it burst into its officially recog-

nized own. Visiting radicals are sometimes shocked by the confetti, toy balloons, tightly packed public dance floors, and jazz orchestras. We associate these things with Western social phenomena which are disgusting. But is there anything inherently objectionable in them?

Women like to dress well, and men like women to dress well, as Soviet women who neglected this biological truism have now discovered to their hurt. Even during the worst years of the goods' shortage, patent-leather shoes and silk stockings appeared in far-off villages. A good Russian dress-maker can today get any price for her services. An article in the *Pravda* recently praised a concert singer who appeared at a workers' club in a silk dress and elegant shoes. Clothing factories have been organizing popular fashion shows, and only those dresses, underwear, and suits selected by the public as best may be manufactured by the factories and shops. The government has ordered the textile industry to turn out thinner satins and finer silks. Even cotton goods must be of better grade. "Peasant women refuse to wear coarse prints," says a Moscow daily. *Izvestia* objects to "ugly, untalented designs which do not satisfy the aesthetic tastes of the consumer." The women of a North Caucasus kolhoz recently wrote an open letter to Stalin. They demanded goods that "would make the soul rejoice."

About two years ago, in the darkest days of the first Five-Year Plan, the Academia Publishing Company began to issue a great many exquisite editions of the classics: "The Arabian Nights," Dante, Homer, "Don Quixote," "Gulliver's Travels," and so on. These books are very expensive but worthy of the most fastidious collector's taste, and thousands of Soviet citizens now frantically scour the bookstores for them. Most of the volumes are sold within the country on advance subscriptions.

A worker in a new ball-bearing factory in Moscow is quoted approvingly by the *Pravda*. He wants all his furniture to be oaken and executed in one style, he said at a conference on proletarian living conditions. Another worker said: "I have learned to love music, and attend the opera with especial joy. I like 'Carmen' most." "Carmen" was the general favorite of the meeting.

Far from regimenting life and eliminating the consumer's choice, the Bolsheviks, now that the volume of goods and the availability of cultural institutions make it possible, are encouraging the widest range of individual appetites. In a recent *Pravda* article significantly entitled *The Return of Venus*, dealing with the beautification and enrichment of Soviet life, Valeria Gerasimova says: "The struggle for human individuality, the struggle for the all-sided, free, and powerful development of all of that individuality's abilities, talents, and potentialities, the struggle for the true dignity and real beauty of man—that is the struggle which irresistibly attracts the builders of socialism." The Bolsheviks always believed in individualism provided it did not benefit a few and damage the community as a whole. They always favored freedom provided it did not mean the freedom for the few to become rich and powerful at the expense of the many. If there was any standardization of living conditions in the Soviet Union it was the standardization of poverty which the poor of all lands know so well. But as soon as the hard-earned dividends of the first plan appeared earlier this year in the shape of more and better commodities, the tendency was all away from sameness and from superficial

grayness. Every observer in Moscow notes the marked improvement in the general aspect of the city, in the clothes of the people, and in the displays in store windows. Shops sell wares that Russians never knew, wares of striking excellence and taste. Good quality is good business. The better the shoes, coats, blankets which the government produces, the more the national economy gains.

But a nation can live without electric irons, electric kettles, beautiful satins, high-heeled slippers, fancy fur coats, gramophones, musical instruments, pianos, modern bathroom fixtures, silk stockings, and the hundred and one other articles that are being introduced into the Soviet market. If planning eliminates the consumer's free choice, why does not Soviet planning eliminate these dispensable commodities? The answer is of course that the Bolsheviks want the population of the Soviet Union to enjoy a maximum of comforts and luxuries. But this is subjective. The compelling reason is that the success of socialist economy is predicated on an

uninterrupted expansion of industrial plant. And production will increase faster if the individual producer's incentive is stimulated by the knowledge that he can spend all he earns on desirable and attractive goods. "Socialist competition," shock brigades, and other devices whereby the government sought to raise output by appealing to social ideals represent the passing phase when goods were scarce. The call to conscience remains, but the chief emphasis now is on concrete compensation in the form of consumers' commodities. The greater the variety and the better the quality of goods, the harder men and women will work. Some people will steal. If Soviet economics were to check the consumer's free choice, Soviet economy would stagnate. All this conforms with the principle that the Bolsheviks do not object to personal initiative or to personal wealth. They object to the conversion of personal wealth into private capital, because they are convinced that socialism guarantees progress and individual well-being more effectively than does private capitalism.

The Dollar: A Political Toy

By HENRY HAZLITT

NEARLY two years ago the present writer published two articles in *The Nation* (issues of March 30 and April 6, 1932) advocating the devaluation of the dollar as a desperate step to meet a desperate emergency. The amount of devaluation suggested was approximately one-third. At that time such a step was nowhere being seriously discussed, and the proposal seemed even to myself to be academic and remote from possible political adoption. Moreover, even apart from this, I felt at the time certain misgivings about the advocacy of such a measure. For to arouse interest in any form of currency change in a time of depression is only too easy, as all our history shows; and it seemed to me that once public attention was turned in this direction, more necessary readjustments, which came closer to removing the causes of the depression, would be slighted. Two measures which seemed to me fundamental, and without the incidental dangers of devaluation, were the scaling down of tariffs and a friendly and realistic readjustment of the war debts. "These two measures," I wrote, "should in any case be taken *first*. If in themselves they should bring about sufficient revival, devaluation could be avoided; and if devaluation were resorted to without them, it might prove in the end abortive, for after the initial recovery" the lack of more fundamental readjustments "could only bring another period of strangulation."

This consideration was not the only one which prevented me from pressing the idea of devaluation with vigor. There was also the practical consideration that though an intelligent and "scientific" devaluation was theoretically possible, it would be utopian to expect such a devaluation from practical politicians; for practical politicians, given even the greatest sincerity and good intentions, have never understood money, and if they are told that they can tinker with it in one way they will proceed to tinker with it in twenty. Writing on the subject nearly a year later, in *Common Sense* of February 16, 1933, while the Hoover Administration was still upon us, I pointed to the fact that in neither Great

Britain nor Japan had there been any rise of internal prices at all proportionate to the depreciation of the currencies:

These disappointing price adjustments [I wrote] are the result of several factors. Chief among them, I believe, is that no definite new gold value has yet been fixed for either currency. It has therefore become the football of speculation, fluctuating from day to day, creating a general atmosphere of uncertainty, and tending still further to choke the currents of foreign trade. Unfortunately, if we have inflation at all in this country, this is the kind we are overwhelmingly likely to get—inflation by default, the inflation of drift, inflation without plan or understanding.

I apologize for these lengthy self-quotations, but I make them because they establish something more substantial than the hollow satisfaction of having been right. They help to answer those who maintain that devaluation does not raise prices, and who, in supposed confirmation of this, point out triumphantly that while the dollar has now depreciated 40 per cent since last February, the general price level has risen only 20 per cent in that time. These quotations indicate that at least a few of the advocates of devaluation have always recognized the difference between devaluation and mere depreciation, between certainty and uncertainty, between being on a gold basis and being off it, and that such advocates never expected depreciation and uncertainty to bring the results they expected from devaluation and certainty.

In the nine months since we abandoned the gold basis, the demoralizing effects of currency uncertainty have become obvious to an increasingly wide circle of observers. When President Roosevelt announced his new gold policy on January 15, therefore, many of these persons hailed it with satisfaction, chiefly on the ground that it put an end to this uncertainty. I cannot myself take this optimistic view. For though the President's new statement removes some uncertainties, it leaves many others; and some of the certainties it does give us are hardly reassuring. Let us consider a few of its implications in turn:

1. The seizure of all the gold in the Federal Reserve banks. No one questions that the government, representing as it does the people as a whole, is entitled to all the windfall *profits* of devaluation. The soundest course would have been for the government to take these, and use them to pay off its excessive debt to the reserve system. Instead of seizing merely the profits, the government is seizing all the gold, the physical gold itself, and planning to pay off nothing to the reserve banks. Wholly apart from the question of constitutionality, this is a dangerous act. From a monetary standpoint, it is worse than unnecessary. It will tend to hurt confidence further rather than to restore it. It puts the gold supply in political hands, and increases and indefinitely prolongs the temptation to play with it and tinker with it. At the World Bank it is pointed out that the world-wide trend of sentiment among monetary experts has been toward freeing monetary systems and central banks from political control; in no important country except Russia does the government still own the gold reserve.

2. There appears to have been an abandonment on the part of the President of at least the commodity-dollar idea, but this abandonment is by no means clear cut. However desirable the commodity dollar may be as an ideal, it is a practical impossibility because (a) if adopted by the United States acting alone it would perpetuate fluctuations in exchange rates, so continuing to demoralize foreign trade, and (b) even if adopted in world collaboration it would allow international speculators to trade with impunity against the government and lead to constant and disastrous raids on the gold supply. What the President seems to have in mind now is a sort of half-hearted compromise between a commodity dollar and a flat devaluation. This hybrid plan merely lacks the theoretical charm of the first and the practical advantages of the second. It continues the present uncertainty with regard to the value of the dollar, at least within a 20 per cent range, and it continues the uncertainty regarding the ultimate date of gold convertibility.

3. If a flat devaluation is ultimately made, the proposed rate is dangerously low. Such conservative authorities on money as Professor E. W. Kemmerer and B. M. Anderson, Jr., who now reluctantly accept devaluation, believe that we should devalue at approximately 65 per cent of the old parity rather than at 60 or 50 per cent; and though both regard even this figure as a political rather than an economic necessity, I incline to believe, on economic grounds, that the figure is about right. Professor Kemmerer points out that, even if we assume no tendency for prices to rise in any case as a result of the return of normal confidence and as a result of the decreased world demand for gold brought about by devaluation, a 60-cent gold dollar would ultimately mean a general price level 56 per cent higher than now and 21 per cent higher even than it was in the so-called "normal" year 1926; while a 50-cent dollar would mean a general price level ultimately 86 per cent higher than now and about 45 per cent higher than in 1926. It need not be pointed out how adverse the effect of this would be on labor, in view of the historic tendency of wage advances to lag behind price advances. For purely monetary reasons, it is true, it is better to have a devaluation that is somewhat too great rather than one that is somewhat too small, to reduce the danger of ever needing a second devaluation, but even when this is allowed for, as well as the strong political pressure of the farming

elements, 40 per cent ought to be regarded as the maximum devaluation rather than as the minimum.

4. The President in his January 15 message incidentally remarked: "The practice of transferring gold from one individual to another or from the government to an individual within a nation is not only unnecessary but is in every way undesirable. The transfer of gold in bulk is essential only for the payment of international trade balances." This belief is erroneous, and ought to be abandoned. Such a policy would permit foreigners, but not Americans, to protect themselves in times of monetary danger. It would mean that foreign speculators could pull out our gold, but not American speculators. In actual practice, it would not even protect the American gold supply. Americans who feared the stability of the currency, or who wanted to hoard, would simply act through foreign agents. As a matter of fact, continuous and free convertibility, both at home and abroad, acts in the long run as a protection rather than a danger to a currency. The loss of gold is a danger signal against credit and other monetary excesses, and in all but periods of the most violent upheaval leads to a curbing of such excesses in time rather than to an abandonment of the gold basis.

5. "Because of world uncertainties, I do not believe it desirable in the public interest that an exact value for the dollar be now fixed." This is not only President Roosevelt's policy; it is the policy of Great Britain and of every other nation now on a paper basis. The fundamental fallacy of that policy is that it creates and prolongs the very uncertainties that it fears. It is true that no one can tell *precisely* how any given percentage of devaluation will affect the general price level. The forces at work are too complex, and they are elusive because they are basically psychological. But in so far as this uncertainty exists, it will be just as great a year or two years or three years from now as it is today. A level can be fixed only in accordance with probabilities and reasonable suppositions. One can merely say that, other things being equal, the price level will vary inversely as the gold content of the monetary unit in terms of which prices are fixed.

6. The \$2,000,000,000 stabilization fund, though it follows the example of Great Britain, is at bottom unnecessary. The common assumption that *de facto* stabilization must precede *de jure* stabilization is completely mistaken. The simple truth is that *de jure* stabilization is easier, less cumbersome, and less expensive than an attempt at *de facto* stabilization without it.

In sum, the way to stabilize is to stabilize. The way to devalue is to devalue. It would give a tremendous lift to world confidence if Great Britain and the United States agreed to return to gold convertibility at the same time, each fixing its own rate, incidentally attempting, merely for convenience of calculation, to have the two currencies bear round relationships to each other instead of the former cumbersome \$4.86656. We should not worry about trying to under-devalue the British for the sake of foreign trade. The real advantages of such competitive under-devaluation would be negligible and temporary at best; most of such alleged advantages are illusory. It would be folly enough to start a "currency war" even if the gains of victory were real; it is insane to contemplate one when the gains even of the victor would be practically non-existent, wholly apart from the certainty of tariff reprisals.

Hitler Dissolves the Fascist Unions

By LUDWIG LORE

IN the clamor over the persecution of the German Jew and the expatriation of the German intellectual, elements which comprise less than 5 per cent of the country's population, German labor and the fate of its trade-union organizations have received surprisingly little attention outside of Germany. Yet the National Socialist labor program and its development in the Third Reich are of much greater and much more lasting significance. The dictatorship's attitude toward labor is fundamental to fascism, while the suppression of the Jew and the intellectual is a superficial outgrowth and incidental to Germany's momentary national needs.

To the American who scans his own labor horizon with an interested eye, the influence of this new growth in Italy and Germany on the labor unions in his own country should be a matter of some concern. The mass influx of hitherto unorganized elements into existing unions and the influence that these workers—for the most part unskilled and poorly paid—will exert in the American labor movement will endow its organizations with new potentialities. Furthermore, the emphasis placed by capital on company unionism under the New Deal may well lead to a more sympathetic attitude toward the fascist brand of employer-dominated labor organization.

Dr. Robert Ley, the leader of Germany's National Labor Front, expressed the conflict between class-conscious and acquiescent labor unionism concretely on May 3 of last year, one day after the occupation of all trade-union headquarters, the arrest of all trade-union officials, and their replacement by Nazi functionaries had made the "coordination" of the country's labor organizations an accomplished fact. "When once we have freed the German labor unions from the evil influence of the Marxist class-struggle idea, they will be in a position to defend the interests of German labor more emphatically and more effectively than ever before." Several weeks later, Walter Schuhmann, appointed by Hitler to direct the "coordinated" white-collar workers' unions, proclaimed that "the trade union is the economic representative of the worker in industry and must be preserved intact and independent of the interference of National Socialist shop units."

The fall of the curtain on Germany's independent trade unions was not decided on without serious controversy in the Nazi ranks. Göring, Frick, and others favored the immediate and unequivocal destruction of the trade-union offices, while the Nazi leaders from the great industrial centers for a time insisted or pretended to insist on the retention of the trade unions and their headquarters as bulwarks of fascist labor. Thousands believed what Goebbels had promised in the Berlin street-car strike of September, 1932—that "a new National Socialist leadership would make the employing class feel the weight of its fist, would not, like the Marxists, back down before them." But the May Day that followed Hitler's accession to power showed the National Socialist labor program in a different light.

Official arbitrators (*Treuhänder der Arbeit*) were ap-

pointed and given full and authoritative control over all matters concerning labor and working conditions. That they were recruited chiefly from among corporation lawyers clearly reveals the purpose of their appointment. The trade unions became mere discussion clubs. They lost the right to strike, to make contracts, to function generally as independent bodies. "Only the enemies of our revolution," announced Dr. Ley, "can be interested in stoppages, strikes, lockouts, and similar things. Oppose them wherever they raise their head, be on your guard, work for the unimpeded growth of our industries, for the success, for the victory, for the greatness of our Germany and our people."

What was the caliber of the men who replaced the "Marxist chairwarmers" of the old trade unions? There was Colonel von Gilsa for instance, formerly general director of a steel plant, who now received "honorary appointment" as secretary of the Steel and Iron Workers' Union with full authority over the finances of the organization. The largest trade-union federation, the *Metallarbeiter-Verband*, with 500,000 members, was placed under the control of three S. A. Nazis—Heinz Lothar Beck, twenty-six years old, Johannes Müller, twenty-eight, and Richard Hasse, thirty-two, none of whom had ever worked in the metal industry or had ever been connected with any other industrial enterprise. Their sole claim to the posts lay in their faithful service in the Nazi ranks.

An order issued last June by the director of the Organization Bureau of the Labor Front will illustrate the brutality with which the new regime wreaked vengeance on deposed trade-union officials:

The directors of the General Federation of German Workers will submit to me not later than the end of this week a list of all leading Marxists in the trade unions whose names will be included by me on a "List of the Despised." This list, which will probably contain several thousand names, will be sent to all ministries, labor bureaus, employers' organizations, and all other interested persons and organizations directly connected with German industry, to the end that it may become impossible for these elements to secure employment of any kind. No false sentimentality shall prevent the directors of trade unions from submitting the names of these despicable scoundrels. Only those may be omitted who, having held unimportant office, were probably led astray or acted under pressure from their superiors. Heil Hitler! [Signed] MUCHOW.

In his pamphlet "*Ministersessel oder Revolution*" Otto Strasser, at present a refugee in Prague, leader of the "Schwarze Front," that Nazi secession movement which really believed in the socialist program of the Nazi Party, quotes a telling utterance made by Hitler in the course of a conversation in May, 1930:

We have an example that we may safely follow—Italian fascism. Just as in that country, our own National Socialist state will find employers and workers side by side with equal privileges and rights, under the direction of a powerful state which will render the final verdict in all differences so that industrial strife no longer menaces the life of the nation.

But just as in Italy, events in Germany failed to follow the straight and narrow path of Nazi theory. Mass organizations, especially when they are based on the material interests of their members, develop their own logic and make their own laws. Mussolini, after his march on Rome, retained the trade-union formations and placed them under the direction of tried and trusted Fascist leaders. For a time all went well enough—until in 1928 the trade unions rebelled against Fascist industrial and social policies and put the supremacy of Mussolini to a severe test. Only the ruthlessness of the Duce, who at once removed from their posts Rossini and many others among his most intimate friends, carried the day for fascism in that critical period. National Socialist Germany found itself face to face with a similar situation in its fascized unions. Despite propaganda and terror the old trade-union leaders retained much of their influence over the membership. The superior knowledge and experience of these trained men and women and the confidence they had won in years of work shoulder to shoulder with the rank and file could not be wiped out by a single stroke of the pen. Discussion in union meetings, even when it turned not on political but on practical questions of the workers' livelihood, had a habit of moving in uncomfortably critical directions that sorely taxed the untried abilities of the Nazi directors. Threats and warnings were of no avail and the Nazi leaders were forced to apply more drastic measures. In a meeting of the Leipzig printing trades several typesetters dared to laugh at a particularly stupid and bombastic speech by the Nazi Commissar. They were expelled at once for "conduct unbecoming a member of a trade-union organization." In Essen three members of a section of the Metal Workers' Union were arrested and interned in a concentration camp for scoffing remarks during the course of a meeting. In Breslau a wood worker forgot his duties as a German worker and failed to greet the Nazi official with a "Heil, Hitler!" He was expelled and sent to jail for four months. Such instances could be multiplied a thousand fold. But in spite of these terroristic methods the unions continued to be a fruitful field for Marxist propaganda. An incessant flood of leading questions could so thoroughly disorganize a meeting that its use as a basis for the propagation of fascist ideas and the formation of a new front became nil. For these reasons the unions had to be suppressed lest they undermine the proud structure of National Socialist supremacy. Hitler profited by Mussolini's experience. He did not wait for a crisis, but wiped out the organizations which gave his enemies so many opportunities for anti-fascist agitation.

After the November 12 election with its "demonstration of the German people for Hitler," the government believed that the moment for the destruction of the trade-union remnants had arrived. Trade-union and employer organizations were ordered dissolved—why employers' anti-union associations when the government so whole-heartedly assumes their functions? The Labor Front, in which formerly manual workers, white-collar workers, and employers had been separately organized, was reconstructed. The existing distinctions were wiped out and replaced by a vertical structure in which all persons connected with the industrial life of the nation, from the unskilled worker to the employer, hold individual membership. Withdrawal—that is, the non-payment of dues—is penalized with unemployment, the "person thus withdrawing from membership in the Labor Front losing all

claim to state or municipal support." An announcement by Dr. Ley, dated January 14, says:

Citizens of the Reich who do not yet belong to the German Labor Front are more urgently than ever called upon to join its ranks. Workers, salaried employees, and employers belong together. Having recognized this fundamental need in our new social order—the need of bringing together workers and employers in the country, in our industries, and in our population—we must begin with the Labor Front as a matter of course. We cannot preach what we do not practice.

It is characteristic of Nazi methods that the National Socialist functionaries who had briefly exercised nominal control over the coordinated labor unions were given the status of civil-service employees with full pension rights.

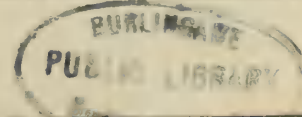
With the dissolution of the trade unions the last hope of the German worker for an organ within the Third Reich through which he might conceivably express his needs and problems disappeared. A proclamation issued late in November and signed by three Cabinet ministers and Dr. Ley outlines the aims and functions of the Labor Front:

It is the will of our leader Adolf Hitler that the German Labor Front shall not decide on the material problems of the worker's daily existence, nor shall it concern itself with the conflicting interests of individuals in the economic process. For the regulation of conditions of labor, forms will presently be created which will give to the leader and his staff in every plant the position and functions that a National Socialist conception prescribes.

The exalted aim of the Labor Front is the education of all Germans who participate in our industrial life, for the National Socialist state and to a National Socialist conception. It aims particularly to train those best fitted to exert a directive influence in the branches of our social institutions, our labor courts, and our social services. It will strive to make the social honor of the leader of industry (the employer) and that of his following (the employees) a driving force for a new social and economic order.

Yet there was never a time when the German worker needed the protection of a strong labor union more sorely than now. Hitler's fight against unemployment has been a pathetic failure. Franz Seldte, Reich Minister of Labor, in a memorandum issued in the beginning of December "for the exclusive information of official and semi-official organs" of the government provides us with interesting material on the "status of the German labor struggle." According to this document the changes that have taken place in the German labor market are along two lines. For purely financial reasons a large number of persons formerly drawing unemployment benefits have been deprived of this public support under the more stringent regulations introduced by the new regime. This has so reduced the sums paid out that the unemployment-insurance fund showed a surplus of approximately 228,000,000 marks in the period from April to September, 1933.

Deprived of their unemployment benefits, these men and women no longer report at the local labor offices and after a few months are dropped from the lists and disappear from labor statistics. Add to them the tens of thousands of Jews and Marxists permanently removed from Germany's economic life and expelled for the "honor of the fatherland" from the ranks of those entitled to support, and the number of unemployed again appears reduced. The elimination of thou-



sands of women from the labor market, particularly in the commercial fields, and their replacement by unemployed men has further cut down the number of persons officially recognized as "out of work."

But the greatest reduction in figures for the unemployed has been achieved by the simple expedient of turning recipients of unemployed benefits into recipients of public-relief jobs. According to the report of the Minister of Labor the "number of men thus employed is considerable. Official employment figures issued at the end of September, 1933, show 232,000 on public emergency work, 165,000 on reclamation and agricultural work, 64,000 on relief work, 234,000 in the voluntary labor camps—together, in round numbers, 700,000 persons who without the direct assistance of the state would probably have been found on the list of the unemployed."

Compare these figures with those of the pre-Hitler period. In 1932, the year of the greatest depression, 5,102,750 persons registered as unemployed during the month of September. In the same month of 1933, 4,549,222 were officially reported as out of work, representing a reduction of about 550,000 as compared with the previous year. But the

figures of the Labor Ministry quoted above prove that this reduction is a sham and a delusion. The 700,000 relief workers, most of whom receive only housing, clothes, and food, and a pittance for their labor, cannot be classed as regularly employed wage workers. List them where they rightly belong, as out of work, and they would more than offset the apparent reduction in the Reich labor report. Moreover, it should not be overlooked that these unpaid men and women, far from representing a healthier economic condition in the Reich, a cranking up of its industrial life, and a faster tempo in the industrial machine, are actually a millstone around its neck, contributing nothing toward an uplift in the home market.

In their misrepresentation of existing conditions, the artful dodgers in the Hitler Government can count on the services of an enslaved press; it would have been difficult, however, to close the eyes of trade unionists to the true state of affairs, still more difficult to enforce their silence. The labor-union movement was the last remaining vestige of social consciousness in the land of the Hitlerites. With its destruction, the new regime relieved itself of all moral responsibility toward the working class.

What Price Tall Buildings?

By OLIVER WHITWELL WILSON

AN elderly lady was examining the drawings of some new buildings that it was proposed to erect in London near her residence. The site could be seen from her window through the trees of the park. Eventually she rejected the plans. The buildings were too tall. "They will spoil my view."

Queen Victoria, in setting this precedent, little realized, perhaps, the significance of her decision; but London has ever since steadily rejected the idea of high buildings. Nine stories, with an occasional exception, are the allowable limit. As a result, London's skyline is very much the same as it was on the day Sir Christopher Wren died. This conservatism of Londoners has often been ridiculed in this country. Yet a small item which appeared recently in the New York press may mean that we shall have to revamp our ideas on tall buildings.

In an inconspicuous paragraph printed amid a maze of announcements issued by the National Recovery Administration, Robert D. Kohn, an architect chosen to assist the government in its recovery program, was quoted as saying that in housing which was to be financed by the National Recovery Administration five stories would be the limit of height for walk-ups and perhaps six stories for elevator apartments, and the average would be three stories. Independently, the New York Regional Plan Association has condemned as unwise any and all rebuilding schemes for the Chrystie-Forsythe site, a property consisting of several narrow strips of land on the lower East Side of Manhattan which were cleared some years ago of disreputable slum tenements. In announcing its decision, the Regional Plan Association stated that proposed developments of this type were not in accord with the best interests of the city. In order to obtain enough income to make housing on that site self-

liquidating, the promoters had been considering twelve-story buildings.

It is interesting to recall that many years ago, when New York zoning was first talked of, an advisory committee of which Electus D. Litchfield, an architect, was a prominent member developed the principle of the maximum bulk. This would have limited the total allowable cubic contents of a building on a site to x times the area of that site. X was to be a variable constant depending upon the zone in question. This proviso was kept out of the zoning law by shortsighted speculators who brought pressure to bear upon the city politicians. In its place the existing rule of x times the street width measured from the street center was adopted. This develops a building into a square box with a pyramidal or wedge-shaped top. It is the reason for the present setback style. But it would not have been bad if another joker had not been put in: a tower might be built on 25 per cent of the site. This tower might go up to the moon if it could be so constructed. Thus bulk was allowed to go on forever, irrespective of any considerations of neighborhood, public policy, or economic value. It was hoped that such a tower would pay if it were normally 75 per cent or even 70 per cent occupied. No thought was given to the effect on surrounding property of such concentration of floor area or to the resultant drain of tenants away from that property. It is not surprising, then, for us to read that August Heckscher is suing Rockefeller Center for \$10,000,000 for damage done to neighboring property.

New York at that time led the country in an orgy of building skyscrapers. Towers shot up overnight to greater and greater heights. There was the spectacle of one which had its spire constructed inside the building and then had this spike hoisted up to an altitude that beat all others. But

there are now several which rise to greater heights than that one reached by its ingenious trick. In order to obtain suitable sites for these large developments, many old buildings, even some which had by no means outlasted their usefulness, were razed to make place for new construction. Tenants were forced to move, often at great expense. In certain sections of Manhattan office space for rent increased daily. It was a great bubble while it lasted.

There was another disastrous result. The city fathers found a valid excuse for doubling in ten years the city's assessed valuation. This doubled the city's borrowing power, and the taxpayers are now paying through the nose for a debt which takes over 30 per cent of the city's income in carrying charges, interest payments, and amortization.

Then the bubble burst. Five tall buildings on Forty-second Street not only got into difficulties themselves, but damaged all other values on the street. The largest, the Lincoln Building, had to be sold at public auction three years after its completion. Another building still under construction has been forced to cut its original rental rates in half in order to attract tenants in any quantity; one building in this group has more office space than any other building in the whole city. How this project will ever bring financial profit is a question all are asking. The law of diminishing returns seems rarely to have been taken into account. This point of view was presented to one promoter. He became interested, and studied the particular project that he had in mind from that angle. He found that every story over the forty-fifth became progressively a greater economic drain on the possible profits. It may well be asked whether the advertising value of an eighty-story building can offset this steady financial drain.

The reaction has now set in. The city's tax delinquency is \$310,000,000, of which \$215,000,000 is deemed collectible. The inflated values that have been set upon property are believed by competent estimators to be 30 per cent too high. From being the soundest of assets mortgages have become a drug in the market, and mortgage money is almost unobtainable.

Perhaps Queen Victoria was a better judge of real-estate policy than the promoters believed at the time. Perhaps she gave expression to a universal sentiment when she objected to her view being shut off by taller buildings. In New York there are few views. The skyscrapers are magnificent when seen from the river. But what an economic folly it is, that many workers should have to use electric light at high noon. The shadow of the tallest building in the world cuts off the sun from many buildings for many hours each day. In summer its influence is felt for many blocks, in winter for a mile or more!

Height has created the same problems in residential regions. Inflated land values brought forth an orgy of apartments which filled all the space that the laws permitted for such structures. These have been well called "super-slums." It will not be forgotten how the apartment hotel was used as an excuse to increase the allowable cubage at the ultimate expense of decent living. Many of these buildings are renting at greatly reduced rates, many are almost empty. That even six-story tenements are not desirable is proved by the astounding figures that have been brought to light by the federal censuses. Over 1,000 persons emigrate from Manhattan every week, most of them to

lower buildings, light and air, sunshine and green lawns. And there is no longer unlimited immigration to fill the vacancies thus left.

There could not be a more definite proof of the trend of the times than the spectacle of a "taxpayer" on the site of the old Belmont Hotel, which was killed by competition, or of a twelve-story building, quite modern, being replaced by a two-story taxpayer on Madison Avenue in the fashionable Fifty-seventh Street area. Real-estate operators are at their wits' end, taxpayers are defaulting, and buildings are deteriorating through non-occupancy. One hotel overlooking Central Park has actually never removed the dust sheets which still shroud in perpetual gloom several floors of suites. Although there can be little sympathy for those who overpromoted the building boom, such stagnation must be prevented in the future.

There are two necessary steps to take. First, there must be a drastic revision of the zoning sections of the building code. Second, stringent bulk-cubage limitations that were worked out some years ago must be put in force. But in order that these may be effective, consideration will have to be given to existing structures that exceed such limitations. Each block which includes these buildings will have to be averaged in such a way that any new building will not exceed the 100 per cent total allowable for that block. In other words, where tall buildings exist, new buildings in the same block must be low. In this way some of the present evil will be rectified, and as property values are at a low ebb, no one will be hurt by such restrictions. They will permit a general readjustment of property values, and will also tend to protect existing investments in tall buildings against further adjacent destructive competition. Such a limitation will affect not only business buildings, but also tall apartment buildings in which only the ultimate physical development of a particular property has been achieved. Studies by such experts as Henry Wright, Albert Mayer, Eugene Klaber, and Clarence S. Stein seem to prove that from three to four and a half stories is the economical height for residential-group buildings. By keeping housing to this limit, as Robert D. Kohn has proposed, congestion will be kept to a minimum.

The preceding suggestion is a practical solution of the problem, but another point of view will make its advantages still clearer. There is an evident and growing need for proper and adequate public appreciation of city and regional planning. Until this is developed, public opinion will not be strong enough to combat independent shortsighted speculation. Such appreciation will remove the bandages that have blinded the many private investors who lost millions in real estate. So-called mortgage bonds of a prominent chain of large hotels to three times their value, and inflated value at that, could not have been unloaded on a public with an understanding of what planning really is. These investors would have realized that the insertion of "participating" and other such terms took the gold out of these mortgages and turned them into dross. Is it any wonder that most hotels, financed in such a fashion, are in difficulties?

Our City of the Future will not necessarily, then, be a super-Babylonian dream of impossible buildings which crowd human beings together in as small an area as possible. Apart from the potent economic and social objections, tall buildings do "spoil the view" for those of us who have to work and live in their shade.

The Power Industry Goes NRA

By JEROME COUNT

CONJECTURE has failed to explain why the power industry did not refuse to submit a "code of fair competition" to a hostile federal Administration. Early in the NRA era this industry declared that it would "stand on the Constitution." Several weeks before the industry actually submitted a code, the Edison Electric Institute bewailed this invasion into the sacred province of State regulation and insisted that a code would mean the irremediable loss of its legal rights. Such a code would be an unwarranted intrusion of federal regulation into intrastate business. It was argued that unfair "competition" could not possibly need regulation in a non-competitive industry.

Nevertheless, after an unexplained change of front and the submission of a code a revealing commentary appeared in the *Public Utility Fortnightly*:

It now develops that some utilities are cheering for the NRA for projecting itself into the picture just when it seemed as if the whole country were demanding drastic slashes in utility rates. . . . With the federal government openly striving to raise prices of other commodities, the least that the utilities might expect of the Blue Eagle would be some relief from the increased pressure of rate reductions. If that relief is forthcoming, code costs would be a cheap price to pay to get rid of the rate-reduction bugaboo.

It is true that State utility commissions had been showing signs of yielding to public pressure and many rate reductions appeared to be in sight. But hardly had the utilities consented to the blanket code, when a new barrier was thrust between consumers and reduced rates. Increased labor costs under the NRA, according to the utilities, made it impossible to maintain pay rolls and employment and reduce rates at the same time. Many State commissions, just then considering reducing rates, were faced with a new problem. The New York Public Service Commission, for example, allowed \$4,000,000 per annum for increased costs under the NRA. However, when public hearings were held upon the proposed permanent code, it came out that increased costs would be no more than nominal.

Minimum wages offered by the industry are below the subsistence level. In opposing the inclusion of public plants under the code, one municipal representative said that "they [the municipal plants] would be ashamed to have their names attached to a code establishing such low wages" as were proposed by the private companies. Wages submitted by the Edison Institute are as low as \$9.60 a week and hours run as high as forty-eight a week. According to the institute, it is the public which will not stand for high wages or a shorter week. At all code hearings it is usual for industry to anticipate the demands of labor by a tearful reference to the sad state of balance sheets and the awful toll of the depression on the profit ledger. Deficits are usually featured, but at the utility hearings not a passed dividend was even suggested. Labor met this challenge. The Brotherhood of Edison Employees of America proved that the power industry emerged from the depression—in the words of the industry itself—"practically uninjured." It showed that the dividend pay-

ments of this industry in 1932 had increased by \$155,500,000 over 1927. Surplus and reserves also rose by a tidy \$800,000,000. It was also shown that more than 2,000,000 additional customers were supporting the electric industry in an extraordinary state of prosperity. Meanwhile, in 1932 pay rolls had declined from the peak by \$75,000,000 a year.

When the code submitted by the Edison Institute was examined, it was found to contain no fewer than sixty-seven exemptions enabling employers to escape from increased pay rolls. Not satisfied with an abnormally low labor cost, compared with other industries, the electric industry planned to limit the operation of the code to an uncertain and insignificant fraction of employees. Thus wages in general were to be left at the old low levels while the industry pleaded increased labor costs to block rate reductions. By the confession of the Edison Institute itself, the increased cost of minimum wages to the entire industry under the code is less than $\frac{1}{3}$ of 1 per cent of former pay rolls. Upon wholly unreliable and inaccurate data, however, the industry contended that costs would be raised more than 10 per cent as a result of the maximum-hour provisions of the code—a forty- to forty-eight-hour week, with numerous exceptions.

The insistence of the private companies that municipal plants should be covered by the code proved embarrassing. It was shown that the municipals maintained far better wages and working conditions than the private companies. In some cases, it was disclosed, municipal plants pay $33\frac{1}{3}$ per cent higher wages than competing private companies. Municipal representatives complained, in fact, that if they were brought under the code it would tend to lower the wages they paid.

The habit of imperiously dictating terms to labor found expression in the grossly inadequate provisions of the proposed code. Unorganized for half a century, the industry has had a free hand with its 200,000 employees. Not long ago Donald Richberg, speaking of the power industry, said: "We find here an industry dominated by an un-American labor policy, denying the historic freedom of American life to its employees, and at best subjecting them to a degrading sort of paternalism." This "degrading paternalism" has taken many forms. One type is the enforced insurance schemes to which employees must subscribe their quota or suffer the displeasure of "straw bosses" or even loss of employment. Subscriptions to highly speculative stock issues of the employers at peak prices is another form of paternalism of which the industry boasts. Contributions are demanded to all manner of "charity drives." Vigorous promotion of customer stock-ownership is insisted upon. Appliance, "load-building," and profit-saving safety campaigns are only several of the daily incidents of utility employment. Power employees are probably the most harassed and coerced group of workers in the country.

Along with these practices utility companies openly foster political propaganda among their employees and customers. A concentrated drive is even now being made to enlist every one of the 200,000 utility workers as "willing subordinates"—I use the industry's own phrase—in a coordi-

nated nation-wide effort to "build political fences" against rate reductions, municipal ownership, taxes, and every fancied grievance. The spirit of the old N. E. L. A. is not dead—it has merely learned to wear the immaculate shirt-front of the Edison Institute.

The NRA has given added impetus to this "degrading paternalism." Mutual benefit, social, and insurance societies have been hastily converted into company unions by many electric systems. Discarded and discredited "employee representation" plans have been hurriedly revived by others, and new ones have been foisted, ready made, upon unorganized and helpless employees. It is estimated that private power companies are spending no less than \$1,000,000 a year on company-union plans—all charged to operating expenses, thereby making the consumer an unwilling and unsuspecting supporter of these frauds upon the collective-bargaining provisions of the NRA.

Surreptitious and open intimidation against genuine union activities exists in the power industry, despite Blue Eagle agreements. Employees have been forced to relinquish local-union charters; they have received subtle hints to consult company officials if they feel the "need of organization"; they are gently reminded that they *may* but are not *required* to organize for collective bargaining. Active organizers have been discharged for reasons of "economy," "efficiency," and trivial breaches of petty regulations. "Brotherhood busters" have openly boasted of their appointment by company officials. Employees in stand-by plants are intimidated by threats of shut-down, although these plants are still included in the

companies' property for rate-making purposes. No conceivable device has been overlooked in the concerted plan to stifle interest in union activity. When the Brotherhood of Edison Employees of America opposed the company-union plan of the New York Edison system, 33,000 employees were informed through company channels that the brotherhood was trying to block collective bargaining. When, despite terrorization, employees are inclined to organize, their leaders are tempted with better jobs and increased wages—only to be victimized when union organization has been frustrated by the deception. Of about twenty company unions in the industry, not one appeared at Washington to oppose the niggardly code submitted by the Edison Institute. The chairman of one of these "unions" naively confessed that the president of his *company* would represent the members of his *union* before the NRA.

Electric sales now approach the peak level and it is expected that revenues will increase by \$150,000,000 in the year 1934. Technological unemployment will continue, however, and under the proposed code hardly 4,000 out of 50,000 unemployed will receive jobs. The intentions of the industry, expressed by its proposed code, are clear. This code would leave employment substantially unaffected and yet serve as an obstructive device against rate reductions. Neither collective bargaining, increased purchasing power, nor substantial re-employment would be achieved by it. Finally, and of primary importance to the private companies, the code would be for them the first step toward acquiring some measure of influence over publicly owned systems.

The Birth-Control Conference

By STELLA HANAU

Washington, January 19

THE American Conference on Birth Control and National Recovery, held in Washington on January 15, 16, and 17, was marked throughout by an earnest and scientific spirit and a total absence of jingoism. Six hundred delegates, including distinguished specialists in the fields of medicine, sociology, biology, and social work, scrutinized the subject from every angle. They discussed the relation of birth control to national and international problems, to federal relief, public health, sex *mores*, maternal mortality; they appraised contraceptive methods, not hesitating to point out flaws, viewed present clinical facilities, and laid plans in orderly, concrete, and efficient manner for speeding up birth-control work and furthering scientific research.

Margaret Sanger, president of the National Committee on Federal Legislation for Birth Control and organizer of the conference, opened the proceedings with a plea for the "forgotten woman" and for the support of the bill now pending, which is designed to liberalize the federal law governing the sending through the mails of contraceptive information and supplies. From that moment until the final meeting on the evening of January 17, when a resolution was adopted urging that federal relief workers be instructed to refer the unemployed to existing birth-control clinics, the facts in themselves built up the case for birth control.

The relation of birth control to present national and international problems was ably brought out at the early sessions. Population is already affected by birth control. It remains to study how and when to control population intelligently. Warren S. Thompson, director of the Scripps Foundation for Research in Population Problems, using Japan as an apt illustration, showed that population pressure is inevitably a disturber of world peace. But war brings only temporary easement. Man must learn to adjust his numbers; population growth must come under conscious control.

Government cognizance of the conference entered at this point in the person of Mordecai Ezekiel, economic adviser to the Secretary of Agriculture. Dr. Ezekiel predicted that the population of the United States will become stable within the next few decades, and suggested that now was the time to encourage more children from the upper economic strata and fewer from the lower. Caustic exception was taken to such arbitrary division into classes; the conference was not without its currents of radicalism.

Criticism of the existing order, academically phrased, was presented in a paper on National Economic Planning by Professor Joseph J. Spengler of the University of Arizona. He pointed out two methods of national planning in which natural, artificial, and human resources may be coordinated: through the capitalistic price system and through the action

of a supreme economic council. The present system—if we abolish dishonesty in business, if we make the nation statistically introspective, if we set up permanent relief for the victims of the system through unemployment insurance, public works, and national barter corporations—will prepare the way for a planned and classless society if and when political evolution pushes us in that direction.

Passing from the general to the particular, LeRoy E. Bowman called for the immediate assumption by the community of an active, extensive, and aggressive program of birth control if we are to escape fascism.

The trend toward fascism or a socialized state may be judged, among other evidences [he said], by the measures taken by the government on birth control. If it is a cruel, senseless, socially abortive effort, such as that of Hitler and Mussolini, to induce the propagation of many and therefore necessarily poorly trained human beings, it will be fascism we will face. If it be a community effort to control the growth of society in its own best interests by fostering the spreading of knowledge that will give to parents the control they need over their own and their children's destinies, then it will most probably be a step toward a desirable cooperative commonwealth. For a community that controls itself is a democracy; a rapidly growing mass is apt to be merely fair prey for the exploitation of a dictator and a controlling few. It is therefore far more than mere contraceptive education that becomes the responsibility of the community; it is also the greater obligation to show every parent in America the social implications of the size of the family in a poverty-stricken world and in a changing social order.

The demand that birth control be linked with government relief was emphatically made by Dr. James H. S. Bossard of the University of Pennsylvania, who said:

We are now carrying on the biggest relief job in the history of the world. To finance this job we have utilized private philanthropy, apparently to the limit; we have drawn more than liberally upon current public incomes; and we are discounting the future through the creation of a huge bonded indebtedness. If this relief job is to be a mere doling out of aid, it means that we have learned nothing since the later days of the Roman emperors, who similarly fed and amused the populace at public expense. If, at a time when we are carrying on relief between three and four million families, we are going to deny and to legally forbid these families the use of agencies and methods which will permit them sanely to control their reproduction in the light of their present circumstances, then we are rejecting the philosophy underlying man's ascent from the jungle. To deny to self-respecting families in distress the right to self-determination in the sacred function of bringing new life into the world seems just about inconceivable.

The medical sessions and round tables brought the discussion even closer to actuality. It was agreed that birth control is a medical problem which should be handled by physicians. Present methods were evaluated, and demonstrated by models, slides, and movies. The effects of pregnancy on the pituitary and thyroid glands and the need of an interval of at least one, preferably two, summers between pregnancies was pointed out by Dr. Walter Timme, endocrine specialist. The so-called safe-period method, permitted by the Catholic church, was explained and rejected as too uncertain for general use.

Dr. Fred J. Taussig stated that conservative estimates place the number of abortions in the United States at 811,000

a year, with 17,000 resultant deaths. He believes that 80 per cent of this number might be prevented through birth-control instruction. That 13,000 lives might be saved each year if women knew how to prevent instead of terminate undesired pregnancies is food for thought.

Dr. Prentiss Willson, president of the Medical Society of the District of Columbia, presided over the medical sessions, and with commendable candor scored the lag of medicine in recognizing social needs. At the last meeting of the American Medical Association, Dr. Barton Cook Hirst, chairman of the section on Obstetrics and Gynecology, listed birth control as one of the four major problems in gynecology. At the same meeting a resolution asking that a committee be appointed to study the subject was defeated. Thus the American Medical Association placed itself on record as refusing to study one of the four major problems affecting the women of America.

The lack of standardization of commercial contraceptives, due in part to the failure of the medical profession to take hold of the problem and in part to the confusion and restrictions of the law, was shown in reports on research work carried on by Dr. Cecil I. B. Voge for the National Committee on Maternal Health and by Dr. Helen Holt of Margaret Sanger's Birth Control Clinical Research Bureau. Dr. Voge has investigated some five hundred products over the last five years, and Dr. Holt has recently completed a special test of thirty-three spermicides now on the market. Of these, 19 per cent showed defects in vital mechanical functioning, and 4 per cent proved totally inadequate. A resolution was adopted urging that a central research office be established to carry on laboratory tests of all products, and that no commercial contraceptives should be used by clinics until they have been passed by some such group. The Research Committee of the New York clinic, headed by Dr. Hannah M. Stone, is already functioning in this capacity and has done excellent pioneer work.

A comprehensive exhibition of historical material—clinical reports, mechanical devices from all parts of the world, samples of commercial advertising folders, maps, and charts—was one of the chief points of interest of the conference. Dr. Norman E. Himes exhibited a unique collection, tracing the history of birth control in print. It included Margaret Sanger's famous "Family Limitation," which fired the first shot in the birth-control war, in many editions and many languages; the June, 1914, issue of the *Woman Rebel*; the first number of the *Birth Control Review*; and a photostat of the earliest mention of birth control in the Egyptian Petri Papyrus of 1350 B.C. A large chart summarized the results of an inquiry into the work of clinics, carried out by Dr. Hannah M. Stone, medical director of the Clinical Research Bureau. In reply to a questionnaire of June, 1933, eighty-seven clinics, showing a total of 110,844 patients cared for, listed methods used and indicated research in new and simpler techniques. Present methods were reported as from 95 to 98 per cent successful.

Whatever the fate of the birth-control bill, which was given a hearing before the House Judiciary Committee on January 18 and 19, the conference has performed an invaluable service in summing up the present status of the movement, in showing the relation of birth control to economic and social problems, in charting the progressive trend of medicine in this important field.

The Intelligent Traveler

By JOHN ROTHSCCHILD

FOR the second season this column offers advice to *Nation* readers. It will inform them of events abroad which might otherwise escape them in their travels. It will present essential facts about little-known places and little-known facts about well-known places. It will report travel services and projects of which the traveler should take account in laying his plans. It will point out ways of saving money. Related facts will be gathered from widely scattered sources, a function which the traveler is rarely able to perform for himself.

The column will be edited solely with reference to the traveler's interests. It will be in line with the growing movement for consumer-education.

CRUISING

A West Indies cruise is a restful, sunny winter holiday which takes little time, is comparatively inexpensive, and provides as complete a change of local color as if you went half around the world. Nearly every transatlantic steamship line sends boats to the Caribbean during the winter and spring. Where you go depends upon how much time and money you have to spend. Bermuda, the Bahama Islands, Havana, Jamaica, Barbados, Trinidad, all are lying in their warm southern waters waiting to be visited. A typical twelve-day trip on the *Mauretania* takes you to Trinidad, La Guaira, Curaçao, Colon, and Nassau and costs \$170. First-class accommodations on the best boats average between \$12 and \$15 a day.

Coastwise boats are smaller and less swanky but are well equipped and often have been built especially for the tropics. They are more like boats and less like hotels. Rates on the United Fruit Line average \$8 or \$9 a day. Cruises start from Boston, Baltimore, Philadelphia, and New Orleans, as well as from New York and West Coast ports. From Canada and from the port of Boston the Canadian National Steamship Line offers West Indies cruises at a little less than \$8 a day. Its "vagabond" cruises from Halifax on freight boats accommodating twenty passengers cost less than \$5 a day. The Standard Fruit and Steamship Company runs boats from New York to Santiago, Cuba, and Spanish Honduras, and to Jamaica and Spanish Honduras for thirteen-day cruises at about \$7 a day. Furness Bermuda Line boats make twenty-three-day cruises at an average of \$6 a day. With this general outline of the possibilities in your mind, consult your purse and travel agent for a few days or weeks of recreation in the sun.

MEXICO AND CUBA

Winter is the ideal time to become acquainted with ancient, vivid Mexico. The rainy season is just over now, the dust is settled for months to come, and everything has come into bloom. Many native fiestas and the important religious ceremonies connected with Lent and Easter will soon begin. Your winter visit may include your own exploration of the ruined civilizations of Yucatan—where it is too steamy and hot in summer even for archaeologists. Ward Line

boats, which have a round-trip rate to Mexico City of \$160, stop at Havana and at the port of Progreso in Yucatan, where you can stop over until the next boat a week later, doing the ruins thoroughly. If you prefer to view the ruined temples from the air, you can fly from Mexico City over the route that Lindbergh charted, in one of the daily planes of the Pan-American Airways.

Besides the pleasant and inexpensive boat trip from New York, you can go by steamer and return by rail through northern Mexico and the Southwest on a Ward Line circle tour which costs \$180. If you live in the Middle West and must go by train, the Missouri Pacific operates the *Sunshine Special* from St. Louis, a crack train which reaches Mexico City in sixty-one hours. A twenty-three-day excursion costs \$79.75 in fare; a ticket good for six months costs \$20 more.

For flying enthusiasts the Pan-American Airways operates planes from many airports. The trip from Miami to Mexico City is popular. It takes less than two days, counting an overnight stop, and costs \$153 one way. From Brownsville, Texas, the rate is \$61—Mexico City is only five hours away by air.

The old cities of Mazatlan and Manzanillo, which D. H. Lawrence liked best of all Mexico, can be reached by a Grace Line cabin boat through the Panama Canal for as little as \$150, one way. The steamer ticket's destination is California, but since it is good for one year, you may stop off as long as you like in the coast cities.

For years there have been rumors of how cheaply and comfortably one can live in Mexico "if one finds the right place." Finding the right place has been a matter of luck until recently. Now you may consult the Personal Travel Service conducted by Enrique Aguirre, who was formerly representative in Mexico of the Committee on Cultural Relations with Latin America. Señor Aguirre can find you charming accommodations and good food in semi-private places that resemble French pensions, which will cost as little as a hundred pesos a month—or about \$30. You may enlist his help in planning what to see in Mexico, and since he is a writer and lecturer himself, his suggestions are likely to interest the Intelligent Traveler. Señor Aguirre can be found at the American Bookstore in Mexico City.

A most helpful source of advance information about Mexico is the Committee on Cultural Relations with Latin America. Its address is 112 East Nineteenth Street, New York.

"The Seminar in Cuba" under the auspices of the Committee on Cultural Relations with Latin America, will be held in Havana from March 8 to March 14. It is the first of these valuable seminars to concern itself exclusively with Cuba, although the third of the Caribbean series. The plan of the Mexican seminar, which has proved so fruitful in international understanding, will be followed in Cuba—formal lectures by Cuban and American leaders and close round-table discussions. The American faculty will include Dr. Chester Lloyd Jones, of the University of Wisconsin, Elizabeth Wallace, of the University of Chicago, and Hubert C. Herring, executive director of the Committee on Cultural Relations with Latin America. The party will be limited to between thirty-five and fifty members, and will sail on the *Morro Castle* on March 4. All expenses are included in the price of \$218.

In the Driftway

WHAT may well turn out to be the book of the season is offered in a circular which deserves quoting. The book is the "New Dictionary of Thoughts" and it contains 20,000 of the "best thoughts on important and interesting subjects."

Both a stepping-stone and arch support to literary attainment. . . . Put punch and power into your speech, articles, advertisements, stories, sermons; add charm to conversation by quoting the gems of all literature, which makes you a leader in culture and influence. .

At present most communication, spoken or written, is conducted by means of clichés. This is likely to be true, the profound thinkers will tell you if they get a chance, in an age when all the old values are worn out and no new ones have been established. To shift from clichés to quotations might be refreshing provided an attempt were made to keep both quotations and sources varied. The shift might even be educational if the rules required quotation marks and a knowledge of sources. Such rules would have prevented, for instance, the public amazement of the reviewer who commented upon T. S. Eliot's great diversity of rhythm, and cited as an example of one mode the mellifluous line, "Sweet Thames, run softly till I end my song."

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THIS marvelous dictionary is especially commended to editors, and "like a bolt from the blue" came the reflection that it would be of inestimable value to the Drifter's colleagues, the editors of *The Nation*, in those hours just before press time when the news persists in pouring in. Suppose, for instance, that President Roosevelt has announced that henceforth marines will not be landed in any Latin American country. For the editor thoroughly familiarized with these 700 pages and 20,000 thoughts it would be a matter of minutes to compose the following rousing editorial:

Apparently the "Colossus of the North" intends no more to "chase brave employment with a naked sword throughout the world." Mr. Roosevelt might well be called the 'great corrector of enormous times.' But, alas, "Hell is paved with good intentions." "We grant, although he had much wit, he was very shy of using it" and unfortunately we cannot "take the will for the deed." "Justice," Mr. Roosevelt, "is truth in action." "The manly part is to do with might and main what you can do." knowing that "the reward of a thing well done is to have done it."

And incidentally, if the editors need a "snapper" with which to end their sometimes unfavorable comment on public men, the Drifter suggests the following: "All your better deeds shall be in water writ, but this in marble."

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IN order to help the cause of conversation by quotation the Drifter urges his readers to write their plays, novels, articles, and poems in the new medium—especially poems; and he will give a prize of one slightly used but excellently preserved quotation suitable for almost all occasions to the person who can give correctly the sources used in the paragraph above.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

The Youth Conference Again

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

It seems to me that Selden Rodman's article *Youth Meets in Washington*, printed in your issue of January 17, gives an entirely false impression of what happened at the National Conference of Students in Politics. I attended the conference as a neutral observer, and what I saw bore a very slight resemblance indeed to what Mr. Rodman reports.

The conference was called by a self-appointed executive committee, and that committee continued to rule to the end. It imposed on the discussion certain arbitrary restrictions which seemed to me and to many others both unwise and unnecessary. But what is of greater significance, it called the conference in the United States Chamber of Commerce building, and in order to obtain the use of that building it gave its pledge that no resolutions would be drawn and no program passed. This fact was not announced to the conference until the course of the discussion compelled the announcement.

But since the conference had already signified its desire to have a program, the chairman suggested a means of evading the promise to the building management, and his suggestion was adopted by a show of hands. It was that the executive committee be instructed to draw up a résumé of the sense of the meeting. Persons in the group who wished to protest were not permitted to speak, and no opportunity was given to elect a new committee from the body of the conference. The chairman's suggestion was adopted by a conference which had not been allowed to hear any discussion of it. When, on the following day, the committee read its résumé and then promptly adjourned the conference without permitting discussion or putting it to a vote, certain N. S. L. men protested, I think quite justly, and there was a tense minute when violence seemed imminent—perpetrated, paradoxically enough, by the Socialist delegates in their frantic efforts to silence a protesting Communist.

But just when emotion was running at its highest, there entered the room an emissary from President Roosevelt, bearing greetings and fatherly blessings. The meeting was called to order, and all protesters politely stopped speaking. The conference broke up with every outward sign of peace.

In all this I can see no grounds for reproaching the N. S. L. Its delegates seemed to me to observe all the niceties of gentlemanly behavior; they certainly had every reason to feel resentful at the treatment they received from the committee. In this case I am afraid it was the L. I. D. and Mr. Rodman who attempted to "capture" the meeting, and not the N. S. L.

New York, January 11

VARIAN FRY

In Memory of "Marse Henry"

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

December 22, 1933, marked the twelfth anniversary of the death of Colonel Henry Watterson, who, if alive today, would have rejoiced at the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment, and who would have been saddened by the recrudescence of lynchings. "The public," said *The Nation* of August 17, 1918, "ought never to forget his [Henry Watterson's] steadfast, life-long opposition to protective tariffs, his brave resistance to Ku Kluxism when it was perilous to denounce it, and his outspoken warnings against the government of America by imperialists, militarists, and great business interests entrenched through special privilege—warnings never so much in order as today when the men-

ace of Prussianism is upon us. . . ." If we substitute the word Hitlerism for Prussianism, the editorial statement of *The Nation* is brought up to date.

Upon this occasion of the anniversary of "Marse Henry's" death, we can turn profitably to the writings of one who in his day formulated constructive, far-reaching social and political programs and urged them unceasingly.

New York, December 30

LOUIS MARDER

Finance

Wall Street Plays 'Possum

THE large brokers who dictate the policies of the Stock Exchange have at last been brought to the realization that expediency requires them to lay off pools for the time being. They have been led to adopt this policy of self-denial by the growing public demand for stringent regulation of the stock markets and by the mounting evidence that the Administration was apparently prepared to demand legislation establishing such control. The stupid bungling which allowed the petty operation in Atlas Tack to explode in a burst of unfavorable publicity just prior to the convening of a hostile Congress was the final spur.

The present market illustrates the extent of the Street's self-sacrifice. When the President's proposed monetary legislation was announced, the market was prepared for a substantial rise. While the measure gave some encouragement to the bond market it was interpreted as particularly stimulating to stock equities. Prices responded with the expected rise. Also many of the standard business indexes on which speculation is based have been showing moderate improvement, and outside buying has returned to the Exchange in greater volume than at any time since last July.

But for probably the first time in its history Wall Street has so far failed to respond to these inviting opportunities with the usual large-scale pool operations. Some large pools in the process of organization have been persuaded to withhold their operations and in others, where opportunities for pool manipulation normally would be enticing, there have been no takers pending a more favorable trend in public and governmental opinion. While the daily volume of transactions on the Exchange has mounted to around three million shares, informed opinion in Wall Street is that prevailing conditions would permit a much larger volume of trading if unrestricted pool operations, such as existed as recently as last July, were resumed. The difference between three- and four-million-share days and five-, six-, and seven-million-share days is what makes the pool so dear to Wall Street's heart.

The present situation is without precedent in the recent attempts of the Exchange to expand control over its members. For years the authorities of the Exchange stoutly denied the possibility of large-scale manipulation of stock prices. Not until last August was the Exchange compelled to admit that undesirable activities might occasionally break out. But the metaphysical line of separation which the Exchange draws between "legitimate" and "undesirable" pools automatically bars it from interfering formally with the large pool characteristic of the usual market operation. Consequently, the absence of important manipulation in the present market, whether at the suggestion of the Exchange or through caution on the part of operators, is a product of expediency rather than of internal regulation.

There appears to be a significant relationship between this unusual willingness of brokers to forgo immediate profits and a pronounced shift in sentiment in Wall Street on the outlook

for federal regulation. During November and December, when it was subject to continual attacks through the revelations in Washington, Wall Street was resigned to the prospect of federal control of one type or another and was devoting all its energies to making that type as innocuous as possible. At the present time the Street is taking a much more optimistic view of its status in Washington. The feeling is prevalent that federal legislation either will be postponed until some indefinite future date or will be of a nature unlikely seriously to embarrass Wall Street activities.

At any rate, the Exchange has been careful to avoid publicizing the present absence of pool operations. In contrast to past attempts at "reform," when harmless measures were widely advertised while the essential practices of the market continued unchecked, the Exchange in this instance has concentrated public attention on steps taken to tighten restrictions on the financial practices of companies listed on its board. Although of value in themselves, these measures are quite apart from the present question of internal regulation. The frantic haste with which President Whitney recently repudiated newspaper articles on an impending propaganda campaign by the Exchange is symptomatic of its anxiety to avoid the appearance of influencing public opinion at a time when its whole effort is in reality toward that goal. Pools have been mentioned only in the Exchange's official whitewash of the manipulation in alcohol stocks last year and in its admission, at the Atlas Tack hearings, that the use of questionnaires on pool operations, which proved so barren of result in that instance, would be expanded in the future. An error of strategy obviously would be committed if the Exchange were to go on record against pool operations as a whole, since a commitment now might prove highly embarrassing if a resumption of these activities should become feasible at some future time.

PETER HELMOOP NOYES

THE PUPPET-SHOW ON THE POTOMAC By RUFUS DART II



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Books and Drama

Winter Revery

By SARA BARD FIELD

Now let the garden sleep.
Bank the red coals of your impatience
Under the ash of prunings and raked leaves
And swing your eager glance
By the late-rising, early-setting sun's
Short and remoter arc. This is no hour to sweep
The quiet self-sufficient dark with flame.
Earth has forgotten fire, to light indifferent grown.
Night and the North alone attend her now.
Colder than ocean, cold as stone her blood,
Her pulses slow in long, libational rhythms.
Therefore if you would haunt the leafless paths,
Ally, not alien, go in winter's way:
Not one superfluous candle in your eyes,
Nor heat of haste searing the ground with footprints.
Rather in shoes heavy with gathered snow
Or padded with thick cling of sodden leaves,
Your breath a cloud of chilly vapor,
Drift through the barren quiet like a sleepy mist
That coldly mingles with an austere dream.

Wanted: An Attitude

PERHAPS nothing seems more out of fashion than a book that was read by everyone ten years ago; in one sense it seems more ancient than a Victorian novel and infinitely more outmoded than a hearty survivor from the eighteenth century. So much for such best-sellers as "Black Oxen," which is now superseded by "The Good Earth" and "Anthony Adverse," but what of those items that we regarded as literature, that were as necessary to our education as a grasp of the binomial theorem or the demonstrations of Euclid? Not to read Edward Carpenter's "Love's Coming of Age," Shaw's "Unsocial Socialist," Anatole France's "The Queen Pedauque," and Flaubert's "Temptation of St. Anthony" was a confession of indifference to the best in contemporary culture; these were the means of self-education by which one created a standard for further reading and a discussion of "modern" problems.

These very titles, however, are among those dropped by the Modern Library for 1934 publication; obviously they are omitted because they no longer sell even as reprints in moderately priced editions. It is hard to say that this omission proves anything concerning a rise in public taste, or that the substitution of "The Good Earth" and "God's Little Acre" indicates the reverse. Nor does it mean that the continued popularity of "Das Kapital" on the Modern Library list proves that half of America is about to vote the Communist ticket in the next election. Yet it does show, I think, that public taste has turned a sharp corner and that our notions of what is good to read have undergone a definite change.

The Modern Library, as I have seen it, has always represented a shrewd compromise between the current best-

seller and the book that was likely to educate the public in what it wanted to know. It is perhaps the only successful example in America of publishing books directly for the consumer, of giving him at a cut rate books that he wishes to read and own. All other successful publishing ventures have another purpose in mind, that is to say, they advertise and market books so as to make them attractive as gifts. Therefore the Modern Library has a special function and as an index of popular thinking has specific relevance.

The omission of such important items as "Love's Coming of Age" and "The Unsocial Socialist" does not indicate that we have wearied of sex or economics, but that we have shifted our attitude toward two vital subjects. Ten years ago we were happy and, perhaps, excited to know that a frank discussion of sexual experience was possible in print. A knowledge of that experience by means of the printed page was considered essential to general education; such knowledge and the free discussion of it were the mark of sophistication, but it was not essential to have a fixed attitude concerning it. To know the jargon of the experience was quite enough, and if one could pass from Carpenter to Freud a victory was gained. In fiction Anatole France represented the ease with which a minor sexual episode might be treated, and open discussion of the subject could take on lighter aspects. Something of the same sophistication was demanded in the matter of economics; the attractive element in Shaw's Fabianism lay in his ability to write about economics in the form of novels, prefaces, or plays. Again there was no necessity to make up one's mind concerning socialism; it was enough to know that economic forces existed, that they interfered with our love affairs and the quality of the food we ate for dinner.

Today it is no longer possible to drift happily upon a stream of such broadness and indecision. If we are inclined to speak of sexual experience at all, our position concerning it becomes more important than the mere fact that we have read about it; and if we speak of economics we are likely to think of such forces in absolute terms, involving problems of right and wrong. Even our notions of free speech are becoming modified to suit our temper, the choice of subject is now given a moral aspect, and for approval of our changing habits we witness a revival of nineteenth-century virtue in "Little Women," reread fragments of Karl Marx, and respond to the Biblical intonations heard again in the earnest, heavily stylized prose of "The Good Earth."

HORACE GREGORY

Objet d'Art

Work of Art. By Sinclair Lewis. Doubleday, Doran and Company. \$2.50.

THE division of Mr. Lewis's work into satires and biographical romances has been obvious ever since the publication of "Arrowsmith." What is becoming apparent through his most recent novels is that there is a distinction of another kind gradually separating these two classifications, a distinction of quality. The books in the latter group are not Mr. Lewis's most successful works, and "Work of Art," another biographical romance, is the poorest of these.

The chronicle of Myron Weagle's life as a hotel man is

related with all Mr. Lewis's usual care in documentation and editing. The value and scope of an apprenticeship begun in adolescence as a handy boy in a small, old-fashioned rural hotel and continued through the successive stages of bell-hop, cook, night clerk, clerk, manager, and vice-president of a hotel chain are fully demonstrated by sufficient examples. The requirements of a good bartender are made as clear as the distinction between running commercial houses in the nineties with either legitimate or shady traffic and the management of pasteboard contraptions for the St. Louis Exposition and Florida resorts where the bar is more important than the beds. There is an accurate indication of the day New York lobbies lost their gilt, and the potato penholder in places like the American House in Black Thread Center, Connecticut, was supplanted by gunshot. The influence of certain lady guests on a hotel-keeper's life is explicit; and Myron's marriage to a good girl from his home town is made inevitable.

But too many pages of "Work of Art" read like either a trade manual or a trade report, and too few read like a novel. Toward the end of the book the material does cease for a few chapters to bear the imprint of undigested research and becomes enlivened fiction. While the Perfect Inn is being built and destroyed Myron reaches human stature, and the use of extracts from his diary gives a needed, intensified impetus to the narrative. Yet at the end the story weakens again, and no amount of admiration for Myron's taste in cooking or conviction of Kansas's great need for such an art could arouse enthusiasm for the tale or the telling of it.

The biography suffers principally because none of Mr. Lewis's major talents are put at Myron's disposal. There are only the feeblest hints of an ability to evoke through the experiences of one character a huge social panorama. J. Hector Warlock, old Elphinstone, and Herbert Lammkin are barely perceptible from Mr. Lewis's stock of generalizations on the people a young hotel-keeper may meet, and in the precincts of kitchen, office, and front desk Myron finds no vivid world. Absent also is any full evidence of Mr. Lewis's extraordinary gift for dialogue, dialogue that at one and the same time creates, differentiates, and appraises characters, dialogue of the most literal and animated vernacular, surprising in its accuracy and fitness. Compared to the conversation of Mr. Schmaltz and his friend Mr. Babbitt, J. Hector's poker game and Mrs. Koreball's cocktail party sound like bad recording. Nor by tabulation and exposition has Mr. Lewis substituted a better method for making characters. The result is that no figure stands out here like Carol or Arrowsmith. None displays that especially adroit talent by which the author has made an individual and a type under the same identity. Myron is too often only synonymous with a John Doe who is following every course offered in a trade-school catalogue. When, three-quarters of the way through the book, he emerges an honor to his calling, well-trained and devoid of hokum, Mr. Lewis himself seems to realize that so far the career has hidden the man, and he sends him off about his more individual business—to the Perfect Inn, failure, and a quiet retreat in Kansas.

This, unfortunately, is as close to Myron, the man, as one gets, and still more unfortunately it is not close enough to make us accept him as the poet his creator would have him. He is, certainly, compared to Ora and salvation-by-Hollywood a restful figure, and his sober singleness of purpose and calm adaptability are sympathetic traits, but as he is left with these as the chief assets of his personality he does not make a deep impression. He is not canonized by either ridicule or romance. The sense of quest which Mr. Lewis in his other biographies has put in place of satire, the feeling that the sport is worth the candle, is precisely what he has omitted in "Work of Art."

FLORENCE CODMAN

Johnson's England

Johnson's England. Edited by A. S. Turberville. Oxford University Press. Two Volumes. \$14.

The Poems of Charles Churchill. Edited by James Laver. The King's Printers' Editions. The Viking Press. Two Volumes. \$12.50.

THE less one knows about the eighteenth century, the more convenient it is as a symbol. For that very reason some of the persons who refer to it most often will probably resist the invitation to read the two handsome and authoritative volumes edited by Professor Turberville and packed with detailed information. If, on the other hand, anyone really wants to know how, where, and under what conditions the Englishman of the period lived, there is probably no better way of finding out. G. M. Trevelyan contributes the general chapter on history, Osbert Sitwell and Mary Barton that on taste; but there are also twenty-five others by various hands which pretty well cover the physical, intellectual, and artistic life of the time. The amount of specific information is enormous; the generalizations relatively few and cautious. No one pretends that anything can be "summed up" in a phrase or an illustration, and the reader is likely to come away with the conviction that the eighteenth century, like every other time in human history, was, in the familiar phrase, "an age of contradictions and an age of change."

At one time or another most of us have been guilty of referring to what sometimes seems to be the orderly homogeneous culture attributed to Johnson and his contemporaries. Looking back, it often seems that the literary man especially was fortunate in having a clearly delimited field, and that an especial kind of perfection was possible then for the very reason that there was so little tendency to transcend the accepted bounds. We think of the writer as happily cultivating his garden while we are perpetually busy with the almost hopeless task of clearing the limitless wilderness of newly discovered facts and newly explored sensibilities. But in so far as the conception is true at all, the fact is due more to the attitude of the writer than to any lack of what we call progress in the various departments of human activity. Many men did, like Dr. Johnson, tend to regard the classical themes and the classical attitudes as the only ones with which a man of culture was bound to be familiar. Though Johnson, for example, amused himself with chemical experiments and though he did not, as Chesterfield did, warn his disciples against frittering away their time on natural curiosities, he certainly would have regarded science as a kind of knowledge infinitely less important than knowledge of Vergil. In other words, the cultivated man did not feel the same obligation which the cultivated man of today feels toward all the movements of thought; and some of the most characteristic writing of the period retains that Augustan flavor possible only to a literature of which the subject matter is narrowly defined. But that does not mean that there was anything static about the age as a whole. Important discoveries were being made in science, revolutionary political ideas filled the air, and, to take a single illustration, the growth of good roads was changing both the physical appearance of the country and the habits of the people.

One of the great virtues of the work under consideration is that it nowhere overemphasizes those figures or those characteristics which are responsible for the usual conception of the period, but launches forth into a detailed examination of the schools, the houses, the inns, the theaters, and the parks, and concerns itself no less with religion, science, politics, and economics than with literature. The result is fatal to any tendency to think of the century in simple terms, but it is also to make

it seem spiritually less remote. Johnson's contemporaries were certainly not living in a fixed or stable world. Except for certain literary purposes, they probably did not even think that they were.

As for Charles Churchill, whose works are elaborately edited and handsomely printed, with an extensive biographical study by James Laver, he is doubtless best remembered by Johnson's famous and just remark about the crab tree which could produce nothing but crabs though it deserved praise for at least bearing a large crop of them. Mr. Laver provides an excellent account of Churchill's far from edifying career, which might, indeed, be taken as an extended illustration of the less attractive side of eighteenth-century literary life. After beginning as a clergyman because he did not know how else to make a living, Churchill went to London, achieved an enormous success as a writer of something between literature and libel, formed an intimacy with Wilkes, and died of hard living less than four years after the beginning of his prosperity. Exemplifying the eighteenth century at very nearly its most brutal and most corrupt, his poems are what one might expect from such a mind and such a life. The famous *Rosciad* is certainly the best, but all are marked by vigor which approaches savagery and reckless satire which seems always upon the point of degenerating into mere scurrility. Yet Churchill is, after all, the last in the great line of eighteenth-century couplet writers. In the hands of the respectable poets, except for Cowper, the form had lost all fire. Churchill recaptured something of the fire, though certainly nothing of the polish, of Pope.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

Europe Before the War

Fifty Years of Europe. By J. A. Spender. Frederick A. Stokes Company. \$5.

IT would be difficult to overpraise Mr. Spender's survey of European history from 1871 to 1914. It ranks with Fay's volumes on "The Origins of the War" and with Brandenburg's masterly treatise "From Bismarck to the World War"; and it is desirable that French and German translations should appear as soon as possible. For the author is not only a patriotic Englishman but a good European, not only a great journalist but a historian and a judge. He has known many of the statesmen whose work he describes, and on British policy he speaks with the authority of an intimate friend of Grey. He is also quite at home in the vast ocean of official publications, as well as in the biographies and apologies of the protagonists. He is a master of arrangement, and his lucidity makes complicated issues plain. He never raises his voice, but we are none the less conscious throughout of his warm human interest in the peace and happiness of mankind.

It is a commonplace today that the causes of the World War must be sought not in the last five weeks of peace but in the decades that went before. The best starting-point is undoubtedly the creation of the German Empire, which ushered in the system that perished in 1914. Its main author was Bismarck; its main feature was the division of the Powers into rival groups; its cardinal doctrine was the supremacy of force. Mr. Spender tells the story of power-politics at its height, leading, as it was bound to lead, to a catastrophe. All the Powers played the perilous game with varying success. Bismarck, the greatest of experts, performed miracles of diplomatic skill; but his occasional habit of bludgeoning his opponents was a psychological blunder, and his treatment of defeated France was a costly mistake. "The main weakness of his policy," says Mr. Spender with perfect truth, "lay in its foundations. The idea of finding security for one nation in the per-

manent subjection and outlawry of another was in the long run doomed to failure." The policy of keeping France in quarantine was breaking down while the Iron Chancellor was still at the helm, and after his fall in 1890 it speedily collapsed. The first hundred pages are on the Bismarckian system and the Bismarckian era, and they are one of the best portions of the book.

When Bismarck was gone, his forceful methods were carried on by successors who lacked his skill and abandoned his saving principle of limited liability. "Holstein, the Kaiser, and Bülow were a trio of incomprehensibles to British statesmen: Holstein burrowing like a mole, Bülow performing on a tight-rope, and the Kaiser dancing about between the two, now currying favor with us as our best friend, now stabbing us in the back, and always improving the occasion to point the eternal moral that Germany was helpless without a big fleet." Of their mistakes in alienating England by the *Flottenpolitik*, and forcing England and France into an unwritten alliance, Mr. Spender writes with just severity. But he never for a moment falls back into the foolish and facile generalization current during the war and later that Germany was the one black sheep in a relatively well-behaved flock. It is one of the merits of the book that the author recognizes the immense and ever-increasing significance of Vienna in the last years of peace; he agrees with the majority of the experts that under Bülow and Bethmann Austria was the rider and Germany the horse. For the naval rivalry with England and the recurring disputes with France over Morocco called the Triple Entente into being and left the Kaiser with no alternative but to cling closely to his only dependable ally. At the very end of his long term of office Bülow began to realize the danger of the *Flottenpolitik*; but it was too late. The political morality of Germany was no worse than that of most of the other Powers, but her mistakes were numerous and irrevocable. In Mr. Spender's opinion French diplomacy was the most skilful, while the British record wins the prize for candor and rectitude.

The ultimate cause of the war was not the misdeeds of this or that country or statesman but "the system by which the nations dealt with one another in these years, and its total incompatibility with the good life desired by the vast majority of human beings." The last phase of the disintegration of an anarchical Europe is dated by Mr. Spender from the annexation of Bosnia in 1908, which divided the Continent sharply into two hostile groups, reopened the Eastern question, and was followed by the Tripoli and Balkan wars. The Agadir crisis of 1911 was a terrifying interlude in the West, but from 1908 onwards the main anxieties were found in the East. Mr. Spender emphasizes the importance of Conrad and his unceasing demand for preventive wars against hostile Serbia and disloyal Italy before Russia regained her fighting strength. The aged Francis Joseph desired to close his eyes in peace, but Berchtold was gradually won over to a policy of action. He was encouraged by a historic conversation with the Kaiser, in October, 1913, shortly after the conclusion of the Balkan wars. In speaking of the possibility that Serbia might resist the demands of Austria the Kaiser declared: "You may rest assured that I stand beside you and am ready to draw the sword whenever your initiative makes it necessary." Austria could count absolutely and completely upon him. Whatever came from the Vienna Foreign Office was a command for him.

Such words were enough to make Bismarck turn in his grave, for in creating the Dual Alliance in 1879 he desired to prevent and not to provoke a war with Russia. Berchtold had now the blank check in his pocket, and he could cash it whenever he liked. Russia was rapidly regaining her strength, and her encouragement of pan-Serb aspirations was becoming scandalously notorious. The Sarajevo murders provided the pretext; but Mr. Spender believes that in any case Austria would have struck out before very long. A life-and-death struggle

with Russia was regarded in both countries as virtually inevitable, and according to the bad old rules of the game it seemed best to fight while there was still a chance of victory. The volume ends with an argument that Grey did all that man could do to avert the catastrophe, and that when his efforts failed we had no choice but to enter the war. The moral of the tragic story is that the old cynical system of power-politics led inevitably to war, and that unless we trample it under our feet it will do so again.

G. P. GOOCH

The Southwest and Its People

Mesa Land. By Anna Wilmarth Ickes. Houghton Mifflin Company. \$3.

MESA LAND" is a book many people have been waiting for these several years. Most of the material in it has been handled elsewhere, and more than once, but nowhere has it all been so thoroughly collected, sifted, and compacted into uniformity. At no time has the average reader been able to get through the country, described competently, with less than three to five volumes. "Mesa Land" is that country which is contained between the Rio Grande and the Rio Colorado east and west, the high knot of the Rockies on the north and the Mexican border on the south—a land of vast flat levels and knife-cut gorges, a land of explicit, unrivaled topographies and distinctive alien cultures. And incidentally, of the most unique and dramatic histories.

Mrs. Ickes begins her account of it with a chain of tinkling incident, color, and form—cave dwellings, ruined pueblos, racketing rivers, camel herds, tribal ceremonies—and so drops into the history of its various peoples, from the long walk of Cabeza de Vaca to the latest artistic invasion. It includes scamped but reliable accounts of the investigations of Fray Marco de Niza, adequate mention of Coronado, of Espejo, of De Sosa and the town he ran away with, of the founding of Santa Fé by Oñate, the rebellion of Popé, and the final reconquest by De Vargas, and enough of modern mention to carry the story of Santa Fé down to the present hour with intelligence and, for so short an account, with great clearness. Mrs. Ickes does not, however, begin her history of the Indians with the oldest tribes; rather, indeed, with the youngest, the Navajo, who came into the country not much ahead of the Spaniard and goes far to outstrip him in bids for our attention. The Navajos not only have increased their numbers more rapidly than any existing tribe, but have also outstripped all the others in the manner in which they have taken on the white man's salient trait of material progress and made of themselves another of the contributive peoples in the great American medley. Mrs. Ickes gives a complete and enlightening account of the Navajo and his ways, but she does not go very deeply into his psychology and so fails to be prophetic as to the final outcome of his singularly successful struggle with the white environment.

The author of "Mesa Land" goes more deeply into the past of the Pueblo groups, and more descriptively into the living constitution of the Pueblo peoples. Her account of the dead cities is interesting and more complete than is usual in a book of this character, and her discourse on the living pueblos includes a page diagram of tribal and linguistic relationships which should prove helpful to the tourist first venturing in that singular melange of primitive peoples. The general account of these people is more explicit and has none of the popular errors that characterize most accounts of the Southwestern groups. More attention is given to the older groups, the Zuñi and Hopi peoples. There are careful accounts of the social organization of these singular and slowly disappearing tribes, in particular, the Shaliko and the Stick Race of the Zuñi and the

Snake Dance of the Hopi. These are followed by shorter accounts of the Rio Grande Pueblos, carefully particularized.

The volume closes with a note on the snake and the eagle as these appear in the universal lore of the Southwestern tribes, including an interpretative note on their relationship to natural phenomena, such as the track of the lightning and the fecundating powers of storm and rain. At all points the book is thoroughly reliable, and the author at no point exceeds her knowledge in her interpretations. It gives rise to the question whether the wife of any other Cabinet official could write so soundly on any of the subjects that come under her husband's control. This is the most important and faithfully written guidebook of the region described that has yet come under the reviewer's notice.

MARY AUSTIN

Shorter Notices

L'Affaire Jones. By Hillel Bernstein. Frederick A. Stokes Company. \$2.50.

Like his hero, Mr. Bernstein is a "grand ami de la France" who has been slightly disconcerted by the Frenchman's habit of introducing Verdun and *la patrie* into conversations where, to the non-Gallic mind, they do not seem to belong. His reply is a rollicking satirical farce about a young man who came to Paris to write a cookbook, soon found himself imprisoned as a dangerous spy, and fell in love with a woman to whom the *crime passionnel* had become a habit. While not exactly esoteric, the book will probably be most amusing to those who know something of the manners of the concierge and the garçon; to such it is certain to afford a great many chuckles. Soglow contributes a jacket and end pieces beautifully in the spirit of the satire.

Nature and Nurture. By Lancelot Hogben. London: Williams and Norgate. 6s. 6d.

In striking contrast to the glib distortions of history and biology by eugenists who ascribe the rise and fall of civilizations to the permutations of human heredity, Dr. Hogben, who is professor of social biology at the University of London, recognizes the sharp demarcation between cultural and biological inheritance and conceives the study of human genetics in terms of medical research. Outspoken on the limitations of present knowledge of human heredity, he is none the less sanguine that it will soon be possible to construct a chromosome map of the human species—a project which would have been regarded as fantastic a few years ago and may still be a premature expectation. As many as thirty incurable diseases are, however, now known to be determined by genes whose existence is established by quantitative agreement with the requirements of Mendel's laws. This does not lead the author to the formulation of rash generalizations and eugenic panaceas in terms of heredity. On the contrary, in his extremely able discussion of nature and nurture he stresses the fact that the same gene may be responsible for many and various manifestations, depending upon the kind of environment in which its development occurs, and that the effect of a gene depends on all other genes with which it is combined. He declares, opposing the vociferous eugenists, that simple primary amentia is a sociological not a clinical category; that the prevalence of mental defects is less of a menace to the survival of culture than the selfishness, apathy, and prejudice which prevent intellectually gifted people from understanding the character of the present economic crisis. The major part of the book deals in a highly statistical manner with the application and limitation of the principle of random mating, with consanguineous parentage and the theory of inbreeding, and with a genetical analysis of familial diseases: it is thus a rich

□ JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH says □

AH, WILDERNESS! Guild Theater. O'Neill's nostalgic comedy about a youth who discovers love and poetry together. Made doubly effective by the performance of George M. Cohan.

AS THOUSANDS CHEER. Music Box. The best musical review of the year with Clifton Webb, Leslie Adams, Helen Broderick, and Marilyn Miller in a series of acid but amusing sketches.

BIG HEARTED HERBERT. Biltmore Theater. J. C. Nugent and Elisabeth Risdon in a broad but funny farce about the taming of a self-made man.

COME OF AGE. Maxine Elliott's Theater. Reviewed in this issue.

DAYS WITHOUT END. Henry Miller's Theater. O'Neill's latest and much discussed play which may or may not prove that he is ready for conversion to the Catholic Church. Splendidly produced and acted, but not likely to seem very significant to those not religiously inclined.

HER MASTER'S VOICE. Plymouth Theater. First-rate specimen of Clare Kummer's very special kind of wit with Roland Young and Laura Hope Crews.

MARY OF SCOTLAND. Alvin Theater. Helen Hayes and Philip Merivale give fine performances in Maxwell Anderson's play. The biggest dramatic hit of the moment but one which left me a little cold.

MEN IN WHITE. Broadhurst Theater. Fine teamwork on the part of the members of the Group Theater helps to make this play about a young doctor one of the things which must not be missed.

PEACE ON EARTH. Civic Repertory Theater. Propaganda play about the next war, in which the workers strike and a young college professor gets framed for murder. Drawing special but enthusiastic audiences which evidently do not agree with me that the play is quite uninspired.

SHE LOVES ME NOT. Morosco Theater. Mad doings at Princeton which involve the efforts of some high-minded students to rescue a not too innocent maiden in distress. Much the funniest farce of the year.

THE FIRST APPLE. Ritz Theater. Irene Purcell contributes much charm to a fragile but amusing comedy about—first apples.

THE GREEN BAY TREE. Cort Theater. Absorbing psychological drama about a young man who cannot give up luxury for love. Shares with "Men in White" the first place on the list of dramas.

THE PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS. Avon Theater. Spicy and more or less historical comedy about a young Austrian who finds bundling one of the pleasantest of the new freedoms in Revolutionary New England.

THE LAKE. Avon Theater. Katharine Hepburn in an English tragedy which came highly recommended. Neither the play nor the star quite up to expectations.

TOBACCO ROAD. 48th Street Theater. Superb performance by Henry Hull in a grotesquely humorous play about total depravity exhibited by the poor whites of Georgia. Dramatized from a novel by Erskine Caldwell and not likely to be forgotten even by those who find it a little too strong for their stomachs.

fare reserved for initiated specialists. Finally, after a skilful critique and refutation of Fisher's attempt to show the unimportance of nurture in the determination of stature, he warns of the danger of concealing assumptions which have no factual basis behind an impressive façade of flawless algebra, an admonition which has particular pertinence when applied to the work of the biometricians.

George Washington Himself. By John C. Fitzpatrick. The Bobbs-Merrill Company. \$3.50.

This book is a defense of George Washington from the imputations of all previous biographers. As one reads it, one feels that Dr. Fitzpatrick should not have bothered his mind quite so much with the criticisms of Washington which other writers have made. Dr. Fitzpatrick has a tremendous veneration for George Washington, and he succeeds in winning the reader over to an interpretation of Washington as a person of quiet charm and of great force. More than that could not be accomplished for any hero, and it is a pity that Dr. Fitzpatrick did not concentrate more on his own portrait instead of harping so much on those of others who, he feels, were less accurate and less appreciative. The George Washington whom Dr. Fitzpatrick portrays would never have bothered so much with biographical critics as his defender does. Occasionally Dr. Fitzpatrick commits the error of those he condemns by drawing from a document an unwarranted conclusion which he would like it to justify, but he is too much of a scholar to do this without qualification. Another flaw in his book is his intense hatred of Great Britain and the British which he may have tried to hide, but without success. It does not make us trust his book to find his impartiality sometimes put to rout by his prejudices. Congress, Massachusetts generally, and the Adams family particularly are among Dr. Fitzpatrick's dislikes, and he makes very little effort to interpret or even to understand the point of view of any of Washington's opponents or even of those who differed from him only slightly. He prefers to assume that Congress, John Adams, and Thomas Jefferson were devices of the devil manufactured for the purpose of plaguing his hero, Washington.

The Dance

The Persistence of Ballet

WACHTANG CHABUKANI and his partner, Vecheslova, made a surprising debut at Carnegie Hall. These initial Soviet artists were accorded a welcome as stormily enthusiastic and as innocently confused as their own dances. An audience dedicated to the cordial purpose of a bright red welcome did not allow the curious obsolescence of what was seen on the stage to deter their bravos for a second. And they were quite right. Such dancing, that is, such dance-training, such physical education, has not been seen in New York since 1916. Chabukani can do anything the mind of an imaginative choreographer could design. It is a great pity no such choreographer was forthcoming to use those unstaggered great leaps, those flattening turns, and above all the huge side jump, when he landed on one long length of knee and leg as easily as air. Lunacharsky was firm about preserving the indigenous forms of art that were the Soviets' inheritance from the Empire. The wonderful Russian training for ballet is healthily intact. The Russians are still, without a doubt, the greatest dancers in the Western world.

But this conservation of a school without any interest in its aesthetic use is sad. Ballet in modern Russia is not even

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the old ballet of thirty years ago, the long miracle of Petipa's variations before Fokine's dawn. It is a new kind of taste, now a Soviet chic, of which Chabukani generously partakes. Bumptious, with a vocabulary of gesture as limited as an acrobat's, fresh, naive as a night-club dancer, his numbers were well calculated to give pleasure to the simple masses of the new democracy. The old despots created a taste of such rich perfection, such lavish reference, that they paid for it with their lives. Factory workers, soldiers, and peasants have passed upon these later dances and found them perfect. The only standards to which they testify are perfect technique and good clean fun. But Russia is safe. The "art" end of it will come in time. With such instruments as Chabukani a new Russian ballet is more than possible; it is inevitable. The only question is the interval of time.

In this interval the white Russian refugees in Paris have been taking care of the "art" end of it. And often one is inclined to wish they had not. The Monte Carlo Ballet has been having an equivocal success in New York. This has been absent-mindedly attributed to the frank remarks of our most distinguished dance critic, John Martin of the *New York Times*. Mr. Martin needs no defense from anyone. His rich information and love of dancing have kept a large, eager public expectant for dancing. No, the Monte Carlo Ballet has not repeated its huge London success for good reasons, not for bad ones.

In the first place, it is a company of an interregnum. The old stars of the Diaghileff company, the backbone of this organization, work too hard. Nine times a week is ruinous for anyone. The younger members are uneven. The troupe is without any real spirit save a commercial one. Its finest male dancer, Yurek Shablevsky, is effaced in the corps de ballet. A feeling of insecurity, uneasiness, and distrust pervades even the stage. The repertory is not entirely interesting. Of some historical interest are the numbers taken from the Diaghileff repertory. But this brings up a serious question as to the wisdom of repeating masterpieces without the equivalent dancers of their original creation. "Petrushka" without Nijinsky and Karsavina is not unthinkable, but on second sight, there is a blur, a paler impression, and one unfairly blames the program for an impossible lack of excellence. "Igor" was well danced even in front of the faded scenery, and "Les Sylphides," in spite of the fact that the company has no first-rate male dancer in the classical line, it is always a privilege to see again.

It was a major error on the part of the management to imagine that a New York audience was backward. While we have not seen much ballet lately, so much painting and music have come our way from Paris in the last ten years that the addition of some dancing is not necessarily an alleviation. "Les Presages" failed, not because it was not understood, but because its nightmare tastelessness was understood too well. "The Beach" had little success, not because it was so daring, but because it was an antique of 1933. New York is a far less snobbish audience than Paris, and though not yet as fanatic as London for dancing, it has often the healthy unimpressed accuracy of the pages of *Variety*. The Monte Carlo Ballet has one crippling lack—a guiding hand, a correlating force, a restraining taste, an energy behind it dominated by a passion for dancing. Perhaps Diaghileff lost his dominance in the last years, but it is something to think on that the only trace of policy in the only ballet company in the Western Hemisphere comes from Diaghileff five years after his death. Such a momentum as he started twenty-five years ago does not easily slow down.

The one single popular success was "La Concurrence," with fine danceable music by Auric, costumes as sunny as a parade by Derain, and the touching and witty dances of Georges Balanchine. Ironic, solid, and consecutive, it is the only new ballet so far given here which shows a respect for the given material in terms of what it is possible for the dancers to

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However moderately the Monte Carlo Ballet is received, the principal thing to consider is that ballet, against the wishes of all dilettante "group dancers" and self-expressers, is not dead. It is very much alive. It is the basis, in the West at least, of stage dancing. It remains the rejectable alternative, like academic anatomy for the sculptor or painter, logic for the philosopher, and finger-exercises for the pianist. Ballet is not something one can dismiss by saying, "I've seen the Monte Carlo Ballet and I don't like ballet." It exists in spite of one's likes or dislikes. The uses to which it is accidentally put are something else again. For this reason it is very satisfactory to know that America at last has the possibility of gaining a complete education in dancing with ballet as a basis and a permanent company as its focus. The School of the American Ballet, under M. Balanchine, offers to any interested person all the perfected materials of a dancer's craft. The school is truly national and in a short time will offer another proof of the vitality of a four-hundred-year-old form.

The ritual of classical dancing is as flexible and effective as the staged ceremonies of a religious utility. The exercises which are its basis are entirely functional—to develop the greatest potential of an extended human silhouette, to release the body into a motion, precise, brilliant, and capable of repetition. It is designed entirely from the point of view of an audience in relation to dancers on the stage. LINCOLN KIRSTEIN

Drama

Two Strange Plays

"COME OF AGE," Clemence Dane's new play at the Maxine Elliott Theater, is based upon an odd and perhaps too elaborate fancy. The author has imagined that the poet Chatterton, regretting his premature suicide, made a bargain with death, and that he was, accordingly, reincarnated as a young man of today in order that he might learn something of "life" before he was compelled to leave it for good. As one might expect, "life" is assumed to be an unhappy affair of the heart, and so the poet, reborn, dies once more after he has suffered disillusion at the hands of a woman.

Judith Anderson plays, with considerable virtuosity, the role of the lady whose affections are genuine though unstable. Stephen Haggard, a young Englishman hitherto unknown to Broadway, also gives a very good account of himself as the hero—even though he is, perhaps, just a shade too romantically young, just a fraction too starry-eyed and tremulous of voice. Yet despite moments of charm and others quite genuinely moving, the play never seems entirely to justify its own pretensions. Everything about it is elaborately artificial. Sometimes the dialogue falls into tripping rhyme, often the action is accompanied by a musical score very pleasing in itself. But one has always the feeling that there ought to be either more matter or less art, and in the absence of the former we get only something a bit too near to mere preciosity. There is little beyond the playwright's word to make us believe that her modern young man is really the poet reincarnated. We see him dead in his eighteenth-century garret and we hear his dialogue with Death. But when he reappears at a cocktail party in modern London he seems to bring very little of his old self with him, and it is not easy to remember that his adventure with a contemporary vamp is supposed to mean more than it seems to mean. Perhaps that, indeed, is the best explanation of the fact that "Come of Age" remains always a little weak. Its story is common-

place at bottom, and neither highly literary writing nor the unconvincing pretext that it is about a great poet can make it seem less thin than it is.

Charles Robinson's "Mahogany Hall" (Bijou Theater) is another curiosity but of a very different sort. One may safely guess that it was written before "Sailor, Beware!" of which Mr. Robinson is coauthor, and one would merely dismiss it with a smile were it not for the fact that it is obviously written with the deadly seriousness of the very young. The theme is the theme of the noble prostitute, but Mr. Robinson's drama goes all the similar plays from "Camille" to "Rain" several better. He asks us to believe not merely in one soiled lily but in a whole bawdy house full of pure if unfortunate girls, and he leaves behind the general impression that the typical tart (the word, used with great bitterness, is his) will be found on close acquaintance to embody all the Victorian virtues. No wonder there is a young man hanging about to abduct little Tangie into respectability, or that Madam has had much difficulty in preserving her personnel intact, for Mahogany Hall is obviously the place where any discerning young man would go to look for a wife. Even the bartender is a kindly soul and the piano-player a starving genius whose plight, one is glad to see, touches the somewhat calloused heart of the proprietress herself. It is not strange that "Sailor, Beware!" should be a successful burlesque if Mr. Robinson can be so funny without even trying. Incidentally, it would be interesting to see Olga Baclanova in a good play. She comes to this one straight out of "Murder at The Vanities."

"Wednesday's Child" (Longacre Theater) ought to be better than it is. It deals with divorce as seen through the eyes of a sensitive child and is written with a sincerity considerably more effective than that of the piece just discussed. Nevertheless, I found it too consistently according to expectations to be profoundly interesting. When a play deals with distressing events, one quite rightly asks a good deal more by way of compensation than one would otherwise demand. "Wednesday's Child" hardly gives enough.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

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Contents

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS	141
EDITORIALS:	
The NRA's Fever Chart	144
War Words in the East	145
LaGuardia to Date	146
CARTOON: SOMETHING WRONG WITH THE SET. By Low	147
ISSUES AND MEN. JOSEPH B. EASTMAN, COORDINATOR.	
By Oswald Garrison Villard	148
SPAIN: VIVA LA REPUBLICA! By Anita Brenner	149
REVOLUTION IN COLORADO. By Frank Clay Cross	152
CHISELERS AT WORK AND PLAY. By Paul Y. Anderson	154
THE MILK TRUST GETS THE CREAM. By Alexander Kendrick	155
NEW SHAPES FOR AUTOMOBILES. By Douglas Haskell	157
IN THE DRIFTWAY. By the Drifter	158
CORRESPONDENCE	159
BOOKS, FILMS, DRAMA:	
A Night in Late Winter. By Isidor Schneider	161
The Comic Genius of Dickens. By Lionel Trilling	161
Insanity and Heredity. By David Beres	162
Aristocratic Verse. By Eda Lou Walton	162
Palmer Turns State's Evidence. By Oswald Garrison Villard	163
The Survival of Poor-Law Standards. By Paul H. Douglas	163
George Lewes. By Franklin Gary	164
Shorter Notices	164
Films: Toward the Next War. By William Troy	166
Drama: And So to Bed. By Joseph Wood Krutch	167
CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE	168

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WITH THE PASSAGE of the President's gold bill events are expected to move rapidly toward definite devaluation and the creation of a machine to handle the government's two-billion-dollar stabilization fund. The most pressing problems created by these monetary maneuvers are international. The purpose of the stabilization fund is admittedly to check any appreciation of the dollar on the foreign exchanges, just as the purpose of the British Exchange Equalization Account is to hold down the value of the pound. It is hinted that some effort is even now under way to reach an agreement on dollar-sterling stabilization. It is to be hoped that this is true. If some such step is not taken, and taken promptly, it is hard to see how a disastrous monetary war can be averted. To hold the dollar down to a sixty-cent level, which is apparently the President's intention, will necessitate heavy purchases of gold and foreign currencies, while England presumably will be making every effort by similar means to prevent a result which would produce a pound worth about \$5.30. A cheap dollar has obviously a deflationary effect on world prices and one which will be both resisted and resented in Europe. We may expect retaliation through currency depreciation and additional barriers to trade in the form of tariffs and quota restrictions. The only alternative is the prompt negotiation of an agreement with England to stabilize at a level reason-

ably satisfactory to both. That this will involve some measure of sacrifice on the part of each is not to be doubted. The hope is that both nations will soon see that immediate competitive advantage is not as important as international stability, the restoration of confidence, and an end to the devastating methods of economic warfare now in use between countries that profess friendly political relations.

AFTER MONTHS of inaction Attorney-General Cummings has decided to proceed against the aluminum trust. He has publicly declared his belief that the Mellon-controlled Aluminum Company of America is "a monopoly, at least in the producing field." That it is in fact the most perfect and complete monopoly in the country hardly needs argument. The late Senator Thomas J. Walsh was convinced of this. Upon accepting President Roosevelt's invitation to become Attorney-General, he informed close friends that he would take action at once against the aluminum trust and other monopolies. Nor would he have entered the contest unprepared, for he had devoted months to a study of the Aluminum Company. The Mellon interests doubtless were relieved when Senator Walsh's death was announced. They have shown in recent months by their attitude toward the proposed NRA code for the aluminum industry that they still consider themselves above the government. They would write their own code since no one else had any significant interest in the industry. The NRA was apparently disposed to accept this point of view, and for a time at least was insisting only that the code contain the safeguards for labor set forth in Section 7-a of the Recovery Act. The few independent fabricators in the industry fought back, however, and as a result the code is still in the formative stage. Unhappily, the independents themselves are divided. Those who import their raw materials from abroad do not want to be required to make known their production costs either to their smaller rivals or to the trust. But whatever happens to the aluminum code, it is gratifying to know that the Department of Justice has at last decided to move against the aluminum trust.

THE REPORT of the Administration's interdepartmental committee on the regulation of the security markets is a half-baked offering compounded of public-spirited intentions and some useful recommendations, but devoid of real substance. It opposes incorporation and all direct public regulation or control of the exchanges, but urges that they be licensed by the federal government. Through the power of a Federal Stock Exchange Authority to withhold or revoke these licenses it could indirectly control the methods of exchange operation. But the committee has sidestepped where it should have blazed a new trail. Speculation is the central evil of the security markets, and the unorganized "over-the-counter" markets are almost as large and important as the exchanges. The authors of the report have confined their proposals to the organized exchanges. The tools of speculation—margin buying, short selling, pool operations, and venal publicity, both in and out

of the exchanges—call for drastic limitation. The knotty and prickly question is: How can it be accomplished? The members of the committees have confessed inexcusable failure—considering the nature of their assignment—by laying all these problems on the door step of the proposed Federal Authority with only tentative suggestions as to how they should be met. The committee confesses that it “has not found any method of controlling” the unorganized markets. Its report has obviously been hurriedly rigged and launched on the troubled waters of a highly controversial subject with too much sail and too little ballast. It is to be hoped that the forthcoming reports of the Senate Banking Committee and the Twentieth Century Fund, both of which have been digging for facts for many months, will supply the missing weight and serve as the basis for intelligent and vigorous legislative action.

FURTHER CONFIRMATION of our “good neighbor” policy may be found in the recognition by the United States of the republic of El Salvador. In December 1931, its President, Araujo, was replaced by Vice-President Martinez, who has governed the country peaceably since that time. Pursuant to a report made by two State Department representatives, Jefferson Caffery and H. Freeman Matthews, the United States declined to recognize the new government on the ground that its origin had violated Article II of the Central American treaty of 1923, which, instigated by our State Department, sought to withhold recognition of any government born of revolution. That El Salvador had made a specific reservation to Article II, had in fact rejected it, was given no weight. The treaty, which has since been abandoned by both Costa Rica and El Salvador, is a relic of the policy of domination of our smaller neighbors carried on during the presidencies of Taft, Wilson, Harding, Coolidge, and Hoover. Secretary Hull is to be congratulated for throwing it into the discard. Another sign of a new deal for Latin America is the retirement from our foreign service, after relegation to Czecho-Slovakia, of Francis White, for some years head of the Latin American Division of the State Department, later Assistant Secretary of State, and recently an active candidate for the ambassadorship to Cuba. *Time* recently recorded that “Career-diplomat White . . . expected to be better off in a Manhattan banking house with South American business.” That would seem a logical continuation and culmination of Mr. White’s public service.

OPPOSITION to the Great Lakes-St. Lawrence waterway—as *The Nation* said in its issue of December 27—is in part, at least, a masked attack by the power interests of New York State. They are afraid that the electric development of the St. Lawrence River, which is part of the project, will break the monopoly upon which they have fattened unless they can maintain their control over distribution. It is too optimistic to say, as some have said, that the completion of the St. Lawrence project would automatically give the northeastern section of the United States a vast new source of cheap power. The Power Authority of the State of New York would be able to develop electricity, but under existing law it could not sell it direct to the consumer and hence could not dictate rates advantageous to him. For several years legislation has been sought at Albany giving municipalities the right to buy and distribute electricity, a

power which is essential if rates are to be controlled in the interest of the consumer. The Republican legislators, who their own party leader in the State charges are under the thumb of the utility companies, have repeatedly blocked the needed law. Last year with a small Democratic majority in the State Senate, Governor Lehman hoped to get an enabling bill through, but was betrayed by members of his own party. He has renewed his recommendation to the present session, and every member who fails to support the bill should be held personally responsible as an enemy of the peoples’ interests. Fearing that they cannot indefinitely boss the legislature at Albany, the utility companies have this winter made a flank attack at Washington, where they have tried to defeat the entire waterway project, although concealing their real purpose by basing their opposition nominally on navigational aspects of the scheme. A strong manifestation of public sentiment, both at Washington and Albany, is needed to obtain action of the right sort.

THE NON-AGGRESSION PACT signed by Germany and Poland has more significance than would appear at first glance. While it must be welcomed as a minor step toward stability and peace in Eastern Europe, it also must be recognized as endangering the French system of alliances. The principal allies of France—Poland and the Little Entente states—have maintained the most intimate military and political relations with Paris, for, so long as France remained the strongest military power on the Continent and the outspoken champion of the status quo created by the Treaty of Versailles, these countries naturally felt that their very existence depended upon French support. However, they have few commercial or other economic contacts with France; instead, they move within the German-Austrian-Hungarian economic orbit. If to this attraction of common economic interests should be added the fact that Germany has gained, or is gaining, the upper hand in a military sense, the eastern countries would be tempted as a matter of self-defense to come to terms with Berlin. That the trend in that direction has already started is indicated by the growing strength of the anti-French party in Bucharest, the increasing disposition of the Czecho-Slovakian government to take a more “reasonable” attitude toward the Hitler regime, the renewed talk in Little Entente capitals of the need for rapprochement among all Central and East European states, including Germany, and now by the peace treaty between Poland and Germany, two countries which have been enemies for years. It would be easy to overemphasize the present importance of these various developments, but they do at least show which way the wind is blowing in certain European capitals.

FRENCHMEN may not take politics more seriously than Americans but at least they take them more personally. Probably we are no less sensitive to the corruption of government by business than the French, but we are not given to equally vehement and immediate resentment. Thus Americans are at a loss to understand the agitation in France over the Stavisky revelations. We have had worse political-commercial scandals in this country in recent years—the dealings of Fall with Sinclair and Doheny, for instance—but there have been no riots in consequence. Possibly the strategy of the founding fathers in establishing the national

capital apart from the country's metropolis is one reason. Certainly our fixed term of office for elected executives is another. With the ministerial system, as in France, it is not only possible to force out unwanted officials at once, but it is practically necessary to do so if action is to be taken at all. Hence the reason for immediate and vociferous popular demonstrations. Stavisky was a Pole who several years ago was arrested for selling worthless securities. He escaped from the police in a way which led to some suspicion that his captors were not too keen to hold him. Nor did the subsequent failure to apprehend him show much zeal. When the municipal pawnshop at Bayonne failed recently and it turned out that Stavisky, under another name, had been managing it, he was again pursued, but either he committed suicide, as the police say, or, as others charge, he was shot by his captors to hush up further revelations. Anyhow, when Stavisky's dossier was sought for in the Ministry of Justice it was missing, and various officials in and out of the Cabinet were accused of having been too friendly with the swindler. Excitement rose in Paris and riots took place on the boulevards reminiscent of those twenty years ago when, on the eve of the World War, the wife of Joseph Caillaux shot the editor of *Le Figaro* to suppress impending personal and political disclosures. Premier Chautemps was not involved personally but had to resign in view of the prevailing lack of confidence in the political regime. Fascism has made little apparent headway in France to date, but in moments of public excitement there is always a chance of a sudden shift in opinion or of a coup d'état.

THAT LAWLESSNESS in high places breeds it in low is evident in California, which is now paying dearly for its long-continued imprisonment of Mooney and Billings on fabricated testimony and the recent declaration of its Governor in support of lynching. In the past year California has been quite as ruthless and brutal in denying elementary legal rights to striking workers as Alabama has been in refusing justice to Negroes. Employers and local-government officials have conspired to intimidate, attack, and throw into jail the leaders of various strikes among agricultural laborers, and the fact that the latter have been largely Mexicans, Japanese, and Filipinos has made it easy to practice such violence without serious rebuke from the majority of the citizens of the State. Perhaps the most flagrant instance has been the complete suppression of civil rights in the strike lately called by the Cannery and Agricultural Workers' Industrial Union among the lettuce pickers in the Imperial Valley. Not only has picketing been forcibly prevented but strikers have been clubbed, their property destroyed, their leaders jailed, and even their lawyers kidnapped. A. L. Wirin, attorney for the American Civil Liberties Union, was taken lately from a hotel in Brawley and beaten by a gang of vigilantes and county officials. Mr. Wirin had gone to Brawley to speak at a meeting planned to test the ban against such gatherings. The chief of police had prohibited the meeting but an injunction had been obtained from a federal court forbidding interference with it. Attorney-General Cummings has been asked to direct the federal District Attorney at Los Angeles to investigate the episode, and he cannot be too insistent in pursuing the leaders of this rebellion against national authority among the planters of the Imperial Valley and their sycophants in public office.

WHILE 30,000 STRIKING WORKERS picketed collieries in the hard-coal fields of Pennsylvania, seeking recognition of their independent United Anthracite Miners, the powerful organization which the insurgents have been fighting, the United Mine Workers of America, held its annual meeting at Indianapolis and studiously avoided any mention of the Scranton and Wilkes-Barre difficulties. Several delegates, it is true, went so far as to charge feebly that the rebel union had joined the coal operators in a plot to split the U. M. W., but discussion of the question was indefinitely postponed, and it was indicated that it would be zealously ignored. Meanwhile the strikers proposed an end to their walk-out, on one condition—that their union be granted the same modest rights as the old-line union. Officers of the U. M. W. refused to consider such a proposal and continued their policy of silence. The same attitude has been taken by the operators and the National Labor Board. The members of the independent union, finding their conciliatory efforts ignored, are daily growing more impatient, and violence is increasing. Recently there have been shootings and bombings and widespread disorder. The situation is rapidly approaching a crisis, and the continued non-recognition of from 30,000 to 50,000 miners is certainly not calculated to help.

IT IS NO NEW OBSERVATION that howls against interference in business go up only in those instances in which the government might conceivably make money for the public. A government-owned utility, shout the holding companies, kills private initiative and undermines investments. But we have never heard a business man criticize the Bureau of Standards for its interference in furnishing him with valuable and expert information; we have never heard a newspaper publisher criticize the Post Office for carrying his product at a loss; the Forest Service is practically never criticized for trying to repair some of the devastations of private business; and the Bureau of Mines, since 1910, has been quietly making mines safer for the workers without, so far as we know, a peep out of the mine owners. It is the admirable record of the Bureau of Mines, in fact, which inspires these remarks. The bureau was organized to discover and correct causes of explosions and other accidents in the country's mines. In the four years from 1907 through 1910, in which latter year the bureau was established, 2,123 persons were killed in explosions. From 1929 through 1932 only 714 persons were killed in such accidents, although the tonnage for the second four-year period was almost a million tons higher. Mining accidents in general have decreased from 2,788 per year in the first period to 1,720 in the second. Scott Turner, director, modestly feels that the bureau, through its experiments and its educational work, has had much to do with bringing about this great reduction in mine fatalities. For instance, many explosions are known to have been prevented in mines by the spreading through them of rock-dust, a device tested and recommended by the bureau. In the mining industry, as in many others, private initiative and intense competition have forced low production costs with resulting devastation of human resources. When will the public learn that economically and socially it would be more profitable for the government to prevent the destruction of resources than merely to act as Red Cross nurse in the cruel war for private profits?

The NRA's Fever Chart

FACTS are now sufficiently in hand for the closing weeks of last year so that a measurably accurate chart can be made of the NRA and the allied recovery program for 1933, or for the first seven months of its existence. It is a fever chart with many ups and downs and some not easily explainable developments, but a few prognostications seem already to be possible. First, it may be well to present the record in various respects:

Employment. Estimates of the number of unemployed when Mr. Roosevelt took office on March 4, last, vary from 13,000,000 on the part of the American Federation of Labor to 17,000,000 by the Alexander Hamilton Institute. There was some reduction in unemployment until the last part of 1933, when the tide turned back again slightly. In a summary early this year the A. F. of L. estimated that 1,800,000 persons who were out of work at the beginning of 1933 were reabsorbed in industry during the year. In addition, 4,600,000 found temporary jobs through the Public Works Administration, the Civil Works Administration, or the Civilian Conservation Corps. It is doubtful, though, if any persons in this second category should be regarded as legitimately reemployed. Certainly the expenditures for the CWA and the CCC are outright doles, and at least half the persons cared for were formerly on private or public relief rolls. In any event the A. F. of L. estimates that in November 10,702,000 workers still had no industrial employment. This represents a fifth of the country's normal wage-earning population, and it is evident that nothing satisfactory has been done yet in lessening unemployment, although much has been accomplished toward better relief of the unemployed.

Cost of Living. A great many mistaken ideas about changes in the cost of living have been circulated during the past year owing to confusing it with variations in prices of different sorts. Wholesale prices are not a direct indication of the cost of living, and retail prices are misleading when based on a limited group of the items that comprise the necessities of living for the average person. Probably the best figures on the cost of living are those issued for June and December of each year by the United States Bureau of Labor Statistics. They are based on average budgets for food, clothing, rent, household articles, fuel and light, and other items in thirty-two widely separated cities. Every item except rent increased in 1933, although not as much as many persons suppose. Taking the year 1913 as 100, the cost of living was 132.1 in December, 1932; 128.3 in June, 1933; 135 in December, 1933. This indicates that the cost of living was less last June than in December, 1932, but increased by 5.2 per cent between June and December of 1933. These figures correspond fairly closely with those of the National Industrial Conference Board, which estimates that the cost of living was 2.9 per cent higher in December, 1933, than in the same month of 1932, although it was 22.8 per cent less last December than in December, 1929. After rising steadily for some months, the cost of living declined 0.3 per cent last November and 0.6 per cent in December, indicating a temporary check to increasing prices.

Wages and Hours. The American Federation of Labor estimates that the average working week was shorter by four and a half hours at the end of 1933 than a year before. In regard to wages it says:

In wages there have been definite gains under codes for the lowest-wage groups; but workers of average or higher wages have been forced to a lower living standard. Hourly wage rates average higher by 5½ cents per hour, but in many cases this is not enough to compensate for shorter hours; and in no case is it enough to compensate for higher prices.

Workers' income in our sixteen chief producing and distributing industries averaged \$20.53 a week in November, 1932, and \$20.56 in November, 1933. Meanwhile, food prices are up 7 per cent and prices of clothing and furnishings are higher by 21 per cent, so that workers' real buying power is considerably lower. Millions who got jobs during the year are better off, but those who had jobs at more than a minimum wage have lost ground.

Mass buying power has gained during the year, partly from reemployment in industry and partly from jobs created by the government through PWA and CWA. Income of all workers in industry is 11.7 per cent higher at this year-end than last, a gain of about \$243,000,000 monthly.

PWA pay roll has added \$60,000,000 and CWA about \$240,000,000, so that workers' total buying power per month is above last year by \$543,000,000, or 26.4 per cent.

Farmers' Income. According to the *Consumers' Guide* of January 12, last, published by the Agricultural Adjustment Administration, the position of farmers improved appreciably in 1933, although not as much as had been hoped. Taking the average between 1910 and 1914 as 100, the prices which farmers paid for what they bought amounted to 101 on February 15, 1933, 117 on November 15, and 118 on December 15. The prices which they received for what they sold came to 49 on February 15, 1933, 71 on November 15, and 68 on December 15. The buying power of farm products was 49 on February 15, 1933, 61 on November 15, and 58 on December 15. This shows some net gain, although with an unfortunate decline toward the end of 1933.

Business Activity. The Federal Reserve agent in New York has estimated a gain in production and trade of 10 per cent in 1933, which is close to other computations. The index of business activity of the *Annalist*, based on production in leading industries, ranged from 63 in January, 1933, to a low of 58.5 in March, a high of 89.5 in July, and an estimated 69.2 for December.

Construction. During the first four months of 1933 construction declined, falling to the lowest point in twenty-four years in April, when the daily average of contracts was \$1,910,000. From then on it rose slowly, and when the Public Works Administration finally began to award contracts it soared so rapidly that it reached a daily average of \$10,300,000 in December, a gain of 440 per cent in eight months. Building seems destined to continue, as there is a large amount to be spent between now and next June and a big sum in the 1934-35 federal budget.

As one studies the chart as set forth above, certain hopeful developments toward recovery stand out, while grim resistances are equally plain. Not only has unemployment not been eliminated, but it does not promise to become substantially less and it may grow considerably more. The effort of the NRA to reduce hours while preserving weekly wages puts a premium on more mechanization of industry, as John Strachey pointed out recently in *The Nation*, and it appears that a large percentage of the country's population will have to be supported indefinitely by means of a federal dole.

President Roosevelt took office not only with the plausible idea that it was desirable to raise the prices of farm products and so help the farmers out of a hole even at the expense of the rest of the community, but he held to the odd belief that it was well to raise all prices and thus, as he imagined, stimulate industry in general. As *The Nation* has already pointed out, Mr. Roosevelt was extraordinarily fortunate in that in 1933, at least, his hope of a general price rise largely miscarried. The danger remains for the future, though, and is the most obvious rock on which the Roosevelt program may come to grief. So far, the farmer seems to have gained something from higher prices, but the wage and salary worker has lost, except that a larger total of persons has been employed and wages of the lowest-paid workers have to some extent been protected. That is, certain minority groups have been assisted at the expense of the community as a whole.

Probably this is desirable, but in plain language it means that the Roosevelt recovery program is succeeding, and can succeed, only through a reduced standard of living for the country as a whole. The NRA so far is only a modified spread-the-work movement. It is better than the latter in that it has preserved or increased the total earnings of various low-paid workers. It is not so good in that this very effort has made it impossible to spread available work enough to absorb more than a fraction of the unemployed. The fine phrases of six months ago about "increasing the purchasing power of farmers and wage-earners" have been forgotten in a national readjustment in which the workers in general are living in a reduced way in order that the less fortunate among them may be able to live at all. The only considerable redistribution of income that has occurred has been among those who have only a small income to distribute. Nor does any other solution seem likely so long as our recovery program is designed, as now, to save capitalism rather than to eliminate the profit system as a method of conducting industry.

During the first few months of its existence the Roosevelt Administration tried to revive industry by helping it to help itself. This effort virtually collapsed when last autumn it was realized that production was outrunning consumption and prices began to totter through the failure of the public to buy. The Administration has more recently resorted to the pulmotor. It is supporting the unemployed and bolstering up business by direct expenditures from the public funds. So long as this can go on, disaster may be averted, and it is possible that the extra purchasing power distributed may stimulate independent industrial activity. The danger is that vast bond issues, by expanding credit and undermining confidence in repayment, will wreck the currency system and with it the whole recovery program.

War Words in the East

TEMPERS are rising again in the Far East. Statesmen directly or indirectly involved are resorting to barely diplomatic language, which borders on the indiscreet when it does not actually contain menacing warnings. Undisguised preparations for war go on apace.

Immediately concerned are Japan and the Soviet Union, although the United States, Great Britain, and France are, to say the least, looking on with more than passing interest. A few weeks ago Maxim Litvinov, the Foreign Commissar of the Soviet Union, frankly admitted that Russia was actively preparing for war in Siberia. While denying that the Soviet Union would take the offensive, he declared that its military preparations were absolutely essential as a matter of self-defense because the Japanese imperialists were not to be trusted. His statement was followed by a speech delivered before the Diet by the new Japanese Foreign Minister, Koki Hirota. The Japanese, said Hirota, had long desired and long worked for friendly relations with the Soviet Union. But now the Russians had taken a strange new attitude toward Japan. This puzzled the Japanese, who could not understand why the Soviet Union should show such an unfriendly side. Hirota's speech was obviously meant not only to convey a warning to Russia that Japan was prepared to meet any challenge, but also to put the blame on the Russians in the event that fighting broke out on the Manchurian border.

Two leaders of the Russian Communist Party have replied by openly accusing Japan of planning to invade Siberia. Lazarus Kaganovich, second in command, declared that "every imperialist is hypocritical and cunning, and this applies especially to the Japanese imperialists. They are taking advantage of the international situation. They have seized Manchuria, are attempting to take full possession of China, and are dreaming of conquering the Soviet Far East, Siberia, and the world in general." Joseph Stalin entered the fray a few days later with the sweeping declaration that the "imperialist Powers," especially Japan and Germany, would literally take their lives in their hands if they were to start another war. Russia's relations with Japan, he said, "need serious improvement." But, he added with considerable feeling, "we have taken necessary measures to defend ourselves against an attack."

Through all these statements and counter-statements runs another note. The fear of an outbreak in the Far East has now apparently become so real that Japan and Russia are casting about for allies. Both Stalin and Kaganovich stressed the fact that the United States had recognized the Soviet Union, and both spoke warmly of the improvement in Soviet relations with America, France, and the countries of Eastern Europe. Nor did Stalin neglect to mention, as though their aid could be counted on in case of trouble, "the solid friendships with Turkey and Persia and the good relations with Italy." For his part, Hirota made a frank bid for American friendship and declared that Japan was sure it could continue to depend upon the traditional good-will of the great British Empire. Hirota's overture to the United States suggests that the Japanese believe there is more to American recognition of Russia than appears to the naked

eye and that they have at last been thoroughly frightened by our gigantic naval-building program.

That this program has been laid down as an answer to Japan's military preparations and with an eye directly on the menacing situation in the Far East can no longer be denied. Even the Administration's supporters in Congress are scarcely at pains to conceal the fact that the naval program is aimed at Japan. But whether the ships are really to be built, or are merely being put on paper with a view to using them as a "big stick" against the Japanese and British at the coming naval conference, is not so clear. In either case the adoption of this program can only add to the suspicion and tension now abroad in the world. With Japan and Russia threatening each other, with British admirals secretly meeting in Singapore "to consider the ominous situation developing in the Pacific area," with the Italian Foreign Office frankly stating that Japan means to go to war, and with a French publicist like Edouard Herriot warning his countrymen of the approaching conflict, it would seem the better part of wisdom for us to proceed as discreetly and cautiously as humanly possible. By planning to build more and ever more warships we are simply causing Far Eastern tempers and suspicions to rise still higher.

LaGuardia to Date

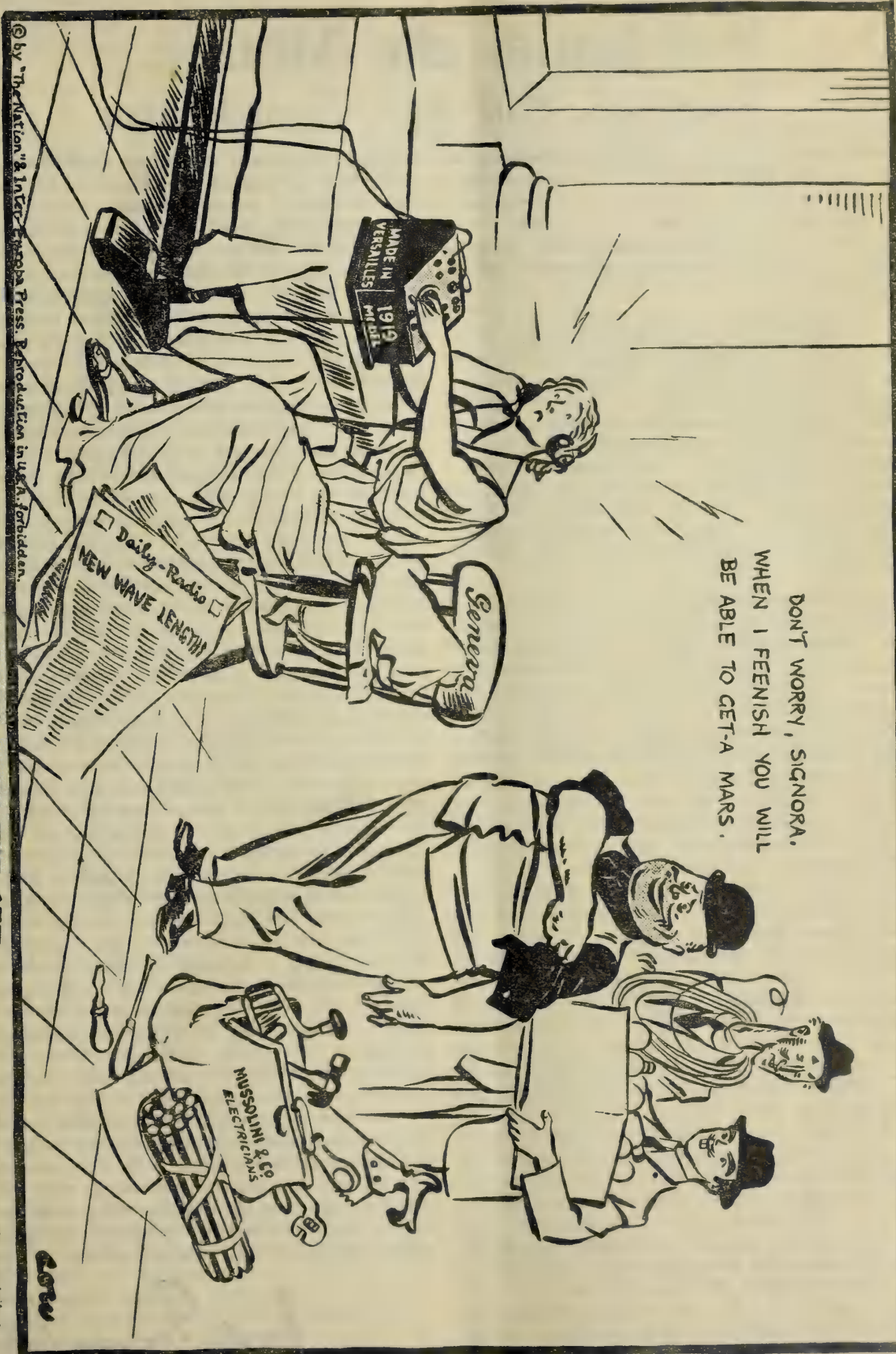
FIORELLO H. LA GUARDIA has been Mayor of New York City for a month. Since he has nearly all of a four-year term of office yet to serve, it is perhaps unfair to begin at this early date to evaluate his administration. Yet in his first month the reform Mayor of New York has accomplished enough to make his election memorable. In the first place he has surrounded himself with appointees of the first order, intelligent, informed, capable. Robert Moses as Park Commissioner, A. A. Berle as City Chamberlain, Paul Blanshard as Commissioner of Accounts, Paul Windels as Corporation Counsel, Austin H. McCormick as Commissioner of Correction, among many others, are sufficient proof that Mr. LaGuardia looked only for fitness for a given job and paid no attention to former political affiliations or loyalties.

Before Commissioner Blanshard was a fortnight in office he had obtained the resignation of one city official on charges of corruption and had preferred charges against another. Fred C. Lemmerer, one of the three commissioners of the Triborough Bridge Authority, resigned when Mr. Blanshard accused him of having accepted a \$930 brokerage commission after renting space for the authority's offices. John Stratton O'Leary, another of the commissioners, against whom Mr. Blanshard filed charges of inefficiency and neglect, is fighting the complaint. Mr. Blanshard has also charged the architects of the Rikers Island prison buildings with irregularities and abuses in connection with the construction of these buildings, and has recommended that final payments be suspended until a thorough investigation into the building operations has been made. Corporation Counsel Windels, in the first weeks of his term of office, announced that excessive fees had been paid by the city for condemnation of land for public purposes. He cited a tract of land in the Rockaways under condemnation for Marine Park.

It was assessed at \$75,000 and State Supreme Court Justice Marshall handed to the owners a condemnation award of \$434,258. Mr. Windels mentioned also the case of one "expert" who had received fees of \$273,000 in four years from the city for services in the condemnation of land. The shocking disclosures at Welfare Island, which show the prison to have been completely under the domination of a gang of thugs who lived like princes at the expense of the great majority of the prisoners and with the connivance of the prison officials, provided the next scandal. The market racket, which revealed that tribute was automatically being paid by vendors to racketeers, was another. And every day some new example of curious city financing was discovered to confound the Mayor and his cabinet in their desire to provide a sound and solvent government for the city, as for instance when Controller Cunningham found that some \$28,750,000 owed to the city on assessments not only had not been collected but had never even been billed.

Before these disclosures were more than under way, however, the Mayor commenced work on his plans to balance the city budget. His proposal for a bill which would grant him what Governor Lehman, in great alarm, described as "dictatorial powers" is already municipal history, as is his compromise which gave the same powers to himself and the Board of Estimate. Opposition to the second bill came largely from groups representing 140,000 city employees who would be affected by the Mayor's proposals to effect economy in part by a mandatory furlough of from two to four weeks without pay to all city employees receiving salaries of more than \$2,000. School teachers, firemen, policemen, and others hurried to Albany to protest that they wanted to see the city's budget balanced—but not at their expense. The Mayor's reply to their complaint that he had promised not to cut city salaries was sharp and to the point. "I found a shipwreck and I am trying to get the city employees into a lifeboat until I can put them on a sound ship." He further prophesied that unless the city employees were willing to take the moderate cut he proposed for them, in the shape of a furlough without pay, they might face payless pay days next fall and might find that \$80,000,000 or \$100,000,000 of city bonds in their retirement funds would be in danger of default. In short, the Mayor proposed to cut city expenses by eliminating unnecessary jobs and by a temporary and moderate salary reduction. And in spite of campaign promises, which Mr. LaGuardia may have been rash to make, that is evidently what will have to be done in the immediate situation.

As far as New York City is an entity it is easy-going, cynical, hard to arouse to indignation, and harder still to keep aroused. In a wave of disgust it threw out Tammany Hall last November and put into office a Mayor who was pledged to the reform of the city government. Yet now that the reforms have started, Mayor LaGuardia finds that his worst enemy is at least a part of that New York which elected him to save it from the predatory tiger. The frightened city employees, led by Frank J. Prial, defeated for Controller in the last election, are by no means unlikely to find Mr. LaGuardia their best friend when reorganization of city finances takes place. At least, having elected a reform mayor the electorate as a whole would put itself in a ridiculous position if it refused to support him in the reforms which he proposes to make.



DON'T WORRY, SIGNORA.
WHEN I FEENISH YOU WILL
BE ABLE TO GET-A MARS.

SOMETHING WRONG WITH THE GET.

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Issues and Men

Joseph B. Eastman, Coordinator

WHO is the Coordinator of the railroads who has just come out with a report to the President declaring that government ownership alone is the ultimate solution of the railroad problem in the United States? Well, for one thing, he is an extremely modest man. Here, for example, is his sketch of himself as contributed to "Who's Who in America":

EASTMAN, Joseph Bartlett, interstate commerce commr.; b. Katonah N. Y., June 26, 1882; s. Rev. John Huse and Lucy (King) E.; B.A. Amherst, 1904, LL.D., 1926. Holder of Amherst fellowship at South End House (social settlement), Boston, 1905; sec. Public Franchise League, Boston, 1906-13; counsel for employees of various street railway companies in wage arbitration cases, 1913-14; member Mass. Public Service Commn., by appt. of Govs. Walsh and McCall, 1915-19; mem. Interstate Commerce Commn. since Feb. 17, 1919. Mem. Psi Upsilon, Phi Beta Kappa. Clubs: Boston City; Cosmos, Racquet (Washington, D.C.). Home: 2266 Cathedral Av. N.W., Washington, D.C.

That is certainly not blowing his own trumpet when one considers that Mr. Eastman has been for years past the outstanding member of the Interstate Commerce Commission, outstanding in his ability, in the courage of his convictions, in the wide range of his views. I was interested to read the other day an article by the financial editor of one of our New York dailies, who is of the opinion that when the New Deal and Joseph B. Eastman get through with the railroads no one will be able to recognize them. That, he said, was the opinion of the leading railroad men themselves. He then quoted them as saying that the trouble with this Mr. Eastman was that he knew more about the railroads of the United States than any other living man!

No one must think from this that Mr. Eastman is a mere fanatic driving away at a certain program in season and out of season, long-haired, visionary, dominating, and ruthless. Far from it. His manner is unassuming, his appearance without those qualities which we usually associate with a domineering personality. As a matter of fact, he is extremely reasonable, and his report to the President that he did not think that this was the time for the government to take over the railroads was characteristic of his reasonableness. For years he has seen no other way out than government ownership. Yet he has never been dogmatic, nor has anyone been able to say definitely just whether he has in mind the appointment of a Secretary of Railroads to run the whole show from Washington, as the army and the navy and the post offices are run, or whether he prefers the plan which he submitted with his report to the President—without, however, claiming authorship of it—which calls for the creation of a corporation managed by five or seven trustees all the stock of which shall be owned by the government.

I have not been moved to call attention to Mr. Eastman because he is exceptional; there are many other public officers who are serving the government with great ability and

devotion. He himself answers the question whether it is possible for a government to enlist men of first-class competence and shining integrity without paying them the high salaries offered by private corporations to the men they select for president or vice-president. When I contrast the character and talents of Mr. Eastman with those of some of the men who have been paid a million dollars a year by banks and steel companies, it is to laugh. He is the complete answer to those who have been defending the great annual payments to Wiggin and Mitchell, or to Grace of the Bethlehem Steel Company, on the ground that they were worth it because of their business-getting ability. Mr. Eastman has had the respect and admiration of everyone who has come in contact with him, Democrat or Republican, capitalist, official, or politician. I have no doubt that he could have wangled a fat job for himself from some of the large corporations years ago, and feathered his own nest most richly. He has preferred his small government salary and the privilege of serving his fellow-countrymen, which is delightful proof that the private-profit motive is not essential to the carrying on of a civilized government. And there are many like Mr. Eastman, as I have said. Recently *The Nation* placed on its Honor Roll for 1933 Consul-General George S. Messersmith and five other public servants of distinction: Frances Perkins, Jerome N. Frank, John Collier, William E. Borah, and William C. Bullitt, all for distinguished service.

When I have traveled abroad lately I have been struck with the enormous improvement in the quality of the men in our diplomatic service as contrasted with those politicians whom I found all over Europe, in northern Africa, and in Turkey in the course of a six months' journey undertaken just after I was graduated from Harvard University. Repeatedly then I felt disgraced by the gauche, ill-mannered, ill-bred, and incompetent men representing our country. In 1931 I covered very much the same ground (without going into Africa), and the change was simply astounding; particularly was this true of the young career men who have entered the diplomatic service during the last ten years prepared to make it a life work. Washington is full of fine men of scientific and intellectual distinction who would honor any government. They bring out clearly how vast are our resources in rich human material, and make it all the more regrettable that cheap politicians who strut their little day and pass from the scene overnight are allowed to manhandle the government services, to starve departments and bureaus that ought never to be pinched, to limit the activities of vitally necessary governmental undertakings while they spend untold millions upon the inefficient and wasteful army and navy—I mean inefficient in organization and expenditure, without reference to their fighting qualities.

Donald Garrison Kellard

Spain: Viva la Republica!

By ANITA BRENNER

I

SEPTEMBER, in Algeciras. A sharp wind blows across the Mediterranean between the Spanish coast and the dark zigzag of Morocco, but it is hot and quiet in Algeciras. Some railroad and dock workers are waiting on the waterfront to load the fast Madrid express. They are wisecracking and eating pears bought at forced bargain with a deaf and mutilated man. Most of the wisecracking is aimed at a spry, leathery little man who it seems nearly killed his woman a couple of days ago. They kid him about it, saying he is so big and brave he will end up in jail yet. A gaunt, angry-looking man with a black silk scarf tied high around his neck says yes, brave men go to jail. The small man jumps after one of the worst jokers; the rest kid them both. A knife flashes in the small one's hand, the other one hops, rubs his leg, the rest interfere, and they all sit down laughing again.

A street piano pulled by a mule drives up, playing the "Marseillaise." The mule is led by a boy about eighteen years old. His hair is all mixed up over his head and he grins as if he had something to celebrate. He passes a small plate around, jingles it, jingles the mule, points to the piano playing the "Marseillaise," grins, and says, "La república, la república," with each jingle. The dock workers all start jingling and laughing and saying, "La república, la república," and the small man points to the grinning boy and laughs. I ask them what is the joke and they say, "Look, he's celebrating the republic!" The boy says he has been doing it since the republic began, he has been all over Spain with his mule playing the "Marseillaise." The workers say: "Take his picture; he's the last man in Spain celebrating the republic. Put his picture in the paper. It's a good joke."

It is nearly three years since they were all singing the "Marseillaise" and shooting off firecrackers and yelling, "Viva la república!" Now the constitutional Cortes has just been dissolved and they have to vote again. Last time they voted they got a republic. Now they'd like to vote to get something else. The gaunt man says: "What did we get out of it anyhow? Maybe wages are higher but there aren't any jobs, so what good does that do? They passed a lot of laws and changed the names of the streets. It was a picnic for the lawyers and the writers. When you vote you just exercise the unworthy privilege of choosing your masters. The only thing is direct action."

A middle-aged man says: "Yes, but the Catholics and the Monarchists have lined up to get the Socialists, and if you don't vote you give the Cavern [the right] a vote. The Cavern is against the workers, and if the workers don't get together we'll have fascism." Another one says: "How can we have fascism? The fascists are everybody who has money. You take, for example, in my town, there are forty people with money and four hundred without. You put forty against four hundred and who wins? We win, of course. We're not little wooden soldiers like the Germans. They can't put that over on us." The gaunt man says: "We can't win by voting. Voting just gives the Socialists jobs.

That's all they want, jobs. And look what they did in Casas Viejas! The only thing is direct action and Libertarian Communism."

II

Casas Viejas is not very far away from Algeciras. On the way you pass bleak yellow fields, and olive groves, and cork groves, and some vineyards. Now and then you see a patch of green like an apron in front of a white house, and you see quite a lot of fat cattle. The few big houses seem to be empty and closed up. In places you also see charred trees and burned fields. Some of them have been burned over to prepare them for plowing and others have been burned by people who set fire to them to destroy the crops. Most of the land around here, as throughout Andalusia, Castile, and Extremadura, is owned in big parcels by people who live in Madrid, Seville, and Paris. They have not occupied the big houses for many years. It was too dangerous. The land is subdivided and rented at prices high enough to cover mortgages and taxes and leave a nice profit. Often the value on which the rent is based is twice as high as the value on which taxes are paid. Rent values became very high during the war, but even so renters were able to subdivide and subrent, pay interest and some cultivation costs, and still make a good profit. Some lands are subrented three and four times over, down the line.

The man who actually cultivates the land has to do it on a pretty narrow margin. He has to be backed by a bank loan, and if he wants a profit he can pay his workers very little. They used to get about two pesetas a day, about twenty-five cents, and some soup made of oil, water, garlic, and tomatoes. They worked only part of the year, altogether not more than two-thirds of it; the rest of the time they got charity or did odd jobs, and their wives worked. They tried to save to cover the off time, so that even when they were working they didn't have enough to eat. Many of them—perhaps all of them—don't know what it is like to eat as much as they want. They could see that the land was rich, and the people who owned it were rich, and the monasteries and convents on it were rich, but they had to measure their rations to live, and sometimes they had to steal a little. The only chance was to leave, go to America, and if they couldn't manage that they listened to speeches and read books and papers about how to get the rich off their backs. It was pretty easy: just kick them out and take the land. Without wealth everybody would be good and love his neighbor. The state was plainly something that supported wealth, so the best thing was to do away with the state.

During the dictatorship of Primo de Rivera the Socialists pushed wage-increase laws, and when the republic was proclaimed, these laws were among the first to be voted. They provided a minimum wage of eight pesetas a day. The farmers weren't getting as much as formerly for their crops, they had loans to cope with, and they got around the law by hiring workers from other regions and from Portugal who would take anything. The Socialists then passed a law

called the Ley de Términos Municipales, which provided that no one could employ labor from the "outside" if there were any local unemployed. Since these laws presaged the ruin of many small farmers, the banks withdrew credit.

The farmers and landowners, settling on a policy of sabotage, organized into a league called the Confederación Española de Derechas Agrarias (C. E. D. A.). They turned much of the arable land into pasture, which takes very little labor, and wherever they could they cut down on production, made no repairs, and opposed all the government was doing to advance irrigation, introduce new crops, and intensify agriculture to make up for the larger and larger wastelands. This made a kind of iron ring around most villages and towns, for though they all had formerly owned a certain amount of communal land, it had been stolen during the last twenty years or so. (The procedure was simple: the mayor and his relatives and friends just took pieces. Who knew the records, who would protest, and to whom?)

Casas Viejas was one of the villages besieged by wastelands. The people in this village were all out of work. None of them had any savings and no one offered them any relief. Postal money orders that used to come from relatives in America stopped. They could force the farmers to give them food or work, as some peasants did, or they could steal olives and acorns. People were always being caught—and shot—by the Civil Guard in the dead of night with a basket of acorns. The government said agrarian reform was on the way, on the way, and some lands that had belonged to *grandees* now belonged to the government; but there was no money to finance collectives or private patches, and nothing happened. In some villages with Communist or Socialist mayors municipal funds were used for small agrarian projects, but the most public funds were saddled with big debts from the Primo de Rivera days, nothing much could be done that way. Besides, the courts checked almost every move.

In Casas Viejas the people were starving a year after they voted for the republic. Men were watching their children die of pneumonia, dysentery, tuberculosis, cramps. The village grocer and the village baker tried to help a little but they were going bankrupt. Casas Viejas had nothing to lose any more; the only way out—since nothing came of the republic—was Libertarian Communism. They waited for the word, and made their plans. One family, known as the Six Fingers family because the head of it was called Six Fingers, led the revolt. They put a red-and-black flag over the courthouse, told the Civil Guard to go away or come and work, and waited to hear from a red-and-black Madrid.

Madrid, the Socialist-Republican government headed by Manuel Azaña, sent a detachment of Assault Guards with machine-guns. The Assault Guard is a kind of national police corps created by the republic. Members are recruited chiefly among veterans of Moroccan campaigns, and Spaniards know what that means. The detachment that went to Casas Viejas thought it was going to fight savages, and somewhere or other it had got the notion that it must "take no prisoners." The Civil Guard in Casas Viejas showed them the Six Fingers house, a straw-thatched hut in a hollow on top of a hill. Six Fingers was barricaded inside with his family. The guardsmen trained a machine-gun on the house and tried to make a sieve of it, but it was too low and the bullets lodged in the thatch. In a house nearby they could feel the thump, sputter, and whine, but they didn't

dare look out to see what was happening. The Assault Guards surrounded the Six Fingers house and set fire to it. Only one person, a small girl, escaped. She ran out shrieking, her clothes afire. One man of the Assault Guard who had been dragged inside by the Six Fingers family when he fell wounded or dead near the door was burned up, too. Guardsmen then went through the town, picked out some of the people the Civil Guard led them to, got others who were looking out of their doors, and shot them all. They threw them on the burning house so it would look as if a fighting force, barricaded inside, had perished in battle.

The episode at Casas Viejas created a fine justification for an attack by conservatives on the Republicans and Socialists. The Catholics and Monarchists sent people to the village to get details and pictures; they rewrote and indorsed what the Anarcho-Syndicalists said; they called Azaña and his Cabinet scoundrels, brutes, grafters, fiends. (The great slaughters of the monarchy—Annual, Montjuich, the Socialists mowed down in jail yards in 1917, the reign of terror in Barcelona in 1921, the execution of republicans just before the fall of the monarchy—had not impressed them much. That was Law and Order.) In addition they said the Socialists were all getting rich in office, that Azaña was a loose and malevolent man, and that together they were ruining the national economy. Wasn't there a crisis? Who was to blame but the government, passing disastrous laws? Wasn't there plenty of work under Primo de Rivera, up to 1929?

All this didn't do anything for Casas Viejas except make it famous. The people of the village acquired a dramatic technique. They show you the Six Fingers house, where the machine-guns were placed, the houses of the other victims, and they tell you how Mariquita escaped from the blaze. The Civil Guard watches you closely and keeps tab on whose house you visit and who talks to you. A stool—they whisper it to you—has attached himself to you. You pry yourself loose and in a crowded hut you try to find out how the people of Casas Viejas are living. "Living? We're eating each other," they tell you. One of them shoulders his way into the hut laughing. The joke is that the priest is giving away loaves of bread. And they explain: "See? It's elections. He never did that before." Another says he hears the Cavern is going to pay five pesetas a vote; God knows he needs it, and what difference will it make anyhow, the joke will be on them. Another says: "They're offering jobs. I've never voted but once in my life, that was to bring the republic, and I guess I won't vote again. They used to offer you heaven and now they offer you jobs, but it's the same people and you'll get the job about as you get heaven, when you're dead." This is a joke, everybody laughs. The landlords have their jokes, too. They say: "You wanted a republic? Well, now eat republic. Viva!"

III

In Madrid the political armies are mobilizing. There are posters that show, in graphs, how unemployment has gone up and production down, how the budget has gone up and business down. The posters are labeled "Anti-Marxist Front." The walls are scrawled with swastikas, sickles and scythes, *vivas* and *mueras*. Students and workers tear down the anti-Marxist posters and policemen chase them. The Radical Party is in power. It is headed by Alejandro Lerroux, who made himself famous when he was young as an

Anarchist orator. He said, "Let us lift the veils of the nuns and make them holy mothers." Alejandro Lerroux is a friend of Juan March, the richest man in Spain. His party has a nucleus of old republicans surrounded by a mass of new ones. In it are all the old politicians who had to stay in the game for a living. Together with the C. E. D. A., they are setting up the old election machinery which was half dismantled by the republic, and meanwhile they have practically suspended the agrarian reform, the lay laws, and some of the labor laws. Under their leadership the government extends to the priesthood its subsidy, which was to have expired, and the transfer of the schools into government hands has been postponed. Cardinal Vidal y Barraquer, who has been quietly keeping in touch with President Alcalá Zamora, has slipped away to Rome on a special passport to negotiate the first steps of a Concordat. And Juan March has walked out of jail.

The Radical Party wants about what the Republican Party in the United States has stood for. Juan March is a combination of Al Capone and Andrew Mellon, and his quarrel with the republic is like their quarrels—over taxes. March was accustomed to having the government do what he wanted, which was to give him the right of way no matter how shady his undertakings. He owns most of the Spanish press. He was in jail charged with smuggling and graft, and while he was there his papers carried on an anti-Azaña, anti-Socialist campaign, making much of Casas Viejas. His business was seriously interfered with, for, after all, the Republican-Socialist bloc was honest.

Throwing out the Republican-Socialists solved a lot of problems: Juan March, the agrarian question, the labor question, the lay laws. So far as March and the C. E. D. A. could see, the constitutional Cortes could be credited with only two good laws: the Ley de Orden Público, which provides for three stages of martial law at the discretion of the Minister of the Interior, and the Ley de Vagos, which says that anybody who cannot show that he has a legitimate income may be preventively jailed, up to ten years, especially if he has ever been in jail. What republican, Socialist, Anarcho-Syndicalist, Communist, of any consequence hasn't?

The Radical Party made a convenient bridge for the C. E. D. A., which wants repeal of all laws affecting the church and repeal of the agrarian laws. The C. E. D. A.-Radical alliance had a powerful ally—the President. To save his soul he dissolved the constitutional Cortes just before the lay laws were to have been enforced. Let elections take care of the rest.

The C. E. D. A. sent out a cautious feeler through its political arm, Acción Popular. This is a heterogeneous organization composed largely of farmers squeezed between the banks and the labor laws; it is backed by the landowners and the church, and contains many devout students and a host of upper-class women. Its leader, Gil Robles, used to be president of the Jesuit youth organization, Los Hijos de San Luis. He is a plump, sallow, smiling man with button eyes, a short nose, fleshy lips, and a dimple in his chin. He attended the Nazi Nürnberg Congress and came back with many ideas, but when he tries the fascist salute it turns into a priestly gesture of invocation. Workers call him "El Sacristán."

Gil Robles announced a preelection concentration in Madrid. Denouncing this as a fascist march on Madrid,

the Socialists said they would call a general strike. The Anarcho-Syndicalists and the Communists joined, with the slogan "No Bread and No Trains for the Fascists." Since the strike would have stopped everything in Madrid and started a battle, the concentration was called off. Acción Popular organized its campaign on a house-to-house basis. It had at its disposal fleets of cars in which the halt, the lame, and the blind were tenderly taken to vote by young and devout stalwarts under police protection. The cloisters and the monasteries opened, lifelong vows were suspended on election day, and the homes for the aged, the hospitals, asylums, and sanitariums disgorged into the polling booths. In some sections of Madrid crowds picketed the hospitals. They said the dying were being taken to vote, too. All day long mobs chased vote-buyers and beat them up. Acción Popular agents got lists of the dead in each district, and even the dead voted twice, somehow or other getting their ballots into the coffin-like glass caskets presided over by priests. There were polling places in religious schools, Acción Popular propaganda was prominently displayed within, Acción Popular agents were busy without, and the police stood by watchfully.

IV

The new Cortes opened with the country under martial law, the press censored, the jails bursting with political prisoners, mostly Anarcho-Syndicalists. Three powers won the biggest blocks in the shuffle. The first, the biggest, was obtained by the conservatives (Acción Popular, Monarchists, and other conservatives), the second by the Radicals, the third by the Socialists. Together, Acción Popular and the Radicals can control Parliament, much as the Azaña-Socialist-Republican bloc did before. The C. E. D. A. would rather let the Radical Party have the Cabinet until the people get used to the idea that the C. E. D. A. is republican after all. It announced this after the elections, which split off part of its extreme-right allied wing. Gil Robles cried, "Viva la república!" and said Rome permitted it.

Gil Robles has made two big noisy moves and several quiet ones. The first noisy move was "Viva la república!" The second was a proposal for unemployment relief. His quiet moves, passed by the Cortes, are suspension of the Ley de Términos Municipales, postponement of the lay-law enforcement, and defense of the telephone company's vicious contract. (The I. T. and T. is linked with a national company which dovetails into Jesuit electrical interests.) Robles is busily building up his organization, and the Radical Party, crying "Viva la república," is trying to reorganize the army. His goal, as described to this writer just before the elections, is a "corporative state . . . with centralized executive power and consultative parliamentary powers." He is in favor of labor reform, "without violating the principle of private property." He wants very much to "elevate the culture of the masses," and he thinks it is the duty of the Catholics to persuade the landowners to admit reforms. "We must level things down, though science and culture may suffer for want of protectors."

Whoever stands in the way of this goal, which clearly is fascism pivoting on the church and more specifically on the Jesuit Order, must be destroyed. The first barrier is the Socialist Party. Gil Robles is sure things will work out his way. "My only fear is that things will go too fast. We have to teach the people to look upon Acción Popular as a

labor party, not as a Catholic party. And we have to teach our own people, too. Their ideals carry them too far. I am a possibilist. As much as is possible, whenever possible, and we'll get to the ideal state. The ideal state? One which respects the rights of the church and the rights of property; that is what a state is for."

Against Gil Robles—what is there? The dismembered republicans such as Azaña's *Acción Republicana*; Catalonia, violently republican, anti-church, and anti-centralist; the workers. The first two struggle for a leftist, liberal republic

such as the Azaña-Socialist bloc tried to shape. They say that a republic with such a Cortes as the present body is not a republic at all. The workers want social revolution. They look at Germany, they look at Spain, and they see enough parallels to rouse them violently. In their own ranks they see disorganization, confusion, fear splitting a mass of at least 4,000,000 men ready to fight. Behind Gil Robles stand the biggest capitalist in Spain and the Jesuit Order; the richest men are his allies. The republic is a kind of dead body being used as a shield.

Revolution in Colorado

By FRANK CLAY CROSS

Denver, January 24

THE belief is apparently pretty widespread that although in general "America is in no danger of revolution," there are real danger spots, in our present hunger crisis, in the great cities—in New York and Chicago and other places heavily populated with people of foreign birth or recent foreign extraction. No one seems to have given serious consideration to the possibility that trouble might first arise in the wide open spaces and pure air of the West. Yet not one of the six States which have been most impotent in combating the specter of starvation is in a great industrial area, and three of them are west of the Mississippi River. Perhaps a glimpse behind the scenes, a brief recital of a few events which took place in Denver between January 4 and January 20—of which not one word appeared in Denver newspapers—may serve to sharpen the senses of citizens in several other States which are also "in no danger of revolution."

To understand the dramatic and ominous events in Colorado, which so strangely escaped the notice of the press, one must know a little of the history of the Twenty-ninth General Assembly of the State, "the Twiddling Twenty-ninth," which met for the first time in January, 1933. That session dragged through 126 long, weary days without taking any action whatever to provide food for thousands of unfortunate victims of the depression, many of whom were literally starving. One after another, bills to raise relief money were introduced only to be challenged and defeated by one of the most vicious and powerful lobbies that ever disgraced an American State. There were, of course, a few worthy members in the legislature, a few fairly upright, brave, and intelligent men; but most of the lot constituted as craven and stupid a group of lawmakers as ever shamed a people. They were completely cowed by the lobbyists—lobbyists against any increase of the income tax, lobbyists against a sales tax, lobbyists against a special gasoline tax and against a division of the highway fund. No proposal was free from attack. Selfish blocs ruled all the voting. Rumors of intimidation and bribery circulated through the Capitol.

At last, on May 13, the farce ended. In Washington Harry L. Hopkins, Federal Relief Administrator, agreed to set aside until July the government's requirement that the burden of caring for the needy should be shared equally by local, State, and federal agencies. In July the government's

contribution to Colorado was cut to less than one-third of what it had been in June—from \$234,344.61 to \$86,314.14. In August it was cut again to \$82,889.38, and in September to \$57,393.18. The situation became desperate. On August 2, however, "the Twiddling Twenty-ninth" met in special session, at the summons of Governor Johnson, to tackle the problem of relief once more. This time, as a result of the Governor's heroic efforts, a measure calling for a special automobile tax was passed, but almost before the legislators reached home, two suits had been filed to test the constitutionality of the act. On October 18 a reactionary Supreme Court handed down a four-to-three decision against the tax.

Governor Johnson immediately flew to Washington to supplicate Administrator Hopkins for a continuance of federal relief on the promise that he would call another session of the General Assembly in December. The Administrator took compassion and yielded to his entreaty. The legislative session in December, however, was a degenerate as the two which preceded it—perhaps more so. Again the halls of the Capitol were filled with lobbyists. The weaklings of the General Assembly met every plea for action, every shaft of censure from the churches, the relief agencies, and the labor unions, with plaintive protests that they were unable to break the deadlock. "Why don't you go after the lobbyists?" they whimpered. The sordidness of the situation was almost beyond belief.

Another adjournment! People were starving, but the legislators had to go home for Christmas. In Washington the patience of Administrator Hopkins was now exhausted. On January 1, he announced, all further aid for Colorado from the federal government would be discontinued. Soon afterward the newspapers began to be strangely silent about certain very ominous happenings. Two hunger riots at charity stations were entirely ignored. A government agent was almost killed by a mob of desperate men. The incident received hardly a quarter-column of evasive comment. The tide of revolution was rising.

Except for the work of one man the Centennial State would surely have fallen under a reign of terror in the ten days between Christmas and January 3, when the General Assembly reconvened. This man was Edgar M. Wahlberg, chaplain of the House of Representatives and pastor of Grace Community Church in Denver. Edgar Wahlberg is a small man, thirty-four years old. His church is one of

the most effective and best-run welfare centers to be found anywhere in the West. The poorer classes of the city have absolute confidence in the friendship and judgment of the little preacher, in part, perhaps, because they recognize him as a fellow in poverty. His salary from the church is just \$1,200 a year, and he does well to get half of it.

Throughout the shameful sessions of the General Assembly, Mr. Wahlberg had fought valiantly to end the deadlock on relief. He had implored the legislators to face the stark realities. He had even prayed before them for action—any action to alleviate the suffering of destitute men and women and hungry children. "O God," he prayed, "make the more intelligent among us strong to lead. Give those who are afraid, courage. Save us from the temptation and sin of selfishness. Make us see the foolishness of dodging the real issue with petty interests and practices." That prayer didn't sit so well with the legislators. They rather disliked to be so frankly presented in the presence of Almighty God. They accused the chaplain of lobbying, and he was lobbying, lobbying with all his might and main, lobbying for his fellow-men.

When "the Twiddling Twenty-ninth" adjourned for Christmas without any action, ominous rumors began to reach the chaplain. The desperate victims of the lawmakers' grim farce had reached the end of endurance. Tense whispers began to pass from hungry mouths to ready ears—plans for wholesale food thefts, riots, and even bloodshed. Quickly the chaplain summoned his strongest counselors among the sufferers. "Wait! Wait!" he urged. "Don't start trouble yet. If you do you'll only add to your own misery. You'll be clubbed and put in jail. Some of you may be killed. Give me one more chance to get action from the State." He knew, however, that it would be unsafe to ask these men to wait longer without some other definite plan ahead. "When the General Assembly meets again on January 3," he said, "you get every man and woman that you can bring together to come to the State House. Leave the rest to me."

On January 3 the halls of the Capitol were thronged with people, milling, shouting, hurling threats. As Wahlberg went among them he saw that his plan had failed to guard against one danger. Communist leaders had seized control of the mob. The chaplain is not a Communist himself, though some of the legislators had charged him with such connections. "My talk isn't communism," he had retorted. "All hungry people talk the same language."

The rioters stormed into the Senate chamber. The senators, panic-stricken, fled before them. The rioters crowded into the lawmakers' seats while the leaders invaded the rostrum. A genuine Communist meeting followed—the first Communist meeting to be held under the dome of any Capitol in the United States. Over in the House chamber old Speaker Twining kept his wits. He quickly faked a recess and invited the leaders of the mob to come forward. While they harangued, the mob in the galleries showered down catcalls and jeers and threats on the frightened representatives who failed to escape from the room.

Such events would seem important enough for some mention in the press, but the only stories which were carried described the affair as if it had been an orderly and routine protest by the unemployed. The Senate was reported to be not in session but engaged in committee meetings. The

Denver Post, however, which had previously opposed all bond issues on the part of the city or State, suddenly began to support a million-dollar municipal issue for direct relief in Denver. Yes, in big headlines!

The miscarriage of his first plan did not turn Wahlberg from his determination to forestall further trouble. After the turmoil of January 3, a recurrence of which he managed to prevent the next day, an ominous calm settled down on the Capitol. All the next week, in a tense atmosphere, he worked with the president of the Senate and Speaker Twining on a new scheme to hammer reason into the heads of the stupid legislators. "This situation is dangerous," he warned them. "You've got to get your leaders together to hear about it from people who know the facts." Finally thirteen chosen senators agreed to attend a special meeting on Tuesday morning, January 16, but the House members were too obtuse to listen.

That morning the group of Senate leaders listened aghast to the testimony of men and women whose word they could not doubt. They heard how a crowd of almost 400 desperate men, armed with clubs and other weapons, had met on a vacant lot in the eastern part of the city the previous Sunday at four o'clock in the morning, ready to loot the chain stores for food. Only by a narrow margin had the wiser heads, following the counsel of the chaplain, prevailed upon them to give the lawmakers one more chance. Down on the Platte River bottoms another crowd had been dispersed by similar counsel.

The thirteen senators heard the executive secretary of the Community Chest tell them how his workers were in fear for their lives if some action were not taken at once. Hungry people do not always stop to think who is to blame for their plight. The senators heard stories of almost incredible suffering, of families whose water had been turned off by the city authorities, of mothers who were begging the charities to take their children. Forty thousand people were actually starving to death.

Meanwhile the House members were also beginning to be worried. They came to the conclusion that it might be healthful for them, too, to do a little listening. Consequently they invited the chaplain to bring his witnesses for them to hear the next afternoon. That was Wednesday. On Thursday T. J. Edmunds arrived from Des Moines, Iowa, as an emissary of Administrator Hopkins. On Saturday the General Assembly, now completely cowed, not by the lobbyists but by the hungry mobs, sent a relief bill to Governor Johnson, who signed it at 9:45 Saturday night. It was a compromise bill designed to raise \$2,000,000 by adding one cent per gallon to the gasoline tax until August 31, and by taking one-quarter of the highway fund until January 1, 1935. If the Supreme Court lets it stand, perhaps the woes of Colorado are partially solved for a while, but already a suit is threatened by the Rocky Mountain Motorists, Inc.

The next day, Sunday, Mr. Edmunds telephoned Washington. His account of the emergency brought a promise that \$500,000 would arrive in Denver Monday morning. Thus may be dispersed for a while the ominous clouds which have hung over Colorado, where, according to the Denver Post, "the sun shines 365 days in the year." For a few months more, hungry mouths will be fed; but what will happen then?

Chiselers at Work and Play

By PAUL Y. ANDERSON

Washington, January 27

LIVE and learn. The youthful Senator Nye and the elderly Senator Borah have lived through enough in the last ten days to learn that attacks on the NRA are bad political medicine, especially when they conflict with virtually all the known facts. Nye has admitted his mistake already. Borah never admits anything unless compelled to. (While campaigning for Hoover in 1928 he was compelled to admit that he had stated on the Senate floor eleven years earlier that he would not trust the same Hoover with the expenditure of \$100,000,000 of public funds.) To speak harshly of these gentlemen gives me some pain, because my relations with them have been uniformly cordial. At one time, indeed, when there was evidence to support his suspicion that Ruth Hanna McCormick's hired thugs were seeking to plant a blonde chorus girl on him in Chicago, Nye asked me to occupy the same room with him. Heaven only knows how many million cubic yards of breath I have expended in the last ten years defending him against the disparaging appraisals of my colleagues, most of whom consider him a complete nitwit, but I have had cause to wonder lately how much of it was wasted. For Borah I have much personal fondness and a profound respect for his unusual abilities. It is regrettable that he lacks a proportionate integrity of purpose and sense of direction. But no man who plays politics with national recovery is entitled to consideration, and that is what Nye and Borah attempted to do. At the very moment when Hugh Johnson was begging both to become members of a Senate committee with sweeping authority to correct any evils it might find in the administration of the National Recovery Act, and on the very day when Nye was thanking Johnson for his frank and gracious offer and giving every intimation that he would accept, he was going quietly to the Federal Trade Commission to stir up trouble for Johnson. It is not necessary to characterize such conduct, and in view of what the young man heard from his constituents he probably will watch his step hereafter. He had better.

FOR Nye the excuse might be made that he didn't know any better, but no such apology will hold in Borah's case. He is far too sound a lawyer to believe that industry could be kept under codes of competition and still be subject to the full operation of the anti-trust laws. The mere act of meeting to adopt a code and set up a code authority would be a flagrant violation of the law as it stood before the Recovery Act suspended its application. Any argument to the contrary is sheer demagoguery or sheer ignorance, and Borah is far from being an ignoramus. Moreover, for the government to induce industries to place themselves under codes in consideration of certain legal immunities, and then to revoke those immunities, would be a colossal act of dishonor. Nye and Borah bleed for the rights of the "little man," but fail to make clear just whom they mean. It should be made abundantly clear. The "little man" for

whom they burn is the fellow who objects to paying his employees a minimum of \$12 for a fifty-four-hour week, and the "rights" which they would restore to him are those of working them longer and paying them less! Let these two champions of the common people explain that! The case of Carter Glass is somewhat different. He is a perfectly sincere and irascible old party who spends his days fuming because the economy of the General Grant era perversely refuses to return. His place in history would have been safer if he had entered a monastery the day after he delivered his radio campaign speech. Any talk about the NRA conspiring to foster monopoly is nonsense. I hardly think the readers—or even the editors—of *The Nation* would classify this writer as a friend of monopoly or a tool of Wall Street, but I violate no confidence by saying that Johnson has repeatedly asked me to join his staff and undertake the job of dealing with that very problem. It is a pleasure to report, in passing, that literally thousands of letters are pouring into Washington from persons stating they have canceled their subscriptions to the *Chicago Tribune* because of its scurrilous attacks on the NRA. This was the sheet which introduced the delectable practice of employing known criminals and racketeers. By every standard of professional decency and public morals, Colonel McCormick has earned the right to retire from the publishing business. I hope the people of Chicago will help him to exercise it.

OUR worst suspicions about the air- and ocean-mail contracts awarded under the Hoover Administration are being confirmed daily before the Black committee, although, in justice to ex-Postmaster-General Walter Brown, it must be conceded that his story about finding the missing official correspondence in his cellar probably has contributed more to the gaiety of the nation than any episode since Hoover's prophecy about grass growing in the streets. But that, together with General Atterbury's description of Brown as "frank, candid, and straightforward," and the filibuster which Dave Reed conducted in the Senate while Brown was awarding an ocean-mail contract to a tight little crew of Pennsylvanians, is virtually the only relief in a putrid spectacle. Aside from all the waste, favoritism, and graft that have been exposed, the situation has an aspect which strikes me as particularly ominous. I apprehend that we are in for a war with Japan, and I anticipate that it may be decided in the air. I am interested in that prospect, if for no other reason than the likelihood that I and my two sons will be in it. What is the condition of our air forces? It ought to be excellent. Since 1926 the government has paid out about \$90,000,000 in air-mail subsidies. It was paid on the pretext of encouraging an "infant industry," but most of us knew it was spent for national defense, in the belief that it would promote the development of more efficient planes. In the last few days we have learned that a large part of it went to officers of the National City Bank. It went for the payment of enormous salaries and bonuses, and to enhance

stock values. On the strength of an original investment of \$460 cash in Pratt and Whitney, engine manufacturers, Fred Rentschler and George Mead have taken salaries, bonuses, and profits totaling more than \$18,000,000, and still own stock with a market value of about \$3,000,000. Less impressive, but stranger in some respects, is the case of young Charles Deeds, whose father resigned a colonelcy in the army air corps to engage in commercial aviation. In consequence of a \$40 investment, this fortunate youth has received about \$2,000,000. For approximately one year Pratt and Whitney's principal, if not its only, customers were the army and navy! The fabulous profits which these men reaped were due to the company's uncanny ability to sell engines to the government, and its successor's ability to get lucrative mail contracts. Some interesting indictments are in prospect as this is written. Incidentally, the inquiry has served to focus attention on the choicest pair of New England boobs seen here in a generation. I allude to Senators Austin of Vermont and White of Maine. They don't even know enough to stay away, and their attempts to "cover up" for Brown and his favorites are ludicrously ineffective. You wouldn't catch a Lenroot or a Smoot within two blocks of a hearing that had grown as hot as this one has.

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THE food and drug lobby has lost none of its boldness, its latest step being to cause the introduction of a "substitute" for the Tugwell-Copeland bill. It is called the Beal bill, and was offered in the house by Loring Black, of Brooklyn—who should be thoroughly ashamed of him-

self. The bill is a transparent fraud, and would actually weaken the provisions of the miserably inadequate existing law. For criminal prosecutions it would substitute a sort of weak-kneed "cease and desist" practice, with endless rights of appeal and argument. Thus the lofty altruist who advertised and sold horse liniment as a remedy for tuberculosis would be afforded ample opportunity to persuade the Secretary of Agriculture that horse liniment is really a remedy for tuberculosis, and allowed to continue its sale as such while he argued the point. False claims would be prohibited if offered as statements of fact, but not if presented as expressions of opinion! Cosmetics would be banned only when "imminently dangerous." Just how dangerous "imminently dangerous" is, I am not prepared to say. Perhaps fatal—in which case the bill would not apply to an eyelash dye which destroys the eyes. The lobbyists who are out to get Rex Tugwell's scalp for threatening their sacred right to poison for profit don't know the big bad wolf in the White House. They will get the shock of their lives when Roosevelt creates the post of Under Secretary of Agriculture expressly as a reward to Tugwell for his work on the bill. The country editors who send me abusive letters because of my gentle remarks on the subject might save their tempers and my time. I care nothing about the opinions of such vermin. Neither, to digress, am I impressed by Carter Glass's argument that 16,000 private bankers in this country should have been permitted to take a profit of four billion dollars on their gold reserves as the direct result of a change of governmental policy. If anyone has thought of a surer way to precipitate a revolution, he has omitted to mention it.

The Milk Trust Gets the Cream

By ALEXANDER KENDRICK

BLOOD has mingled with milk again, and dairy farmers who were to have been stilled by fair-price provisions in the marketing codes and agreements of the Agricultural Adjustment Administration have once more broken out into insurrection. It is a continuation of last year's revolt and it presages more trouble ahead in the form of price wars and new strikes. In Illinois, Wisconsin, and California the rebellion has been an active, violent one, like those in Iowa and New York State last year; in the East the new uprising has been more restrained but none the less real and dangerous.

The revolt is of two types: first, against the government; and, second, against the powerful distributors, universally characterized by the farmers as the "milk trust." Fundamentally both are the same revolt, for dissatisfaction with the government arises from its condonation of unfair practices carried on by the distributors. But whether against government or distributor, whether in California or Pennsylvania, the reason for agrarian unrest is the same—the AAA marketing agreements simply did not do what they were presumably designed to do. The more outspoken farm leaders charge that this was effected deliberately, by the influence of the distributors.

The Chicago situation, most recent in the public eye, may be taken as generally typical. Belatedly the government

has recognized the underlying fault, and in the new codes being formulated both the producer and the consumer will get fairer treatment by a slicing off of both ends of the middleman-distributor's huge profits. But the Chicago disturbances take on an added significance because they have forced the government to abandon its first price-fixing experiment almost before it was really under way. The price was fixed to both producer and consumer, but the retail price was too high and consumption was cut down. At the same time higher farm prices sent production up, a milk surplus was created, more milk was made into butter, and there was a consequent sag in the butter and cheese market, despite purchases made by the Surplus Corporation. Secretary Wallace now considers an experiment of this sort frankly unenforceable, and has said so through his new milk administrator, Jerry H. Mason.

In the first days of the new year, just as in the spring and fall of 1933, Chicago saw roads picketed, trucks dumped, trains halted, blood spilled, and the city's milk supply virtually dried up. This violent action was taken by some 18,000 organized dairy farmers, members of the Pure Milk Association, to protest price-cutting by chiseling dealers, generally chaotic conditions in the industry, and lack of effective control or enforcement. They carried on the strike for five days. Then the government stepped in with threats of pun-

ishment for interference with interstate milk shipments, and the hard-hit dairies called a truce. There is to be some change in the farm price, cutting the present rate but setting a fixed figure, while the new retail price will be governed by the market and will be subject to the usual price-cutting fostered by cutthroat competition. This is a blow at the distributor and not at the farmer, and is thus a departure from former attempts at control.

It is generally accepted that the milk farmer is sadly underpaid, in most cases receiving less than the cost of production, but he is less aroused at this than at the wide spread between his price and what the consumer must pay at retail. This spread gives the distributor an enormous profit wholly out of proportion to the value of his bottling and delivering services. Even such a state of affairs could be, as it has been, tolerated if it were not for one salient fact: when retail prices are cut, the farmer's price is cut but the distributor's margin of profit remains the same or even increases. When retail prices are raised, on the other hand, the benefit is usually not passed on to the farmer; the distributor keeps it for himself. In 1929 the average net price to farmers was \$2.56 per hundredweight; in 1932 it had shrunk to \$1.32, almost half. Retail prices during the same period dropped 37 per cent and the middleman's profits only 18 per cent.

In Chicago last summer a retail price of ten cents per quart was set, and a farm price of \$1.75 per hundredweight. The farmers immediately protested that this agreement was unfair, which it patently was. Under threat of further strikes, on November 3 it was amended to give the farmer \$2.10. The distributors automatically passed the increase on to the consumer, raising the retail milk price to eleven cents and keeping their own profit margin. Whereupon the consumer not unjustifiably complained, and the milk bootlegger waxed fatter than ever at a retail price of seven cents. The whole agreement was thrown open for review, books of the distributors' and the producers' associations were audited by the government, and after Dr. Clyde L. King had resigned as federal milk administrator, the order to terminate the agreement came from Secretary Wallace, effective on January 1. The original dissension was laid to one serious blunder. The producers who signed the agreement represented the large cooperatives, which make up 75 per cent of the dairy-farm industry. The cooperatives have never protested against the large profits of the distributor for the simple reason that they are in large measure controlled by the large distributors' combines. It is only the independent farmer who has failed to make a living and shown resentment at his predicament.

The Chicago code went into effect on August 1 last, and immediately rode into a sea of trouble. Upon it were to be patterned the New York and Philadelphia codes and codes for the smaller cities, of which eleven have been abrogated and will be replaced. In all these agreements the production clauses were based on the theory that the dairy industry's ills arise from a lamentable surplus of milk, and that the only way to remedy this is to set aside a fixed amount sold by the farmer as "basic" milk and class the remainder of what he produces as "surplus" milk. "Basic" milk was to be used for fluid and drinking purposes, and to be paid for at a proportionately high price. "Surplus" milk was to be used for butter, cheese, and ice cream, and to bring a much smaller price. Unfortunately it was the distributor who was to decide which milk was which, and allot each

farmer his fixed proportions of each. Moreover, there was no reason in the world why the distributor could not pay the farmer cheap "surplus" prices for the bulk of his milk, and then sell it as fluid milk at the highest prices.

This plan was so unfair that it has been abandoned for Chicago. The Philadelphia agreement, substantially the same, has also been canceled, as will be the New York agreement not yet completed. It must be understood that the Chicago truce is simply that—a mere stop-gap until the marketing agreements are revised, following public hearings. But farm leaders will attempt to incorporate their past gains in the new code and to obtain AAA enforcement of them. For the first time independent dairies, that is, those not belonging to the Chicago Milk Council, will pay for their milk on a minimum-price basis. These include dairies which refused to sign or abide by the August agreement. Universal licensing of distributors will also be sought.

Similar confusion has prevailed in the New York and Philadelphia areas. Since last year's strikes in New York State for increased farm prices, the producers have been patiently waiting for the completion of the milk-shed marketing agreement which was begun in August. But in the meantime a joint plan for New York and New Jersey, involving reduction of last year's production rate by 20 per cent, an interstate price agreement, and stabilization of the industry by licensing, is scheduled to become effective February 1. In Philadelphia the lines of dissension are more clearly defined. There the fight is against the allegedly monopolistic tendencies of the Interstate Milk Producers' Association, which represents 80 per cent of the marketed milk and is hand in glove with the powerful distributors' organization, the Philadelphia Milk Exchange. The Interstate has some 20,000 members, and the price it accepts is naturally forced upon the smaller farmers.

The Interstate in Philadelphia and the Dairymen's League in New York form the very heart of the milk trust. The former embraces the city of Philadelphia and its suburbs, twenty-four counties in Pennsylvania, eight in New Jersey, eleven in Maryland, three in Delaware, and two in West Virginia. The latter includes all of New York State and parts of Pennsylvania, Ohio, New Jersey, Massachusetts, Vermont, and Connecticut. The two giant corporations banded together at the last session of the Pennsylvania legislature and won exemption from the authority of the new State Milk Control Board. The action of the legislature, incidentally, was universally termed a "sell-out."

At public hearings on the marketing code held last fall in Philadelphia, farmers charged that stock purchases in distributing corporations were forced upon them, allegedly to avert bankruptcy, and that then they were sold out by the milk trust; that the marketing pact was a fraud because it was drawn up by the distributors themselves (Dr. King's misadventures in the AAA tend to support this); and that the distributors even profited by the hauling rates forced upon the farmers. Cited as typical profits were those of the Supplee-Wills-Jones Company, largest dairy in the city. For eight years the average earnings were 25.5 per cent; in 1932 the company earned 20.2 per cent despite adverse economic conditions. The Scott-Powell Company had 20.8 per cent average earnings from 1925 to 1927, the Abbotts Dairy 17 per cent average earnings from 1927 to 1932 inclusive, and the Harbison Dairy 27 per cent average earnings from

1925 to 1932. In 1922 this last company earned 38.2 per cent. It is pointed out that if the farmer had been paid one cent more per quart, the dairy profits would still have been far too great a proportion of the final retail price. The distributor, it was revealed, paid the farmer an average price of from three to four cents a quart for "basic" milk and sold it at eleven cents.

The Philadelphia milk-shed farmers demanded an audit of the Interstate's books, but before this could be done the federal government, by King's order, confiscated them, thus giving rise to further charges of favoritism. However, an independent audit was later conducted and this revealed: (a) that in the sixteen years covered by the books the price to the farmer fell much faster than the commodity index or the retail milk price; (b) that this price was usually less than the cost of production; (c) that meanwhile the distributor's spread increased steadily; and (d) that there was no effort to remedy this situation.

In the original marketing codes and in the proposed new agreements the approach is fundamentally the same. It is assumed that overproduction of milk is the underlying fault and that controlled production is the solution. As an inducement to cutting production, bonuses from processing taxes on dairy products, such as are now in effect on cotton, wheat, corn, hogs, and tobacco, are contemplated to the extent of

\$30,000,000. Also such proposals as reducing pasturage acreage, decreasing herds, raising butter-fat percentages in dairy products, restriction of domestic production, and importation of oleomargarine and other competitive products are being weighed as means of cutting down the surplus.

Is it necessary to repeat the cliché about overproduction and underconsumption? In Philadelphia the daily consumption of milk is less than half the amount health experts say is necessary for the welfare of children and adults. The real fault has been high retail costs, and although the AAA is attacking the problem from the other end, the result in this instance will presumably be the same. The retail price will go down; the farm price will remain constant.

The farmer sees in the new codes hope for that slight price improvement which is for him the difference between bankruptcy and prosperity. He also sees the end of the milk trust's market monopoly, for the producer and—wonder of wonders—the consumer are to have representation on local administrative agencies. But he may be too optimistic. Lax enforcement or non-enforcement of the codes will lead to price wars and more strikes and violence. If distributors persist in clamoring for fixed retail prices as well as fixed farm prices, the government's only recourse, as Secretary Wallace himself has said, is to put milk on a public-utility basis.

New Shapes for Automobiles

By DOUGLAS HASKELL

THE question is being widely asked whether the new cars with their increased streamlining have not gone too far. The answer is easy: they have not gone far enough. Were the question one of style, then such an answer might well appear dogmatic; and it *would* have been a question mainly of style—at yesterday's speeds. But with the average cruising speeds of today, to fail to give the car the benefit of everything engineering knows about aerodynamics is to saddle the owner with inexcusable wastes of power and money. My 1930 Ford has a top speed of sixty miles, requiring a horse-power of forty; but the present-day Fords, with a speed of eighty miles, have eighty horse-power too. The speed is increased by a third; the horse-power has to be doubled. Those *extra* horse-power all go to pushing aside the air.

It is perhaps generally known that higher speeds set up immensely higher resistances. Five hundred of Major Sea-grave's thousand horse-power in his record-breaking run at Miami are reported to have been expended against the air. A table shows the saving in horse-power through streamlining at various speeds:

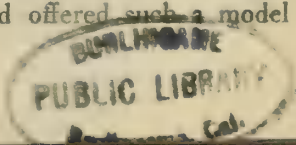
Miles an hour	Horse-power required	
	Average 1933 car	Fully streamlined "Dymaxion"
10	2	2
30	9	6
50	27	13
70	62	25
125	301*	90

(*This figure is disputed. Other estimates put it closer to 200.)

Since large jumps begin to occur between the speeds of thirty and seventy on the table, it is evident that real air-flowing need not even increase the speed to become highly effective. What the customer wants of it is to increase his fuel mileage and relieve his pocket-book. This the present models do, if at all, to so minor a degree that the gain is negligible. How serious their makers are in this direction may be judged by the fact that the sloping rear, which in aerodynamics would be important because it is here that the divided air is eased together again, frequently carries an exposed spare tire, to set up countless eddies and disturbances. Nor is a wedge-shaped hood, however stylish, the sign of streamlining but precisely its reverse, setting up an extra handicap for the laboring motor because of the big vacuum behind the broad back.

A thoroughbred streamlined car does to the standard product of today, even the most advanced, pretty much what the car of today did to the old horseless buggy. It makes you marvel that anything up to date could have been so clumsy. Like the buggy, the best of 1934 is by comparison an aggregate of bumps, nubbins, and skirts. Take a look, for example, at the fenders—how they flounce around the car like the brim of a sombrero! The thoroughbred has no curved dashboard, no polished brass lanterns—excuse me, I mean no hood, no protruding headlights and tire racks, no windshield, no fenders, and no running board. It is all car. All is incorporated into one graceful shape, a continuous line drawn from the nose to the tail, like the form of a whale or an airplane fuselage.

Two people have come out and offered such a model



to the public. They are Buckminster Fuller and Starling Burgess. Their "Dymaxion" is mounted like an airplane on three wheels. Resemblance to a plane, let it be noted at once, is incidental and no intrinsic requirement of aerodynamics.

Though the motor of the Dymaxion for the present is a regular Ford motor, it is said to drive the heavier car at thirty miles on a gallon of gasoline. In this model it is mounted at the rear and drives the two wheels in front. The greatest advantage of the rear motor position is that the whole wide front of the car goes to the passengers. They have sumptuous space, particularly since the car, like a bus, extends full width out over the wheels, whose axle is long. This immense gain in space costs nothing in fuel, as we have seen, and very little in the length, which totals nineteen feet against the present average of fifteen. Indeed, such a gain in space converts the car itself into a vehicle different in kind. It becomes a motor Pullman. There is plenty of space for transverse beds. The tourist carries his own private, sheltered camp. And during the day he has the landscape back again that has been taken from him as windows have become mere slits over a high hood and under a low roof. He now once more commands a wide sweep. It is said that drivers will be afraid with no motor in front of them to take the shock of a collision, even though the car arches well forward; but they gain a far better visibility and control to avoid collision altogether.

I have not spoken of the other innovations of the year that deal with devices or gadgets. The reason is that a fundamentally good plan would eliminate most of the gadgets with their clutter, complication, and expense, while the devices, such as individual wheel-springing, would in any case have to be redesigned. Indeed, the whole exasperating complication about the clutch and gear-shift of today is a confession of the fundamental inadequacy of the transmission design. We should have to shift no gears at all. The basic gear-shift system with its three "speeds," or ratios between engine and wheels, was invented in 1885 by the Frenchman Lavassor, and at that time was already apologized for by him. He said it was the best he could do for the moment, although really "barbarous." He was an engineer.

The transmission of the future must be of an automatic type that permits the motor to select its own best "speed" or ratio. It will do for low speeds what air-streaming does for higher ones. The art of designing such a transmission is still experimental, but science is positive on the effect of such a result. E. S. Hall has made the most thorough of several studies. In a paper read before the Metropolitan Section, Society of Automotive Engineers, his conclusion was:

Now that we know that gasoline mileage can be increased more than 150 per cent with no sacrifice whatever in convenience or performance, who has the crust to say, "No one is interested in fuel economy"? It may even be possible to sell the sales department the idea that the public would buy cars capable of doing better than forty miles to a gallon with faster acceleration and top speed, and with a simpler and safer control system, even if new standards of appearance and beauty must be accepted at the same time. All these improvements in performance are clearly within reach by using an engine of half the size now used, in combination with real streamlining, light weight, and the continuously variable transmission properly controlled.

In the Driftway

MOST of his readers, the Drifter makes bold to believe, have heard of Alexander Hamilton. If not, the Drifter will not attempt to enlighten them. But how many have heard of Andrew Hamilton? The Drifter does not see many hands raised. Indeed, he had never heard of A. H. either until the New York County Lawyers' Association unveiled a tablet in his memory the other day. For some time the New York County Lawyers' Association has excited the Drifter's curiosity. It put up a good-looking new building not long ago almost next door to the offices of *The Nation*. The building has massive front doors, but nobody ever seems to go in or out of them. Perhaps, like a speakeasy, the building has a back door actually used by the membership in coming or going, for lawyers have a passion for indirection.

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FROM all accounts, A. H. is worthy of a tablet. He was a distinguished advocate of Philadelphia back in colonial days when we all lived under the King, and in his off time from lawyering he designed Independence Hall, which if any dumb-bell has not heard of he oughter. But A. H. did more for independence than design it a hall. He argued the first great case for freedom of the press in this country, and established rights in that respect half a century before they were defined in the federal Constitution. According to Harry Weinberger, who at the unveiling of the tablet made a fiery and eloquent speech (the Drifter did not hear it but he knows Harry), John Peter Zenger established in 1733 the *New York Weekly Journal*, in opposition to the colonial government. Like a certain weekly journal of modern times which need not be exactly identified, Zenger's newspaper raised considerable—shall the Drifter say Hades?—and took large chunks of hide off sundry officials. Some of them missed it, being thin skinned, and complaint was made to the Chief Justice that Zenger's newspaper was a disturber of the peace. The grand jury refused an indictment, but the Committee of Council ordered some of Zenger's newspapers to be burned by the common hangman near the pillory of the city. Later Zenger was arrested and held in jail until a second grand jury also refused to indict him. He then expected to be released, but the Attorney-General charged him by information with printing "a false, malicious, seditious, scandalous libel." Two lawyers representing Zenger were disbarred for challenging the jurisdiction of the court. Zenger's friends then besought Andrew Hamilton to undertake the defense. Although eighty years of age, he consented, and argued the case without fee in 1735. The Chief Justice contended that the truth of a libel could not be pleaded as a defense in a criminal action. Hamilton cited British precedent to the contrary and his client was acquitted by the jury.

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THE Drifter thinks it is of some significance that a tablet should be unveiled to a friend of free speech in this day when so many assaults are being made upon the principle. At the same time the Drifter feels that the slogan "freedom of speech," like every other slogan, should be re-

examined occasionally, lest it come to be a mere shibboleth or a cloak for little-understood abuses. The Drifter agrees with Carl Becker, who in *The Nation* of January 24 pointed out that the most obvious manifestation of free speech today is the vulgarization and corruption of the public mind by radio, movie, and newspaper in the interest of private profit. The Drifter wonders, too, how much reality there is for the average individual in the principle of free speech today. Difficulties of distribution prevent the consumption of ideas as they do the consumption of merchandise. Freedom of circulation, not merely of utterance, is required to transmit thought, and the channels of transmission are closely held, mostly for commercial purposes. If any reader of the Drifter doubts this, let him try to publicize any idea without the backing of a good many persons or a good deal of money.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

In Defense of Zweig, Mann, and Others

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

So good a case can be made against those German writers who, after the accession of Hitler, betrayed their spiritual trust that it ill becomes Herbert Solow to pick the wrong men and to resort to the half-truths, ambiguities, and dubious reasoning that mark his article, *German Writers Say "Yes,"* in your issue of January 17.

Mr. Solow says that "one thing is clear: an overwhelming majority of writers known as 'pure artists' or as friends of liberalism . . . have accepted 'coordination.' Though safe outside of Germany and enjoying relative ease and comfort, they jumped the minute Hitler cracked the whip in their direction." That's plain enough. Who are they? He names, in praise or blame, twenty-nine living writers of German, Austrian, Czech, and Russian birth: ten of them are conservatives (including Ewers, author of a life of Horst Wessel, and Johst, who is responsible for the play "Schlageter," both advance agents for nationalism), congenital "coordinates." More than a dozen are mentioned with implied approval. Thus his "overwhelming majority" that responded to the whip is represented by Hauptmann (not an exile), Stefan Zweig (Austrian, but not so comfortably "safe outside Germany"), Thomas Mann, and Messrs. Döblin and Schickele.

None can quarrel with the way Mr. Solow disposes of Gerhart Hauptmann, whose tragedy is that he outlived his capacity for great performance. Hauptmann stayed home and did "knuckle under." Let us try to think of him for what he once meant to liberalism, as we try to remember the Clemenceau, not of Versailles, but of the Dreyfus case.

What is Mr. Solow's charge against Zweig, Mann, Schickele, and Döblin? That they withdrew their promise to contribute to *Die Sammlung*, a German literary monthly edited by Klaus Mann and published in Amsterdam. They had agreed to write for it upon being assured that the magazine would be literary and non-political. The first number appeared and the four withdrew. Mr. Solow disingenuously names some of the mild articles that have found space in *Die Sammlung* thus far (a very readable magazine, by the way), and allows one to surmise that it had been the editor's intention to produce the magazine on the level of those articles. He implies that at the crack of the German whip after the appearance of Number 1 the writers

named backed away from the innocent *Sammlung*. This magazine, then, is Mr. Solow's touchstone. If an author contributes he is pure; if he withdraws he has "knuckled down" to Hitler. Mr. Solow brushes aside the reasons which the four distinguished men gave—their surprise at the political character of a paper that was to have been devoted solely to literature—and ascribes their defection to fear of Hitler. This of three men who have no hope or intention of going back to Germany and a fourth whose home is in Austria! Nowhere does Mr. Solow intimate that on page 1, number 1, volume 1 of *Die Sammlung* the editor—in his salutatory—arraigns Germany (very neatly, but yet in contradiction to his promise), saying, in part: "Whoever will take the trouble to follow our magazine will not be permitted to doubt where we, editors and contributors, stand. From the outset it will be clear where our hatred is directed and where we hope we may love."

Far from "knuckling down," Stefan Zweig refused to sign the declaration which the German government requires of authors; hence he faces the suppression of his work of almost thirty years. It was not his participation in *Die Sammlung* but his refusal to sign the declaration in August (*Die Sammlung* did not appear until September) that brought about the situation which Mr. Solow misrepresents, doubtless unwittingly. Zweig's letter, which Mr. Solow quotes with such relish, was a private one to the Insel Verlag, which, without permission, turned it over to the Reichsstelle. Perceiving how he would be misunderstood by the Solows of all lands Dr. Zweig made this statement through the Jewish Telegraphic Agency:

To avoid all misinterpretation I wish to explain that the letter in question was addressed by me to the Insel Verlag, who have been my German publishers for more than a quarter of a century, in reply to their express inquiry, but I gave no authorization whatever for its publication, which might suggest an attempt on my part to secure for myself more favorable treatment in Germany.

There is nothing further from my mind than the thought of shutting myself out from the common fate of my comrades and brethren in blood, and I would despise any attempt on my part to surrender my moral independence in return for any advantages whatsoever.

It is true that I have refrained from taking a controversial attitude against present-day Germany, for controversy was never the medium of my artistic expression, but I have not the remotest intention of denying or canceling my attitude, and I declare openly and unambiguously that the fate of my comrades and brethren in blood is obviously a thousand times more important to me than all literature.

Does Mr. Solow still maintain that "Zweig, with his Salzburg estate [house and garden] and fat income from American best-sellers, has knuckled under"? And, knowing the honorable personal career of Dr. Mann and what he has suffered at the hands of the brutal German government, are we to discredit his simple explanation for allowing his book to appear in Germany? And Dr. Döblin, distinguished neurologist whose life was devoted to proletarians in Berlin, is he to be doubted? I happen to know and respect profoundly these three of the four maligned, and it is a safe inference that injustice has similarly been done to Herr Schickele.

New York, January 16

B. W. HUEBSCH

Mr. Solow Thinks Otherwise

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

Mr. Huebsch misstates matters of fact. Ignoring Binding and other cases I cited, he says Ewers and Johst are "congenital coordinates." In the past Ewers was known as a liberal; in a preface to Zangwill's "Voice of Jerusalem" he declared

undying respect for the liberal Jewish protagonist of national minorities. Johst wrote "Morgenröte—ein Rüpelspiel" ("Red Dawn—A Tough Play"), which pilloried capitalism, war, and love of country. In short, these Nazis once decried coordination with the best of them.

Mr. Huebsch misrepresents my fair characterization of *Die Sammlung*. I portrayed it neither as milder than it is nor as a touchstone of anti-Hitler irreconcilability. Of course I do not believe all its contributors are "pure." Pure what? But I do believe that those who, at Hitler's behest, retracted promises to contribute, are pure. Pure quitters.

Mr. Huebsch discusses many irrelevant matters. I do not see that one man's Austrian citizenship, a second's Czech parentage, a third's past career (I, too, heard Döblin publicly pledge himself to undying anti-Nazi militancy), or the fact that there is between a fourth and his publisher a difference as to whether a certain letter was private or not, changes the one essential fact.

Indeed, beneath all the verbiage, Mr. Huebsch seems to accept this fact. He seems to say that the four retreating horse-men were justified because Klaus Mann broke a promise not to arraign Germany. Let us assume such a promise was made and broken, although no proof is offered. What does this mean except that *they will write only for magazines which do not arraign Hitler Germany—and for German publishing houses bringing out books in praise of it?* But is this not the essence of my article? Then what's all the shooting for?

Apparently because of my "interpretation." I said these men jumped when Hitler cracked the whip, while Mr. Huebsch will have it that they discovered a desire to be "non-controversial" even before that. A noble defense indeed! But I quoted and did not try to discredit Thomas Mann's own "simple

explanation" that he wanted to avoid the suppression of his next book. And I pointed out that Döblin and Schickele did not quit the *Sammlung* until their publishers informed them that all its collaborators were to be banned in Germany.

Stefan Zweig's desire to be "non-controversial" also is part of coordination. Previously he was controversial, both as a Jewish nationalist and as Rolland's spokesman. Zweig says his comrades' fate is "important" to him. If he means that he is touched by their misery, I never doubted it. But he will not condemn their tormentors or support Klaus Mann's condemnation by giving the *Sammlung* even a non-controversial piece. To associate with anti-Hitlerites is politics. But to publish books through a firm whose editorial policy is controlled by Goebbels's Propaganda Ministry—that is pure art! In truth, none of these men has simply quit. They have not abandoned life or letters, as might a really "pure" artist in a sinning world where every action may have implications beyond our vision or control. They have become parts of coordinated German literature, roses as ever, no doubt, but roses in a charnel house.

Perhaps when Mr. Huebsch's firm publishes Zweig's "Erasmus" we will get more about Zweig's motives, refracted through an analysis of the Great Humanist's soul-state when he turned tail after a proto-Nazi reaction had crushed the suffering rebel peasants of Germany. And perhaps Döblin, also published by Mr. Huebsch's house, will give us the neurology of his action in his next book. In the meantime, the objective facts are clear. I do not "relish" them, but I insist on stating them. If Mr. Huebsch wants to forget them, as he proposes to do in Hauptmann's case, his is the privilege. But let him not misrepresent them or obfuscate them.

New York, January 20

HERBERT SOLOW

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A Night in Late Winter

By ISIDOR SCHNEIDER

The opposite roofs blind half my window;
they leave me four square feet of glass on sky
a lens enough to show infinity;
and in a notch between two housewalls, looking west,
I have a trap to catch the sunset.

Tonight, swollen and luxurious he sinks;
blue darkness, last of his lavish colors,
mantles him dreaming, while neat new light
is by the unclouded eastern moon laid on.

Tonight, though it's named winter on the calendar,
the mild air has an after winter feel,
a smell of water leaving ice, a live grass smell
to deodorant winter alien.

And heavier savors still, less soluble in air,
gush upward from the thaws; thick relishes of soil
as if, invisibly, earth in sleep has turned
its cold side under and brought up the warm.

The Comic Genius of Dickens

Charles Dickens. His Life and Work. By Stephen Leacock.
Doubleday, Doran and Company. \$3.

At the end of the nineteenth century the intellectuals—
influenced by French naturalism and not yet under the
spell of Dostoevski, who owed so much to Dickens—dis-
missed Dickens as naive, provincial, and unrealistic. But this
fashion passed, and there are now few readers who do not un-
derstand the true nature of Dickens's genius or who would
bother to weigh his obvious inability to portray normal reality
against his tremendous ability in the creation of the grotesque
and comic. Dickens stands for us today with Breughel, Dau-
mier, Cervantes, and the Falstaffian Shakespeare as one of the
great comic artists.

As such he is not easy to write about, for great comedy
does not yield easily to paraphrase. One can always find the
"idea" in a tragedy, but the effect of the great comic concep-
tions surpasses any idea they may seem to have. This, perhaps,
is because great comedy is usually concerned with the physical,
which is easier to represent than to discuss; but whatever the
reason, one can understand why both Chesterton and Machen
(for all their limitations they were the first to point out the
true nature of Dickens's genius) talked a great deal about the
"mythical" quality of Dickens's best characters. These char-
acters exist so strongly and fully that the two critics felt they
must "stand for" something greater and not quite compre-
hensible—that they were "mythical." But actually the char-
acters "stand for" nothing more than some special human en-
ergy, or oddity, or feeling, which has no wider reference than
the individual who possesses it.

Dickens's genius for creating such people is, in conjunction
with his role of social propagandist, of peculiar interest for the

modern writer. Dickens's social views would not, of course,
stand the test of the mildest modern liberalism, but in his time
and place he was rather admirable—and as practically effective
as a novelist can be. One may say in general of his social
propaganda that it was successful both aesthetically and prac-
tically only when his characters had the "mythical" quality men-
tioned before, when they had a reality so strong that they
seemed like creatures of the earth. When, on the other hand,
he dealt in caricature and made his characters represent an idea,
he failed both aesthetically and practically; the quality and fate
of "Hard Times" with its Gradgrind and Bounderby of Coke-
town, cartoons of the British Whig middle class, furnish the
obvious example.

Our time is one when, necessarily, ideas about people are
more pressing than the personalities of people. A large and
very important section of our intellectuals demands, with great
justice, that our novels include these ideas about people, that
they deal in social propaganda. Yet a large part of this group
seems to feel that there is a necessary antagonism between ideas
about people and the personality of people, and that the best
way the novelist can propagandize is without his chief tool—
his perception of personality in all its myriad variations. Thus,
in the *New Masses* of February, 1933, the Communist critic
A. B. Magil chides the excellent Communist novelist Grace
Lumpkin for her "objectivity" in character drawing, tells her
that she is wrong to attribute any decent feelings to a man who
is led to desert his class to be the agent of big business, and
that she should deal only in "class portraiture"—that is, in cari-
cature. Mr. Magil's notion of character and the determinants
of action are so obviously non-Marxian that one is sure that his
view is not shared by the clearer minds of the Communist group,
yet his view represents an extreme toward which opinion on
this matter seems inevitably to tend. The work of Dickens,
in its failure as well as its success, stands as a proof of the
limitation which this view sets on the effectiveness of the
novelist.

But the making of real people and not mere social units
and types is not only a tool of the propagandist-novelist; it is
also in itself a social function. Because circumstances force us
to think, for the sake of action, of people in the mass, we need
not suppose that this has an ultimate social virtue. It is not
desirable—no Communist would say it was—for people to be
social units. And it is one part of the novelist's function to
tell us that they are not—to remind us that people are incredibly
different, various, eccentric, and that they should be so. The
necessity to think politically in terms of masses has been carried
over with illegitimate literalness into art, and the creation of
character is vaguely felt to be a sin. Yet it is a real question
whether the great revolutionary novel will not come quite close
to Dickens's vital practice; certainly it will be far from Mr.
Magil's hysterical theory.

With so much relevance attached to Dickens by present
circumstances and movements, it is a pity that his most recent
biographer should be Professor Leacock. That this "Life" is
almost entirely built of the bricks the monumental Forster pro-
vided is no great fault; but it has scarcely a flash of insight or
a new emphasis; it is disproportionate, gracelessly written, and
repetitious. There are all the old tags about Dickens's inability
to draw a gentleman—"an A-1, first-class, all-round gentleman,"
as Mr. Leacock elegantly puts it. There is a certain amount
of misinformation, such as that "in all the records of [Dickens's]
comings and goings there are no surreptitious pages"; Ralph
Straus shows that there are. The book concludes with a vul-
garly violent assertion of the superiority of Dickens over Shake-
speare and Milton, and is, on the whole, as poor a monument
as Dickens could have.

LIONEL TRILLING

Insanity and Heredity

Heredity and Environment: Studies in the Genesis of Psychological Characteristics. By Gladys C. Schwesinger. The Macmillan Company. \$4.

THE man on the street does not question that insanity is inherited; Eugene O'Neill has created a profound tragedy about the tacit assumption that insanity is inherited; Hitler is preparing to make sterile thousands of men and women because his German professors tell him that insanity is inherited. In the face of such unanimity it is perhaps foolhardy to doubt, for surely the evidence behind this massed authority must be as clear and ponderous as that behind the laws of gravity. But those of us who still dare to doubt and who wish to examine the data as well as the conclusions will welcome Miss Schwesinger's book, which she describes as "a reference work on psychological measurement and a summary of studies on the developmental origins of mental characteristics."

Miss Schwesinger begins with a careful description and critique of the numerous tests which have been devised to measure intelligence and personality. These tests are the tools that are used in studies on this subject, and it is paramount to determine their validity. Intelligence tests, she finds, if used properly, are "highly valid and reliable." Less encouraging is her opinion of personality tests, which she believes are of questionable value in their application to eugenics.

Most of the book is composed of a painstaking analysis of the data on intelligence as affected by heredity and environment. This section alone has a bibliography of 229 titles. Studies are divided into two groups: those with similar heredity and varied environment, and those with similar environment and varied heredity. For example, one group of investigators has compared the intelligence of identical twins—signifying identical heredity—who have been reared apart; other studies compare children from widely different backgrounds brought up together in asylums or resident schools. Miss Schwesinger attempts not only to present this mass of data but also to indicate the significance and value of each study. From her skilful analysis she forms the opinion that "the evidence that there are important differences among individuals in hereditary capacity for intelligence, is entirely conclusive." With this we must agree. It is now a truism that all men are not born equal.

What of the role of environment? Its task is to bring out the latent abilities of the individual. Obviously, then, its effects are more potent on the superior individual who has more to be brought to the surface. Miss Schwesinger presents this aspect of the problem with refreshing clarity:

Hence it is really not legitimate to ask: What is the relative importance of heredity and environment? This question belongs in the scrap basket with the type of general conclusions in some of the studies quoted: "It appears that heredity is twice as important as environment in determining intelligence." The new approach would be: Given a stated environment, how much variation will heredity permit for such and such a characteristic (among so and so individuals)? Or, given a stated heredity, how much variation could a given range of environment introduce for such and such a character?

Among the environments studied is the social and economic status. That, on the whole, individuals, both children and adults, from the so-called higher classes have higher I.Q.'s than individuals from the lower classes is a well-established fact. More important is to find the reason for this difference. It is disappointing that in a book which maintains so high a critical standard we should read that this higher intelligence of the "upper socio-economic groups, as compared with groups lower

in the socio-economic scale, is to an important extent due to differences in hereditary capacity." The data on which this conclusion is based are mainly statistical and far from convincing. There is not enough space here to discuss in detail this vital question, but it may be emphasized that the use of statistics assumes the unquestionable reliability of the fundamental observations. Certainly in so complex a problem as social and economic status too many unknown and unmeasurable factors are involved for us to jump to so momentous a conclusion as that quoted above, merely on the basis of a few statistical investigations.

To return now to the problem of the heredity of insanity, for which we were seeking scientific support. Miss Schwesinger informs us that she would have been delighted to supply a chapter on the influence of environment in the development of personality (which includes mental illness) but that "unfortunately the factors underlying personality development are as yet so incompletely understood by psychologists, the tools of measurement so inadequate, the research data so meager and insecure, that we did not feel justified in organizing such an analysis." Apparently, whatever may be the basis of this generally accepted idea of the heredity of insanity, it is not a matter of scientific proof.

This is not an easy book to read. Miss Schwesinger has performed a masterly work of scholarship in bringing together the widely scattered works on this subject. Her bibliographies and indexes are exhaustive. Serious students are working against great difficulties to answer the nature-nurture problem. The material is such that their results are often incomplete and unsatisfactory, but they are definite in the direction they indicate. The least we can do, as educators, social workers, physicians, and even statesmen, is to familiarize ourselves with what has been done and to keep our conclusions within the limits of the proved results. Toward this end Miss Schwesinger's book is an invaluable aid.

DAVID BERES

Aristocratic Verse

Now with His Love. Poems. By John Peale Bishop. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2.50.

JOHN PEALE BISHOP is a poet of high technical accomplishment, and this book of lyrics and dramatic monologues proves him to be one of those poets to whom form and method are of great importance. It proves, likewise, that he is one of the poets of the "lost generation." One sees here the influence of Wallace Stevens, of E. E. Cummings, even of Edith Sitwell. Nevertheless, Mr. Bishop's art is his own. His tradition is quite evidently aristocratic. He prefers the fine, the delicate, the rare in character or in performance. Several of the poems have to do with the aristocracy of the South. I do not think, however, that one can accuse Mr. Bishop of snobbery. Through these poems runs the realization that, regardless of preference, the time has come when the fine flower of aristocracy is decadent, that terrible though this process may be, aristocracy must now be reinvigorated by contact with more primitive and ignorant classes. The poet may greatly prefer Desdemona to the Moor, but

The ceremony must be found

That will wed Desdemona to the huge Moor.

The poet may find dramatic the beautiful Southern woman who has her slaves brought to her bedside and beaten, but this woman is dying. Mr. Bishop is well aware that the object studied changes as the student changes. Nor can he find any permanent value in anything. He cannot seize upon religion as a solution. But he would not separate ideal love from lust; he would merely have both present in their right proportion.

Mr. Bishop's feeling about human society is that it is, on the whole, very stupid and rather crude. He finds in literature rare people much more exciting than any broad conception of the human race. He shrinks a little from the common herd, but he does not entirely deny them.

So much for the poet's thought. Primarily Mr. Bishop is a lyric poet of considerable rank. His adaptations of Elizabethan rhetoric and turns of phrase to modern psychology are very interesting. Like Cummings he uses the rich and the delicate image to point a modern cynicism. Such are the poems to Fiametta, and to his Late Mistress. In general, Mr. Bishop does not use the conversational rhythms so common to his generation or the effects of direct speech, but rather delicate song rhythms and an Elizabethan poetic language greatly modified, of course, to attain modern emphasis on idea. Often his imagery reminds one of Wallace Stevens, but his musical effects are less subtle. He does not stress disillusionment or mental bewilderment. His appeal is directly to the senses.

EDA LOU WALTON

Palmer Turns State's Evidence

With My Own Eyes. By Frederick Palmer. The Bobbs-Merrill Company. \$3.50.

FREDERICK PALMER has seen more war than any other American and probably more than any Englishman except Henry W. Nevinnson. Ever since 1897, when he was first a war correspondent in the war between the Greeks and Turks, he has been under fire with remarkable regularity in Cuba, China, the Balkans, the Philippines, and Manchuria, and of course he was in the World War from the beginning to the end, part of the time as chief censor for the A. E. F., a position that he took as a patriotic duty though it irked his very soul. Always, he says, hope has kept him alive—hope that somehow or other the barbarities, the human atrocities he has witnessed all over the globe would come to an end. He was one of those who wanted us in the war, who really hoped we should make the world safe for democracy—until the Peace Conference. As he was leaving the Hotel Crillon after a look at that horrible and disastrous conference, Professor Haskins of Harvard said to him, "Palmer, what are you going to do, now there will be no more wars?" "From what I have seen of the Peace Conference," he replied, "I am convinced that more wars are already in the making." While he ends on the note "I still hope," his bitter disillusionment is everywhere evident.

Mr. Palmer cannot forgive President Wilson for riding in triumph through the streets of the capitals of Europe and never even visiting the Meuse-Argonne to see what the men he had drafted "had endured in defeating the enemy so that he could make peace without victory. . . . Once he was won to counsel with the statesmen instead of the spirit of the soldiers, the statesmen had him." To Mr. Palmer, Lloyd George seems only "the war's playboy," whose god was a "gyrating Janus"; Clemenceau, one "who had no room for idealism in his cosmos"; Orlando, "greedy and grasping." Lord Robert Cecil he characterizes correctly as the strong partisan of the League of Nations who, with "Bible in hand," was "making sure that under the new disguise of colonial rule called a mandate Britain got all the African diamond fields and the oil wells of Mesopotamia." "To read the Covenant of the League," Mr. Palmer writes, "was to break the heart of a practical pacifist." As for Mr. Wilson, Mr. Palmer thinks that he lost because "the strong cards in his hands had turned blank. His power had slipped from his hands. It had been in the manhood, the money, the munitions which the Allies had counted on to help them in the war." But there I think he is wrong. Those cards were still

powerful when the conference began. Mr. Palmer forgets how many millions we lent to our Allies *after* the Armistice and *after* the conference began—how the French and British armies were disintegrating, and our own too, though they were still the freshest and at that time the most formidable in France. But he is everlastingly right when he says that "a few leaders were on the top of the world; they were drunk with a power whose source they did not understand," and so the world was wrecked instead of saved, and the end of their mischief is not yet.

Mr. Palmer, who successfully labored, with General Pershing's willing cooperation, to keep hate and atrocities out of the American dispatches from the front while the home forces were teaching nothing else, does his share, like Philip Gibbs and others, to undo the war-time atrocity stories. There were no Belgian children's hands cut off, and no German bodies burned to make grease, and no Canadian sergeants crucified to barn doors. Those were merely inventions to increase recruiting—and drive the innocent and stupid Americans into participating in the loss of a World War. Mr. Palmer does not deny that the censors' task is one of suppression and lying and deceit, but it is pleasant to record that he did the minimum himself, and that in this volume he has laid all the cards on the table in the grim determination of his disappointment. He has turned not merely state's evidence, but humanity's evidence.

The World War episodes are only a portion of his book. Mr. Palmer's accounts of his experiences in the Boxer and Philippine campaigns are of real historical worth, and his sketches of the generals with whom he was thrown are illuminating. His is an amazingly varied record.

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

The Survival of Poor-Law Standards

The Development of Social Insurance and Minimum-Wage Legislation in Great Britain. By Helen F. Hohman. Houghton Mifflin Company. \$3.50.

THIS, in my opinion, is the most illuminating study of British social legislation which has appeared in the last twenty years. It gives in the first place an accurate and lucid analysis of the various measures themselves. But more revealing than this is the way in which it shows how the philosophy of the Poor Law of 1834, although apparently discredited, still so largely survives after a century and continues to influence the later acts and their administration. That law, as is well known, was the quintessence of individualism. It was based on the assumption that poverty was due to the personal fault of the poor, and that the government should give as little aid as possible on the most onerous terms in order to stimulate the self-reliance of the submerged. The law therefore provided that relief to the able-bodied poor should be offered only if they gave up their homes and came into the workhouse. The relief given there was in turn supposed to be appreciably less than the lowest standard of living of the unskilled workers. The workhouses were therefore designed to be places of qualified terror which were to deter the workers from committing the crime of being indigent.

The severity of this standard was, to be sure, somewhat abated during the nineteenth century. In some regions the aged were not required to enter the poorhouse and were given meager doles of relief. Furthermore, the poor-law authorities soon discovered that for them to feed, clothe, and shelter those within the workhouse on a lower standard than the lowest outside would generally require them slowly to starve the inmates to death and thus be guilty of legalized manslaughter. It also be-

gan to be realized that the poor were not to blame for industrial accidents, cyclical, seasonal, or ~~even~~ chronic unemployment, ill-health, or indigent old age.

Despite the protests of the cold-hearted Charity Organization Society, the rigors of the old poor law as an omnibus measure for treating poverty began therefore to dissolve around the turn of the century. Finally the Liberals under the leadership of Lloyd George put through a program of social insurance and legislation which was designed as the first-line trench against destitution. Unemployment and health-insurance laws were passed, old-age pensions were provided, and trade boards were set up to fix minimum wages in sweated trades. To these the Conservatives added in 1925 assistance for widows with children. These were worthy measures, but to prevent malingering and to promote thrift the scale of benefits provided followed the 1834 principle of less eligibility, and were appreciably less than current rates of earnings and very much below the cost of a minimum approved standard of life. Similarly the minimum rates fixed by the trade boards were also below these minimum living standards. A bottom was, to be sure, placed under human misery but adequate maintenance was not provided. It is small wonder, then, that the workers are not satisfied with these measures of liberal social reform and that the Labor Party has sought to increase the benefits provided. It is also small wonder that there is a growing feeling that if this is all that capitalism can do to protect its workers, then a socialistic reorganization of industry is needed which will really give a living wage to those employed and adequate maintenance to those who, through no fault of their own, are either unable to find work or are industrially incapacitated. The coming century will probably see in England a clash of this concept with the present compromise, and Mrs. Hohman's book is very valuable both in showing the issues involved and in tracing their historical development.

PAUL H. DOUGLAS

George Lewes

George Lewes and George Eliot. A Review of Records. By Anna T. Kitchel. The John Day Company. \$2.50.

IN the late spring of 1870, when she was eighteen years old, Mary Arnold was invited to one of the Sunday suppers of Mark Pattison, the Rector of Lincoln College, Oxford. Also present were two eminent Victorians who were visiting the Pattisons. "George Eliot sat at the Rector's right hand," Mary Arnold tells us. "I was opposite her; on my left was George Henry Lewes, to whom I took a prompt and active dislike. He and Mrs. Pattison kept up a lively conversation. . . . George Eliot was in truth entirely occupied in watching or listening to Mr. Lewes."

The impression which Lewes made on Mary Arnold is the impression, I suspect, which many readers of books about George Eliot and of letters and memoirs of the period have formed of him. Mrs. Carlyle called him "the Ape"; Margaret Fuller spoke of his "sparkling shallowness"; and George Meredith dismissed him as a "mercurial little showman." Yet every anecdote testifies, as this one does, to George Eliot's devotion to him. Too often, however, in the glimpses we get of George Eliot's later days, he appears as a superior kind of secretary to the famous woman who was not his wife. Professor Kitchel has now taken a new approach to this "union": she deals with Lewes's early life instead of George Eliot's; and even after they begin their life together, she writes of them rather from Lewes's point of view.

Lewes emerges as a versatile journalist with a vigorous and attractive personality of his own. He was a contributor of articles on literary, philosophical, and scientific subjects to

the magazines. He also published several novels and biographies. He wrote a play, acted in it and in others, adapted plays from the French, wrote criticism not only of English but also of French, Spanish, Italian, and German drama. In 1850 Lewes helped to establish a liberal weekly, the *Leader*, became its literary editor, and even conducted in it an early "column"; later he occupied editorial positions on the *Cornhill Magazine* and the *Fortnightly Review*. Like Leigh Hunt in the previous generation he was a liberalizing force in the intellectual life of his time. It is the light which Miss Kitchel throws on Lewes's early career, the life of a busy London journalist in the forties and fifties, that is her chief contribution. Little new light is thrown on George Eliot. The truth is that George Eliot did not lead a very interesting life—that is, externally. Her real life was poured into her novels: "Elle se transvasait goutte à goutte, jusqu'à la lie." What George Eliot needs today is not the "review of records" which Miss Kitchel gives us, nor a biography in the style of M. Maurois, but a critical study of her mind and art.

Miss Kitchel's book would have been more valuable, I think, if she had analyzed the significance of those records. The latter part of her review becomes at times scarcely more than a transcript or summary of records already available in Cross's "Life." One important question, one among many, which I wish Miss Kitchel had taken the opportunity of analyzing is the attitude of Victorian society toward the "union" of Lewes and George Eliot. Miss Kitchel "records," for instance, the visit to the Pattisons which I have already glanced at: "On the twenty-fifth," she writes, "they went for three days to Oxford to visit the Rector of Lincoln and his wife"; but she leaves it at that, not even mentioning the name of the formidable Rector. Yet behind this brief statement lies a wealth of significance. Here, in the first place, is the head of an Oxford college entertaining a woman whom Charles Kingsley referred to as "the infidel *esprit fort*, who is now G. H. Lewes's concubine." Pattison even invites a young girl of eighteen to meet this woman who is openly living in adultery. But still another kind of significance is to be found in this visit. In the late spring of 1870 George Eliot had just begun "Middlemarch," in which, you will remember, Casaubon, the elderly scholar, has a young and beautiful wife. Now Pattison, as contemporaries were quick to hint, was also an elderly scholar, also with a young and beautiful wife; it is ironical, too, that his greatest work was to be a biography of Isaac Casaubon, the Elizabethan humanist. Though I cannot believe that George Eliot intended her Casaubon as a portrait of Pattison, is it not probable that she was "drinking in" impressions, as Mary Arnold actually pictures her doing on that visit to Oxford, storing them "in that rich, absorbent mind of hers"? If only Miss Kitchel had analyzed such questions as these, her book would have enlarged our understanding of George Eliot as much as it has our understanding of George Lewes.

FRANKLIN GARY

Shorter Notices

Yesterday's Burdens. By Robert M. Coates. The Macaulay Company. \$2.

Fantasy is the literary genre which this work most nearly approaches, although much of it recalls the type of autobiographical nature-description that we get in "The Private Papers of Henry Ryecroft" and the essays of Robert Louis Stevenson. Written in a conventional, reiterative, and often quite stereotyped prose, these opening chapters render the mood of sentimental resignation in which the narrator indulges in his idyllic Connecticut retreat. Typical both of the mood and the language is the particular sentence that is chosen as a kind of refrain

device throughout: "The days go by in strict procession." Then, with almost no warning, the fantastic element enters in the person of the real hero of the piece, the man Henderson, who is not so much an individual character as he is a sort of composograph portrait of *l'homme moyen sensuel* of present-day New York. Unfortunately, Henderson is required to be so many different people that in the end he is just no one at all: as a symbol he has not enough delimiting contours to give him an identity for the imagination. Because he is without character, in the original sense of a stamp or mark to distinguish him from the rest of his kind, he hardly succeeds in being anything more than a name. And the style of this latter section, which is a hodge-podge of a half-dozen badly assimilated modern influences, serves to confirm the impression of a fundamentally confused response to the multiplicity of contemporary experience.

Foreign Bonds: An Autopsy. By Max Winkler. Roland Swain Company. \$3.50.

The unsavory record of much that has occurred in government financing gains a long-needed historical treatment in this volume by Dr. Max Winkler. Of all persons connected either as participants or observers with the jamboree of foreign financing during the post-war decade, Dr. Winkler has perhaps the best title to the role of Cassandra. Had greater heed been given to his warnings when the high-pressure salesmanship of Wall Street was running wild with foreign bonds, American investors would now be the gainers by many millions of dollars which have since disappeared into foreign treasuries, into the pockets of unscrupulous office-holders, and into the coffers of the underwriters. To those who succumbed to roseate selling circulars Dr. Winkler's detailed account of the credit records of many nations whose bonds were sold here as gilt-edged securities will come as a bitter solace. In fact, Dr. Winkler's research into government financing since the days of the Romans shows that government bonds, although traditionally considered of the highest caliber because of their prima facie backing by all the national resources, are actually secured only by the intangible and frequently non-existent willingness of governments to fulfil past promises, and occasionally by the more realistic desire to maintain a good credit rating as the basis for future borrowing. The recital of unending defaults, arbitrary reductions of principal or interest, and general disregard of obligations demonstrates that in the long run a government can maintain a perfect credit history only by refraining from borrowing. As a fully documented record of government financing, Dr. Winkler's "autopsy" is of great value. As a means of enlightenment for the past and future investor, its general appeal is somewhat narrowed by the mass of technical detail which partly obscures the record of deceit and gullibility that characterized one of the most disastrous eras of modern capitalism.

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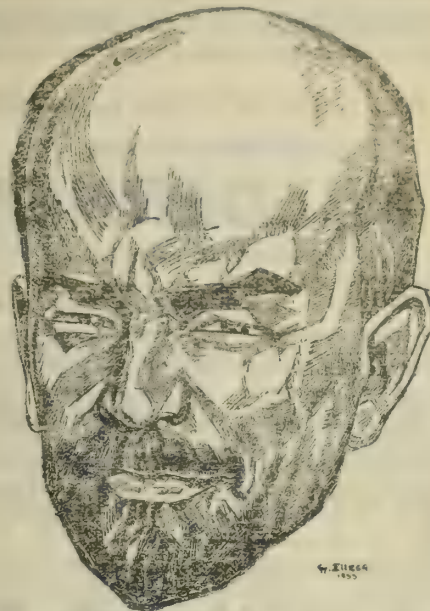
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Films

Toward the Next War

IF the question of propaganda in the films recurs with such frequency in this column, it is not because of any special desire to add to the vast confusion that has already accumulated around the general question of the relationship between propaganda and art. In that controversy I have already announced my belief that works of art and works of propaganda are quite different things, with different motives, objects, and characteristics. And all things being equal I should prefer to discuss the films as examples of what they now and then give evidence of aspiring to be, works of art, rather than as illustrations of one or another social or political doctrine. But the truth is that the time has come when the nature of the particular social or political philosophy reflected in a film, as in pretty much everything else nowadays, has such profound effects on its quality in other respects that we cannot for very long ignore this philosophy. The approach to the films as art usually involves for the most part the making of qualitative distinctions within the sphere of technical and aesthetic discussion. This is, and always has been, the proper sphere for the critic of art, in so far as he is a critic of art and not an amateur of social or economic theory. But the sphere of technical and aesthetic discussion is unfortunately not always so independent from other spheres of discussion as the critic, for his convenience, might like it to be. Even the forms of an art are related to the culture out of which it springs—more particularly, to the comparative state of health of that culture. And as long as our culture is in its present unsound condition we shall have to resign ourselves to a corresponding instability of formal structure in every one of the modes through which it attempts to express itself. That "antique symmetry" of which Leonardo wrote in his notebooks, and whose lack he regretted in his own creations, is not for an age of transition and change. It belongs to an age which no longer has to spend its energy in fighting—for what it has or for what it has not. It belongs, that is to say, to an age in which propaganda is no longer necessary, in which the critic is freed to return to his proper sphere. And our own, needless to say, is not such an age.

According to a recent alarming bulletin sent out by the Film and Photo League, for example, we are in for an overwhelming inundation of "war-preparation" films in the near future. Among recent pictures designed to stir up a pro-war spirit in the American public, the bulletin singles out the following: "Midshipman Jack," "Hell and High Water," "Hell Below," "Fledglings," "Son of a Sailor," and "Shanghai Madness." It points out also, what few may realize, that the showing of newsreels of marine, battlefield, and aviation maneuvers is encouraged by the government. Pointing out the marked technological improvement that has occurred in the films since the great anti-Soviet campaign in 1919, the bulletin concludes: "We can be sure that the utilization of the film by the ruling class in this coming period of war preparation will infinitely dwarf . . . their use of the movie in 1919."

It is largely in relation to this melancholy possibility that a picture like the international *tour de force* "Hell on Earth," which has just opened at the Acme, takes on its significance. Neither as art nor as entertainment will it yield many rewards, but as a piece of propaganda directed against the next capitalistic war it has at least one undeniable virtue. Its method of argument is so simple that even the most dull-witted in any audience will respond to its force. The method is to throw a handful of soldiers of different nationalities into a ruined build-

ing in No Man's Land, and show exactly what happens. Of course their common sufferings, interests, and weariness with their lot erase almost instantly whatever differences of language or uniform have at first kept them apart. The German shares his cigarettes with the Frenchman; the Jew, who has been a tailor, mends the German's clothes; and the American Negro, a former entertainer on the European music-hall stage, cheers everybody up with a lively tap-dance. The moral is clear and clean cut. There is nothing to which either a Communist or a pillar of the League of Nations might object. It is perhaps irrelevant, therefore, to complain that everything has been a little too abruptly managed, that this shell-hole camaraderie becomes tiresome and embarrassing after a while. But a greater amount of care would have made this picture interesting also as drama. With the exception of Ernst Busch (who played in "Kameradschaft") as the German and Vladimir Sokolov of the Moscow Art Theater as the Jew, the casting of the five soldiers is weak. Although the dialogue is written in no less than four languages, it does not accomplish very much in any one of them; that in English, at any rate, is quite poor. Nor does the idea of having the American Negro express the international point of view, while it is excellent as an idea, work out very well in fact. As a result of these defects and failures, "Hell on Earth" is not as effective, even as propaganda, as it might be; but unlike most war films it does express a clear and uncompromising attitude toward its subject.

It may be compared, for example, with the British film "I Was a Spy," which is having a certain vogue at the moment with the more exacting sections of the metropolitan audience. Thanks to a smooth though not exceptional technical production and to the suave playing of Madeleine Carroll and Herbert Marshall, this picture has been made to seem much more important than it really is, either as drama or as an exposé of one aspect of the late war. The main situation is the old reliable one of the woman spy who is required to sacrifice both love and virtue for the sake of her country. All that it manages to leave with its audience is an impression of the vast nobility that surrounds the life of a spy. Pathos is directed on the woman, not on the hundreds whom her noble patriotism has brought to death. In other words, it is the kind of picture calculated to make us believe that there is something beautiful and touching about war, after all.

WILLIAM TROY

Drama

And So to Bed

IMPROBABLE as it may seem, the only play of the week which has the slightest chance of enduring until this report is published is a play which deals once more with the pros and cons of marital infidelity as a sport for the leisure class. Even those who have heard dramatic debates upon this subject less often than I have will probably not learn anything new from "No More Ladies" (Booth Theater), but it would be rank ingratitude not to confess that its author, A. E. Thomas, provided a rather amusing evening in a week when amusing evenings were distinctly at a premium. He has not, alas, thought of anything new to say on his well-worn theme, and even his dialogue would probably seem pretty flat if set down coldly on the printed page, but there are nevertheless two reasons why his piece is likely to enjoy a certain success. One of them is that he has imagined a group of pleasantly differentiated types, half-real, half-mythical, and the other that the producer has collected a more than usually lively cast. First honors unquestionably go to Lucile Watson for a delightfully

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□ JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH says □

AH, WILDERNESS! Guild Theater. O'Neill's nostalgic comedy about a youth who discovers love and poetry together. Made doubly effective by the performance of George M. Cohan.

BIG HEARTED HERBERT. Biltmore Theater. J. C. Nugent and Elisabeth Risdon in a broad but funny farce about the taming of a self-made man.

COME OF AGE. Maxine Elliott's Theater. Clemence Dane's fantasy about the Poet Chatterton in modern London. Delicate but unsubstantial and with a fine performance by Judith Anderson.

DAYS WITHOUT END. Henry Miller's Theater. O'Neill's latest and much discussed play which may or may not prove that he is ready for conversion to the Catholic Church. Splendidly produced and acted, but not likely to seem very significant to those not religiously inclined.

MARY OF SCOTLAND. Alvin Theater. Helen Hayes and Philip Merivale give fine performances in Maxwell Anderson's play. The biggest dramatic hit of the moment but one which left me a little cold.

MEN IN WHITE. Broadhurst Theater. Fine teamwork on the part of the members of the Group Theater helps to make this play about a young doctor one of the things which must not be missed.

PEACE ON EARTH. Civic Repertory Theater. Propaganda play about the next war, in which the workers strike and a young college professor gets framed for murder. Drawing special but enthusiastic audiences which evidently do not agree with me that the play is quite uninspired.

THE FIRST APPLE. Ethel Barrymore Theater. Irene Purcell contributes much charm to a fragile but amusing comedy about—first apples.

THE GREEN BAY TREE. Cort Theater. Absorbing psychological drama about a young man who cannot give up luxury for love. Shares with "Men in White" the first place on the list of dramas.

THE PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS. Avon Theater. Spicy and more or less historical comedy about a young Austrian who finds bundling one of the pleasantest of the new freedoms in Revolutionary New England.

salty performance as the grandmother who looks like a sweet old lady but knows a hawk from a hand-saw just the same. Second to her is Rex O'Malley as an impudent bystander, and the entire cast, being first rate, so brightens up the proceedings that one frequently forgets how completely stale every situation and every theme really is.

The discouraging thing, however, is the fact that despite ten years of listening and watching I still do not know just where we stand on this all-important matter of adultery. I gather that it is almost universally practiced and that we are all agreed to abandon the more melodramatic attitudes toward it. Nevertheless, the exact status of the diversion remains imperfectly defined, and I can only report a certain tendency on the part of various schools of thought to converge toward a common uncertainty. The conservative has now got around to granting that the erring husband can be forgiven on fairly easy terms, but meanwhile the school which used to celebrate the Splendid Sin has largely disappeared to make way for the sophisticate who announces in the last act that sophistication is not, after all, incompatible with a final surrender to monogamy. The result, unfortunately, is to make the plays of a defender of the conventions like Rachel Crothers almost indistinguishable from those of the most determinedly modern. No one seems willing to affirm either that infidelity is a horrible crime or that it is merely a harmless necessary diversion. Moreover, though this may be highly sensible it is not conducive to drama, and one finds it hardly worth while to see more than four or five plays a year which demonstrate merely that, all things considered, a husband and wife are probably less likely to quarrel if they keep their sex lives fairly simple. I really do not know whether Mr. Thomas is on the side of the angels or not. His libertine hero is a very nice young man with a colorful past who gets into trouble when he falls into his old habits after marriage. The final curtain descends upon his determination to be good in the future, but I am still not quite clear in my mind whether the game is to be considered worth the candle or not. Most plays on the subject seem to leave the discussion exactly where they found it, and my suggestion is that it be quietly dropped until such time as someone has discovered something new to contribute. We know that there is much to be said on both sides and we have heard it all.

Several other plays have either already closed or will be no more by the time this report is published. "John Brown" lasted two days; "And Be My Love," a frequently funny comedy also about adultery, four. The rest I have already forgotten.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

Contributors to This Issue

Low is known as "England's greatest cartoonist."

ANITA BRENNER, author of "Idols Behind Altars," has recently returned from a visit to Spain.

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Contents

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS	169
EDITORIALS:	
Are We Back on Gold?	172
Shameful Economy	173
In Defense of Labor	174
ISSUES AND MEN. OGDEN MILLS ON THE TARIFF. By	
Oswald Garrison Villard	175
THE FISCAL FARO GAME. By Henry Raymond Mussey	176
BEGIN HOUSING NOW! By Henry S. Churchill	178
KEEPING HITLER OUT OF AUSTRIA. By John Gunther	180
THE SECOND FIVE-YEAR PLAN. By Louis Fischer	182
THE INTELLIGENT TRAVELER. By John Rothschild	184
IN THE DRIFTWAY. By the Drifter	185
CORRESPONDENCE	185
MIDWINTER BOOK SECTION	
STEPHEN DEDALUS AND JAMES JOYCE. By William Troy	187
THE ARBOR. By Eda Lou Walton	188
TWO CRITICS IN SEARCH OF AN ABSOLUTE. By Horace	
Gregory	189
THE USABLE PAST. By Joseph Wood Krutch	191
BOOKS:	
Artful Autobiography. By Mark Van Doren	192
Chesterton Introduces Aquinas. By Richard McKeon	192
For Thy Stomach's Sake. H. L. Mencken	193
A Monument to Paris. By Lewis Galantière	193
Young Veteran of the Theater. By John Mason Brown	195
The Failure of Victorianism. By Clara Gruening Stillman	195
The Permanence of Herbs. By Dorothy Van Doren	196
Lucifer Deposed. By Egmont Arens	197
Men and Machines. By Mary McCarthy	198
Shorter Notices	198
Art: Impurity in the Modern Museum. By Anita Brenner	200
Drama: No Miracle. By Joseph Wood Krutch	201
CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE	202

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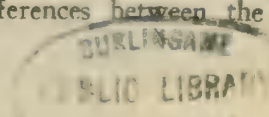
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THE FALL of the Chautemps Cabinet in France had more than ordinary significance. Usually a French government resigns because of an adverse vote in the Chamber of Deputies or because of a shift in party alignments, but Premier Chautemps was forced out by the rising tide of popular unrest. Unstable employment, the high cost of living, the hardships of the peasants, the stubborn refusal of the government bureaucracy to submit to salary cuts, the fear of further devaluation of the franc, the succession of financial scandals involving public officials, and many similar factors have caused a wave of protest and revolt such as France has not experienced in years. A good many foreign observers in France think that the country is on the verge of a dictatorship. Indeed, all sections of the French press are either openly predicting a "government of vigorous action" or are clamoring for such a government. In view of these developments it seems incongruous that Edouard Daladier should again be intrusted with the premiership. He tackled the same political and economic problems only a few months ago, with virtually the same party support in the

Chamber that he is now depending on and with virtually the same sort of Cabinet, but without success. Daladier seems destined merely to hold the fort until the "government of vigorous action" can be found. One cannot, however, have a dictatorship without a dictator, and no strong man has yet come forward in France.

SO RAPIDLY are events moving in the Far East that one has difficulty in recording them, to say nothing of attempting to evaluate or understand them. The Japanese Minister of the Navy, Admiral Osumi, has announced that whatever happens to the 1935 naval conference Japan intends to build a fleet exceeding the limits laid down in the Washington and London treaties. From Norfolk, Virginia, comes the report that 45,000 tons of Chilean nitrates have been landed there, most of it destined for Russia and Japan. In the Pacific, off the Hawaiian Islands, American air squadrons have been carrying out secret flying tests and "advanced-base operations." In Moscow the president of the Supreme Economic Council has reported that the Soviet Union produced "many more tanks, cannons, and machine-guns in 1933 than in 1932," while the Commissar for War, in a fiery speech warning Japan to keep its hands off Russia, has declared that the Red Army is now more thoroughly mechanized than most of the forces of Western Europe. Meanwhile the Japanese War and Navy departments announced that they were planning to recruit 80,000 young men from impoverished farming villages to work in the munitions factories. Washington dispatches a day or two earlier declared that "the greatest peace-time navy in the country's history was voted today by the House in passing the Vinson Naval Replacement bill. . . . The measure went through without a record vote." Another dispatch from the same city quoted an admiral, a member of the General Board of the navy, as having accused the British and Japanese of promoting anti-preparedness propaganda in the United States. And from Manchuria come reports that Japanese troops are again pursuing "bandits" along the Siberian border, just beyond which the Soviet Union has built powerful defenses, assembled vast military stores, and has an army in readiness.

HAPPILY, not all of the news has been on the side of war. Some of it has dealt with the need for peace and understanding. As a gesture of good-will toward America and under pressure from anti-militarist elements in the Diet, the Japanese authorities have persuaded a retired naval officer to withdraw a provocative novel describing an imaginary war in the Pacific, and have announced that they are drawing up new regulations to put an end to the continuing flood of this sort of propaganda. In the House of Peers a former Foreign Minister, Kenkichi Yoshizawa, an outspoken imperialist in the past, frankly warned the admirals that if they persisted in their mad plans a rupture with the United States "would be inevitable." In both Tokio and Washington there is now being discussed a suggestion that a preliminary Japanese-American naval conference be held in an effort to straighten out the differences between the two



countries and so, perhaps, to avert the threatened breakdown of the 1935 conference. Compared with the many events pointing in the opposite direction, these few crumbs of peace news seem meager indeed. Yet they are sufficient to keep alive the hope that good sense and intelligent statesmanship will still save us from that catastrophe in the Far East which has long been forecast and now appears so close.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT has invited the Mendieta administration to open negotiations for the "modification of the permanent treaty between the United States and Cuba, and for a revision of the commercial convention between these two countries." Of the seven articles of the Platt Amendment incorporated in the treaty, Articles IV and VI, relating respectively to the ratification of acts of our military occupation and the title to the Isle of Pines, are obsolete. Article I pledges Cuba never to alienate its independence by treaty with a foreign Power; Article II pledges Cuba not to contract debts without adequate provision for payment; Article III gives the United States the right to intervene to maintain a government adequate for the protection of life, liberty, and property; Article V pledges Cuba's maintenance and extension of sanitary provisions; Article VII grants us coaling stations to be selected by the President of the United States. That right was exercised by the establishment of a United States base at Guantanamo Bay. It is to be hoped that the Roosevelt Administration will reap the full benefit of its obviously enlightened purpose by scrapping the entire Platt Amendment. Articles II and III have been honored chiefly in the breach. We should relinquish the naval base; we have ample adjacent territory of our own in Florida, Puerto Rico, and the Virgin Islands where an equivalent military purpose can be served. It is unnecessary to pledge Cuba to refrain from a compact with any foreign Power which would impair its independence, although clearly such a pledge would be given for the asking. As for the sanitation provisions, their execution depends largely on Cuba's economic condition, and could properly be included in the commercial convention necessary to assure a market for a proportion of the Cuban sugar crop in the United States and to restore the vanished market for American manufactured goods in Cuba.

FRENCH SECURITY and German militarism, the ancient villains of Europe, have broken loose again and threaten to overcome their gentle jailers, the League of Nations and the disarmament conference. Neither the barbed-wire entanglements of Versailles nor the soft words of Locarno having served to assuage the fears of France or the ambitions of Germany, Mussolini now suggests giving Hitler an army of 300,000 if he will return to the League, while Great Britain advances one of Sir John Simon's famous formulas by which France is offered more security and Germany is offered more military strength if only they will come back to Geneva and save the conference! Peace, in other words, is to be saved not by one but by 300,000 hairs of the dog that bit it, not counting Germany's 100,000 "non-military" fascist soldiers. Either by accident or by design the Italian memorandum was released just before the British Foreign Office issued its plan, thereby causing some embarrassment in diplomatic circles. In commenting on the incident the *New York Times* correspondent wrote: "However,

[it] is not likely to damage the cause of disarmament because it does not seem probable that either memorandum . . . will succeed in saving the Geneva conference." Whether consciously or not, the correspondent here expresses a fast-growing and widespread impression that a disarmament conference is hardly the place to discuss disarmament.

AMONG the other casualties of culture under the Nazi regime in Germany must be listed the decline or extinction of many newspapers once proud and powerful and independent. Offered the choice of suppression or coordination, most of the non-Marxist journals accepted the latter fate. But the result has proved all over again that a newspaper, like a person, must be itself or else it is nothing. The present plight of several "coordinated" publications has been partially revealed through circulation figures published in accordance with a recent law which brought the advertising business under direct control of the Hitler Government. The *Berliner Tageblatt*, formerly edited by the famous liberal, Theodor Wolff, has shrunk from a circulation of 250,000 to 25,000; another liberal paper, the *Berliner Volkszeitung*, dropped from 50,000 to 7,000; the popular *B.Z.*, published by Ullstein, went down to 200,000 from 750,000; and the *Grüne Post*, an Ullstein weekly, from 1,000,000 to 300,000. Even so conservative a newspaper as Hugenberg's *Lokalanzeiger* sank from 170,000 to 100,000, while the circulation of the *Nachtausgabe* was halved—dropping from 130,000 to 65,000. In the course of this catastrophic year 1,575 newspapers collapsed altogether through suppression or bankruptcy; today only 1,128 survive out of a former total of 2,703. The official Nazi paper, *Völkischer Beobachter*, has grown; its circulation is 314,750, now the largest in Germany. Its advertising has grown too, fifteen fold in the Berlin edition, while the advertising revenue of the other newspapers can be guessed by merely looking them over. As a result, the surviving journals are in desperate financial straits. The *Münchener Neueste Nachrichten*, formerly the largest and most powerful Munich paper, was heavily subsidized last summer in order that it might not cease publication altogether, throwing some five or six thousand persons out of work. This condition is not exceptional nor is it preventable as long as news is limited to official Nazi releases and opinion to official Nazi pronouncements. The German press will discover, if it does not already know it, that freedom of speech is more than a despised liberal principle; it is the only legitimate claim a publication can make upon the attention and interest of the public.

FRANK ADMISSION that certain codes under the National Industrial Recovery Act did in fact result in monopolistic price-fixing was made in a report on February 3 by A. D. Whiteside, NRA division administrator. The complaints, daily more numerous, about price-fixing and its attendant evils which have been made against the NRA—notably by Senators Borah and Nye in Congress—are seen to be not without foundation. And those persons who have considered any criticism of the NRA on these grounds as not only tantamount to high treason but in effect a championship of the sweatshop are evidently the victims of misguided zeal. Mr. Whiteside's report is all the more interesting as he was the chief foe of the Consumers' Advisory Board in its efforts to get before the recent price hearings just the

point of view which he has now publicly adopted. The report is the beginning of the general overhauling of all codes which is promised by General Johnson early this spring. It makes several provisions for checks on possible unjustified increases in prices and on the system of pressure exerted by large businesses on small ones to keep prices at a certain level. Mr. Whiteside expressed himself as having been deeply impressed by some of the things he had learned about jacking up prices under the NRA codes. Much of this information has been furnished him by Leon Henderson, recently appointed by General Johnson as his "consumer's assistant." Mr. Henderson mentioned, for example, an increase in the price of woolen goods seven times the amount necessary to cover the increased cost of labor under the code.

THE OLD GUARD not only dies but it surrenders also, as bewildered Pennsylvanians have learned. Senator David Aiken Reed, long the champion of the most reactionary interests in an ultra-reactionary State, has suddenly come out as a standard-bearer for the New Deal—though perhaps a little late. More than that, he now strongly favors a restoration of the slashes in veterans' compensation, which is of interest when it is recalled that as recently as the last session he was the most virulent of all those who fought mere mention of such suggestions. The about-face is comparable with Niagara Falls halting in its course and starting to flow upward, but there is no subtle alchemy of spiritual or ethical change involved. The reason is much simpler than that—Senator Reed is seeking reelection this year, and because Pennsylvania has changed somewhat since last he was a candidate he has on his hands the hardest task since the twelve labors of Hercules. His opponent will be Governor Gifford Pinchot, flying the banner of progressivism, and perhaps a Democratic candidate if Pinchot does not run on two tickets. Pennsylvania is likely to go Democratic from border to border if the last election is any sort of weather vane, and the Senatorial fight, it may confidently be predicted, will be an even warmer and more dramatic one than that of 1926, when Pinchot, Pepper, and Vare engaged in a contest which still provides material for street-corner debates in Philadelphia and Pittsburgh.

AN EPILOGUE to the tragic farce presented by the Colorado General Assembly in its year-long struggle to pass relief legislation while dominated by a vicious and powerful lobby was written late in January when the entire State Relief Committee was dismissed by Federal Relief Administrator Harry L. Hopkins. Both the Denver newspapers joined in a vigorous denunciation of the dismissal as a political strategem, though Mr. Hopkins explained his action on the ground that the committee had appointed one of its own members to direct, for a fat fee, an audit by CWA workers of the city's books. There was, however, probably more than a kernel of truth in the newspaper charge that the dismissal had political significance. It was a forthright victory for the progressive Democrats of the State under the leadership of United States Senator Edward P. Costigan. The committee had been appointed by Governor Johnson, who has chosen to play politics with the Old Guard marching under the leadership of Boss John T. Barnett, Costigan's opponent in the primaries of 1930. As told in *The Nation* of last week, the Old Guard has dominated

State politics, and has pulled against virtually every move in Washington to alleviate human distress in Colorado. The victory of the Costigan group, when set beside recent hopeful developments in the sugar-beet industry, indicates that Colorado, with the help of the national Administration, may be freed from its present political control.

ARE WRITERS CLERKS? Many have been classified as such by the Civil Works Administration, presumably because they can manipulate a pen or typewriter. Some of them object. We don't blame them. Nor would we blame the clerks for objecting either. It is easier—and on the whole juster—to blame the CWA for failing to realize that both writers and clerks have a function but it is not the same. It is a question whether the CWA is well advised to attempt different rates of pay according to occupation, if for no other reason than that it is impossible to discover the "prevailing wage" in many kinds of work. Among writers, for instance, it varies between Park and First avenues—between regular contributors to the *Saturday Evening Post* and those who land an occasional poem in *The Nation*! Anyhow we agree with the Unemployed Writers' Association of 146 Macdougall Street, New York City, of which Robert Whitcomb is the organizer, that if the CWA allows artists \$34 a week and lets them do their own type of work, it is unfair to classify writers as clerks and pay them \$20. Also we agree that it would be better to let them stay at home and work on the Great American Novel (or poem) than to have them fiddle away their time on artificial and useless tasks. We beg to file a minority opinion, though, on the demand that the work of unemployed writers be published at government expense. It is bad enough to have our public buildings daubed over with unemployed art. If in addition we are to be deluged with unemployed literature, the depression will become a holocaust.

WE HAVE LONG HAD our own idea about what would constitute the Perfect Crime. To us it has always seemed that it would not be something fiendish and bloody like the crimes committed in the papers or detective novels but rather something in which the Master Mind exhibited his skill and ingenuity in a harmless, purely artistic fashion. Now, thanks to an obscure item in a daily paper, we discover that it has actually been committed and that the culprit has escaped detection—as of course he should. It seems that a man came into a barber shop with two little boys. He got a shave and also, we hope, all the extra ministrations which barbers are in the habit of suggesting. He then ordered a hair-cut for the children and left, saying that he would return by the time the operation had been completed. An hour later the tonsorialist asked one of the boys when he thought his papa would be back. "Oh," said the child simply, "he's not our papa. He's just a nice man who said he would get us a hair-cut for nothing." So far as the police are concerned the incident is, we believe, considered closed, but we like to think that the man in whose imagination the scheme was born was not really concerned with saving a quarter. Here is a beautiful case of swindling for swindling's sake—plus something else even more admirable. If the heads of the poor little boys really needed attention, then obviously our Master Mind had not only the soul of an artist but a touch of Robin Hood as well.

Are We Back on Gold?

THE first effect of the President's announcement of the 59.06-cent dollar was a widespread expression of approval by bankers and monetary authorities and a vigorous advance in the speculative markets. The speculative rise was in part due to the fact that the rate fixed for the dollar was somewhat lower than that already prevailing on the foreign exchanges, but the reason for the general optimism went deeper than that. The President announced that \$35 an ounce would be paid by the Treasury not merely for newly mined American gold, as during the previous gold-buying campaign, but for all gold offered in foreign countries, excluding only that held by American citizens in defiance of the anti-hoarding regulations. Further, and in some respects even more significant, the Secretary of the Treasury announced at the same time that he would also sell gold "for export to foreign central banks whenever our exchange rates with gold-standard countries reach gold-export point." It was held that these two measures in effect returned us to the gold standard; that they made devaluation a fact; that they would end fluctuations in the dollar in terms of other gold-standard currencies.

This interpretation is not, of course, without substantial grounds. The new regulations certainly seem on their face to end most of the previously existing uncertainty. They even make it look as if the President had radically changed his mind since his statement of January 15: "Because of world uncertainties, I do not believe it desirable in the public

interest that an exact value for the dollar be now fixed." If this were really so, if the President had finally decided to adopt the 59-cent dollar permanently, optimism regarding the new monetary measures would be in the main warranted.

But it is impossible to overlook the very large element of uncertainty that still remains, and the dangers of it. The President still has the legal right at any time within the next three years to cut the gold content of the dollar further by as much as 15 per cent, and he has given no indication that he will not exercise that power. On the contrary, in his statement to the press explaining the new policy, he remarked explicitly that he "reserves the right . . . to alter or modify the present proclamation as the interest of the United States may seem to require. The authority by later proclamation to accomplish other revaluations of the dollar in terms of gold is contained in the Gold Reserve Act signed on Tuesday." The value of the dollar, in other words, may still be changed, without prior notice, in accordance with the judgment or whim of a single man. This element of uncertainty must still militate against confidence. International speculators, in addition, may still be tempted to sell the dollar short in the hope of anticipating the President's decision to devalue further; and such speculation can only increase the difficulties of maintaining stability.

Apart from these provisions, it is apparently the belief of the Administration that the type of gold standard established by the new regulations is suitable as a permanent



THE NEW GOLDFISH.

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policy. That is, the Administration believes not merely that no gold coins should exist, but that gold should be sold or given in exchange for our paper currency only for export to foreign central banks and not to our own citizens. This policy, it is true, is substantially that already followed in the present crisis by the Netherlands, Switzerland, and Belgium; but its value as a permanent policy remains open to grave question. In effect it permits foreigners but not Americans to protect themselves against monetary excesses and dangers at home. Its value in protecting this country's gold supply is questionable. Unless it is adopted as a world gold policy, it still permits individuals in countries without such a policy to hoard gold, and to draw it indirectly through their own central bank from the countries that maintain the restricted gold basis. It is a policy that tries to forget that gold is a commodity and attempts to treat it purely as a symbol. In the long run such a government policy seems likely to encourage hoarding and bootlegging of gold by individuals. It has a further danger also. This is that speculative excesses in any one country may run further before they are checked, because of the tendency of the management of central banks to be polite to each other, to "cooperate" with each other.

The new regulations imply also that the American gold standard in future will be merely a gold-bullion standard, and that no more gold coins will be issued. A large number of monetary authorities now believe that the gold-bullion standard is preferable to the full gold standard; it is the type of gold standard prevailing in France, and it seems likely that it is the kind that will be adopted by Great Britain and other countries when they return to gold. Nevertheless, it is questionable that it offers any advantages in the long run over a gold standard that includes the issuance of gold coins. It is, in effect, a rich man's gold standard. As it has operated in France, for example, it permitted Frenchmen with the equivalent of \$8,000 or more in cash to draw out gold bars to that value in the run of 1931, but did not permit persons with less than that to draw out gold. Yet it is doubtful that even so it reduced substantially the amount of the gold drainage; for speculators took out gold bars, sawed them up, and sold the pieces at a 5 per cent premium to individuals, while in some villages individuals formed syndicates to draw out gold bars. The extra expense to a government of maintaining gold coins is negligible, as not many of them are used in circulation anyway. The ability to get gold coins on demand, moreover, reduces the desire to get them, and so helps to maintain confidence. No one would see the justice of permitting a bank in times of crisis to allow only its large depositors to withdraw their funds; yet the gold-bullion standard is in effect the national equivalent of this.

These are questions of ultimate policy; what is important to settle now is the next step. By fixing the value of the new dollar so low the President has only added to the troubles of the gold-standard countries, which would have been drained to some extent by the repatriation of American capital in any case. The French gold standard in the next few weeks will be subjected to the severest test it has yet had to confront. If that test is successfully met, the Administration should do what it can to end the world's monetary uncertainties by negotiating at the earliest possible moment with the British government for a joint return to gold at a fixed ratio and permanent levels.

Shameful Economy

THE conditions under which United States foreign-service officers are now compelled to live has become little short of scandalous. Whatever may be the need of retrenchment and economy in the federal budget, Congress ought to grant the approximately \$7,500,000 additional appropriation required not only to prevent the demoralization of the service but to permit the few hundreds serving the United States in foreign lands to maintain the barest subsistence level.

The unfortunate plight of these foreign-service officers originates less in the retrenchments which have been applied successively since the beginning of the depression than in the extraordinary increase in their cost of living abroad caused by the depreciation of the dollar. Previous to the present emergency officials in the foreign service, diplomatic and consular, had suffered the following cuts: (1) the 15 per cent cut in the salaries of all government employees—the justification claimed for this cut, namely, that the cost of living had been lowered here, did not apply in many countries where the foreign-service employees affected were stationed; (2) the abolition of all post allowances—special allowances which had long been made for certain posts where unusual conditions required unusual expenditures; (3) the abolition of representation allowances—allowances deemed necessary for the adequate fulfilment of the particular functions or mission with which the official in question was charged; (4) a 65 per cent reduction in allowances for rent, heat, and light of living quarters; (5) suspension of all promotions.

Serious as was the hardship thus inflicted upon foreign-service officers, many of whom had made commitments in the matter of leases and other obligations, it was as nothing to what happened when the United States went off the gold standard last spring. As a result of that act our foreign-service officers, from ambassadors and ministers plenipotentiary to humble clerks and messengers in embassies, legations, and consulates, upon stipends which were modest to begin with, have suffered reductions in income averaging 50 per cent. Anyone who doubts that their plea for a minimum of decent subsistence is valid has but to read their communications presented by Assistant Secretary of State Wilbur J. Carr at the hearing before the subcommittee of the House Committee on Appropriations in December. One learns not only of families separated, children deprived of schooling, service officers and their wives and children compelled to live in sordid and unhealthful quarters with inadequate nourishment, and wives drudging in vain attempt to make both ends meet, but of nervous breakdowns and suicides as a result of the dilemma of these officials.

From the standpoint of elementary decency there can be no justification for the Administration's failure promptly to rectify this state of affairs. But viewed wholly in terms of public interest Washington's callous indifference is lamentably shortsighted. The much-reduced and overworked personnel of the foreign service represents the dignity and the interest of the United States throughout the world. Annually it helps to secure for Americans large sums in trade, paying for itself many times. The present appropriation for the entire foreign service, diplomatic and consular, is barely

over \$11,000,000. Congress is voting hundreds of millions for naval construction without blinking. The foreign service, which under this Administration may be counted as a valuable force for the prevention of international friction and for the restoration of our shattered foreign trade, costs less than one of the warships which at the present session Congress is cheerfully providing.

It is true that the majority of our ambassadors and a considerable proportion of our ministers have independent means—we should like to see salary appropriations for the more important posts made sufficient so that the selection of men of wealth was not virtually obligatory—but no such opulence prevails among the majority of the 710 officers who, after careful training, have dedicated themselves to service abroad in behalf of their country. Nor does it prevail for the numerous clerks in our ministries and consulates. We realize that after four years of widespread depression one more tale of suffering is apt to fall on unresponsive ears, and that Congress and the Administration are under great pressure from every quarter. But here is a situation which can easily be remedied. Whether or not it is sliced from the excessive naval appropriations, the money should be found at once. It is a ghastly paradox for an Administration dedicated to recovery to subject a group of its own valued and conscientious employees to humiliation, demoralization, and almost to destitution.

In Defense of Labor

THE National Labor Board was originally set up last August, to quote a statement by President Roosevelt at the time, as "a tribunal to pass promptly on any case of hardship or dispute that may arise from interpretation or application of the President's Reemployment Agreement." Since then its authority has been widened to embrace other labor disputes bearing upon the recovery program. At the start the board did settle some controversies, if not always promptly, at any rate to the apparent satisfaction of the disputants. But in recent months the board has been widely criticized by workers, not only for its failure to move promptly, but for its failure to move at all. The workers charge, with complete justification, that the board's dilatory tactics have played into the hands of open-shop employers who wish to prevent their employees from being organized in any way, or, failing that, to herd them into company-controlled unions.

The board's inaction has been ascribed in part to the fact that its powers were vague and uncertain for several months and in part to the character and prejudices of most of its members. On December 19, however, the President issued an executive order clothing the board with legal authority to act as a mediation agency in labor disputes. This order did little to expedite its work. Indeed, though a number of disputes were settled in August and September, not a single major controversy has been adjusted since December 19. This leads one to suspect that the personnel of the board may be largely responsible for its procrastination and ineffectiveness. With one or two exceptions, the members have viewed their duties with almost studied indifference. Nor could anything better have been expected from

industrial members who in the past have looked with favor upon company unionism and other devices used by big business in fighting organized labor. Yet it would be wrong to indict these members alone, for the representatives of organized labor have absented themselves from meetings of the board at times when the interests of the workers demanded their attendance.

Two classes of disputes fall within the jurisdiction of the National Labor Board. The first includes disagreements over wages, working conditions, and other matters not directly covered or affected by the Recovery Act. Such questions can be settled by the usual methods, that is, by mediation or arbitration. The second class has to do with complaints arising under Section 7-a of the recovery law. This section supposedly guarantees to the workers the right of collective bargaining and the right to choose their own representatives without interference on the part of their employers. Wage disputes ordinarily involve questions of judgment rather than fact and so are susceptible of adjustment by some method of compromise. But the second class of controversy involves questions of fact alone. The Recovery Act does not say or even imply that the workers must in certain instances be content with a modified form of collective bargaining; it gives them the right of collective bargaining without qualification.

Nor does it permit the employer to resort to coercion as long as he does not go too far; it expressly forbids him to coerce, intimidate, or influence his employees under any circumstances. Here there is no room for compromise, for mediation or arbitration. Here there is room for facts alone, and the facts can always be determined by thorough and impartial investigation. When they show that an employer has violated Section 7-a, he should be punished as specifically required by the law. These disputes do not lie between workers and employers; they lie between employers and the government. In creating a merely mediatory agency to handle such questions the Administration has been setting its own law at defiance.

The President recognized this, to a degree at least, in his executive order of February 1 authorizing the Labor Board not only to intervene in disputes of this kind, but also in effect to enforce the labor provisions of the recovery law. We may doubt, however, the wisdom of leaving this task to a semi-official agency of the character of the National Labor Board. For one thing, the board was established on the theory, as we may judge from the composition of its personnel, that disputes arising under the recovery law can only be adjusted by reconciling the differences between workers and employers. For another, the record of the board is not such as to encourage us to believe that it will really proceed promptly and vigorously against law-breaking industries and corporations.

The Labor Board can well be dispensed with. It was created at a time when it appeared necessary to use a few "big names" and a bit of newspaper ballyhoo to head off a steel strike and other labor disturbances threatening the newborn recovery program. The board's investigation and mediation functions can better be left to the more experienced and dependable Conciliation Service of the Department of Labor, where they properly belong, while in the interest of orderly government, enforcement of the Recovery Act should be lodged with the Department of Justice.

Issues and Men

Ogden Mills on the Tariff

MR. MILLS makes an interesting speech. That one must admit even when one recalls how ludicrously wrong he was in many of his utterances and forecasts when he was Mr. Hoover's Secretary of the Treasury. He delivers his speeches, moreover, in the best House of Commons manner, which is paying him a real compliment, and he clothes his thoughts in excellent language. His address in Topeka on January 29 seems to me by all means the best criticism yet made of the President's policies from the opposition side, and his statement of the duty of the opposition was historically correct and well put.

What interested me most about this speech, however, was Mr. Mills's reference near the end of his address to the tariff problem. He felt compelled to defend himself for making it, and recalled the last words of McKinley before he was assassinated as a justification lest he be charged with party treason. They ought to be on the walls of every Democratic and Republican clubhouse in the country: "A system which provides a mutual exchange of commodities is manifestly essential to the continued and healthful growth of our export trade. We must not repose in the fancied security that we can forever sell everything and buy little or nothing." Referring to our lost foreign markets and the necessity of restoring purchasing power at home and also of promoting "a greater prosperity and a higher standard of living the world over," Mr. Mills correctly declared that "we will have to abandon the present policy of isolation and intense nationalism and to some extent modify recent tariff practices." Precisely. Henry A. Wallace brilliantly illuminated one phase of the situation not long ago when he declared that we must either change our tariff policy or abandon 50,000,000 acres of land and find new employment for the huge population which now makes some kind of a living by tilling them. But that is only one phase of the problem. The plight of our manufacturers is equally grave unless we revise our whole crazy tariff system. That Mr. Mills can see this and speak out for it when he is one of the outstanding members of the high-tariff Republican Party is an extremely encouraging sign; it ought to make President Roosevelt finally decide to take up a question about which he has thus far been extremely vague. The President seems to be without true understanding of the need of the hour and the tariff's relation to national recovery. This is the more remarkable because he has at his elbow one of the greatest tariff experts in America, Secretary Hull.

But when Mr. Mills spoke those fine words about aiding the return of "greater prosperity and a higher standard of living the world over," he betrayed the protectionists and he cannot deny it. For the basic principle of American protection has always been utterly selfish, without the slightest interest in the other fellow across the seas. We have never considered the effect of our tariffs upon other nations. We have frankly said that they might go to hell for all we cared. When we have been told that our tariffs were injuring working people abroad by further depressing their wages and stand-

ards of living, ■ their employers sought to decrease costs in order still to sell goods over here, your true Republican has said that the foreigner could starve if he pleased. The protected beet-sugar grower in Colorado is usually rather pleased if you tell him that the tariff on sugar he bought and paid for by campaign contributions and other favors to politicians has brought the Cubans to despair and starvation. He calmly says, "What of it? Nobody is looking after us but ourselves." When Mr. Mills begins to express the humanitarian and economically wise desire to help the rest of the world recover, he is undermining the very foundations of the selfish, nationalistic protective system.

Mr. Mills was also excellent in protesting against the new doctrine of isolation, "autarchy," as it is called. This is the latest panacea—dear little Jimmie Gerard heading a society which has discovered that we can do away with poverty in America by completely isolating ourselves, buying only the essential things we cannot produce, and "cutting loose from the poverty of Europe"! To such as Jimmie, Mr. Mills makes the following complete answer: "A practically completely self-contained and controlled national economy can doubtless be attained, but only at a ■ frightful social cost and by the enforced migration of millions of people from their homes, and an all-around lowering of the standard of living."

It is interesting to note that in a remarkable review of the German economic situation under Hitler which appeared recently in the *New Statesman and Nation*, of London, the same conclusion is reached—namely, that in the course of some years Hitler could establish autarchy in Germany, but only at a frightful cost and by the steady deterioration of the standard of living of the entire German people. Russia has shown that this can be done in behalf of ■ cause, that millions upon millions of people can go on living at the bare point of sustenance. Germany, if the enthusiasm for Hitler can be kept up, could readily make similar sacrifices. Even we Americans could give up many of our luxuries if we had to do so. But why in heaven's name should the nations cut themselves off from one another? The normal status for the world is trade, full and free. Every barrier preventing the free flow of goods is an injury to innumerable people.

Somehow it is very hard to visualize Ogden Mills ■ leading the Republican Party—his personal unpopularity in New York State alone would seem to forbid that. But none the less he should have his due: he is seeking to lead in a party where leadership is dead, and the manner in which he is doing it is really beyond criticism. It will be interesting to see whether others besides James M. Beck will appear to define the opposition policies which the Republican Party must put forth if it is to continue to exist or have a reason for existing.

Ogden Mills

The Fiscal Faro Game

By HENRY RAYMOND MUSSEY

THE President is playing dealer in a giant faro game. The cards he draws from the box are the successive moves in the recovery program, and the stakes appear to be no less than our interests in the existing social order. Cool, daring, resourceful, unperturbed, willing to stake everything on the turn of a card, the dealer for nearly a year now has played a dazzling game. Thus far the cards, by and large, have fallen well for him. Those of us whose tastes do not run to violence and revolution can scarcely avoid suspending our ordinary devotions occasionally and putting up a bootleg petition to Mercury to continue his aid to the bank.

In government finance it is beautifully simple. Recovery, we win; depression, we lose. And if we lose, not all the forces of fiscal piety and economic orthodoxy combined can save us from "uncontrolled" inflation, or from other measures, induced by government necessity, even more distasteful to the dancing dervishes of the orthodox faith. Thus far the President has played his fiscal game superbly. I expect him to continue, and I hope that Mercury will be on his side.

When President Roosevelt took office on March 4 last, he brought to an end a fiscal regime of an ignorance and stupidity almost incredible. I refer to the Treasury policies of Andrew W. Mellon, policies essentially unchanged by Mr. Mellon's much more intelligent successor, Ogden L. Mills. Mr. Roosevelt began with great skill and daring by making a savage slash in government expenditures and by propounding the idea of an extraordinary budget. His huge cut in government spending did many injustices and injured important services, but it stopped the mouths of the National Economy League and those other simple-minded patriots who think that all government spending is an evil *per se*. It thus opened the door for the enormous spending that the President saw was necessary if the country was to be saved from the possible horrors of social break-up. The extraordinary budget made it possible to do that spending without all the great business executives of the country fainting on the Capitol steps at the specter of an unbalanced budget. For these financial Napoleons, who gaily borrow millions in their own business to be paid out of future earnings, had hitherto maintained in childlike innocence the belief that if in any year of peace cash receipts from taxes do not equal cash outgo of the government, then financial perdition is somehow just around the corner. Of course this is nonsense. Regular revenue must be big enough to meet ordinary expenditures plus interest on the bonds or other obligations issued to meet extraordinary expenditures like those of war or industrial crisis. Further, as every tyro knows, there is everything to be said for the government's incurring deficits—and huge deficits at that—during depression and paying them off during prosperity, in order to stabilize business as far as possible. Only we must have no Andrew W. Mellons at the switch during prosperity to relieve the groaning taxpayer who needs his money to gamble in stocks instead of having it taken away from him for the prosaic purpose of paying off the public debt. The fiscal policy of the New Deal demands a

higher standard of intelligence, firmness, and public leadership than that of the Harding-Coolidge-Hoover regime. Thus far it has had it. Of course most of the task is still ahead, but the promise seems good.

The pending tax bill must provide money enough to meet the ordinary expenditures of the government, and in addition to pay the interest on the extraordinary obligations issued for relief and recovery purposes. How much is that? Nobody actually knows; it depends at bottom on the speed of recovery. How long will the CWA, for example, have to last? The whole thing is a matter of expert guesswork, and the President's budget message presents the best guess of the government experts. Happily there is every reason to think that it is an honest message, painting the fiscal picture too dark rather than too bright. The President figures ordinary expenditures for the current fiscal year (ending June 30) at about three billions, and extraordinary ones at nearly seven and a third billions more, against receipts of three and a quarter billions (two hundred millions more than the ordinary expenditures, be it noted). The deficit is thus seven billions. For 1934-35 he estimates ordinary expenditures at two and a half billions, extraordinary at three and a half, and receipts at four billions (a billion and a half above ordinary expenditures), leaving a deficit of two billions. The anticipated increase of the public debt by nine billions in two years will bring the total to thirty-two billions by June 31, 1935. Against it the government will hold as security for loans assets of an estimated book value of five and a half billions—a not unimportant item. Of course there is always a grave danger that extraordinary government expenditures may become ordinary ones; but on the basis of the above showing our tax task is no extraordinarily difficult one, given a reasonable industrial recovery.

Treasury estimates of four billions of receipts under existing legislation in 1934-35 are based on the assumption that the Federal Reserve Board index of industrial production, which has stood at 118, 110, 97, 70, and 67, respectively, during the five fiscal years from 1929 to 1933, is going to reach 81 this year and 98 for 1934-35. The assumption looks reasonable, though of course uncertain. But there are other important facts. The budget estimates take no account of increased revenues amounting to fifty millions hoped for from proposed increases in the taxes on wines and liquors, or of the two hundred million anticipated increase in income taxes to result from changes that the Ways and Means Committee voted on January 24 to recommend. This added quarter-billion alone would pay the interest on six and a quarter billion of emergency bonds at 4 per cent; and as the average interest on the public debt has fallen from 3.57 to 3.35 per cent during the past two fiscal years, it seems not unreasonable to assume that the government can borrow at the rate suggested. Seeing that this year's receipts promise to be a clear two hundred millions more than the year's ordinary expenditures, that the House committee definitely plans to add another quarter-billion to the amount set down by the President as expected for next year, that tax receipts

for this year have thus far been better than expected, that the indexes of business activity are pointing definitely upward, and that the recent Treasury offering of a billion dollars in short-time $1\frac{1}{2}$ and $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent notes was subscribed three and a half times over in a day, Mr. Morgenthau has good reason to feel cheerful. The amateurs and professors who have replaced financial statesmen of the towering stature of Andrew W. Mellon and Charles G. Dawes seem to be playing in undeserved good luck.

What are they actually doing about taxation, and what do they need to do? They are, happily, repairing some of the gaps in the income-tax fence, and they need to rebuild it out of concrete, to crown it with barbed wire charged with a million volts of electricity, and to prepare all the cells in federal prisons vacated by prohibition violators for the reception of income-tax lawyers who teach their clients how to break through. During the first seventy-five years of our national existence, the government drew its revenues almost wholly from customs duties. The Civil War brought internal-revenue taxes, and during the half-century down to 1913 whiskey and tobacco taxes shared on a rough basis of equality with the tariff duties in supporting the government. Up to that time, then, people really paid federal taxes roughly in proportion to their consumption of imported goods, whiskey, and tobacco—that is, the great body of ordinary people paid the most of them. The overruling of the Supreme Court by the process of constitutional amendment gave us the income tax in 1913, just in time to make possible the financing of the war. A huge tax structure was swiftly built up. Unavoidably, it was very defective, but temporarily productive. Income and profits taxes, which brought in \$125,000,000 in 1916, yielded almost four billion in 1920. Then came the process of revision, directed, most unfortunately, by Mr. Mellon, who was essentially a predatory financier elevated to high political office. What was needed was to make the personal income tax into an effective instrument, not only of revenue, but also of social policy; the two ends are by no means necessarily harmonious. We needed the personal income tax not only as a means of collecting federal taxes from people more or less on the basis of their ability to pay instead of their consumption, but also as a means of leveling off, be it ever so slightly, some of the ridiculous peaks of our income distribution, like the 513 million-dollar incomes in 1929, or the 38 five-million-dollar incomes of the same year. What Mr. Mellon and his advisers actually did was to lower rates for both big and little income-tax payers and the payers of estate taxes, on the theory that taxation must not interfere with the accumulation of capital. That was wrong policy in the golden twenties, and it is wrong policy now, despite the conservative economists. At the same time the Treasury and the Congress between them managed to maintain so many cushions and exemptions—tax-exempt securities, capital-losses provisions, income juggling between husband and wife, and endless other possibilities of legal evasion—that any suggestion of fairness as between various income-tax payers became a joke, and a huge army of income-tax lawyers have made a fat living showing wealthy clients how to avoid legally the payment of taxes they equitably owed. That was wrong policy at any time and place.

What have been the fiscal results? During the last five years of Coolidge prosperity, total government tax receipts were approximately as follows, in millions of dollars:

	Amount	Percentage
Customs duties	\$2,904	18
Tobacco and liquor taxes	2,024	12
Other internal revenue taxes	629	3
Corporation income taxes	5,847	35
Total	11,404	68
Personal income taxes	4,615	28
Estate taxes	450	3
Total	5,065	31
Grand Total	\$16,469	

The corporation income tax is of course a tax on business, and I therefore place it with the first group, comprising taxes which, so far as they are shifted, ultimately rest on individuals according to their consumption of taxed goods. Only the personal income tax and the estate tax are laid theoretically more or less in accordance with the individual's ability to pay. They brought in less than a third of the tax revenue; last year it was only a fifth. The situation was made worse in this particular by the laying of the processing tax on important agricultural products to pay the subsidy to farmers for cutting acreage. A public that valiantly resisted a general sales tax urged upon it by the high priests of the Old Deal joyfully accepted from the prophet of the New Deal a tax bound to be collected for the most part from consumers of flour, cotton cloth, and other goods whose material is subjected to the processing tax. The Treasury hopes, on the basis of existing law, to get \$3,800,000,000 in taxes next year, divided as follows:

Customs tax	\$ 466,000,000
Internal revenue taxes	1,520,000,000
Processing tax	548,000,000
Income tax	1,265,000,000

If the personal income tax should furnish markedly less than half the total income-tax yield, as it has done for ten years past, and the estate tax should equal its average of the past four years, \$48,000,000, then these two together, levied on the basis of ability, might amount to a bit more than \$600,000,000, or about one dollar on this basis as against five laid on other bases, notably consumption. There is every reason to be glad that the House committee proposes to revise the law so as to collect some two hundred millions more, largely out of unearned incomes above \$5,000.

I believe that there ought to be three clearly defined objectives in federal taxation, all of them connected with the income tax, for that is really the heart of the problem. Expedients like a capital levy, however tolerantly some of us blatherskite thinkers might look on them, are outside the range of practical action except as desperate emergency measures. The income tax is a great fighting issue, with enormous political possibilities for progressive and constructive action. First, then, and fundamental to everything else, the personal income-tax law has got to be made lawyer-proof, so that the government can actually levy and collect from the rich such taxes as are conceived to be in the general public interest. I realize that this is a well-nigh impossible order. I know what it involves in getting rid of tax-exempt securities, in solving the problem of deducting capital losses from taxable income, in coping with such crookedness as was involved in the Mitchell and Wiggin conjugal tax jugglery,

in dealing with all the great problems of administration. The amendments proposed by the Ways and Means Committee will help somewhat in important particulars, but there is an immense task to be done before the personal income tax can become a really effective instrument of social policy.

Second, we ought to develop that tax as the primary agency of federal revenue. Disagreeable though it be to assert it, all of us who pay income tax, little and big taxpayers alike, ought to pay more rather than less than we do now. The income tax is now a tax on the well-to-do. Not one family in four ever paid income tax under the low war-time exemptions; in the peak income years of 1928 and 1929 the proportion was not more than one in ten. We who do pay it can well afford to pay more than the one-fifth to one-quarter of the federal taxes that we have contributed in ordinary good years. Great Britain, with a population of 46,000,000, raised \$365,000,000, practically half its revenue, from income tax. The married Englishman begins at 12½ per cent on the excess of his income above £175, or £187, 10s. if it be earned income. As soon as the taxable income passes £175 the rate jumps to 25 per cent, and stays there up to £2,000, at which point the surtaxes begin, and the surtaxes bring in a fifth of the whole tax. The Englishman thus pays 12½ per cent of his income from \$950 up to \$1,725, and 25 per cent above that amount. I realize the differences between the two tax systems, but let the corresponding American, paying this year 4 per cent on the excess of his income above \$2,500 and 8 per cent above \$6,500, with a small surtax beginning at \$6,000—let him consider his mercies and ask himself whether as a matter of equity he may not be getting off too easy by comparison with his less fortunate fellow-citizen who pays no income tax. His real grievance is against the big taxpayers, the Mitchells, the Wiggins, the Morgan partners, and more accurately against the law. That grievance must be removed, as already stated, by improving the law and its administration, which action might make it possible to attain the third desideratum.

That end is to lay personal income taxes at yet more steeply graduated rates, with the definite purpose of finally absorbing all private income above some generous minimum.

The final tax measure of the harassed Hoover Administration pushed surtax rates up to 55 per cent on income above a million dollars, making the total levy on the second million or more 63 per cent. The proposal of the Ways and Means Committee leaves it at exactly the same point. What ails the sturdy advocates of the New Deal? Are they, too, afflicted with Mellonism? Are they afraid of making capital accumulation slacken? Do they not realize that the time to hit the rich taxpayer is when he is down, because that is the only time that he can't hit back more effectively than you hit him?

Why don't they shove up surtax rates at the same time that they push administrative reforms with all their might? Some of us, at least, would view with equanimity surtax rates that rose so fast as to make taxes absorb all income beyond a modest minimum wage of say \$100,000, and estate taxes gathering into the public coffers all the wealth that a man had accumulated by industry and thrift in excess of a mere pittance of two or three millions; that might be left to the luckless heirs. And we should expect the captain of industry and the financial wizard to work just as hard for us after we had treated him rough in that way as he did under the Old Deal. Nor should we be disturbed if we found such taxation compelling private industry to rely in some measure on government aid for financing; rather we should think it a good thing. But we should scarcely hope for such a result if we also kept the Securities Act intact requiring promoters to tell the truth and bankers to meet their fiduciary responsibilities; for with some safety for investments we should expect an enormous volume of relatively small savings. What we need now is to apply to the taxation of wealth something of that same daring and imagination that the President has displayed in other fields. Taxation can be made an enormously powerful machine to help effect the profound economic changes on which we are clearly embarked, and which we must all hope to attain peacefully. We cannot use it that way without pitching overboard the economic philosophy of the Mellon regime. The Administration's tax program as thus far revealed affords too little evidence that the captain has yet given orders to jettison that cargo. But he has been a busy man.

Begin Housing Now!

By HENRY S. CHURCHILL

THE time has come to ask, What is the matter with the PWA housing program? Probably no other part of the New Deal seemed to promise so much, or to commence more favorably. Ample funds and authority were provided, and the necessity of the program, both as an emergency measure of reemployment and as a long-time social measure, was generally recognized. It had the earnest support of Mr. Ickes, of Miss Perkins, of the White House itself; and the appointment of the director, Robert D. Kohn, was one of those miracles of selection that occur only occasionally. Moreover, Mr. Kohn was empowered to choose his chief assistants in his own image, free from the devastating influence of Mr. Farley. There seemed to be nothing in the way of success.

Yet the record to date is distressing. Several hundred projects have been presented; a vast amount of preliminary work has been gone through. Municipalities and groups all over the country have lined up behind the program and have put through legislation and organization to comply with the demands of the Housing Division. Promises have been made by Washington, and funds have been earmarked. But except for a few relatively small and scattered projects, none of them really "low rental," and a small part of the Cleveland plan—the first of them all, the "laboratory of housing"—no money has passed, no steam shovels have snorted, no men have been put back to work. Ten months have passed, and failure seems certain. The causes are not so clear. What are they?

In general there would seem to be two principal causes. The first, a cause of delay rather than of failure except as failure was inherent in delay, was the curious one of the over-integrity of the men in control. So desperately determined were they that no hint of graft or of undue profit should soil work approved by them that project after project was held up for microscopic scrutiny and the least taint served to delay and damn. This in itself, under normal conditions, would be of course magnificent; but we were told this was an Emergency, practically a War, and that the primary objective was to build so as to put men back to work. This phase of the program need not be discussed further. It is already dead, a complete failure. I do not mean that honesty alone killed it; the usual and perhaps necessary refusal of the government to share in even the slightest business risk contributed to the result.

It may be said that the government's attitude of suspicion and non-cooperation, however justified in the majority of cases, has served to kill the interest of the honest limited-dividend investor and make him exclaim, "A plague on *all* your houses!" As a result the government found it necessary to form its own corporation to do its own housing, with and through municipal agencies, which it perhaps naively assumes are more honest than individuals. But the point is that such a policy is, or should be, a complete and clear-cut abandonment of the capitalist-profit system of rent. If the central authority will not allow the "investor" the normal, reasonable "break" which is legitimate under capitalism, it can logically do only one thing—admit that housing is a state function, socialize the entire program by subsidizing the money, and go ahead and build.

If honesty served to delay the emergency program, the delay helped to bring out and emphasize the second cause of the impending collapse of the whole plan. That second cause is that the Housing Division has failed to distinguish between housing and the popular slogan of "slum clearance." In the beginning the emergency program was killed in part by the wavering of policy between slum clearance and building on vacant land, and the long-term program is being strangled by the concentration on slum clearance alone. Every effort has been made to put it across. Mr. Kohn has campaigned long, vigorously, and consistently for it. As disappointment followed disappointment in city after city, the division formed its own corporation to build and operate. Nothing has happened, not even in the city of Washington itself, and in a recent terse telegram Mr. Ickes announced it was all off—for the present at least.

It is easy enough to select the usual scapegoat, the vested real-estate interests. No doubt they can carry their share of blame. But it is also just possible that the real fault lies with those who failed to think the problem through. It is just possible that slum clearance, by itself, is an impossibility—and, moreover, that where clearance is part of a larger program it is the second part, not the first. Housing for the people of the slums must come first. Otherwise, every slum area cleared raises the value of the surrounding slums, and the effort defeats itself. Condemnation and the right of eminent domain are costly, long-winded, and untried in this field; if the choice must be between slum clearance and abandonment of the program, the answer seems already given.

The new program for New York City will go the same way for the same reason, only a stronger one. The PWA is

not restricted in its general powers of choice and can utilize outlying or blighted districts if it wishes; the New York bill provides specifically for slum clearance, with only a small option to build on other land. Consequently as a social program to provide decent housing for over half the population, it is still born. As a program for the rescue of slum owners and for the satisfaction of the sentimental social worker, it may have a small measure of success—a small and temporary measure. A few bad blocks will be painfully acquired; the old tenements torn down; new, airy, sanitary buildings built. Who will live in them? They are certain to compete with commercial apartments, as the State Housing Board projects have done. The rents will of necessity be too high for the former occupants of the old slum, who will crowd into the surrounding slums, filling them up. Tax exemption for the new structures will raise the rates on the old; valuations will be higher. They will be more valuable to the owner both actually and potentially; assemblages will be harder, prices higher. As a result nothing comprehensive will be achieved by all the dither of surveys, replannings, recoordinations of streets, transit, parks, relocation of population, and all the rest. Nor will any low-rent homes be provided. The solution of the problem as a social, wisely planned whole is bound to fail because the inception is completely antedated and sentimental.

Build houses, and the slums will clear themselves. There is plenty of cheap land, vacant or potentially blighted, lying close to the centers of the city. Build there, with all the advantages of large-scale planning, for the income of less than \$2,000 a year. The Emergency Housing Corporation can do it. If the government is to own the property after, say, forty years, let it reduce the interest rate to 3 per cent and cut out the amortization altogether. Amortization is merely a means of making the tenant pay the owner for the property. Under private ownership that is customary, inevitable, and proper. But if housing is a social matter, subject to the police power of the state—the right of eminent domain—why should not the government finance it as it does other public buildings, through bond issues and taxes? Why, if it is a social question, should the poorest tenants be called on to carry the entire burden unshared by the rest of the population? The buildings can be built for a hundred years' service; and with the convertible construction common to factories, skyscrapers, and small office buildings, obsolescence need not be seriously considered. With such money rates tax exemption would not be necessary, and the municipal burden would be eased. The private owner would not have to fear competition, for public housing would reach a rent level that he could not, even today with government assistance and fairly cheap money, begin to touch.

The slums, drained further of population, would either fall in price to their real value and so become available for large-scale slum clearance, or else would convert themselves upward to other uses, as has happened in Greenwich Village, Sutton Place, and elsewhere. It is likely that in the long run a policy of clearing slums through malnutrition rather than by forcible feeding would inure to the benefit of real estate in general through the arresting of blight, the use of vacant properties, the improvement in the tax situation. But it is doubtful if the real-estate interests will see it that way, having achieved the immediacy of self-interest in the Municipal Housing Authority. Well, let 'em eat cake!

Keeping Hitler Out of Austria

By JOHN GUNTHER

Vienna, January 21

DOLLFUSS, the miniature Canute, still pushes back the Nazi waves. Seemingly in a hopeless position, the little man continues his gritty fight to maintain the independence of Austria. Six months ago my friends thought I was suffering from a mild attack of recklessness when I predicted that Dollfuss would easily see the year through. I would hesitate now to give him another six months so uncompromisingly. But the odds are still slightly in his favor; he is a very adhesive fellow, and he may stick it through.

The Nazi campaign has continued with unabashed and unabated violence. Bombs splatter us. Not many people are injured but the fireworks are a nuisance. They drain confidence from the government. They tempt hooligans to further hooliganism. And the government, I must say, has behaved with appalling lenience. An official communiqué recently regretted the necessity of jailing rebellious Nazis; it mentioned Austria's hope that the Nazi invasion could be handled in a "knightly" spirit. Knightly spirit my eyeball! The only treatment a Nazi understands is a mallet on his head.

"This country," said a rueful friend, new to Vienna, recently, "is the damndest place I've ever seen." Here were Dollfuss and Fey, he pointed out, fighting for their lives and the life of their country. Yet they persist in being gentlemen. After temporizing for some months they finally nabbed and pinched the chief Nazi, Frauenfeld. I do not say that Herr Frauenfeld should have been strung up; I do say that he should have been given more than a few weeks' imprisonment. And he was promptly amnestied at Christmas. Arrested again, in circumstances shortly to be described, he received again a ridiculously light sentence. Thousands of known Nazi agitators are roaming Austria almost immune to arrest. The only victim so far of the new death-penalty decree has been a half-wit peasant arsonist. And President Miklas, the good soul, was so upset at not having exercised clemency for this miscreant that he canceled all engagements—refusing to turn up, for instance, at the official dinner given him by the new American Minister.

The Austrians are, in short, a gentle people. They are given to extreme forms of that casualness known as *Schlampererei*. They turn the other cheek. They appeal for "knightliness" in dealing with their enemies. Contrast this with the methods of Nazis in Germany to their opponents!

Writing a few months ago I said that Dollfuss faced three great dangers—the apathy of his own people, the strategic difficulty of fighting a civil and an external action at the same time, and the crushing burden of the economic crisis. These dangers remain. Add to them a fourth—treason.

This is the only interpretation one can give to the recent shocking revelation of wholesale defection in the Heimwehr. Frauenfeld was caught negotiating with a German emissary from Berlin and a certain Count Alberti, chief of the Lower Austrian Heimwehr and close friend of Prince Starhemberg, supreme Heimwehr leader and would-be main-

stay of the Dollfuss government. Alberti was fired from his post and jailed. Promptly he accused Starhemberg himself of being privy to this anti-Dollfuss treachery. A leader named Kubuczek was appointed to take Alberti's place. We newspapermen cabling the story were stunned; we knew that Kubuczek too was secretly a Nazi sympathizer. A few days later Kubuczek was fired and jailed. So it goes. Sections of the Heimwehr are rotten to the heart. Dollfuss, depending on them, is like a man walking in a marsh. We, most of us, think that Starhemberg—despite Alberti's allegations—is loyal, although a trouble-maker and a weakling; we know that Fey is loyal; but how can Dollfuss and Fey do business if they can't trust their nearest Heimwehr subordinates?

This mess is peculiarly dangerous because it plays directly into the hands of what is apparently the new Nazi plan of campaign. The Germans seem to have given up all thought of frontal attack, that is, invasion across the border. Jules Cambon once wrote: "The Germans do not want a war; all they want are the advantages of victory." Why risk a major European clash now, when Germany is not ready, if Austria can be taken just as easily by guile? Instead of a war or putsch, let the Nazis continue to infiltrate and corrupt the Heimwehr. Let them build up a Heimwehr intrigue behind Dollfuss and stab him in the back. Let there then be a Heimwehr government to succeed him. Some months later let perhaps one Nazi minister enter this government. Then two. Then let there be an election. The Nazis, using their well-known methods, would sweep the country. But it will have been purely an "internal" evolution; the Powers will have no pretext for protest.

Dollfuss and his crowd realize this danger, but they think that Italian support offsets it. They rely above all on foreign help, particularly the help of Mussolini. It is everywhere assumed that Italy would march to Austria's aid in the event of final Nazi encroachment in Austria. Mussolini, the bright boys say, cannot possibly endure strong Germany instead of weak Austria on the Brenner Pass. Mussolini must have a buffer Austria between himself and Germany. Mussolini cannot possibly permit the creation of a Teutonic bloc in Central Europe 72,500,000 strong. And so on. My own notion is that it is highly dangerous to place such reliance on Italian support, and that the position of Italy as Lord High Protector of Austria is distinctly dubious. There are several reasons for this:

1. As pointed out above, the German attack is almost certain to be gradual and devious, not direct, so that it will be extremely difficult for Italy or any other Power to choose an exact moment for intervention. It is not easy to accept the onus of starting a new war without adequate international excuse. The Nazis will do their best to make the Austrian affair a "purely Austrian" issue. The Germans will violate no treaties, give Italy no legal leg to stand on.

2. Italy might easily go to war if Naples, for instance, or Trieste, were seized by some invader. But would Italy fight at some point like Kufstein or Salzburg hundreds of miles from Italian soil, on an issue not directly Italian?

3. Mussolini, no fool, does not want a war this year. Austria is important to him, but not so important as Italy, which conceivably he might lose in the flames of a general European conflagration. Dictators, in fact, seldom enjoy war, however much they shout about it. The reason is obvious: dictators have a healthy fear of a general mobilization which would arm their proletariats.

4. If Mussolini invaded Austria to protect it from Germany, Yugoslavia would probably also invade Austria to protect it from Italy. Which would be a nice mess. A war on two fronts is not exactly what even the wildest Italian chauvinist desires.

5. Italy is, after all, an ally of Germany. It is not impossible that Germany and Italy can reach some compromise on the Austrian problem. Germany might "give" Italy something in return for a free hand in Austria. Mussolini, ally of both Hitler and Dollfuss, could conceivably become a bridge between them.

6. France and Czecho-Slovakia have as much reason as Italy to dread a *Gleichschaltung* of Austria. If a show-down comes, all three are likely to bicker and delay, waiting for one to pull the other's chestnuts from the fire. Italy, France, and Czecho-Slovakia by no means see eye to eye save on the Austrian problem; there is no binding agreement between them even on Austria; the chances are that none of the three would act decisively until too late.

It may seem from these remarks that the Dollfuss cause is lost. Not so. The Heimwehr treason may turn out to be a help to the government. Dollfuss will purge the Heimwehr, even if he has to put the whole outfit in a concentration camp; he might even throw the Heimwehr out—though this is a remote possibility—and make some sort of working arrangement with the Social Democrats. The powerful diplomatic support of Italy is assured, even if military measures should not be counted on. The Vatican has swung the whole weight of its immense authority behind Dollfuss—and Dollfuss rules a country 97 per cent Roman Catholic. And the Germans continue to behave with masterful stupidity. Consider one item: the 1,000-mark fine imposed on Germans visiting Austria. This was supposed to hurt the Austrian tourist business. It did. But it also helped Austria greatly by keeping out of the country tens of thousands of German visitors who would inevitably have been powerful, because unofficial, pro-German and anti-Austrian propagandists. The German terrorist campaign in several ways defeats itself. It gives Dollfuss a better excuse to maintain his semi-dictatorship, and it serves to back the country, as I think I put it once before, against the wall of its own patriotism.

Dollfuss has, too, a final unused weapon—Otto Hapsburg. There is a good deal of monarchist talk in Vienna these days. Dollfuss, like most Austrian Catholics, is at heart a legitimist, and the chief members of his Cabinet avowedly favor an eventual Hapsburg restoration. Zita and Otto seem to have given up Hungary for the moment and are concentrating all their maneuvers on Austria. Otto would give Austria something permanent to devote itself to. One of Dollfuss's weaknesses is that his program is so negative; he is anti-Nazi but little else. On other points, like opposition to the Socialists, the Nazis with the same policy overwhelm him because their methods are so much stronger; Dollfuss needs something positive, something permanent, like the Crown. I do not mean that a restoration is imminent. But

it is not excluded as an eventuality. The Hapsburgs would, of course, choke Hitler sentiment at once.

More immediately, Dollfuss could vastly strengthen his position by an alliance with the Social Democrats. He and they are after all fighting for the same thing—to keep the Nazis out. A coalition has been impossible so far because of the Heimwehr. This week the faint beginnings of a Dollfuss-Otto Bauer flirtation seem to be discernible. Each, in characteristically Austrian fashion, is waiting for the other to open the door. The Socialists must be convinced that the government's plans for a corporative state under the new constitution now being prepared do not imperil the position of trade unions. Dollfuss must be convinced that an alliance would not mean his own suicide.

The Socialists, who are now inclined to regret that they did not call a general strike when there was still time, in March, have been very badly treated. They refrained from opposition to Dollfuss when he was weakest; they tacitly supported him against the Nazis; their reward has been a barrage of petty decrees nibbling at their hard-won achievements, harassing their leaders and newspapers. But the Socialists know full well that Dollfuss has been better for them than Hitler. There is no terror in Austria. Dollfuss has not murdered any Social Democrats yet. And it is ridiculous to say that "Austrian fascism"—which hardly exists—is as bad as Nazi fascism.

People are accusing me of being unwarrantedly pro-Dollfuss. I should like to explain my position, if it matters to anyone. I admire the courage and tenacity of the little man; I deplore his reactionary parochialism. I think it is the greatest of pities that he has alienated those democratic elements in the country who should be his best allies. I should like extremely to see a Social Democratic Austria, if the Social Democrats only had enough guts for government. Dollfuss arose as the only man in the country capable of keeping the Nazis out. And I, personally, take the perhaps mean position that it is better to be suppressed than murdered. For the Nazis to take Austria would be a major European tragedy. Therefore, regretting much in his policy, I support Dollfuss so long as he does his job, the supreme job of saving Austria from Hitler.

Finally, as always, there is the discouraging matter of economics. Austria fights not only the Nazis; it fights the peace treaties. Day by day come tragic items in the news illustrating Austria's poverty. In Vienna, with almost 2,000,000 people, only 800 families are well-to-do enough to have three or more servants. Out of 10,000 travelers on the railways last year, 102 went second class, 5 went first class. There were more than 1,000 suicides in Vienna in 1933, and more than 3,000 attempts at suicide. The peasants cannot sell their wood. Timber is Austria's chief crop, and it does not rot; lying in neat piles before the windows of those who felled the trees, it is a constant and terrible reminder of the poverty of the shrunken country. The national trade-balance deficit is staggering. Austria must import almost twice what it exports. If relief of some sort does not come, collapse is almost sure. The peasants and the poor townsmen have withstood Nazi propaganda this year, but they will turn to anyone who promises them a better time next year. Thus if Austria goes Nazi it will be another item in retribution—another answer of revengeful Germany to the injustices of the Treaty of Versailles.

The Second Five-Year Plan

By LOUIS FISCHER

Moscow, January 15

THE Seventeenth Congress of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union (January to February, 1934) will stand out in history as the assembly which adopted the second five-year plan. The chorus of jeers and derisive skepticism which greeted the first "Piatiletka" in 1928 is now too distant and unreal to be recalled. Soviet performances between 1928 and 1933 warrant every intelligent observer of world affairs in giving serious study to this second quinquennial program of production and construction, which proposes to make the U. S. S. R. "the most advanced industrial nation in Europe." (The slogan "Overtake and surpass America" has apparently been postponed till the third plan.)

The second Piatiletka embraces 1933, 1934, 1935, 1936, and 1937. It is therefore one-fifth fulfilment and four-fifths blueprint. The emphasis of the plan, as was to have been expected, is on the production of consumers' goods. Light industries will increase their output by an annual average of 21.9 per cent, which is more than the first plan provided for and more than the increase in heavy industry during the second plan. By the end of 1937 every Soviet citizen is promised the possibility of buying two and a half to three times as many manufactured commodities and food articles as he can acquire at present.

The attaining of this goal is put up to the population itself. The first plan gave "security for the morrow." Today the raising of material and cultural levels "depends solely on the quality and quantity of labor expended" by the workers and collectivized peasants. The first plan stressed the manufacture of machines which make machines and which could neither be eaten nor worn. Individual initiative accordingly required some artificial stimulation. Since the Soviet Union registered, nevertheless, such gigantic economic advances in those trying years, the Bolsheviks are fully convinced that now, when every worker will see the results of his toil in a steady improvement of his standard of living, the fulfilment of the second plan is certain.

This assumption enabled the Soviets to draft the new plan on a scale much more ambitious and grandiose than that of the first. The task is truly colossal. On December 31, 1932, at the close of the first plan, Soviet industry had a production capacity of goods worth 43 billion rubles in the more or less stable currency of 1926-27. By 1937 this figure will have risen to 103 billion in the same currency. More than half of the total—55 per cent—will be in the form of consumers' goods. This 55 per cent stands for 54,300,000,000 rubles, which means that if it were divided among, say, 175,000,000 inhabitants—a conservative estimate for 1937—every Soviet citizen would receive manufactured articles worth 308 almost uninflated rubles of 1926-27. This sounds like very little. But if one considers that it goes to men, women, and children, urban and rural population, Muscovites and nomad Kazaks, Polar Samoyeds and semi-civilized Yakuts who scarcely buy anything, the average is high. It is about 280 per cent of the present average. Moreover, the sum of 308 rubles refers only to

the output of "the chief branches of industry." It would probably not include such things as pencils, ice skates, or collar buttons. Nor does it take into account local manufactures, which the Bolsheviks unwisely discouraged for a period but which are now called upon to triple their output in the next four years. In addition, the agricultural yield will double. The grain harvest alone is expected to amount to 110,000,000 metric tons in 1937, compared to 89,800,000 tons in 1933 and 60,000,000 in 1932. The value of the technical crops—cotton, flax, and so forth—and of dairy products will more than double. After food, clothing, and household furnishings have been paid for, persons gainfully employed will spend the rest of their income on better housing and amusement facilities, more traveling, vacations, and the like, all of which are envisaged by the second plan.

By 1937 the U. S. S. R. will produce annually 40,000 complicated metal-cutting lathes, 167,000 fifteen-horse-power tractors (73,000 actually produced in 1933), 25,000 agricultural combines, 2,900 locomotives, 200,000 automobiles (50,000 in 1933), 38,000,000,000 kilowatt-hours of electricity, 152,000,000 tons of coal (76,000,000 in 1933, 36,000,000 in 1928), 18,000,000 tons of pig iron (7,250,000 tons in 1933—the Soviet Union has already far outdistanced Great Britain in pig-iron production—3,370,000 in 1928), 19,000,000 tons of steel (6,920,000 tons in 1933, 4,280,000 in 1928), 14,000,000 tons of rolled steel (4,800,000 tons in 1933), 47,000,000 tons of petroleum, 155,000 tons of copper, 43,000,000 cubic meters of timber, and so on.

Even more impressive is the program for new building. Maximum attention will be paid to transport, the weakest link in the Soviet industrial chain. Five thousand kilometers of steam railway will be electrified; 9,500 kilometers will be double-tracked; 8,500 kilometers of sidelines will be laid; 11,000 kilometers of new railroad will be constructed, thus increasing the length of Soviet lines from 83,000 kilometers on January 1, 1933, to 94,000 on January 1, 1938. Work will continue on the 127-kilometer Volga-Moscow canal, an undertaking, according to Valeri Mezhaik, greater in scope and presenting more difficulties than the Panama Canal. Work will commence immediately on the 100-kilometer Volga-Don canal, which will connect the whole of Central Russia with the Black Sea and the Mediterranean. Ships will pass in 1937 from the Arctic Ocean through the heart of Russia to Persia and from Leningrad to Constantinople.

The number of automobiles, today 75,000, will mount to 580,000 by the end of the second Piatiletka, and so that these cars may travel faster, 210,000 kilometers of arterial highways will be built. Also 87,000 kilometers of regular airlines will be established. Finally, to enable man to move within as well as on and above the earth, the Moscow subway, Russia's first, will be completed. Its first trains are scheduled to run on November 7, 1934.

The Ford factory at Nijni Novgorod (history has been needlessly mutilated and the name of the town changed to Gorki) will be expanded to produce 300,000 automobiles instead of the present 100,000. The capacity of the Amo

works in Moscow will similarly be enlarged from 50,000 to 80,000 trucks annually. Ufa, the capital of Bashkiria, and Stalingrad will each have a "giant" capable of manufacturing 100,000 three-ton motor lorries a year; Samara a new factory for 25,000 five-ton trucks. Seventy-nine regional hydroelectric power stations are scheduled for construction; 178 new coal mines with an output of 143,000,000 tons annually will be sunk; 4,000 kilometers of oil pipe-lines and a large number of petroleum refineries are included in the second plan. Four big metallurgical plants will be started; also an endless number of units for the production of non-ferrous metals—a 100,000-ton copper enterprise in Kazakhstan, for instance—and chemicals.

Fifteen cotton-goods factories, each containing 200,000 spindles, will be erected, ten of them in Central Asia near the source of supply; twelve woollens factories manufacturing from 8,000,000 to 15,000,000 meters of cloth each; eleven silk mills; and twelve shoe factories with an annual capacity of 100,000,000 pairs. Together with current output this will mean an average of more than one pair per person in twelve months. The end of the plan will likewise see a tremendous array of new factories for sugar, meat, canning, tanning, soap-making, candy, cake.

This second Piatiletka does not really develop the usual mad "Bolshevik" tempo of construction until its latter half—about the middle of 1935. The year 1934 prolongs the relative "lull" of 1933. Scores of big projects begun during the first plan will be finished before the "giants" of the second begin to rise. Thus the building of the new automobile plants and the extension of the old will not be started before 1935. Similarly, most of the new mines will be dug so late in the second plan that they will not yield their full effect until the third—1938-42. In 1934 the government will concentrate its efforts on the canals, railways, and roads, the beginning of three enormous iron and steel mills, a 100,000,000-ruble Institute of Experimental Medicine in Moscow, the Moscow Palace of the Soviets, the great Volga dam at Yaroslav, and above all on plants producing consumers' goods. The period of 1933-34, accordingly, is a "breathing space" characterized by a comparatively smaller capital investment in heavy industry and by the acceleration of light industry; this is so that the population can satisfy its craving for daily necessities, that the ruble can be finally stabilized, and that the country can get its "second wind" for 1935, 1936, and 1937, the assumption being that by 1935 the exchange of commodities between city and village will have been sufficiently regularized to warrant renewed rapid construction without further inflation and without the enormous sacrifices of the first plan. The hope is, too, that if the capitalist world crisis has not abated enough in 1935 to enable the Soviets to obtain credits for the purchase of foreign machinery, then by that time domestic industries will be in a position, albeit with difficulty and a sacrifice of quality, to supply the needed equipment.

This postponement is wise from every point of view. For the chief purpose of this plan is immediately to raise living standards. To insure against even the slightest possibility of a return of unemployment, the second Piatiletka contemplates an increase of 30 per cent in the number of workingmen and employees. Retail prices will undergo a reduction of from 35 to 40 per cent, and real wages will be doubled. Cultural, educational, and social benefits will be

increased. The guaranty that these are not merely empty promises lies in the temporary restriction of heavy industrial construction.

A contented population conscious of a steady improvement in living conditions in the finest defense against the success of a foreign attack. The Bolsheviks are aware of this truism. They know, too, that a modern army fights on its factories. And the location of these factories is a matter of tremendous importance. The distribution of the plants provided for under the second plan reveals therefore a great deal that is hidden in the Bolshevik mind. Practically no new heavy industrial construction will be undertaken in Leningrad, Moscow, White Russia, or the Ukraine. After all, Odessa would be a bad place for a locomotive or automobile works. A foreign fleet could easily blow it into smithereens. And Moscow was once captured by Napoleon; a second Bonaparte might do a better job. The Ukraine still has very large natural resources—the untouched Kursk magnetic-iron deposits, for instance—but even its Donetz basin, the Soviets' richest coal field, will be somewhat neglected. In 1932 it produced 75 per cent of the country's coal. In 1937 the percentage will fall to 65 per cent, and the Siberian output will rise correspondingly. In fact, almost all Soviet heavy industrial construction between now and 1937 will be concentrated in the Volga and Ural-Siberian regions, which are more inaccessible to foreign attack. Alone the Ural-Kuznetsk district will swallow one-fourth of the entire capital investment of the second five-year plan, and in 1937 it is expected to produce one-third of the U. S. S. R.'s pig iron, one-fourth of its coal, and one-tenth of its machinery. Of the three new automobile factories, two are on the Volga and one in Siberia. Of the five new railway trunklines, four are in Asia. The Volga is the center of the great electrification scheme of the second Piatiletka. Of course these areas possess vast undeveloped resources and it is statesmanship to exploit them, but it is no accident that the Soviet Government is creating a second metallurgical base and expanding its railway network in Siberia. The central Volga region also connects up with the Far East. Apparently the Bolsheviks do not erase war from their accounts; they feel that history still holds in store for the world a war or two in which the U. S. S. R. might become involved. And while they are not undisturbed about the west, they realize that the greater menace is on their weaker eastern flank.

This being so, the second five-year plan has overlooked one consideration—a human one. The center of gravity of Soviet industry and Soviet population will inevitably shift into Asia—which means incidentally that bolshevism is fulfilling its historic mission of Westernizing the Orient—and hundreds of thousands of workers, engineers, teachers, and professional people will have to settle in or east of the Urals. It is no secret, however, that a citizen of Leningrad or Moscow must be given a million promises before he will consent to move into Siberia, and usually he will go only if he can return after two or three years to his metropolitan apartment, which the government undertakes to keep for him in the meantime. One cannot blame him. Russians do not want to exchange the theaters, libraries, educational facilities, and comforts of a modern city for a bivouac in Siberia. The second plan should have provided for the transformation of Sverdlovsk into a Soviet Chicago and of Stalingrad into a Soviet Detroit with at least as many amenities as the capital

or Leningrad offer. To be sure, the new Piatiletko foresees endless housing and municipal projects. There is no emphasis, however, on the establishment of a second industrial capital, and that may prove a serious omission.

The description of the plan as published over the signatures of Premier Molotov and of Kuibishev, the president of the State Planning Commission, ends with a strange contradiction. We were told a year or two ago that the end of the second Piatiletko would see the end of the class society. Now this fiction is repeated. The scheme promises the "liquidation of all capitalist elements and of classes in general." I am ready to believe that all capitalist elements will be finally suppressed. But if the classes are to disappear, why does a closely following paragraph speak of the dictatorship of the proletariat and the need of strengthening it? The dictatorship is necessary only to prevent hostile classes from obstructing the progress to socialism. I incline to the view that the dictatorship of the proletariat will still be with us after 1937. Actual capitalists may not remain, but capitalist psychology will. Above all, and despite the anticipated growth, the rich plenty without which socialism would be a caricature will not yet have been achieved. But if the Bolsheviks carry out the plan—even though they fail to introduce the socialist millennium by 1937—they can well be gratified.

The Intelligent Traveler

By JOHN ROTHSCHILD

THERE are two sorts of travel. Recreation is a legitimate end in itself, and if one prefers to rest and play in another country than one's own and has the means to do it, the world is full of playgrounds. But Americans are beginning to appreciate what, for lack of a more imaginative term, must be identified as "educational travel." Unquestionably we are more concerned with ideas than we used to be. We are no longer isolated provincials, but citizens of the world who feel the necessity of relating our personal activities to those of the world at large.

A person who knows either French or German, who has plenty of time, and who has prepared himself properly usually profits most by traveling alone, unattached to anyone of his own nationality. Most of us have considerable resistance to new relationships, and a fellow-traveler is a counter-magnet which pulls us back to the familiar. The person going on his own must make experiments, risking loss of time and indefiniteness of cost. He can reduce these hazards, however, by the right kind of preparation. A number of cultural organizations stand ready to assist him in rounding out his mental picture of the countries he expects to visit, if he will take the trouble to discover them. Many of them furnish information and contacts gratis as an incidental part of their work; others are membership organizations in which nominal dues are charged for extraordinary services. The following list, while not complete, is suggestive:

For students, the Institute of International Education, 2 West Forty-fifth Street; the National Student Federation, 218 Madison Avenue; the National Student Service, 140 Nassau Street. For information about Russia, the American Russian Institute, 56 West Forty-fifth Street, and the In-

stitute of Pacific Relations, 129 East Fifty-second Street, which also takes the Orient as its special field; for Latin American countries, the Committee on Cultural Relations with Latin America, 112 East Nineteenth Street; for the British Empire, the English-Speaking Union, 19 West Forty-fourth Street; for Scandinavian countries, the American Scandinavian Foundation, 116 East Sixty-fourth Street; for Italy, the Italy America Society, 301 Park Avenue. All addresses are in New York City.

For Europe and Russia there is a completely rounded service given by the Open Road, 56 West Forty-fifth Street. This organization will budget a trip so that the financial uncertainties of setting out alone are appreciably reduced. Through a network of relationships with organizations and key individuals abroad it gives advice, concrete help, and introductions. To take an extreme example: a gastroenterologist wishes to spend next summer in Europe consulting the best authorities and seeing the best clinical work in his field. In each city on his foreign itinerary an Open Road representative helps him get settled, makes appointments with the best men in his field, or if time has been allowed, may even warn him in advance of arrival that the work has been discontinued. Probably in no case will the representative be a gastroenterologist, or even a physician, but he will be the kind of person who knows his city. This may sound elementary, but there has been more than one unhappy instance of a student sent abroad to work with a specialist who no longer taught, or to study a project that had been abandoned. Less important but no less irritating are the difficulties of personal and academic adjustment which hamper the student's work, and which such a service can smooth away.

In pursuing a cultural study—say, modern textile design—the very wealth of material often bewilders and deceives. If given time the Open Road will make a reconnaissance of the field and suggest the places, institutions, and foreign experts that are likely to prove most worth while. The prospective traveler can dig up a good deal of this information for himself if he has the right professional connections, but even so there is much checking to be done. The work best known over here may be inferior to work that has been less widely advertised, or it may have been abandoned or vulgarized, or superseded by something not yet known in America. The Open Road is a membership organization, like most of those listed above. It is non-profit-making and subsidized, but since its work is highly specialized and expensive, the traveler is expected to bear a proportionate cost by becoming a member.

There are conditions under which the traveler gets more from his trip by going with a group. If he decides for reasons of time, or purse, or inexperience, or delight in comradeship to go with a party, he faces a paralyzing array of organized tours from which to choose. The only advice that can be given him is to knock on many doors, and not take the first tour that issues an attractive brochure or advertises a distinguished leader. A group led by the foremost man in the field is an unhappy choice if it is badly managed, too large, carelessly recruited, or excessive in cost. This is the same problem that confronts a student selecting a law school. It must be solved in the same way, by looking for intrinsic values.

The important thing for the person who is seeking to broaden his experience by travel is not on what boat he sails

or in which hotel he stops; it is the opportunity afforded him for real understanding of the people and the country he will visit. It is a good general rule that the cheapest and most common means of travel offer the largest return in human values. Recently an authoritative student of economic policy surprised her friends by boarding a day coach for a trip to Mexico City. She admitted its discomforts but said that if she went by Pullman she would miss the plain people. Wagon-lit accommodations all over the world are operated for the benefit of foreigners. You can travel in them with all the comforts of home, hear English spoken, meet your own kind, and remain as untouched and unmoved by your travels as if you had never left home at all.

[This is the second of a series of articles by Mr. Rothchild pointing out to Nation readers interesting and inexpensive ways of travel. The third will be published in the issue of February 28.]

In the Driftway

IT has been possible for the Drifter to accommodate himself to the changing morality of recent years—he is not excessively concerned with morals anyhow—but he has found it difficult to embrace the new economics. He grew up in the belief that thrift was a virtue, that it was not only wise from a personal standpoint but equally beneficial to one's fellows. The man who had a savings account, bought a mortgage, or invested in a Liberty bond was hailed as a good citizen, worthy of public commendation. Now, of course, that view has vanished. The man with money in a bank is a swine—unless the bank has failed—and the holder of a mortgage is a leech who ought to be boiled in oil. The only person who gets any attention from his fellows today is the one who has a mortgage he cannot meet or instalments on a car he cannot pay. The debtor, if not the public's hero, is at least its protegee. He is the man for whom our whole recovery scheme is geared. We devalue the dollar in order to raise prices and enable him to extricate himself from his debts, with never a thought for the man who saved his money or failed to lose his job—out of whose hide the cost must be taken.

* * * * *

WE have gone farther than that. People must be taught henceforth to spend their money, not to save it. Dr. Alvan L. Barach has just made a "psychological study" of the depression for the National Committee for Mental Hygiene, in which he says that the country is in the "sinister grip" of "excessive thrift," which "must be broken." Anyone who has a dollar in a savings bank must feel like a common thief when Dr. Barach inveighs against the "cancerous notion of thrift" and its "throttling influence." There is no course for one whose house is paid for but to jump out the top-story window.

* * * * *

OF course the Drifter has heard that this is not like other depressions. He has been made aware that we are living no longer in an economy of scarcity but in one of surplus. He vaguely comprehends, therefore, that we ought to

dissipate this public wealth which we have piled up, as rapidly as possible. But somehow this public wealth doesn't seem in any noticeable way to be in the possession of the public. The surplus the Drifter hears about is not in the homes of those whom he knows—unless his best friends won't tell him. In a dim, dumb way the Drifter surmises that there is a difference between a national surplus and a surplus in the hands of the multitudinous individuals who make up the nation. If the Drifter ever has \$10 which the landlord and the grocer aren't both reaching for at once, he will not be tempted to spend it like a drunken sailor for fear of the "cancerous notion of thrift" or its "throttling influence." Nor does the Drifter blame anyone with considerably more than \$10 for safeguarding it as long as possible. The Drifter has no exaggerated opinion of the sagacity of his fellow-Americans, but he thinks that despite all the effort to discredit the philosophy of Benjamin Franklin and all the patriotic ballyhoo to "spend now," practically nobody is going to endanger his personal economic security to help the nation get rid of its surplus. Here and there we may find an individual who will cut off his nose to spite his face, but almost nowhere do we encounter one who will cut off his nose to improve the face of that vague wraith known as the nation.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

The Control of Milk Cooperatives

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

In your editorial entitled *The Milk Scandal in The Nation* for January 10 you state, "The large cooperatives are, of course, controlled by the distributors and share the profits." On what evidence do you base this charge?

It is readily admitted that many of the cooperative associations selling the milk of their members to the profiteering distributors have not been as militant as they might have been in fighting for fair prices for their members. But from several years' rather intimate contact with a number of these cooperatives I believe there are other factors which explain this lack of militancy. The average board of directors of a cooperative association is generally composed of the leading farmers from the territory which it represents. Most of these men have farms of average or better than average size and are middle-aged or older. They are usually rather conservative in their outlook and are fearful of leading their organization into a move which might react unfavorably upon their own economic position and that of their farmer neighbors. They abhor violence and believe that a milk strike inevitably produces violence, and that usually the farmers come out worse off than before they struck. The simple fact of the matter is that at the present time the milk-marketing cooperatives do not have the power to force the dairy trusts to pay fair prices to the farmers, and if they did the consumers would have to provide all the profits.

The milk-marketing cooperatives charge their members brokerage for marketing their milk, and the amount of this brokerage charge is generally limited by vote of the membership; the directors have the power to fix the charge, within this maximum limit, at the amount which they find necessary properly to finance the operations of the cooperative. This brokerage charge is deducted from the milk checks of the mem-

bers, on written orders signed by them, and is not a share of the "profits" of the distributors. The associations that have had a relatively high brokerage charge, one cent per gallon, have generally served their members economically, in spite of sometimes high-paid officials, have built up substantial capital resources, and have generally been able to drive the best bargains with the dairy trust.

Palisade, N. J., January 14

GORDON H. WARD

[Cooperatives are usually organized on a membership basis with each farmer entitled to a vote in their operation. Many, however, as they have grown, have become stock organizations and assumed most of the faults of corporate control. Recent milk-code hearings have revealed that the proxy system of voting is in general use, and that the board of directors is virtually self-appointed, through stock ownership, while it has also been admitted that the familiar dodge of naming directors and letting them qualify afterward is in wide use. Voting stock has been issued without payment, and in one cooperative, the Interstate Milk Producers' Association, which controls the Philadelphia milk shed, the names of 300 dead men are still accredited with votes. Control, then, is out of the farmers' hands. Yet the cooperative, through market control, continues to frame agreements on the farmers' behalf through what amounts to coercion, since it boasts that the distributors will not recognize any independent producers' organization. These agreements universally favor the distributor, and that has been the farmer's chief dispute with the cooperative. The Interstate failed to ask 22,000 member farmers their sentiments on the now abrogated marketing code, yet signed it for them, whereupon 15,000 of the farmers revolted. Many cooperatives roll up an annual deficit of sizable proportions, despite dues and commission fees, yet pay huge salaries to their officials, liberal traveling expenses, and in some mysterious manner man-

age to exist—perhaps because their fees are received *through* the distributor by the check-off system. This is strong evidence of distributor influence. Most damning of all, cooperatives have forced the purchase of stock in *distributors' corporations and holding companies* upon the farmer under threat of cutting off his market. Cooperative directors have boasted of preventing or breaking strikes in the Chicago area; in New York and western Pennsylvania they have forced member farmers into bankruptcy by abrupt mortgage foreclosures and calling of notes. An audit of the books of the Interstate reveals that in sixteen years, while farm prices were falling more rapidly than the commodity index, and the distributors' spread of profits was increasing, not a single attempt was made to remedy this obviously unfair situation. All this may be due to the conservatism of the cooperative directors. The point is that the farmer, himself a member of the cooperative, emphatically does not think so.—EDITORS THE NATION.]

A Plea for Inflation

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

Why should *The Nation* be liberal on everything but the money question? It is hard to see why progressivism in politics and economics should make an absolute exception as to money. After reading carefully the articles by Villard and Stewart, and the editorial Fatter Prices and Thinner Dollars, one would think that the money question was an absolutely closed book and that all its principles were known and their effect completely charted by experience. As an orthodox anti-inflationist, *The Nation* makes the circulars sent out by the big banks appear mild.

Now I happen to live in a section of the country where the sentiment is prevailingly for inflation. Senator Norris favors the issuing of greenbacks to pay that portion of the national debt now falling due. This seems a trifle radical to some of us, but when I find *The Nation*, so "radical" in other things, lined up uncompromisingly with Wall Street on the money question, I can't help being perplexed. When the United States Chamber of Commerce came out against Roosevelt's money policy, Will Rogers spoke for all the West when he said that we knew right then that the President was right.

I think it obvious that a new chapter is being written on money and we are going to accept its findings. It seems to us clear that the iron logic of conditions has forced us to seek a new standard of value and a new level of prices. Spin as many fine theories as we may, by the close of 1932 deflation had done its perfect work and the country was broke. Only a bank moratorium and a strong injection of the adrenalin of an inflationary psychology saved us from going completely over the brink. What is the use of theorizing now about inflation? We are already inflated. Would *The Nation* have us deflate back to the old standard? In fact, just what does *The Nation* want? Out here we agree heartily with the President. We do not believe we have to consider deflation as an act of God any more than we have to consider inflation *per se* an act of the devil. The boast of Mr. Villard that *The Nation* stood for hard money in the 70's does not at all impress us as a good reason for standing for an undeviating gold standard in 1933. "Time makes ancient good uncouth."

Mr. Roosevelt is trying to give us a 1926 level of prices. If we are ever to pay our debts, we must have a much higher level than the one we now groan under. If *The Nation* can think of a better plan to this end, why not trot it out, instead of pointing with pride to an ancient attitude and an equally outworn political economy?

Lincoln, Neb., January 20

W. T. DAVIS

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Midwinter Book Section

Stephen Dedalus and James Joyce

By WILLIAM TROY

TO say that undoubtedly the greatest advantage of having "Ulysses" on public sale in this country* is that it enables more people to read the book is not such an obvious statement as it may at first sound. For Joyce's masterpiece, although it has certainly been the most reviled, the most admired, and the most generally discussed work of our generation, has been at the same time one of the least read—in the sense of a patient, conscientious, and thoughtful examination of its contents. Of course there has never been any reason to expect that it should be widely read by the popular reading public: it makes too many demands on the intellect, the sensibility, and the experience of the average reader. Nor will all the efforts to endow it with the fascination of the occult, which seems to be the object behind the many "keys," commentaries, and esoteric interpretations that have appeared, succeed in our enlightened age in earning for it the kind of reputation which the golden book of Vergil enjoyed in the Middle Ages. And even as an intellectual game, a substitute for the crossword puzzle, the book must remain an exercise for more or less superior wits. One does not refer, therefore, either to the so-called plain reader or to his guides in expressing the belief that "Ulysses" has not been as carefully studied as it might have been in the twelve years since its publication. The reference is rather to the number of serious and informed critics all during that period who have concentrated on one or another separate aspect of the work without attempting to weigh for us the meaning or final implications of the work as a whole.

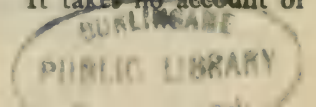
The most common confusion into which the discussion of the work has fallen is the result of the failure to distinguish between Stephen Dedalus, who is one of its three principal characters, and James Joyce, who is its author. It is a confusion that it is not very difficult to understand; for Stephen Dedalus is not only one of the most perfectly realized characters in modern fiction but also the character with whom the modern reader can most easily identify himself. The influence of Joyce on other writers, for example, has been almost exclusively the influence of the character of Stephen Dedalus, and not of the characters of Leopold and Molly Bloom, although these two characters are certainly of equal importance in the structure of his work. In other words, the modern writer, finding in the mental and psychological state of Stephen as rendered by Joyce such a precise duplicate of his own, has been quick to assume that this must also be the permanent mental and psychological state of his creator. It has been too seldom recognized that quite distinct from whatever special interest he may have as the Hamlet *de nos jours*, Stephen is one character among others in an objectively constructed work of fiction; that he is only a part of a whole, and not the whole itself; and that even whatever development of his character occurs is necessarily subordinate to the total development of the work. Now it need hardly be remarked that if a few of the many imitators

of Joyce's style and method had shown some awareness of this fact we should probably have been spared that chaotic and artistically meaningless overflow of sensibility which has passed for fiction in recent years. But the point at present is that the failure to recognize "Ulysses" for what it is—perhaps the most objective work of fiction ever created, a work about which it is impossible to say that it is written in such and such a style, since it is written in as many styles as there are characters and situations to be rendered—is what is most responsible for the habit of ascribing to its author a psychology and point of view which really belong to one of his characters *at a certain stage in his development*.

This confusion has most recently reasserted itself in the concerted effort on the part of several American critics to bury Joyce, along with the other major writers of his generation, in the interests of a strictly contemporary view of the artist and his relations to the society of his time. According to these critics Joyce is no longer eligible as a "guide" for contemporary writers. Like Baudelaire, Henry James, Sarah Orne Jewett, Hermann Melville, Lewis Carroll, and almost every other writer of the last few centuries whose name comes to mind, Joyce declined to participate in the social and economic struggles of his age, preferring to express the personality which this age had molded in the terms of an obscure and aristocratic art. In Joyce's case the refusal to engage in action, or in that form of action which is called propaganda, was particularly obdurate in view of the unusual opportunities which his country offered. "How much have we lost because Stephen drew back from the revolution that attracted him?" we are asked to contemplate. How much have we lost because he indulged the trinity of personality-vices which an analysis of his temperament reveals—"pride, contempt, ambition"? If we can no longer admire the artist whose work has been motivated by these essentially individualistic vices, it is because our whole notion of the artist's role in society has undergone a profound change. The tradition to which Joyce must be assigned is the nineteenth-century tradition which believed not only that the artist was a privileged member of society, immune from all moral and social responsibility, but also that he was the high priest of a cult or religion—the religion of art. In rejecting this tradition we must reject Joyce—or at least we must reject him if we accept the picture that has just been given, which is the picture drawn for us by the ultra-Marxist wing of recent American criticism.

But it may be that we need not accept such a picture as a true picture of the author of "Ulysses," although as a picture of Stephen Dedalus there is little in it to which we might object. What is not taken into account in such an analysis, of course, is the fact that the "morbid-minded aesthete and embryo philosopher" of the morning, afternoon, and evening of June 16, 1904, is not, and could not be, the author of the mature, harmonious, and extraordinarily robust work of art that is "Ulysses." It takes no account of

*"Ulysses." By James Joyce. Random House. \$3.50.



the important spiritual progression that has taken place in Stephen's consciousness on this momentous day—a progression which reaches its climax in one of the three great moments of inner dramatic crisis in the work.

For each of the three major characters there is such a moment of intense psychological crisis, marking the most extreme degree of anguish and confusion to which the gradually accumulated conflicts of each of them attain. If Stephen's crisis is the first that is presented to us, it is because his particular conflicts have been raging with intolerable force all day and because the structure requires that it be over with before the theme can be advanced to its resolution. As everyone who has studied the work knows, Stephen's long agony reaches its climax at that moment in the celebrated scene in Bella Cohen's brothel (page 567 in the present edition of the text) when he turns from the women around him, brushes away the persistent ghost of his mother, and screams out the single word "*Nothing!*"

He lifts his ashplant high with both hands and smashes the chandelier. Time's livid final flame leaps and, in the following darkness, ruin of all space, shattered glass and toppling masonry.

This gesture that Stephen makes marks not only an end but a beginning. It symbolizes his exorcism of the past: the images in which the ideals of race, religion, and education have clothed themselves will never again appear to haunt him. Although he will never be altogether free from "history," history will no longer be the nightmare that it has been for him. Not only has his center of gravity been displaced, as he remarks a little while afterwards, but it will never be the same again. And for this reason we may say that at this moment Stephen Dedalus, as we have known him up to this scene, vanishes from existence, and the author of "*Ulysses*" is born. Or, if we persist in referring to them as one and the same person, we may say that whatever Stephen Dedalus produces thereafter must come out of a different world, a world of brighter and more tangible human substance, in which the tired ghosts of Aristotle and Aquinas will have to make room for Leopold and Molly Bloom.

For "*Ulysses*" does not end with that gesture with which Stephen seems to smash to earth not only the chandelier in a Dublin brothel but also the whole unsteady weight of Western European culture that has been bearing down on his brain. He has yet to have his encounter with Leopold Bloom, an encounter that is to lead to his attainment of a new and different state of grace from that he had enjoyed in the far-off days of the "*Portrait*." He has yet to acquire that richness of perception and understanding which will enable him to write the last glowing pages of Molly Bloom's monologue, with which, finally, the book does come to its end. If we desire to seek the real meaning of Stephen's career, therefore, it is to these last pages that we must turn—not to those sections in which he has traced out his tortured and difficult evolution as an artist, but to his final magnificent reassertion, in the terms of the most objective art, of the ultimate triumph of reality over whatever ideas or systems of ideas the mind may attempt to impose on it.

The last word on the last page of this book of almost eight hundred pages is Molly's word "*Yes*," and because it is the last word in the book we may feel secure in believing that it is also Joyce's last word as a man and as an artist. To

identify Joyce with the backward-moving direction in modern letters, to align him with the party of sterility and death, can only seem, therefore, like a grievous blunder on the part of those interested in the creation of a society which will not perpetuate the conditions that caused Stephen Dedalus to live out his life in "silence, exile, and cunning." For out of his pride and contempt and ambition, Joyce has given us a work which leaves us, at the end, with a still passionate faith and trust in the reality which even societies must keep in mind if they are to survive.

The Arbor

By EDA LOU WALTON

Naught but the vine root gnarled and old,
Branches died out in every way but down,
The arbor barren and the sweet fruit sold
To feast some few within a wintry town.

Twisted and woody in the solid earth,
No other way to reach now save through soil.
Life in the air, the flowering, fruity birth,
This drunkenness has ended in dark toil.

Downward to thrust, down, down to send the thong
Below the ice, below the wormy clay,
Warmth may be there, sap and the earthy strong
Delirium of violence and new day.

Time may be there to conjure and command
Such strength as for the winter will suffice
To fill this wooden vessel and its hand
Groping through shadow and through sacrifice.

Let sky hold arbor like a hollow cave
For winds' last hover and for birds, blind-dropped,
Naked of leaves such structure is a wave
Gone slowly over, and by darkness topped.

Below in passion, having touched such flame
As earth's deep core alone sends up the tap,
The ugly root moves up to mark and name
The new spring's blood and green emblazoned map.

Wild over pasture, town, and towered tomb
The wine will run, old river and dried stream
Carry the flood poured out from earthy womb
Across the dammed embankments of a dream.

The heart out of its stale eternity torn
To shape new arbors tipped against the stars,
Sees a new harvest on the threshold born
Leap purple up the bars;

Arms locked high over head, feet far apart,
All grape-enladen, sweet and strong,
The vine-crowned is the vineyard, and the mart
Arbor and mouth for song!

Two Critics in Search of an Absolute

By HORACE GREGORY

When we consider the situation of the human mind in Nature, its limited plasticity and few channels of communication with the outer world, we need not wonder that we grope for light.—GEORGE SANTAYANA.

I HAVE always considered the subtle distinction between literary critic and writer an unnecessary refinement of both terms. Like the very person of whom he writes my critic should see, read, think, feel, hear—and then make his experience known to all who read him. Nor does it harm the so-called writer if he thinks in terms of the critic, if he takes the time to summarize his own work and pass judgment upon it. He may be wrong but so may the critic, and surely that exercise should give him a renewed sense of his direction. We are now, I think, midway in a new period of criticism, and it is the duty of the critic—if he would be read—to assume the responsibilities of literature, remembering at all times that the changing of ideas into words is a creative exercise. In the past we remember Johnson, Coleridge, Matthew Arnold because they were, whatever else we may think of them, writers. As well as holding opinions they made us feel the importance of what they had to say. When I say “feel” I mean that they convinced us by use of an art that they employed, and even went so far as to develop personal qualities of style and imagination. This may be heresy.

At the risk of incurring the charge of further heresy, I choose my text from George Santayana. From his first book onward he has been continually outmoded, and perhaps that is the very reason that he always returns to us with an air of extraordinary freshness. This opening sentence from his “Poetry and Religion” seems to apply to the kind of criticism we are now reading and to the more intelligent younger critics. After a period of wavering, of liberal enthusiasms, it is good to read men who can make up their minds on any given subject, but the road they walk is so narrow that we are distracted from their objective and resent the grim duty of gaining salvation that awaits us on the high plain.

In theory the performance is of great interest, for literature is involved—as it has always been—in the larger movement. Two critics, R. P. Blackmur and Granville Hicks, know where they are going, yet both are moving away from the very medium that has given them an excuse for being. I mean literature itself, not the theory of art for art’s sake. Their conception of a critic’s part in controversy is one that separates them from their craft: critic is set against writer; writer against critic; and the controversy mounts in flames. Both are products of an academic revival which made itself known at the beginning of this decade, and each is the enemy of the other. What is more, they represent tendencies in contemporary criticism that either transcend or fall below their faults and virtues.

Since Mr. Blackmur is less obvious in his statement of a position, let me quote him first. In the spring of 1930, reviewing I. A. Richards’s “Practical Criticism,” he wrote:

For the rest, after you have read a poem, you must then learn how either to discard it as bad or choose it to be a part of yourself as good. You have only to remember, before the act of choice, that the reading of a good poem is a discipline only less arduous than its writing.

We are to learn first how to read; but note how difficult Mr. Blackmur makes the task, how drearily the classroom windows close around us. We are not to participate (as I believe Mr. Richards urges us to do) but to learn painfully a special method, and there is always the fear of falling asleep before we are done with the first lesson. Mr. Blackmur says: “Such a beginning would be mainly occupied with the collection of data and the discussion of words.”

If I understand Mr. Blackmur correctly, his purpose is to perform an operation on a poem. The patient is stretched full-length upon the table (he need not be a butterfly on a wheel). The skilful antagonist, the surgeon, makes a well-timed incision and draws forth an entrail. Meanwhile the reasons for the patient’s existence are no longer clear. We learn that he once had a lung, a heart, a bladder, and if we care to examine them, we are permitted to see and perhaps touch each vital organ as it drops into a pail. We conclude that the operation was successful but the patient is dead. The surgeon, eager to answer questions from internes, concludes that the creature died of an ulcerated tooth. Traces of bile were found in the blood, and we are assured that the analysis which followed the patient’s death has met the approval of scientific order.

I agree with Mr. Blackmur that there can be but few flaws in his method of classroom procedure, and we are to remember that the title of Mr. Richards’s book is “Practical Criticism,” but let us hear what Mr. Blackmur has to say of Ezra Pound in the winter, 1934, issue of *Hound and Horn*. The essay is of some length and one must draw a long breath in quoting the following conclusion:

If the uses of language include expression, communication, and the clear exhibition of ideas, Mr. Pound is everywhere a master of his medium so long as the matter in hand is not his own, is translation or paraphrase; everywhere else, whether in putting his translations together or in original material, the language has an air of solipsism and bewildered intent.

What Mr. Blackmur is trying to say is not entirely unclear: briefly, that Mr. Pound’s adaptations from other literatures are better than his original work. The conclusion, however sincere, is not completely satisfactory. Doubts, rather serious doubts, remain to trouble those who have read Pound’s excellent Mauberley poems. The muse of pedagogy is a strange creature and her vision is strained from overwork. The lady is conscientious but myopic. She sees one word, then another, but never more than one word at a time. In “Homage to Propertius” she notes that Pound’s Americanism leaps out from a dull Roman background and that an entire page of poetry is transformed by the word “frigidaire.” Those of us who are interested in literature—and incidentally Ezra Pound—suddenly feel bored, cheated,

and slightly out of temper. We feel that we are entitled to something better than a long-winded recital of a process that should have taken place in the critic's mind before he sat down to a typewriter. The classroom windows close again and the reader's mind wanders: Is it snowing outside? Is the lake frozen? Perhaps it is better to grant that Pound is an important poet and then not read him at all.

In contrast to Mr. Blackmur's study we have Granville Hicks's review of American literature since the Civil War. Frankly enough the book is an interpretation, an experiment in Marxian analysis that is now certain to meet with more than a mere casual response. We grant its superiority over Upton Sinclair's "Mammonart," and skimming the pages, we find interest in its plot and its grasp of form. It is neither as verbose nor as awkward as Calverton's study which preceded it; the prospect is stimulating, for the mood of the book is of this hour, and one finds recognition in an expression of discontent with the existing order. The slender framework of historical commentary which binds the book together makes an attractive pattern. We are prepared to agree with Mr. Hicks, are prejudiced in his favor. Yet on page 8 the plan so clearly laid before us becomes incredible.

Melville's problem was real enough, but the terms in which he stated it were irrelevant. This explains in part why "Moby Dick," with all its virtues, is not comparable to the great metaphysical epics of the past, which have made room for all the principal varieties of experience in their eras.

First one wonders what metaphysical epics Mr. Hicks has in mind. Are they Milton's "Paradise Lost" or the "Divine Comedy"? Or in prose is it "Don Quixote"? None seems to fit the definition. Then one travels back to the word "irrelevant" and one begins to believe that Mr. Hicks is in a rush to get "Moby Dick" out of the way. Surely the instrument that Mr. Hicks employs should be made to function here, should be made flexible enough to reveal some aspect of "Moby Dick" that is relevant to the period in which it was written, to the half-century after the Civil War, to our own day. As in the case of Mr. Blackmur one becomes conscious of a steel-riveted formula at work which might well be a small machine the size of a pencil sharpener, to be used before the actual process of criticism is set in motion.

Conscious that Mr. Hicks is preparing an event, one apologizes for the first two chapters of his book. He has much ground to cover in the period preceding and during the Civil War. Then we come to an extended, reasonable, and often just appraisal of William Dean Howells. Until we remember the becalmed, flat surfaces of Howells's prose and recall his profound lack of dramatic instinct, we are half-convinced that Mr. Hicks has made a genuine discovery that merits the first full-length portrait in the book. Are we to believe that Howells's failure to understand the economic forces that aroused his interest is "the principal explanation of Howells's inability to make us feel he is a master"? May I suggest that Howells's failure to dramatize those forces effectively lies somewhat closer to the cause of his failure as a novelist? May I suggest that Dickens, who had perhaps less insight into those forces than Howells, had greater talents as a writer, and was therefore able to make us see and feel the terrifying poverty in the London of his day?

Meanwhile the same blunt instrument that shielded

Howells's dulness pursues Henry James's retreating figure across the Atlantic, then home for a brief visit, and at last hammers him into a grave on British soil. Appended to this is a nervous commentary on Emily Dickinson, concluding with this paragraph:

As Henry James somehow complements Howells, so that, as Emerson once said of Hawthorne and Alcott, the two of them might make one real man, so Emily Dickinson complements Walt Whitman, and the two of them, one feels, might make one poet. Where Whitman was merely expansive Emily Dickinson was intensive, but where she was narrow he was broad. And though she did what she set out to do more effectively than he, just as James wrought more finely than Howells, the future was not with her, nor with James, but with Howells and Whitman. As one weighs the faults and the merits on both sides, one sighs with Emerson, "So many promising youths and never a finished man!"

I would give my right hand to see that poet who is recreated from the head of Emily Dickinson and the clay feet of gray-bearded Whitman, and I would walk far to see the strange composite of James and Howells. I realize that this may seem unfair to Mr. Hicks, but we have only to translate his words into aesthetic terms and a curious hybrid wheels across the page. We are already fast in unbelief of Mr. Hicks's wholly tenable thesis, for I am sure that no Marxian should fear to state boldly his liking for Henry James, an admiration for Shakespeare, an appreciation for Poe—whose influence Mr. Hicks fails to mention. I would say the best is none too good for him.

Other critics, less sympathetic than I to Mr. Hicks's central thesis, have spoken of his short temper as he approaches contemporary literature, of his Indian dance over the deflated reputations of Cabell, Hergesheimer, and Thornton Wilder. Mr. Blackmur believes harsh things of Marxian analysis and using Mr. Hicks as his text says: "That is heresy within heresy; and it would be nothing but privation to follow him."

Even at this the quarrel is not so much a question of critical insight into literature as a disagreement over opposing dogmas. And Mr. Hicks is no less severe with Mr. Blackmur when he writes that his method "resembles the impassioned quibbling of devotees of some game." One can expect no quarter from either camp. I think it is clear that both objectives have already traveled far from literary relevance and that the instruments used by both men are blunted through prolonged abuse.

How, then, can we resolve their problem? Not by reconciliation, for the cleavage is clean, and it is better to have the ground for disagreement clear. I believe, however, that a real solution has always existed; and among the "few channels of communication with the outer world" there still remains the same set of values for critic and poet. If this is platitude I am willing to admit it, but conviction in writing is more than the discovery of a tenable thesis. If it is not, how can we account for the effectiveness of Michael Gold's attack on Thornton Wilder? Mr. Gold's critical logic was bad, so bad that a schoolboy could discover its flaws. A schoolboy could discover that Mr. Gold, like many another who shares his convictions, had gone off the track and left literary criticism far behind. But he would see that Michael Gold had an ability not unlike that of his master, Charles

Dickens. He could project a memorable image of a social class and make us believe it existed; and in the case of Thornton Wilder, this is exactly what Mr. Gold did. He made him fit into a special kind of society. It was an act of creation, and we are not concerned here as to how Wilder managed to fall within Mr. Gold's design. The point is that Wilder was thrust into the picture that his creator saw and the image was not soon forgotten. Suddenly this young and popular novelist became another Steerforth, seductive, ridiculous, and a warning to other aspiring young novelists. In short, one of the properties of criticism is imagination, and using this property alone, Mr. Gold succeeded where others failed. He spoke as one writer to another and spoke eloquently and well. I think we will remember Mr. Gold's Wilder as long as "The Bridge of San Luis Rey" remains on our bookshelves. In reading T. S. Eliot's critical essays I am aware that his standards are by no means as consistent, as well-rounded as those in Mr. Blackmur's laboratory. But I am certain that his concern for religious verities in criticism has never overshadowed his position as a writer.

The absolute that Mr. Hicks and Mr. Blackmur seek has been removed by them into a far distance down a narrow road, and again remembering Santayana, "we need not wonder that we grope for light."

The Usable Past

IN Oscar Wilde's day it was still being said that America had no past. Two generations later Van Wyck Brooks was compelled to realize that we were at least two hundred years old, and he varied the complaint. What we lacked, he said, was a *usable* past, and with brilliant effect he set about to make one for us. Today the trouble seems to be that we have too many pasts and that the proponents of one will have nothing to do with the others.

The first of these pasts is the past so successfully exploited by Lewisohn, Mencken, and Carl Van Doren. In it we observe the American artist gradually freeing himself from the limitations of puritanism and winning in the process a richer life of both thought and feeling. The other—more recently discovered—is the past of Granville Hicks and V. F. Calverton. To them, of course, the villain is not the grim shadow of the Puritan but that coarser brute now generally known as the Spirit of Capitalism, and the meaning of our past is to be found not in the escape from conformity but in the gradual awakening of the social sense. Our progress was slow and uncertain because we were groping in the dark like pagans still ignorant of the Gospel, but Karl Marx was a new Hound of Heaven whom we could not forever elude. Though even today there are still some who flee him "down the nights and down the days," we wist not to evade as he to pursue, and with the relentlessness of the Savior he sings his fierce yet loving song, "All things betray thee who betrayest Me."

Obviously these two pasts are not to be entirely reconciled. The rebel hero of the one is almost Byronic in his individualism; the rebel hero of the other is only a rebel pro tem, and really, though unconsciously, eager to submit his will to the dictatorship of the proletariat. Yet the curious fact remains that Mr. Lewisohn and Mr. Hicks, for

example, choose much the same figures to serve as protagonists. Not only can the rise of realism be favorably interpreted in terms of either's thesis, but the two canons are so nearly identical that the list of the American classics remains much the same no matter who draws it up. William Dean Howells cannot hope for more than grudging praise and Emerson is a great man of his day no matter which past he belongs to. Nor can one well help observing that both schools have a good deal of explaining to do when it comes to fitting the unavoidable names into the prearranged pattern, or that some of our great writers lie very uncomfortably in either of the Procrustean beds into which the philosophical historians are compelled to fit them by the process of lopping off or stretching out.

Consider, for example, the case of Thoreau. He was, goodness knows, troublesome enough to the anti-puritans. Though he scorned the church and scorned respectability, there is no concealing the fact that in the crucial matter of sex he was benighted enough. Fortunately he was sufficiently squeamish not to say very much on the subject, but what he did say must seem highly unfortunate to those who would praise him as an apostle of liberty—since this rebel against all other accepted ideas was as prim as a New England spinster in his attitude toward "our baser nature." Yet it can hardly be denied that it is almost equally difficult to present as an apostle of communal living the man who retired to Walden Pond in order that he might be more completely alone. Mr. Hicks, to be sure, labors manfully over the difficulty. He says that the conditions of the time made it necessary that the tendency toward cooperation should manifest itself as extreme individualism, but even after inventing this splendid paradox he prefers to pass over in silence some of his hero's less explainable opinions, and we are left in the dark so far as other obscurities are concerned. We are not, as I remember, told how it can be that even a mere forerunner of communism, even a man whose social sense was able to express itself as anti-social detachment, could have happened to say as he did: "I came into this world, not chiefly to make this a good place to live in, but to live in it, be it good or bad."

To one who confesses himself unashamedly skeptical and frankly eclectic it may possibly occur that neither the system of the anti-puritan nor the system of the Communist is more than a convenient fiction, and that a "usable past" is not something which is discovered but something which is created—chiefly for the purpose of enriching or serving the present. The historian, like the novelist, has certain data at his disposal, and it makes very little difference that the data of the one are supplied by observation and the data of the other by study. His task is to arrange them into a coherent, meaningful pattern, and the result is commonly judged in accordance with the answer we get to two questions: How completely does it convince and how agreeable does it seem to our prejudices and our desires? Moreover, it would be well to remember also that the faith which the historian inspires is not entirely different from that "poetic faith" which is recognized as appropriate to the poem or the novel. The best history, like the best fiction, is probably only very imperfectly true. It is only uncommonly convincing.

Until recently called in question, the past of the anti-puritan was the orthodox one. I happen to believe also that

it has the advantage of being less cut and dried, that it seems to encourage for the future a greater variety of attitudes and sensibilities. But of course tomorrow will have none of it if tomorrow turns out to be dominated by "proletarian" thought. The past we believe in is the past which justifies today, and the great writers will inevitably be popularly interpreted in the fashion which makes them seem most convincing as forerunners and prophets. The nineteenth century succeeded in making Shakespeare a Victorian, and the twentieth will have no difficulty in turning Thoreau into a Marxian *manqué*—if that is what it wants. History, as I am not the first to remark, is written by the survivors.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

Books

Artful Autobiography

The Well of Days. By Ivan Bunin. Translated from the Russian by Gleb Struve and Hamish Miles. Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.50.

THIS is the first book by Bunin to be published in America since the award to him of the Nobel prize for literature. It appears also to be the opening volume in a series which under the guise of another name, Alexey Alexandrovich Arseniev, will be Bunin's autobiography. Add to this that Bunin is little known in America although he enjoys a certain fame as the author of "The Gentleman from San Francisco," that he is an exile from revolutionary Russia, and that he here attempts a literary form in which his countrymen have conspicuously excelled, and one has every reason to read him with unmitigated curiosity.

He is not half as interesting as he ought to be. Nobel to the contrary, he has a strange, an almost tantalizing lack of strength, though he writes, as they say, beautifully. He writes, that is, with everything needful to him save the power of moving and convincing; so that it begins to seem almost unfair, as one reads on through these pastel pages, to remember that autobiographies have been written in Russian by Tolstoy, Aksakov, and Gorki. Such names annihilate a man of whom the best one can say is that in the original he must possess a very fine style indeed—fine, and therefore untranslatable.

But there must be another reason than his exquisite prose for the failure of the present volume to do what might reasonably have been expected of it, and my guess is this. Bunin has been too conscious of the autobiography as a literary form. His mind, running in fact wholly to form, has invented all sorts of irrelevant and intrusive "beauties" which get in the way of our believing that this is the story of a specific Russian boy who grew up on a specific estate. He has drawn his life—or Alexey's—in delicate outlines, and those outlines are never burst through or obliterated by the pressure of some unconscious truth struggling to express itself. Suavely he makes his first sketch, smilingly he deliberates as to how he shall adorn it here and there, and imperturbably he goes on to shade it in with just the right details. The temptation then is to say that he has used too much art. But actually he has used too little. Art in an autobiographer consists in his seeming to forget all art; Bunin seems to remember nothing else. Certainly he has only the thinnest of minor tales to tell—of a sensitive boy who grew up wondering what the world was about and never, at least by the end of volume one when he is sixteen years old, finding out anything more than that he wants to be a poet, that revolutionary groups are full of shoddy and eccentric people, and

that a Grand Duke may have a small, pointed red beard which curls "firmly and beautifully."

Bunin makes it clear in his later pages that he was not the kind of young man who could stomach revolution. Nor need he have been; but he also makes it clear, without of course knowing it, how little energy there was in the artist who turned aside. There was not enough at any rate for him to be able to compose, decades later in Paris, an autobiography which would be anything better than a piece of nostalgic prettiness.

MARK VAN DOREN

Chesterton Introduces Aquinas

Saint Thomas Aquinas. By G. K. Chesterton. Sheed and Ward. \$2.

AT the beginning and repeatedly in the course of this short book, prepared "for those who have hardly even heard of St. Thomas Aquinas," Mr. Chesterton protests that so great a subject can scarcely be touched in such brief scope. Consequently, in good Chestertonian fashion, he writes a book which covers everything else as well as Aquinas: Saint Francis and Saint Dominic, Frederick II, Luther, Macaulay, Napoleon, Huxley, Shaw, Wells, and Dean Inge. Indeed, Mr. Chesterton's subject is rather more the present time than the thirteenth century, and yet it would be difficult to think of a source from which a reader who has little knowledge of medieval thought and no sympathy for it could learn to appreciate more quickly the significance of such major movements of that time as the reintroduction of the Aristotelian writings into Europe, the Averroistic controversy, the Manichean heresy. It is true that for all his awakened sympathy the reader would find on examination that he had little precise information from this book concerning the career or ideas of St. Thomas, but he would be wise none the less to approach more learned works through this introduction.

Though Mr. Chesterton protests he is no philosopher, theologian, or scholar, the scholars of the last fifty years who have revived learned interest in the thought of the Middle Ages have placed in his hands the materials for a philosophic and theological apology. The reader who has long heard that the Renaissance broke the bonds of the Middle Ages and discovered Freedom and Reason, Nature and Man, may now learn that the Renaissance is more rightly called a Relapse, that it was an abnegation of reason and common sense, that it was morbid and pessimistic, unscientific, impractical, and authority-ridden. He may learn further that "the great intellectual tradition that comes down to us from Pythagoras and Plato was never interrupted or lost through such trifles as the sack of Rome, the triumph of Attila, or all the barbarian invasions of the Dark Ages," although it was lost after the introduction of printing, the discovery of America, the founding of the Royal Society, and after the enlightenment of the Renaissance and the Modern World. It is even hard to tell whether the point of view is a new one, so good a case does Mr. Chesterton make for his contentions.

Among so many paradoxes, the book itself is the paradox of paradoxes, for the plea which it makes for the wisdom of Thomas is very modern. Mr. Chesterton points out that philosophies since the sixteenth century have started with paradoxes, trusting little to the arguments of reason or the testimony of common sense. He himself is full of devices by which to prepare the mind for the true philosophy, but his persuasion is by parable rather than by argument. Thomas Aquinas required but few pages to develop the specific philosophic arguments that have entered into Mr. Chesterton's 250 pages, and even St. Thomas's simplest arguments have been simplified. To draw

attention to the better method and problems of Thomas, Mr. Chesterton uses his modern method on modern problems. It is doubtless justification of his devices that his presentation of Aquinas is sharp and true, though pedantic objection could be raised concerning the accuracy of many of his details, when they are indicated clearly enough to be open to objection. Mr. Chesterton has found a field in which his paradoxes are truer and more effective introduction to a philosophy than are the sober accuracies of scholars.

RICHARD McKEON

For Thy Stomach's Sake

Wines: Their Selection, Care and Service. By Julian Street. Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.

Wining and Dining with Rhyme and Reason. By D. T. Carlisle and Elizabeth Dunn. Minton, Balch and Company. \$1.50.

Bacchus Behave! The Lost Age of Polite Drinking. By Alma Whitaker. Frederick A. Stokes Company. \$1.25.

American Wines and How to Make Them. By Philip M. Wagner. Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.

Notes on a Cellar-Book. By George Saintsbury. The Macmillan Company. \$2.50.

A CERTAIN melancholy hangs about all these books, save only Mr. Saintsbury's. They are monuments to the fact that a generation has grown up in America which knows no wines save dago red and cider-pop champagne, and not much about them. Thus they must be very elementary. The authors of the first three, for example, explain politely that Rhine-wine bottles have long necks, that it is not sanitary to drink red Burgundy with fish, that wine does not go well with mustard or vinegar (say in hors d'oeuvres or a salad), that it is better not to smoke cigarettes between courses, and that Château Yquem is usually too sweet to be taken with baked beans. They add that it is a bad idea to shake a wine bottle before serving, and that, with an ample supply now assured, most connoisseurs prefer that their glasses be not filled to the brim.

This pedagogy is needed, and deserves applause. A few of the more enlightened dealers in wines seem to be trying to supplement it, but not many. The exchanges that go on in most of the new emporia between untutored customers and even less tutored attendants are really appalling. I was present lately in the great city of New York when one such attendant sold a woman a bottle of very dubious-looking Pontet-Canet as *Burgundy!* In another place I applied for a bottle of Tokay, and specified that it should be as nearly dry as possible. When I got it home it turned out to be as sweet as a sugar-teat. In Baltimore I actually encountered a female wine clerk who entertained the theory, as it appeared on cross-examination, that dry meant not-wet. Just how she visualized a wine that was not wet I do not know, but such was her notion.

Such professional incompetence, of course, is common in America. It is rare to discover a store whose staff knows the stock. There seems to be a general feeling among counter-jumpers that such knowledge is *infra dig.*, and that any patron who looks for it is anti-social. But in the retail wine trade it must be somehow developed, else the great majority of Americans will conclude that wine-bibbing is overrated, and only a vanity and agony. Such books as those under notice (aided, perhaps, by hints from the more civilized pastors and college professors) raise expectations which the trade, with a few brilliant exceptions, fails to meet. Let its heads look more to the noses and I. Q.'s of its shock troopers, and less to their salesmanship. What is needed is an ample supply of wine clerks who know wine by the actual taste, and have an informed and elegant passion for it.

Mr. Street's book is probably the most useful of the present lot. It goes into elemental details without being patronizing, and exudes a contagious delight in the sacrament of the grape. It describes the provenance and character of the world's salient wines, offers excellent hints on their storage and serving, and concludes with some good lay-outs of luncheons and dinners. Moreover, there is an ample index, which will be a great comfort to the student. The Whitaker and Carlisle-Dunn books are rather more sketchy, but both have merit. Miss Whitaker devotes relatively little space to wine: the rest of her discourse is of lesser beverages. She adds some shrewd advice to both guests and hosts, and pleads eloquently for an abandonment of the barbaric drinking customs which grew up under prohibition.

Mr. Wagner believes that the United States, in the course of time, should produce first-rate wines of its own, and in support of that belief he presents a great mass of erudite and unfamiliar evidence. We have, he shows, many native grapes that are full of pleasant possibilities, and in addition all the principal European stocks are being naturalized. He addresses himself principally, not to the professional vintner, but to the amateur. There is no reason why that amateur, if careful and intelligent, should not make potable wines. The process, though it has its delicacies, is at bottom quite simple, and the equipment needed is not expensive. There was a time when all the hillsides of the United States, at least between the thirty-fifth and forty-fifth parallels, promised to bloom with grapes, but unwise taxation and other legislative follies made them bare. Now, at last, there is some chance that they may blossom again.

Mr. Saintsbury's "Notes on a Cellar-Book" was first published in 1920, when the author was seventy-five. It is an amusing and mellow tome, and promises to outlast all the author's contributions to the science of literary criticism. The present reprint has a brief and unnecessary preface by Owen Wister. Poor Saintsbury, alas, is now an angel.

H. L. MENCKEN

A Monument to Paris

Passion's Pilgrims. By Jules Romains. Translated by Warre B. Wells. Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.50.

WITH this volume, containing Books III and IV of the French edition, the American translator finishes the first thousand pages or so of the monumental novel which Jules Romains is writing under the general title "Men of Good Will." In the four "books" now available in English the author has laid the foundations of a literary structure of whose eventual dimensions he tells us only that they will be "considerable." The subject of his work is "life in the twentieth century, our own life as modern men"; the whole will form "one single novel" with "no central character" and no link of relationship between most of the characters; the period is October, 1908, to the present, and we have thus far got only through the closing quarter of the year 1908.

If you have read the first volume of Mr. Knopf's sturdy edition, you have already met the characters who appear in (ugh!) "Passion's Pilgrims." You are acquainted with two families whose names bear the nobiliary particle "de": the Champcenais and the Saint-Papouls. You know that Jerphanion and Jallez are two students in that cradle of French intellectual eminence, the Ecole Normale Supérieure de Paris. (I shall forever curse the translator for calling these *Normaliens* "collegers": first, because to be a *Normalien* is really to be something; but also a little because "colleger" is English only when it designates one of the foundation scholars at Eton.)

You have followed the bookbinder, Quinette, on his tortuous path to murder and his more curious route into the service of the police. You have met Clanricard, Laulerque, and others at one of Sampeyre's Wednesday evenings of socialism. You have watched the forceful Haverkamp set up shop as real-estate broker. You have learned by what chance the boy Wazemmes was drawn into Haverkamp's employ and jerked into the arms of Rita, the Lady in the Bus. You have overheard Gurau, the honorable member of the Chamber of Deputies, explaining to his mistress, Germaine Baader, that he was about to launch an attack in the Chamber on the oil trust and that he was in touch with Sammécaud, one of its leaders and a partner of Monsieur de Champcenais; and you have listened while Sammécaud made a declaration of love to his partner's wife.

Well, the succeeding volume deals with pretty much these same people, probing yet deeper into their natures and recounting the progress they make and the disappointments they meet in their struggle toward the fulfilment of their desires. Childhood's Loves the translator calls the first half of this volume, and Eros in Paris the second. (Could one have a worse ear?) What a new view of love in France this instalment will give to American readers! Of seven newly met pairs of lovers, only one—the slimy Quinette and his whimpering cashier—lie together. Jallez and his refound Juliette, Jerphanion and his midinette, Sammécaud and Marie de Champcenais, Allory and his female novelist, the young pimp and little Isabelle Maillecottin, Riccoboni and Germaine Baader—none of these encounters has yet yielded a moment of ecstasy. And who will believe me when I say that there exist two French students of twenty-one years who are virgins; that Sammécaud, a great French business man, does not know how to go about persuading a lady; that Madame de Champcenais, a Parisienne and a *femme du monde*, stammers and blushes and is not to be had in the course of two separate rendezvous; and that Allory, a critic, a novelist, to outward seeming a man of the world, is mistrustful of his skill at courtship?

It seems right to say, even at this point in Romain's progress, that, considered apart from its merit as a work of art, considered merely as a book about the French, "Men of Good Will" is the most instructive composition that exists on the Frenchman of the Third Republic. It does not yet include such figures as that smug and petulant xenophobe, M. Abel Hermant of the French Academy; or that affable and vigorous I-know-all-about-your-non-French-world M. Pierre Mille (who would really be happier as an Englishman lording it over the empire); or of the pansy aesthetes who in 1908 were still ravished by Reynaldo Hahn's music and Madeleine Lemaire's rose-decorated furniture. I dare prophesy that these last will not figure even in future volumes, for they are not, I should say, of Romain's concern. But as a book about the French, if "Men of Good Will" is compared with, say, any of Gide's novels, any of Morand's stories, what I mean will immediately become clear. France is guided and governed by the middle classes and the instructed offspring of peasants, workers, and petty civil servants; and it is about these that Romain writes.

It seems to me especially from this point of view that the novel is passionately absorbing. It is true that Romain writes of individuals, writes of them from the inside—half this volume is filled with "interior monologue"—brings them to life with an immediacy of vision, sets them going with a promptness of self-impulsion truly astonishing. Not for one moment is the reader impelled to say, "She wouldn't have done that. . . . He wouldn't have thought that. . . . This would not have happened so." These men and women and children whom Romain has brought into being we believe in because they cannot be otherwise. At the same time what grips us is the *world* of those people, more than the people themselves. Each by each, the several intrigues,

whether of love or business, and granted the immense skill and vitality of the author, are not always a matter for surprise. Some new light they do cast upon the life of the individual (as always in a history of failure or of unhappiness, we "recognize" ourselves in the awkward blunderings through life of each of these characters, proving them all to have been detached by Romain from himself, and himself to be of our very stuff). But upon the life of Paris, the life even of a given moment in the history of European man, a most penetrating light is shed.

That this volume deals with love and with a rich variety of human nature, I have already said. But consider what else is here, all of it absorbingly related: the details of the affairs of a trust as well as of a small real-estate business; two clandestine meetings of Socialists to hear a report on socialism in France, Germany, and Italy; the internal life of a great school; the career of a parliamentarian; the domestic life of moderately well-to-do nobility; an evening at the celebrated literary cafe, the Closerie des Lilas; an admirable analysis of Baudelaire; a vicious portrait of a literary critic, painted against the background of his domestic existence; a smart (upper middle class) dinner party; a political rally with the prodigious Jaurès as speaker; an afternoon of a dog; and—such pages on the aspects, the variety, the bustle of the streets of Paris, the carters and *bistrot*s and petty shopkeepers and in general the whole out-of-doors population of Paris, as never until now have been written.

How French, how Parisian, how *normalien* this book is! It is not only Jallez and Jerphanion who are *Normaliens*: Haverkamp, setting himself up in business, plans and reflects as an *archicube* might do, as any son of Descartes might do; the German Socialist, Michels, is dyed with the same stain; the little dog, Macaire, on his afternoon out, felt about the varied temptations of the smells of Paris that "they produced a kind of terror of an intellectual order," and he enjoyed most in his stroll "the element of moderation and regularity there was in the adventure." The very socialism of these Socialists is profoundly French in its exclusively political concern, its concentrated fear of war and total freedom from preoccupation with the economic man. Even the analysis of the moods, visions, and reflections induced by unassuaged physical desire, although conducted with exquisite tenderness and melancholy reminiscence, is marked by the specific Cartesianism of the French mental process. Indeed, American readers might for this same reason like less than they should the great lyrical episode of the book, the idyl of Jallez and Hélène, told retrospectively by Jallez to his friend Jerphanion and told mainly out of doors, in the spirited streets and brightly moist light of a Paris autumn, told in fragments on different occasions so that it runs like a gentle small wind of idealism through the city and the narrative, told with such heart-warming veracity and simplicity that it shines through even this excessively faithful translation.

In a novel of such consequence the translation demands more than ordinary scrutiny. Myself an old stager (retired), I know very well the pitfalls and difficulties of a job like this, and have every professional sympathy: the only "perfect" translations are completely free translations. Warre B. Wells has chosen deliberately to cleave to his text, even to the grammar and syntax, the turns of phrase, the very adjectives employed in the original. I happen to believe that even when one knows French intimately this is a mistake: to translate, for example, *rien de tout ça* by "nothing of all that," or *sonorité de cailloux* (meaning plangent) by "sonority of shingle," is simply to write not-English. To my mind the cardinal requisite of a translator is not that he shall know, say, French; if he possesses a broad general culture and can consult a friend or two, a smattering of French will suffice. What is most important is that

he take pleasure in writing English, and that a fusion of sensibility and judgment be present to warn him to drop his text when it gets in the way of his English. And if he will write by ear rather than by eye, so to say, he will find his sentences more fluent, his adjectives more fitting, his epithets—the bane of the translator—more forceful and colloquial than they would otherwise be.

The number of actual errors in the present translation is considerable but not unusual. There are a few slips of the pen, the most curious being the use of "Friday" for Thursday twice on page 434.

LEWIS GALANTIERE

Young Veteran of the Theater

At 33. By Eva Le Gallienne. Longmans, Green and Company. \$3.50.

FOR many good reasons Eva Le Gallienne has not chosen to follow the example of most actors and wait until the twilight years of her career before writing her autobiography. She has crowded a lifetime of accomplishment into the thirty-three years she covers in her memoirs. And with a vitality that has characterized both her living and her doing, this Little Corporal of the Civic Repertory Theater has set about the task of recording her experiences as a woman and an actress-manager in the fast-moving pages of "At 33."

It is an immensely readable narrative that Miss Le Gallienne has written. If one looks in vain through it for analyses of acting such as are scattered through Colley Cibber's "Apology," or for the flavorsome record of a period such as gave special value to Joseph Jefferson's "Autobiography" and Otis Skinner's "Footlights and Spotlights," or for such profound discussions of first principles as illumined Stanislavsky's "My Life in Art," it must be admitted at once that Miss Le Gallienne's chapters have their decided virtues. They are written with an unction that proves contagious. They are modest, humorous, and honest. They bespeak the cultivation of her mind, the bravery of her spirit, and succeed in capturing vividly the excitement of the long series of theatrical events in which she has played a part and the quality of the various people (Duse, Bernhardt, Constance Collier, Elsie Janis, and the rest) who have figured in her career.

Miss Le Gallienne was a child of three or four when she made her "first violent assertion" that the theater was to be her life. She had been taken to see "The Water Babies" at a matinee, and that night she tearfully announced to her mother that she wanted to be a water baby, that she must be a water baby, that she *would* be a water baby. As a girl living in Paris she saw Bernhardt in "Sleeping Beauty," and some years later was taken back to meet her after a performance of "Jeanne Dore." When Bernhardt bestowed a rouged kiss upon her, Miss Le Gallienne treasured it so greatly that for several days she refused to wash her face. At fifteen she borrowed a volume of Bernhardt's "Memoirs" and was so enthralled by it that she made a copy of each of its 800 pages in her own vigorous hand; a copy, incidentally, which Sarah one day saw and autographed.

It was while she was visiting the Favershams in England that Constance Collier gave her her first encouragement and told Mrs. Le Gallienne her daughter was old enough to act. She began as an extra in Miss Collier's production of "Monna Vanna," studied at Tree's Academy, made a hit as a cockney slavey in "The Laughter of the Fools," and next determined to try her luck in America.

The theater being what it is, this young Englishwoman found herself cast as a colored maid for her first appearance in New York, and was for a time refused a cockney role be-

cause an American manager thought her accent—which had delighted London—was "unconvincing." She appeared for a while with Elsie Janis and her gang; spent two seasons touring with Ethel Barrymore; made a hit in "Not So Long Ago"; achieved stardom in "Liliom" and "The Swan"; insisted upon giving special matinees in the middle of her long runs; acted in French with Madame Simone for a few performances; came under the spell of Duse's art and personality; lived to see the humorous aspects of her production, with Norman-Bel Geddes, of Mercedes de Acosta's "Jehanne d'Arc" in Paris; inaugurated her Ibsen matinees; and finally, in spite of the headshaking of all the Broadway wiseacres, launched upon her gallant adventure in Fourteenth Street.

It is a full, tireless, and valuable life that Miss Le Gallienne has led, and she has recorded it with a spirit worthy of her living. To few people of thirty-three has the theater owed as much. She has believed in it as more than a commercial gamble, sought to give it the importance in the community that is granted to the libraries and the museums, and has succeeded in making it the better by her leadership, her talents, and her energy.

JOHN MASON BROWN

The Failure of Victorianism

The Victorian Aftermath. By Esmé Wingfield-Stratford. William Morrow and Company. \$3.50.

THE concluding volume of Esmé Wingfield-Stratford's Victorian trilogy can stand alone. Nevertheless, like the last movement of a symphony, it gains greatly in structural significance and artistic poignancy by being considered in relation to the whole. The preceding volumes, "Those Earnest Victorians" and "The Victorian Sunset," gave us the social and spiritual history of nineteenth-century England. In the third volume we have the aftermath of "a century of progress," appropriately so-called, for the Victorians had placed "progress" in the place of God, and for a time progress seemed justified of its worshipers. The four decades of the mid-century were, in the author's opinion, more fruitful than any similar period in history. England was actually better in 1870 than in 1830. Why is it that this date marks a turning-point away from the solid achievements, the arrogant self-belief, of the Victorian culture to a twilight period of *fin de siècle* uncertainty, to be followed in the twentieth century by the collapse, perhaps final, of Western civilization? For in these volumes England is the microcosm of the West, the classic country of capitalist development.

The author wishes to be judged as "a story-teller first, a philosopher afterwards. The moral should emerge from the tale." As a story-teller he is excellent. These volumes are "as good as a novel," to use a quaint current phrase. The story is not new to us; the old facts, the old faces emerge. Nevertheless, it brings a new excitement, a more intimate revelation, because of the honesty and skill, the pithy awareness of character, the sensitiveness to implicit drama, the sound integration of factual knowledge with social and personal values. The texture and tempo are adjusted with fugue-like flexibility to the varying content. Some of the chapters are magnificent pieces of writing. Such a one is Marcia Funebre which opens this volume, and Speeding Up, which leaves one in an appreciative state of neurotic exhaustion.

The approach to the Victorians is the very opposite of Stracheyan, for the author, while not blind to their faults, on the whole admires them. They were "earnest," priggish, moralistic, arrogant, lacking in taste and self-criticism, true. But in their earnestness were treasures of concentration, of vitality. They worked hard, they got things done. They believed in big

things. But they were confronted by changes so swift and shattering in their magnitude and their unforeseeable consequences that they could not change inwardly with sufficient rapidity to keep up with them. "Environment is the Sphinx," and the nineteenth-century Sphinx presented a new problem every decade, a problem to which it was impossible to know the answer.

The author is less interested in the events than in what happened to the minds and souls of the people who in a comparatively short time witnessed these changes of unprecedented complexity, saw everything change around them—their houses, furniture, clothes, transportation, lighting, their social and economic life—their intellectual moorings swept away, all their traditions challenged. Even their immemorial God was changing into something whose very essence was perpetual change, and all these changes took place with a frightful, nerve-shattering acceleration of tempo. After the first chaos produced by the Industrial Revolution, the "hungry forties," came the opulent fifties and sixties. Everything seemed to be going so splendidly; prosperity seemed to be the law of life. A romantic and generous liberalism represented the general climate of opinion—free trade, democratic ideals of freedom, a belief in perfectibility to be brought about by the "good fairy," science and social legislation. But already there was something else too; Carlyle's fascist views and gospel of work for work's sake showed an unconscious despair of anything worth working for. The empire expanded. At first it seemed a romantic dream, which the old Merlin Disraeli had dreamed and realized. Then it became the white man's burden. Then the white men of different nations tried to grab the burden away from one another. Egotism and fear in a civilization whose dominant conditions were an abnormal monotony of work, an abnormal counter-irritant of noise, jazz, and speed, standardization of thought and feeling through the mass suggestion of the press, the cinema, and other advertising agencies manufacturing artificial hatreds, created a world neurosis in which the natural stupidity of mankind rose to fantastic heights. That "the Devil is an ass" is the author's firm belief, for greed and its concomitant fear, on a national scale, have always spelled ultimate disaster for all concerned. After the Franco-Prussian War the fear began to dominate everything else, and a bitter nationalism took the place of the hopeful, even socialistic liberalism which had a brief renaissance in the eighties. Bismarck and not John Bright was to call the tune; or rather Bismarck's epigone successors, who had his ruthlessness without his genius.

This series might be described as the biography of a period. The historic conditions are always implicit and quite sufficiently explicit, but what we get preeminently is the mysterious pathos, puerility, and utter dumbness of individual reactions in the midst of social problems imperfectly understood, though these reactions have of course a different significance in the reader's perspective. In the face of the modern world humanity seems very much like the enthusiastic and bewildered hero of Stendhal's "Chartreuse de Parme" at the battle of Waterloo.

The story is brilliantly told. But what of the philosophy? It consists simply in this. Individualism is dead, but we still think and feel individualistically, and give lip service to a purely personal morality which we do not bother to live up to. The organism that cannot adapt itself to new conditions must die. Man's conquest of nature has ended in the disruption of a whole social system. A new orientation is needed, spiritual and mental. Can it be achieved? At the end all the questions of the Sphinx merge into one great question, which readers will answer for themselves according to their social creeds. Is there enough intelligence, flexibility, and stamina left for this tremendous task in the creature who has bestowed upon himself the proud title *Homo sapiens*?

CLARA GRUENING STILLMAN

The Permanence of Herbs

A Modern Herbal. By Mrs. M. Grieve. With an Introduction by the Editor, Mrs. C. F. Leyel. Harcourt, Brace and Company. Two Volumes. \$10.

Culinary Herbs and Condiments. By M. Grieve. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$2.

THE first English herbal is a Saxon manuscript, the Leech Book of Bald, dating from the tenth century. And when it was written, its lore of herbs was already deep buried in the mists of antiquity. Already marigolds, sunflowers, peonies, violets, and gilly-flowers were common plants in cottage gardens. Already betony, vervain, yarrow, mugwort, and waybread (plantain) were used for their healing properties, and had been so used for more centuries than any historian has yet discovered.

Mrs. Grieve's is certainly the best modern attempt to assemble the ancient lore of herbs. In her noble two-volume list of herbs, their cultivation, history, and properties, with delicate and accurate illustrations, she has provided all that a modern herbalist could ask and much more than the ordinary gardener could use concerning common garden plants. Both as an encyclopedia and as a rich and fascinating account of folk belief and custom, her book will not be excelled for many years. To the scholarly gardener it is indispensable. To the mere reader who cannot boast a garden of his own it will be a source of wonder and delight.

From her own large herb garden and her larger knowledge of the subject Mrs. Grieve has collected the information for her later little book on culinary herbs. Parsley, dill, fennel, anise, caraway, mint, horehound, marjoram, rosemary, sage are here, their appearance, cultivation, and use. Here are facts which are always interesting and may be useful: six pounds of caraway seed make four ounces of the oil used as an ingredient of alcoholic liquors; 400 to 500 pounds of fresh hyssop are required to make a pound of oil; mint, in the fourteenth century, was used for whitening the teeth; imitation absinthe is made from parsley; thyme was used by the Romans to flavor cheese. Here is folklore: by an old superstition, marigolds raised the spirits and cheered the heart; mint drives away mice; a bouquet of rue was placed on the bench of the dock in front of the judge to protect him from the pestilential infection brought from jail into court by the prisoners; "He that would live for aye must eat sage in May"; in Scotland today a dish of caraway seeds is put on the table to dip buttered bread in, and is called "salt-water jelly." Here, finally, is a store of practical uses for these herbs that have for so long been part of our English heritage. Recipes for dill pickles, fennel sauce, mint vinegar, sage tea; directions for making herb wines: balm, coltsfoot, cowslip, dandelion, parsnip; for peppermint cordial, camomile tea, hop bitters, burdock ale, horehound beer; the uses of mustard, pepper, vinegar, and salt. In short, a book to edify, comfort, and cheer. No part-time gardener can read it in winter without severe nostalgic pains which not one herb, but only the care of a dozen, can cure.

Mandrake or mandragora "was fabled to grow under the gallows of murderers, and it was believed to be death to dig up the root, which was said to utter a shriek and terrible groans on being dug up, which none might hear and live. It was held, therefore, that he who would take up a plant or mandrake should tie a dog to it for that purpose, who drawing it out would certainly perish, as the man would have done had he attempted to dig it up in the ordinary manner." For persons for whom information like the above provides an irresistible fascination, I cannot too highly recommend Mrs. Grieve's books.

DOROTHY VAN DOREN

Lucifer Deposed

Art Young's Inferno. A Journey Through Hell Six Hundred Years After Dante. Drawings and Text by Art Young. Delphic Studios. \$5.

ON page 99 of "Art Young's Inferno" is a drawing captioned: "If Dante could see it now!" and the Hell he is looking into looks very much like a modern city on earth. Hades, it seems, has been fraught with change by the "capitalist conquest." Dear old Charon himself, who in the old days could call distinguished sinners by their first names, is out of a job, and in his place is Charon II, snappy young captain of the Styx Navigation Company's handsomely equipped, triple-screw, de luxe passenger ship. With a pang of nostalgia we see Charon's old boat now a museum piece.

Art Young, visiting Hell now for the third time since 1892, reports that the idyllic purgatory of Dante and Doré is no more; instead Hades is rocked by the stretching and heaving of the asbestos dollar. Hell, like the rest of the world, is being Americanized. Even the sign over the main entrance which once read, "All hope abandon, ye who enter here!" has been rotarianized to, "You are now entering Hell. Welcome!"

Majestic Lucifer, Prince of Evil and Rebel of Heaven, has been deposed by a scurvy crew of "Big-Business Organizers and Bankers," men of that "most enterprising, ruthless, and super-acquisitive clan" who conspired to bring Hell up to date. I swear by this book, through the astonished eyes of the beloved Art Young Hell-up-to-date is exceedingly hellish. All the former big, bad wolves of capitalism are living there in gluttonous luxury, and regimentation, system, organization, and efficiency multiply beyond all endurance the tortures of the damned. In a grotto devoted to everlasting sighs, we add our sigh for the good old days when a lost soul could lie down on a grill and sizzle in peace.

Turning the pages, I find the drawings I like best are the ones in which Art has drawn himself, pencil and paper in hand, looking on at the demoniac surge as it beats past him, a naive spirit apart. For so he has been here on earth among us, looking open-eyed, wondering, and puzzled at the complexities, the inconsistencies, the injustices of our mad modern world. Holding fast all through his life to the simple vision of a child, he has questioned our acceptances, compromises, evasions; he has chided our loss of faith in the pristine virtues.

There is not one of us who does not get pretty well jangled and tangled in the contemporary mazes, and we love Art for straightening us out again. His homely humor clears the vapors from our minds. His simplicity gets to the quick of things, as when the United States attorney, trying to fasten sedition on him, asked: "Now, Mr. Young, you have told us a good deal about your beliefs in revolution, and that you believe the American Revolution was justified, but Mr. Young, do you believe in the theory of the class struggle?"

Art looked at him blankly, according to Charles Recht, who reports this incident in the Introduction, and then asked very innocently: "Mr. Barnes, do you believe in measles? [*Sotto voce*] You don't have to believe in measles if you've got them."

In the span of a lifetime Art Young has seen horse-and-buggy virtues and vices streamlined and speeded up to 250 miles per hour, he has witnessed the building of the devil machines and the unleashing of unholy energies more potent than were ever dreamed of by demons or angels. Super-powered, the world careens ahead faster and faster. If we are to believe Art Young's satire, the faster the funnier. Scarcity in an age of scarcity was only tragic, but scarcity in an age of plenty is just plain funny—the plentier the funnier. As funny as Hoover

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in the White House looking for prosperity around the corner, finally laughed out of office. The chorus of laughter grows as the machines multiply. I like to think that Art Young, who has contributed so many laughs to our souls in torment, will yet live to hear the great belly-laugh of America shaking off its bedevilment.

EGMONT ARENS

Men and Machines

A Modern Tragedy. By Phyllis Bentley. The Macmillan Company. \$2.50.

IN her new novel Phyllis Bentley joins the professors in an attempt to analyze the failure of the present economic system. Looking at the system, she is struck, perhaps naively, by the fact that it has linked the lives of men more closely than they have ever been linked before. Our industrial society is simply a machine of men; if one cog slips, the machine may fall silent. Thereby each individual gains a terrible importance; his slight errors, his moments of weakness, can be enough to wreck the system. In "A Modern Tragedy" Miss Bentley considers the errors and weaknesses which ruined the textile industry in the town of Hudley, Yorkshire. She is convinced that the greater part of human error springs from fear; until men cast out fear, no system can function. Consequently, she provides each member of her cast of characters with a fear of his own.

The most timorous of all is young Walter Haigh, the son of a traveler for Messrs. Lumb, dyers and finishers. Ridden by a feeling of social inferiority, he enters, half innocently, upon a crooked business deal in order to advance himself in society. Though he goes rapidly to the bad, and shows it in conventional fashion by neglecting his dying father, yet he gains a small worldly success, reaching the peak of his achievement with his marriage to a rich young neurotic. But his partner, the villainous Tasker, business rival of the Lumbs, has in the meantime involved the frightened young man in a gigantic swindle. The discovery of the swindle precipitates tragedy: the mill town's industry is paralyzed, a wealthy and honorable spinner commits suicide, and Walter and Tasker are sent to prison.

Miss Bentley's idea is interesting enough, but her presentation of it is too neatly arranged. Her characters fit all too well into their little pigeonholes. Walter is forever well-meaning but weak; Elaine, his wife, forever unsure of herself; and Tasker forever sinister, except in a last-minute courtroom repentance. Miss Bentley has very little knack for individualizing her people; in describing their emotional reactions she is fond of blanket words like "ecstasy" and "pain" and "delirium." Worst of all, her use of coincidence reminds one of Hardy's lesser novels, where it is played upon to the point of absurdity. Here, a fortuitous illness, a power of attorney, and some very apropos bonds start Walter on his questionable career. Indeed, Miss Bentley allows herself to inherit the worst of Hardy—not only "contrived" situations, but style as well. Her writing is ponderous and Victorian, full of exact and meaningless descriptive passages. Occasionally one feels in her an emotional power strong enough to push through the style, as in her account of a striking mill worker's period of unemployment. But in general her story of the life of the town of Hudley is so muffled in its wrapping of words that it seems to have no relation to the modern world. Miss Bentley made an ironical mistake in calling her book "A Modern Tragedy."

MARY MCCARTHY

A review by John Strachey of Ralph Fox's "Lenin" which was announced for this week has been unavoidably delayed. It will appear in an early issue.

Shorter Notices

Jack Robinson. By George Beaton. The Viking Press. \$2.50.

Clues to this ingenious first novel lie not only in the meaning of the quotation from "Saison en Enfer" given on the title-page, but also in the fact that a child lives in two worlds, that both of these are real, and that more often than not the two are one and cannot be separated—a fact which Hollywood in its recent production of "Alice" so painfully forgot, but which George Beaton in what he calls a picaresque novel well recognizes. Jack, who tells his own story, runs away from home at fourteen and his lot throws him among panhandlers, prostitutes, and fanatics in the byways, in the ports, and in the slums of England. He is gone ten years, so he says, yet when he returns his mother is just as she had been and is wondering what has become of his new tweed suit. Most of the book is an arresting rogue's tale with sufficient hints of fantasy and allegory mixed with the truth to give it an uncommon originality. What George Beaton has not learned from Rimbaud is that a valid symbol, even in prose, even in such experiences as Jack has with Lily the prostitute, needs no comment, and if properly done demonstrates its own significance and calls for no further exposition. George Beaton writes well enough to make it sufficiently apparent that Jack is passing through adolescence, "now supernaturally grave, more foot-loose and fancy free than the best tramps," now concerned with faith, or social problems, or love, or despair, and that he completes his metamorphosis under his mother's dull, unseeing eye. His book would, however, have been a better one without the interpolations; yet it is as it stands good enough to create anticipation for the author's second.

Beethoven as He Lived. By Richard Specht. Translated by Alfred Kalisch. Harrison Smith and Robert Haas. \$3.

This book comes to us from Vienna, highly recommended, the publisher's jacket says, by Thomas Mann and others. It is a little difficult to see why. It admittedly adds little or nothing to what is already known about Beethoven. Its intention as stated by the author in his preface is "to breathe life into the Beethoven of plaster, or if you wish of marble, and make him a living figure." But surely this is an unnecessary service. Thayer's monumental work, Sullivan's penetrating and sympathetic commentary, Ernest Newman's provocative psychological study, to mention only three works in this field, have given us a Beethoven that is very far from being a figure of plaster or marble. "It is the figure not the work," Professor Specht further declares, which engages his attention, and his book is addressed not to the expert but to the common man. Perhaps no biographer ever set before himself such insurmountable obstacles or so completely failed to surmount them. The attempt to consider the figure of any great creative artist apart from his work is inevitably an unprofitable one and of none is this truer than of Beethoven, who was so completely obsessed by and lost in his work. By far the best passages in the book are those in which the author, a scholarly and discerning music critic, departs from his announced intention and writes, however incidentally, of Beethoven's music. The other half of his intention to make Beethoven's figure comprehensible to the common man, he seeks to achieve by an insistent rehashing of all the grotesque details of Beethoven's personal eccentricities—his uncertain temper, his absent-mindedness, his disorder, even his spitting and his neglected personal appearance. Those details have their place in any authentic and well-rounded portrait, but in Professor Specht's undisciplined use of them they overload the great figure of his subject so that the real majesty of its outline is in danger of being lost, in spite of all his gran-

diloquent phrases about it. To derive any real understanding of Beethoven from "the call to greatness which this book is meant to voice" the common man must be endowed with rather uncommon qualities of discernment and patience. In seeking to breathe life into the "plaster figure" Professor Specht has succeeded only in making it into something very like an animated cartoon.

Men Against the Sea. By Charles Nordhoff and James Norman Hall. Little, Brown and Company. \$2.

The authors, who will be remembered for their previous book on the H. M. S. Bounty mutiny of 1789, speak with the ring of documentary truth as they get the present venture under way: "Never . . . has a captain performed a feat more remarkable than Mr. Bligh's in navigating a small, open, and unarmed boat [a twenty-three-foot launch, carrying eighteen men] a distance of 3,600 miles, through groups of islands inhabited by ferocious savages, and across a vast uncharted ocean." Their groundwork of fact comprises Bligh's actual journal of those incredible forty-seven days, a knowledge of the region covered, and (the whole matter having been very thoroughly canvassed by the Admiralty) a near acquaintance with the men involved. But fact here, whatever its striking nature, is a mere spring-board, for the book easily qualifies as a novel, even a fine one. It has a compactness that was lacking in "Mutiny on the Bounty," and a manner of telling which may speak for itself:

Drenched, half-drowned, gasping for breath . . . we bailed with the desperation of men who feel the water gaining upon them even as they bail; who feel it cover their feet and rise slowly toward their knees. And it was not sea water that we threw over the side. It was the pure sweet water of clouds . . . and we hurled it from us with bailing scoops, cocoanut shells, the copper pot, with our hats, with our cupped hands, lest this precious fluid which Captain Bligh had, rightly, doled out to us a quarter of a pint at a time, should be our death.

Wedding Song. By David Burnham. The Viking Press. \$2.50.

The novel of intrigue is back—in a modern version of course, stripped like a functional façade of all ornament, and showing, like architecture, the smooth, hard, anonymous effect of the machine age. Left over from another day are the revengeful son, the heartless dowager, the wronged wife, the maiden all forlorn, and the moral. Part and parcel of the thirties are the international parasites of the Lido-Venice, the gigolo, the victor not by the sword but by the stock market, and the I-can-be-nastier-harder-and-more-calculating-than-thou attitude called sophistication. Unlike his first novel, in which Mr. Burnham showed his schooling by following Mr. Hemingway's precepts mildly and innocuously, this book derives from many masters, and as in many derivations the masters' art is lost and the technique becomes just so many tricks. There is, for instance, conversation by ellipsis and plot by inference and imitation stream-of-consciousness exposition, all competently done, exciting, and artificial. Yet it is a book to be read by anyone who wishes to see how well a new mode becomes an old face and to note a similarity now closer to Dashiell Hammett than to Hemingway.

Swinburne's Literary Career and Fame. By Clyde K. Hyder. Duke University Press. \$3.50.

One of the most interesting methods of studying cultural changes is to trace in full and careful detail the reputation of some single author. In many respects Swinburne offers the fullest opportunity for such a study. The reactions to his early work were violent, and there have been many sharp reversals of opinion since he was first judged. Further, he was very conscious of what his poetry signified; he was at war with a

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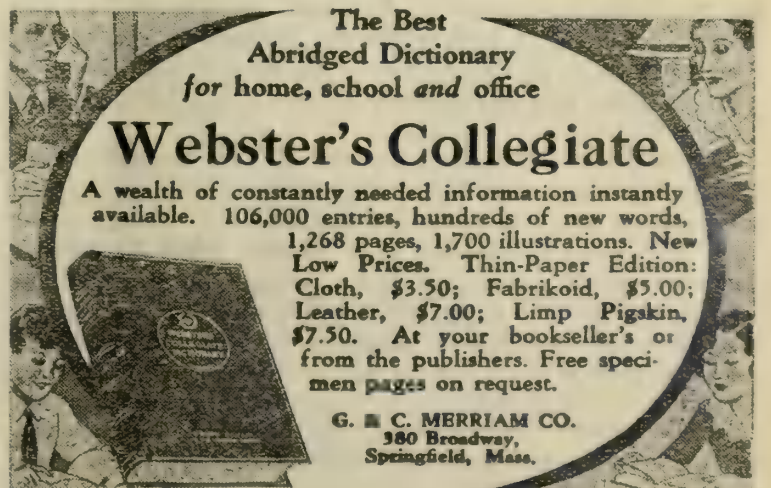
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large and important body of English opinion, and his violent journalism in defense of himself and of his views helped to call forth a flood of denunciation, invective, and parody. He stood as a symbol of liberation to many and as a symbol of anarchy and vice to others. And now, it would seem, when he has little enough to say to most people, it is the delight of the academic critics to defend him. Professor Hyder has done a most thorough job of tracing Swinburne's fame; his notes and bibliography are monuments to his industry and erudition. He has, however, drawn almost no conclusions of general interest; his book reads like an excellent *catalogue raisonnée*. As such, it contains little for the general reader, but it is useful for the student who wants a cross-cutting of nineteenth-century critical opinion and methods.

Art

Impurity in the Modern Museum

IT is hard to tell whether or not Lee Simonson means to be funny in prefacing the catalogue of the exhibition of theater art now at the Museum of Modern Art in New York with the statement that now that "art has been successfully divorced from use, beauty from subject matter, and the aesthetic emotion disentangled from the extraneous emotions that once created heroes, heavens, and hells," the public had better be warned that stage designing has usually been done by people "content to be necessary craftsmen, who rarely needed as an incentive the conviction that they were producing a work of art or contributing to the development of art history."

There are two kinds of artists, he continues, "art-artists"—quoting ex-Mayor Hylan—and plain ordinary working artists. The first produce pure, the second impure art, the taint consisting in usefulness, subject interesting in itself, the effort to decry, convince, or arouse, or any other stowaway in the berth of pure aesthetic exercise and contemplation. "Designs for the theater," he concludes, "are impure art, now known derogatively in aesthetic circles as applied or decorative art, and are produced by much the same process which today gives us buildings or bridges that also express the taste, the temper, and the culture of an epoch."

This mock-apology for filling the four floors of the Modern Museum with sketches for stage sets and costumes is unnecessary and confusing. Simonson knows well enough that there is not enough difference between the psychology of the "art artist" and the "craft-artist" to make half a point in his argument, carried on by a process of subtle clowning, that stage designers are artists too. Picasso, after all, is not responsible for the esoteric nonsense of dilettante connoisseurs, nor can Matisse be made to answer for the titillated patroness who exclaimed (this writer heard her), "Ah, Master, you have done what no other man has achieved before. . . . This is *floating art*!"

It seems to this writer that the point to be made, which Simonson mentions casually, is that designs for stage sets and costumes are not usually *finished* works of art. Designers, he says, "were quite unconcerned as to whether or not the original sketch was worth preserving. Indeed, designs for stage settings were as unimportant to the public which created a demand for them as were the architects' plans for the cathedrals in which the same publics worshiped, or as the shipwrights' models for the galleons that opened new horizons and brought back gold from the Indies." And admitting the historical, documentary, and aesthetic interest that such sketches may eventually have, why get so peevish about the public's obliviousness to the tech-

nical preparations for a theatrical spectacle? The artists themselves don't worry much. Picasso told Simonson that he "couldn't be bothered to look for the designs of 'Le Tricorne.'" Derain refused categorically to send any of his ballet designs. They were too unimportant. "And," adds Simonson, "as an art-artist he could be certain they were not art." Well, supposing Joyce were asked to publish his outlines and notes for "Ulysses"?

The show, which includes designs from most of the Western world from the sixteenth century up to the present, is confusing, too, and also fatiguing. The sketches are arranged partly chronologically, partly as works of art following a stylistic development, and partly as instructive contrasts in the handling of the same play. The general public does not get a very clear notion of the history of stage art or a comprehension of the problems involved, and tends to concentrate interest on odd items which either because of date or heightened fantasy seem to stand forth as "curiosa." After a while this writer began to get the feeling that the sketches were almost all alike, and wondered whether they had been chosen to demonstrate some sort of fundamental aesthetic continuity. But theater people are probably spending many absorbed hours with them; while the willing but unlearned are like the Indian drummer who was taken to Carnegie Hall to hear a concert of Bach, Beethoven, Tschaikowsky, and Ravel, and then said, "Very nice, but why do they always play the same piece?"

The Soviet exhibit, which was very much delayed but will probably be on view by the time this is in print, may break the apparent monotony and lighten the gloom which seems to have prevailed in all the theaters of the Western world from the beginning of the modern period. It makes its appearance when the theater ceases to be a thing of and for the aristocracy. The stage abandons marble halls and enchanted gardens, and settings cease to enhance, emphasize, enlarge, and flatter the actor and instead emphasize the smallness, weakness, and overwhelming defenselessness of the human being with whom the "everyman" audience identifies itself. In the very modern designers this mood is a kind of Rockwell Kentian implication of man prostrate in chaos, wandering in vast deserted spaces, and straining to fly into lurid nothingness. Most American designers seem committed to this outlook, except a few of the revolutionary propagandists—Gorelik, Mielziner, Karson—who are tucked away in a small room on the fourth floor. Is propaganda the wrong kind of impurity?

ANITA BRENNER

Drama

No Miracle

THE JOYOUS SEASON," Philip Barry's new play at the Belasco Theater, is not a particularly joyous event.

Preliminary announcements implied that it would reveal a new enthusiasm for the Catholic church on the part of the author, and there was even a suggestion that if taken in conjunction with "Days Without End" it might be considered as evidence of a religious renaissance. Unfortunately, however, that renaissance will now have to wait. Mr. O'Neill's play at least made the heathen rage and may conceivably embody merits not evident to the unbeliever, but "The Joyous Season" can hardly seem better than milk and water to even the most enthusiastic Christian. The cheerful nun who flutters in and then flutters out is a pleasant person, but she is neither sufficient to carry a play nor sufficient to constitute a very telling argument in favor of any church. As drama the piece is not only thin but—to borrow Mr. Coward's word—positively emaciated;

as an apology for religion it says the little it has to say with such deprecatory moderation that the whole boils down to no more than the simple statement that faith is not incompatible with cheerfulness and that holiness may possibly be amiable. Arthur Hopkins's direction is sensitive, as it always is, but he so completely catches the spirit of Mr. Barry's pianissimo that everything has become, both literally and figuratively, almost inaudible.

The moral to be drawn from comparing this play with O'Neill's most recent effort is a moral which, I believe, the church itself would not find wholly unacceptable—namely, that spiritual stature is the important thing, and that there is more to be hoped for from a great sinner than from a man who has been too comfortably content with small things. Mr. O'Neill wandered far. He worshiped strange gods and he uttered great blasphemies. Mr. Barry, on the other hand, never said, and probably never thought, anything very highly reprehensible. Most of his previous plays have been a trifle worldly, but so far as I can remember he has never been led into opinions which would indicate any profound rebellion against the teachings of his church, and his sin, if any, was the sin of lightness. He liked smart people and he liked smart sayings. Unholy passions were less dangerous to him than the seduction of an epigram, and hence, though he was usually moral, he was invariably chic, leaving sometimes the impression that he would rather be wrong than unfashionable. Now that he wishes to pay his respects to religion he has no burden to throw down, no sins to hate, and, accordingly, no passionate experience to recount. The result is not what O'Neill called "a modern morality play" but only a sort of pious comedy of manners from which the wit, as possibly unbecoming the subject, has been almost entirely omitted.

One unkind critic compared "The Joyous Season" to "The Passing of the Third Floor Back." In some respects that is unjust because Mr. Barry is certainly not as maudlin as Charles Rann Kennedy. It is also, in a way, gross flattery for the simple reason that "The Passing of the Third Floor Back" was proved by its popularity more effective in its shoddy fashion than Mr. Barry's play is ever likely to be. Nevertheless, the idea behind each is much the same. A spiritual force—here embodied as a shrewd and charming nun—appears unexpectedly in a group of worldly people, and by its mere presence solves the problem of each individual. In this case, however, the author is neither willing to present the situation with bald simplicity nor able to make it psychologically convincing, and the drama merely meanders along until the last few moments, when the audience suddenly realizes that everybody has been transformed without understanding very clearly either the why or the wherefore. Perhaps largely because of a very able performance by Lillian Gish, the nun stands out as a real and rather vivid person blessed with a cheerful faith and quite capable of using a

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DAYS WITHOUT END. Henry Miller's Theater. O'Neill's latest and much discussed play which may or may not prove that he is ready for conversion to the Catholic Church. Splendidly produced and acted, but not likely to seem very significant to those not religiously inclined.

MARY OF SCOTLAND. Alvin Theater. Helen Hayes and Philip Merivale give fine performances in Maxwell Anderson's play. The biggest dramatic hit of the moment but one which left me a little cold.

MEN IN WHITE. Broadhurst Theater. Fine teamwork on the part of the members of the Group Theater helps to make this play about a young doctor one of the things which must not be missed.

PEACE ON EARTH. Civic Repertory Theater. Propaganda play about the next war, in which the workers strike and a young college professor gets framed for murder. Drawing special but enthusiastic audiences which evidently do not agree with me that the play is quite uninspired.

THE FIRST APPLE. Ethel Barrymore Theater. Irene Purcell contributes much charm to a fragile but amusing comedy about—first apples.

THE GREEN BAY TREE. Cort Theater. Absorbing psychological drama about a young man who cannot give up luxury for love. Shares with "Men in White" the first place on the list of dramas.

THE PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS. Avon Theater. Spicy and more or less historical comedy about a young Austrian who finds bundling one of the pleasantest of the new freedoms in Revolutionary New England.

worldly wisdom in the interest of unworldly ends, but the other members of the cast—which includes such able performers as Moffat Johnston, Jane Wyatt, and Eric Dressler—are condemned to remain very dim personages indeed. Once or twice Mr. Barry attempts a pious epigram, as when a young woman complains that she has probably expected too much of marriage, and the nun replies, "Oh, I don't think that is probable. It is hardly possible to expect enough." On such occasions there is suggested a kind of Chestertonian apology for the religious attitude which might form the basis of an interesting play, but most of the time Mr. Barry seems almost afraid to say what he has in mind. Possibly he is not yet quite ready to run the risk of appearing unsophisticated in the eyes of his smart admirers, and virtue seems to embarrass him a bit. What he needs, then, is either less faith or more. Doubtless piety can be cheerful and he might finally succeed in making it seem chic, but those who put themselves on the side of the angels cannot afford to lack confidence. Really Christian apology is never apologetic.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

The musical comedy "All the King's Horses" (Shubert Theater) has a promising plot about a popular movie hero who changed places with his double, an unpopular king of a mythological land. Unfortunately, however, the plot drags, and the result is merely a rather routine affair despite the pleasing presence of Nancy McCord and Betty Starbuck. "American Very Early" (Vanderbilt Theater) is, as the title reveals, a play about what the Elizabethans would have called the "humors" of the antique racket as practiced by two urban innocents who remodel that lovely old farmhouse in Connecticut. It never reaches any very high degree of hilarity.

P. M.

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Contents

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS	203
EDITORIALS:	
Propaganda in Plays	205
France Faces Fascism	206
Mr. Strachey's Views	207
Still the R. O. T. C.	207
Wanted: Less Cotton	208
ISSUES AND MEN. WENDELL PHILLIPS. By Oswald Garrison Villard	209
CARTOON: "BUT WHAT HAVE THEY GOT IN THEIR OTHER HANDS, NANNY?" By Low	210
CAN THE LEAGUE BE SAVED? By Robert Dell	211
WHO'S WHO IN THE DRUG LOBBY. By James Rorty	213
HITLER AND THE FRENCH PRESS. By Emil Lengyel	216
AN ANSWER TO MR. STRACHEY. By P. T. Ellsworth	218
SO THEY FOUND THE BODY. By Paul Y. Anderson	219
IN THE DRIFTWAY. By the Drifter	221
CORRESPONDENCE	222
BOOKS, FILMS, DRAMA:	
Lenin the Man. By John Strachey	224
When Wars End. By Evelyn Scott	225
A Study in Extremes. By V. J. McGill	225
A Novel About the "Trouble." By Mary McCarthy	226
Upton Sinclair's Utopia. By Arthur Warner	226
Palestine: A Summary. By Marvin Lowenthal	227
Shorter Notices	228
Films: Nana: Hollywood Model. By William Troy	228
Drama: Should a Woman Tell? By Joseph Wood Krutch	229
CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE	230

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AS WE WRITE these lines Austria's workers are fighting a life-and-death battle with fascism which, in the guise of the Dollfuss Heimwehr, is threatening to choke—and will choke—their labor movement. When the Social Democratic Party gave the signal of opposition, the outcome was already decided. For months past labor had permitted the Heimwehr to capture position after position and had offered no resistance. The national and the state parliaments had ceased to function. The press and the political and industrial institutions of the labor movement had been paralyzed, and state and provincial authorities had been systematically captured by fascism without serious opposition. So well had Austria's celebrated miniature Napoleon laid his plans for the coming coup d'etat that he could travel to Budapest calm in the knowledge that his official representative, Vice-Chancellor Fey, would strike the fatal blow against the Social Democracy. This was done in accordance with approved fascist methods. The Vienna *Arbeiterzeitung* was suppressed and the national office of the Social Democratic Party was occupied. Against all expectations, the Austrian Social Democracy, numerically the largest party in the country, with an organization that has in its ranks every sixth adult in Vienna and every tenth in the nation, determined to die a hero's death. It decided, in the twelfth hour, not to fol-

low the unresisting example of the party in Germany. It is too early to prophesy what the next weeks in Austria will bring. But the general line is clear: Austria will be "totalized," the last remnants of democracy will disappear, and a fascist government à la Mussolini will establish its dictatorship over the nation. Step by step, Austria will follow in Germany's footsteps, and Anschluss will come, France and Italy notwithstanding. The Germany of Hitler, who has won the support of a large part of the Austrian population, is stronger than any other single Power. The differences between the various groups opposed to his rule are too deep to be bridged for a common front against Nazi Germany. A victorious fascism has raised its flag on what was once one of the strongest citadels of bourgeois democracy.

ALTHOUGH THE ACTION of the federal government in canceling all the air-mail contracts may appear drastic, it is at least refreshing to find an Administration which errs in the direction of too little instead of too much tenderness toward business. It may be argued that not all the air lines are involved in the scandals, of which ugly details have been oozing out lately in Washington, and that no company should be proceeded against until there is evidence that it had its snout in the swill. On this point we are disposed to reserve judgment until we learn what the government has up its sleeve. In any event, with Walter F. Brown, Mr. Hoover's Postmaster-General, trying to hide evidence, and William P. MacCracken, Jr., Mr. Hoover's Assistant Secretary of Commerce, allowing correspondence under subpoena by the Senate to be taken away from his office to be destroyed, it is obvious that the letting of air-mail contracts was done under such shady circumstances as to warrant upsetting the whole procedure on broad grounds of public policy. The air mails have been carried at a huge loss, and it is a question whether any but a few long-distance routes should be continued. The argument for ship subsidies, that an American merchant marine helps our foreign trade, does not hold with air lines, as they do not carry freight, and their passengers are persons who ought to pay for the service on a commercial basis if they have it at all. Meanwhile it is a pity that Charles A. Lindbergh's fingers have had to be burned to pull the aviation companies' chestnuts out of the fire. His motives in writing to the President may have been ever so disinterested, but the public will recall the handsome block of airplane stock which he received as a gift and come to unflattering conclusions.

AIR-MAIL CONTRACTS being what they are, the President has ordered the mail to be carried in army airplanes—including no doubt some of those on which the manufacturers made as much as 100 per cent profit. Ship-mail subsidies have already been shown to have the disinterested purity of a Tammany sewer contract. And when Mr. MacCracken and others are finally induced to tell the full story of what has been going in and out of the filing cabinets of the Post Office Department during the past few years, we shall probably witness a great public movement to revive

the pony express. Meanwhile five army officers have testified before a federal grand jury on "allegedly improper methods of contract award under the \$10,000,000 army-motorization program," and it is rumored that five indictments are pending—giving the grand jury a perfect score, or one indictment for every witness examined. So much for government contracts, be they made on land, sea, or in the air. Considering the nature and number of the scandals that have broken lately, we can only be grateful for the courage of Secretary Ickes (who has had a little contract trouble himself). He took advantage of a lull between the bursting bombs of two Senate committee hearings to announce that we were rapidly approaching a Utopia of social service and that all abuses would shortly be wiped out. *Sic semper Kiwanis!*

PUBLIC CONTROL of the security markets is now assured—and far more drastic control than was suggested by the Administration's committee, whose report was criticized for its weakness in these columns two weeks ago. The Fletcher-Rayburn bill now before Congress is designed to give the Federal Trade Commission complete power directly to control and regulate all the operations of the organized exchanges, including such detailed matters as the election of officers, the commissions of members, rules of conduct, and hours of trading. In addition, the bill places under definite legislative ban—not subject to the discretion of the federal authorities—a wide variety of current market practices: excessive margin buying, wash sales, pool operations, pegging of prices, corners, and so on. The bill further requires all corporations whose securities are registered on the exchanges to fulfil a long list of specific requirements as to accounting and the reporting of financial and operating statistics. Their officers, directors, and principal stockholders are required publicly to report their dealings in the securities of their own companies and are forbidden to disclose confidential information, to indulge in fictitious sales of stock, or even to purchase their own shares with the intention of selling them within six months.

IN ITS BROAD PURPOSE and scope this bill should, and will, have the support of the American people, even though in details it is subject to serious criticism. The operations of one of the most important and sensitive mechanisms of our entire financial structure should no longer be left under the unrestricted control of those who can make a profit from its manipulation at the public's expense. However, the report on the securities markets by the Twentieth Century Fund, which was presented to the President the day before the Fletcher bill was introduced, discloses important areas of the field which have been inadequately covered by the bill. For example, in the Fletcher measure regulation of the over-the-counter markets is left to the discretion of the Trade Commission, and corporations whose securities are not listed on the exchanges—including the Ford Motor Company and a host of other important concerns—are left completely out of the web of federal authority. Not only would these gaps allow existing abuses to continue in the unrestricted regions, but they would lure trading out of the exchanges into the over-the-counter markets and create an incentive to avoid listing securities. The Fund's report urges that the same rigid standards be applied to unorganized trading and unlisted companies as to the exchanges and listed concerns.

THE LONG-AWAITED PROGRAM for the control of the sugar industry has been transmitted by President Roosevelt to Congress. The President recommends quotas to limit the production of sugar by the various sugar-producing groups, both domestic and foreign. The domestic quota for the sugar-beet producers is placed at 1,450,000 tons, a decline of 300,000 tons from the amount produced in 1933, but a slight increase over the amount consumed in that year; the Louisiana and Florida cane growers are set a quota of 260,000 tons, 10,000 more than the amount produced in 1933; the Hawaiian and Puerto Rican quotas are substantially the same; the Philippine quota is cut almost 300,000 tons, and to the Cuban producers, whose quota is set at 1,944,000, are given 300,000 tons more than were consumed in 1933. A processing tax is recommended for the sugar industry, but a possible resulting rise in the price to the consumer is offset by a decrease in the tariff to correspond with the amount of the tax. Cuba has contended right along that a quota of considerably more than 2,000,000 tons was necessary for its economic salvation—sugar production in Cuba for 1933 amounted to 2,500,000 tons. President Mendieta described the Cubans as frankly disappointed that they did not receive a higher quota and a real tariff reduction. At the same time it is extremely unlikely that the domestic producers will be pleased by a larger Cuban quota and one for themselves considerably smaller than last year's total. The only trump in the message was the threat from the President that if the present quota system did not work he would be forced to consider putting sugar on the free list. This ought to make the sugar trust behave for a while anyway.

PENNSYLVANIA'S 35,000 insurgent anthracite miners have won the fight for recognition of their independent union and are back at work filling orders more than a month behind schedule. Unfortunately their victory is not as clean-cut as it would seem at first. Their grievance against the coal operators, who are the largest and most powerful in the country, will be heard by an impartial umpire acting with federal authority, and the operators have agreed there shall be no discrimination against the new union. The Anthracite Conciliation Board, composed of three coal operators and three officials of the United Mine Workers, the old-line union, will serve merely in an advisory capacity and not, as originally planned, as a judicial body. But the umpire has intimated that his hearings will have as their chief purpose peace overtures to have the conservative U. M. W. readmit the rebels rather than separate recognition of the dual unions. The leaders of the insurgent movement, expelled by the Lewis steam-roller type of bossism two years ago, will be reinstated, and the opposition movement, left leaderless, will naturally collapse. What the workers themselves will have to say about the situation is another matter. Certainly federal intervention between two unions has won itself no laurels, and has broken a strike which would have been won unconditionally by the miners in a few days.

TWO WARNINGS meriting special attention are to be found in the report of the commission of economists and engineers appointed by Nicholas Murray Butler a year ago to study the question of economic recovery. Doubtless with the monopolistic aspects of the NRA codes in mind, the commission declares that "competitive limitation of output

by organized industries" should be avoided. The belief "that a deliberate limitation of output, because it raises prices, helps toward recovery" is termed a dangerous fallacy. In another place the report holds that a price rise which has been artificially stimulated "is not a sign of returning prosperity"; a rise in prices is healthy only when it actually reflects growing demand. While these two points are so obvious that they hardly need argument, they have not been receiving the attention in Washington that they deserve. It is only by producing goods, that is, by creating new wealth, that we can hope to prosper. If these goods tend to pile up in certain quarters while large sections of the population have to do without, that is not the fault of production but of distribution. The unequal distribution cannot be corrected by limiting production, for though that course may reduce stored surpluses and so raise prices and incidentally profit margins, it will still leave vast numbers of persons without their share of goods and without purchasing power. Nor can a price rise brought about by any other artificial means effect a more equitable distribution of goods, for purchasing power in terms of wages and salaries is bound to lag behind. Even if wages are increased at the same rate as prices, there will obviously be no net gain in purchasing power. The answer, of course, is that wage-income must on the whole go up faster than the price level. The Administration has not ignored the question of wage-income altogether, but has lately been disposed to subordinate it to raising prices. The emphasis should be just the other way round.

ABOUT A MONTH AGO New Yorkers were requested not to give any more money to street beggars, whose numbers have steadily increased during the past year or so, and the police were ordered to bring any persons found begging on the streets into court for examination and possible help. Of 370 such persons brought into night court from January 2 to January 24, 150 were found to be suffering from some disease—40 of these from venereal disease in an acute stage—110 were chronic alcoholics, 25 were chronic drug addicts of long standing, and many others were found to be more recently addicted to drugs. A large percentage of the men were habitual mendicants, one having a record of fifty-six arrests for vagrancy. Nearly half of them were over forty years of age, but 10 per cent were boys under twenty one. It is obvious that these men, free to roam the streets, sleep in public places, make use of public washrooms, and otherwise make direct contact with the population, constitute a serious menace to health. It is even more apparent that the community cannot fail to recognize its responsibility not only for general health but for the care of these particular unfortunates. The nickels and dimes which they may pick up from passers-by will hardly keep them in the liquor or drugs that they crave; such casual alms do nothing for the treatment of disease or the prevention of serious malnutrition. The New York newspapers on January 13 published a list of welfare agencies to which street beggars could be referred. But the public would direct them to such places with more confidence if a little more were known about the attention that they might be expected to receive. While we have an economic system which permits the existence of men such as these, we must at least insist that they be cared for.

Propaganda in Plays

WHEN the pacifist drama "Peace on Earth" opened at the Civic Repertory Theater it was roundly damned by nearly all the leading dramatic critics—including *The Nation's*. It has found, nevertheless, a considerable audience, and those who like to argue that the professional critic is an incompetent fellow will be pleased both with this particular case of his disagreement with a sizable public and also with what appears to be another equally striking instance. Eugene O'Neill's "Days Without End" was almost as intensely disliked by most of the reviewers, and yet it too appears to be finding a body of enthusiastic spectators.

The critic may reply in his own defense that in both these cases the public which likes the plays is a highly specialized one, that it is composed in the one case of enthusiastic left-wing pacifists and in the other of equally enthusiastic Roman Catholics. He may argue even that persons who have very particular reasons to be pleased with what a play says or seems to say are the last ones likely to judge justly either its artistic merits or its real effectiveness as propaganda.

It seems to us that a play or a novel may possibly be of service to a social or philosophic idea in one or more of three quite separate ways. In the first place, it may be genuinely exploratory in the sense of seeking to discover and present new aspects of a subject. In the second place, it may aim to convince by argument those not already convinced; and, finally, it may, like the typical political rally, which does not exist primarily either to present new arguments or to convince members of the opposing party, seek merely to sustain or intensify the enthusiasm of the convinced partisan. Neither the second nor the third of these possible aims can be called a genuinely artistic aim, but both are perfectly legitimate methods of propaganda.

To us it appears that neither "Peace on Earth" nor "Days Without End" is likely to be very effective as argument, or actually to make many converts to pacifism or the church. Alike in this, the two plays differ widely from each other in other respects. Mr. O'Neill's drama is exploratory. It does seem to present pretty directly a recent emotional experience and to be concerned chiefly with dramatizing the more or less novel aspects of that experience. On the other hand, "Peace on Earth" seems based largely upon the accepted arguments. It is entirely impersonal, and it presents no aspect of its subject which can be called genuinely new, or even unfamiliar. Its effectiveness, therefore, depends almost entirely upon its power to heighten the enthusiasm of those who have already accepted its point of view. It is analogous to a political rally or a patriotic song.

Perhaps it would be well if those who write plays or novels with a purpose would decide definitely and in the beginning to what extent they hope to be effective in each of the three ways we have suggested as possible. Certainly "Peace on Earth" would be even more effective than it is if the purely perfunctory arguments were removed entirely and the play presented quite frankly from the point of view of those to whom the arguments had become unnecessary. As they stand, they will convince no one not already convinced and they slow up the action.

France Faces Fascism

FEBRUARY 6, 1934, may become a significant date in French history. The current year may bring a change in government, if not as important as that of 1789, comparable at least to that of 1815, 1830, 1848, and 1871. This is not to say that fascism, as it exists in Italy and Germany, has seized the reins in France or is immediately likely to do so. So far as can be discerned, there is no leader and no organization for such a change at the moment, and an even greater resistance exists in the hostility of the French temper to a dictatorial regime. At the same time it is safe to predict that parliamentary government as it has flourished in the Third Republic will not return to France. Already plans are under discussion for restricting the powers of the Chamber of Deputies and increasing those of the President of the republic and the Cabinet. As somebody has playfully put it, the King of England reigns but doesn't rule, the President of the United States rules but doesn't reign, while the President of France neither rules nor reigns.

Gaston Doumergue, the unaggressive and democratic head of the coalition Cabinet, known among his friends as "Little Gaston," is not a fascist. But though the former President and present Premier of France is not the stuff that dictators are made of, his Cabinet is strongly Right, containing the nationalistic André Tardieu—who because of his fishy and predatory face has gained the nickname "Pike"—and a considerable number of those who served under him when he was Prime Minister. Nor is there assurance that the Premier or the Cabinet as now constituted will last any time. The Premier himself and three others of his Cabinet are over seventy years old, while the average age is estimated at fifty-eight, which seems hardly in keeping with the youthfulness of most of those in the recent street demonstrations in Paris.

Considerable shifts in the Cabinet are likely, even if nominally it continues in power, and it is in these probable changes that fascism raises itself as a more definite and dangerous possibility than hitherto. For the moment the new regime, like the Roosevelt Administration, is likely to seek its ends through the pressure of public sentiment rather than frank force, but events—especially abroad—may compel a change of policy in Paris much sooner than in Washington. Nor should it be forgotten that the uprisings which culminated in the shooting of demonstrators on February 6 were overwhelmingly Right in character, and it was not until the Daladier Government had been forced out that labor and radical elements staged their protests against what they regarded as fascist tactics. It is an exaggeration to say of those early and most serious disturbances, as did the Socialist newspaper *Le Populaire*, that they were "prepared with method by fascist formations" and constituted an "armed plot against the republican regime." There were as many colors of shirts on the streets of Paris on February 6 as there are hues in the rainbow. The only considerable group with a definite objective was Léon Daudet's royalists, and of all conceivable eventualities in France the restoration of a monarchy is the least likely.

Yet the crowds which participated in the demonstra-

tions leading to the fall of the Daladier Government were predominantly conservative, not to say reactionary, in sentiment. They represented an upsurge against the impotence and knavery of their government, baffled by the economic crisis and discredited by the ramifications of the Stavisky swindle. Actually, the dissatisfaction, as in other industrialized states, is due to the exploitation of the average man by a political machine run in the interest of profit-making business. But as usual the masses cannot see that deep. Their protest is directed against the most vocal and publicly conducted government function, which happens, paradoxically, to be their own closest expression—that is, the popularly elected legislature. In the United States, where there has been a growing clamor against the ways of Congress, Mr. Roosevelt rightly interpreted his great vote as a mandate to ride rough shod over Congress, if necessary, toward his ends. In France the formation of a non-party coalition Cabinet is taken by its members as a popular demand to restrict parliamentary government. Whatever the variations of fascism in different countries, it has at least one fundamental and common characteristic—contempt for popularly elected legislative bodies. Of course this sentiment is fanned faithfully by the press and other bell-hops of business, but it is by no means so much the conscious creation of the great industrialists as many radicals believe. Business men in France, as in the United States, are less gods than bewildered office boys, with too much in their pockets and too little in their heads.

Perhaps the most articulate and sinister immediate demand of the opposition to Daladier, before and since his fall, has been that for the reinstatement of Jean Chiappe, formerly head of the Paris police. Daladier, in his short term in office, summarily dismissed Chiappe, as he richly deserved. He is a policeman-politician—meaning nine-tenths politician to one-tenth policeman—who acquired through his job a château, a racing stable, and a lot of crooked cronies. Among his pals is New York's own ex-Mayor Walker. More important, Chiappe appeared publicly with Stavisky when the police were supposed to be trying to arrest the swindler. Although Stavisky was posing then under another name, his identity can hardly have been unknown to the police chief. There is a maze of financial skulduggery behind Chiappe. In the orderly and impressive general strike of labor and radical organizations on February 12 marchers chanted a demand for his imprisonment, and what the new government does with him will be a straw in the wind.

Meanwhile the outside world will be more alive to the new government's attitude toward Germany. The presence of Tardieu and Barthou in the directorate of four which is to handle foreign affairs—the other two men are Herriot and the Premier himself—suggests a stiffer policy toward the Reich. Probably this is in line with the temper of most Frenchmen, although Jules Sauerwein of *Le Soir* is with better vision advocating a politico-economic rapprochement, and would have France act as an arbiter in the effort of England, Russia, and Italy to keep German influence from spreading in Central and Eastern Europe.

Mr. Strachey's Views

WE are glad to publish in this issue the thoughtful criticism by Professor P. T. Ellsworth of the three articles by John Strachey recently printed in these pages. What particularly interests us in Professor Ellsworth's analysis is his failure to attack the roots of Mr. Strachey's argument, although he successfully lops off several branches of illogic. Mr. Strachey's chief contention was that the various devices of the recovery program tend to accentuate the very characteristics of capitalism which are responsible for recurrent crises such as the present one. Over-expansion of credit, the trend toward monopoly, rapid mechanization—all these are being stimulated by the Roosevelt program, yet they were among the accepted causes of disaster. Why, then, asks Mr. Strachey, are we not breeding more disaster? Professor Ellsworth succeeds, we think, in demonstrating certain fallacies in this reasoning. He points out, or rather he quotes Mr. Keynes as pointing out, that while an expansion of credit may act as a dangerous stimulant during a period of increasing business, it may have a restorative effect when applied in the low stages of depression. But does this effectively dispose of Mr. Strachey's fundamental fears? If credit is pumped into a declining market, either it fails to take effect, merely creating new debts and more depression, or it starts a recovery that may get out of hand and become a boom. But Professor Ellsworth agrees that during a boom expansion of credit may have dangerous effects. At what point, after the upturn, does the danger arise? We suggest that one danger-point is reached when the government begins to make loans to business. Government credit extended to railroads and banks, which are closely regulated and supervised by public authority, is questionable enough, but direct advances to manufacturing concerns, such as are now said to be contemplated in Washington, are charged with qualities that may become explosive. To use taxpayers' money to bolster up private companies for the sake of future profits is not only dubious economics but dangerous politics as well. It is far better to put money directly into the pockets of consumers—through wages or through doles—and let business expand as the capacity to buy increases. Although this process, too, is a form of expansion and conceals many seeds of future trouble, it has the advantage of working from below up, creating purchasing power first and letting profits follow upon increased demand, rather than subsidizing profits and hoping that purchasing power will tag along behind. Mr. Strachey may have failed to buttress sufficiently his case against credit inflation, but we believe it is a good case.

And how about monopoly? Professor Ellsworth sharply attacks Mr. Strachey for asserting that the tendency toward monopoly works to destroy the middle-class market—upon which recovery depends. Even when monopolies crowd out smaller enterprises, he asserts, the former "small capitalist and his assistants more often than not become not members of the proletariat but retainers of the new combination or recipients of its dividends," and ". . . as consumers they may be even more effective." They may, and yet every day we read of the bitter complaints pouring in upon the NRA from independent producers, not bought out but forced out of business by combinations and monopolistic agreements

which have developed under the NRA. Indeed, a chief attack upon the Recovery Administration centers upon just this destructive tendency. The further limitation of the market through "oppression of consumers at large"—by which we take it he means increased prices—the professor admits.

In regard to the growth of mechanization and consequent increased unemployment, Mr. Strachey's critic largely supports his views. But to combat these effects of mechanization he proposes the dubious expedient of longer hours and lower wages—a conclusion we are sure Mr. Strachey would not support. Rather he—and we—would insist that the government enforce its minimum-wage regulations, set shorter working hours, let unions be free to fight for better standards above the minimums, and encourage mechanical improvements. If men are thrown out of work as a result, it is up to the government to employ or feed them until industry gets on the move and begins to reabsorb them. If this fails to happen, still shorter hours should be introduced. Any branches of industry which cannot survive these measures as profit-making concerns should be turned into public corporations and run at full tilt on a broad program of reemployment and the widest distribution of the nation's goods. This, to be sure, would mean in considerable measure the end of the present system. But would anyone urge an alternative which involved starvation wages and a permanently deflated national economy?

Still the R. O. T. C.

IN the last few months the Reserve Officers' Training Corps has taken three steps forward and one large, handsome step back in its march toward compulsory military training in the colleges. In Ohio State University, where the question has for years been a lively one, with students agitating for voluntary as opposed to compulsory military drill, and faculty and trustees firmly set against such craven, unpatriotic notions, seven young men were dismissed for their refusal, because of conscientious scruples, to attend the course in military training. Two conscientious objectors to military training were suspended last fall from the University of California at Los Angeles. After a fruitless appeal to the university authorities, court action was undertaken in behalf of the two students, but the California Supreme Court refused their plea for reinstatement, citing as precedent the Coale case in Maryland.

The latter was the first in the series of steps referred to above, but probably the most important. Ennis Coale and Wayne Lees were suspended in 1932 from the University of Maryland because of their refusal to enrol in the military unit there. They appealed to the Board of Regents and to Governor Ritchie with no result, and they then proceeded to take their case to the courts. After a favorable decision in the Baltimore Superior Court, the Maryland Court of Appeals reversed the lower court's findings. The case was then appealed to the United States Supreme Court, which dismissed it for "want of a substantial federal question." Since all R. O. T. C. units, including the one at the University of Maryland, are controlled by the War Department and maintained for the training of reserve officers in the national army, the want of federal jurisdiction is at least

open to question. Moreover, the federal Constitution has ordinarily been thought to contain protective guaranties to conscientious objectors to military service. It is evident, however, that the Coale case will continue to serve as a precedent in questions of objection to the R. O. T. C., and attempts should be made to set up contrary precedents wherever possible.

As an admirable step in the direction of a more lenient attitude toward military training, the action recently taken at De Pauw University may be cited. On January 23 the Board of Trustees voted, thirty-three to two, to request the War Department to withdraw the R. O. T. C. from the De Pauw curriculum at the end of the present school year. Thus ends a nine-year fight to abolish military drill carried on by students and faculty with the unceasing help of G. Bromley Oxnam, president of the university. President Oxnam has of course been subjected to the sharpest criticism, and has even been the recipient of threats from the War Department for his unpatriotic attitude, but he has persevered, and the trustees' action is the result. The most interesting thing about the De Pauw situation is that evidently military training is not even to be retained as an optional course. In defense of this position, the trustees declare that when military training has been optional, attendance at the course has declined so sharply that even a voluntary course has not seemed justified. In Wisconsin, where military training was made optional in 1923, attendance declined 62 per cent in five years; at City College in New York City, where the change was made in 1926, enrolment fell from 2,054 to 851 in 1931; at Northwestern, of a male undergraduate body of 1,600, only 120 were taking military drill in 1927. It would seem, therefore, that the majority of students will not take military drill unless they are forced to. And at a time when responsible statesmen, from the President of the United States down, are talking about peace, it is highly unbecoming for such coercion to come from a presumably educational institution.

Wanted: Less Cotton

THE farm-relief program of the present Administration has cost at least \$800,000,000 to date. The Administration has nothing extensive to show for this outlay, although it must be admitted that certain features of the farm program were not expected to show positive results before 1934 or 1935. Reduction of wheat acreage, for example, began with this year's winter and spring crop. Nevertheless, the meagerness of definite gains has proved discouraging to the Administration. This is especially true with regard to the scheme adopted for relieving the cotton grower. While the Administration has not yet plainly said so, it has virtually confessed, by turning to consideration of other methods, that its cotton-control program has failed. When the farmers were induced to take ten million acres out of production, they naturally plowed under the poorest plants in the less fertile sections of their fields. By thus leaving the better-producing plants to be harvested, they brought about an inevitable increase in the yield per plant and per acre. In addition, many of the farmers used the direct grants and cash loans they received from the govern-

ment to buy extra fertilizer, which, of course, also increased the yield. As a result, though the total acreage harvested was reduced about 25 per cent, the 1933 crop was equal to that of the year before when no control was exercised.

Several substitutes for the present control plan are now under consideration. The Bankhead bill, awaiting action in the Senate, would limit the ginning of cotton to a total of 9,000,000 bales in any one year. The President and Secretary Wallace favor this plan, but Senator Bankhead recognizes that it may be impossible to limit production to the figure proposed. Despite the control measures taken, the 1933 output amounted to more than 13,000,000 bales. Thus, if any surplus is produced, it is likely that the growers will seek to bootleg their surplus into commercial channels rather than destroy it. This inevitably would defeat the purpose of the Bankhead plan, which is to hold up the price structure by limiting output. The Alabama Senator believes this might be remedied by licensing private ginners to take over the surplus and keep it out of the market. The additional cotton thus ginned would be applied to the quota of the following year. But any reduction in the quota of new cotton to be ginned would tend to leave a still larger surplus for that year. In the end, unless actual production were rigidly restricted by law or persuasion, the Bankhead plan would undoubtedly break down. Nor is the suggestion that prices be held up by keeping a certain percentage of the crop off the market likely to prove workable. The Hoover Farm Board tried something of the sort in connection with both cotton and grains, but without success. On the contrary, the mere knowledge that such a surplus store was in existence was enough to depress prices, for every trader feared that it would eventually be dumped upon the market.

Some groups in Washington look with favor upon a scheme for limiting output by assigning a production quota to each farmer and placing a heavy tax, perhaps five cents a pound, on the cotton he raises in excess of his quota. Of course, the tax could hardly be levied unless the farmer offered his surplus cotton for sale. It was first suggested that the cotton growers be licensed, the idea presumably being that those planters who persistently raised and sought to market more cotton than their permits called for should have their licenses revoked and their right to raise any cotton at all withdrawn. The President, however, expressed doubts as to the legality of any such arrangement. Granting that the farm problem can be solved by control of production, the tax scheme is probably the most workable and equitable of the proposals thus far advanced to that end. But it also has its limitations and weaknesses. The farmer with a surplus on his hands would be tempted to dispose of it by surreptitious methods. To prevent such bootlegging the most rigid control would have to be exercised not only over brokers who buy directly from the planters but over all ginners and processors of cotton. The tax scheme would represent a complete reversal of the farm policies followed by the last three or four administrations in Washington. Hitherto it has been considered necessary to relieve the farmers by loans—of which something like \$2,300,000,000 are now outstanding—or by subsidies in one form or another. The suggestion that the farmer now be penalized for producing more than the market will consume strikes a new note. It would unquestionably take a great deal of political courage for the Roosevelt Administration to put such a plan into effect.

Issues and Men

Wendell Phillips

THIS month marks the fiftieth anniversary of the death of Wendell Phillips. Chauncey M. Depew, who himself made more dinner addresses than any other American—though John H. Finley is now pressing Mr. Depew's record hard—once said that he had heard all the leading orators for a period of more than sixty years, including Webster, Clay, and Lincoln, and that to his mind Phillips was the greatest of them all. Certainly this Bostonian had much in his favor. His eloquence was great. He had a splendid appearance, a beautiful voice. His was the culture of Harvard and Boston's Back Bay. An aristocrat to his finger tips, he was also a great democrat who cheerfully sacrificed family position, a high standing at the bar, a great political career, his Harvard associations, and an unsurpassed social position when he took up the cause of the slave.

William Lloyd Garrison declared that Wendell Phillips made the greatest sacrifices of all the Abolitionists in joining the ranks of those hated, despised, and feared trouble-makers whose offense was solely that they desired to put an end to the purchase and sale on the auction block of American men, women, and children. Garrison was, as Lowell described him, "poor, unlettered, and obscure" when he took up the cause of the slaves. Most of his early followers were similarly obscure, or belonged to the genus crank. Later many others of social importance and personal charm joined the ranks. But none paid the price that his appeals for freedom cost Wendell Phillips. I have not yet found any evidence that he was aware of it, or that he dwelt upon his losses in following the dictates of his conscience. He just went ahead, saw his old friends fall away from him, saw his university turn its back upon him—it never forgave him as long as he lived, not even when he was laid away in the historic old churchyard on Tremont Street, next to the Park Street church. He had taken the case for humanity, accepted a retainer, and that was all there was to that. Mobbing came as a matter of course. Why not? He was not dragged by a mob through the streets of Boston with a rope around his waist like Garrison, but that was a mere accident. Those who thus laid hands on Garrison were men of broadcloth, Phillips's own kind, and they must have felt particularly outraged because Phillips was a traitor to his class and refused to be silenced by their hostility and their ostracism.

As an orator he had complete control of his audiences. There might be interrupters; their wits could not compete with his. It was the fashion in his day to make long and abstruse orations. It was the custom, also, to embellish a speech with flowery passages, and to make far-reaching prophecies. Thus Wendell Phillips declared that the colored liberator of Haiti, Toussaint L'Ouverture, was greater than Washington and would be remembered when Washington was forgotten. He had the weakness of the reformer, who feels passionately and who easily finds the word to denounce and to castigate. None the less, few could resist his charm and his eloquence.

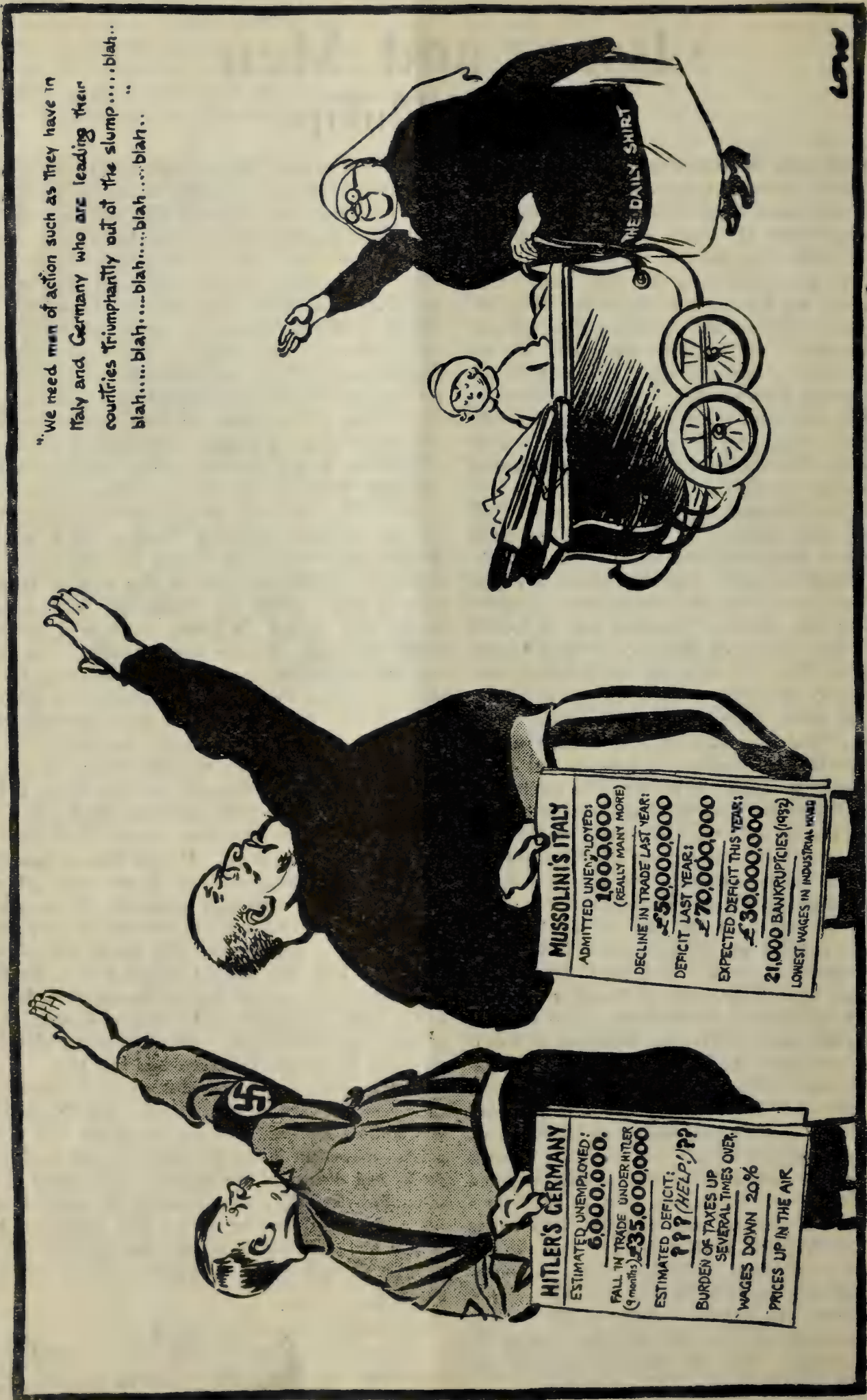
I have been moved to record this man of a bygone gen-

eration, and to make this interlude in my weekly discussions of current problems, not merely because of its being the fiftieth anniversary of the month that saw the traffic of Tremont Street stopped while they laid him away near men who had devoted their lives to the struggle for independence, when there came to acclaim him many who years before would cheerfully have ridden him out of town on a rail. I wish to recall him because of a recent cult which has found its expression in denouncing the Abolitionists and charging them not only with the sole responsibility for the Civil War but with all the errors and misdeeds of Reconstruction. Just as one group of biographers has been exposing the nakedness of so many of our great men of the past, so this new school of historical writers has seen nothing to praise in the Abolitionists. What was the offense of these men and women? It was telling the truth about a monstrous human institution that no living American, North or South, would today wish to see restored, and making no compromise, political or moral, with the advocates of that accursed system. Because it was accursed and bloody and revolting and barbarous, they applied the proper terms to it and used the fitting adjectives. Because those adjectives were virile and vehement and often vituperative, they are charged with having alone aroused the passions of the country so that it finally went to war. Nothing could be more superficial than this reasoning. It was the direful institution itself which brought on the war, for it was idle to expect that all men could look upon its horrors, its indecencies, and the injury that it was doing to the United States and keep silent. If it had not been vile it could not have been successfully attacked. There had to be men to speak out. If there had not been Phillipses and Frederick Douglasses and Birneys and Sumners and Garrisons, others must have appeared. It was idle to expect men who felt as deeply as these did to use polite parlor conversation in dealing with this brutal and inhuman institution. That they aroused passion is true, but the Civil War came not because of that but because of the land hunger of the South, the Kansas and Nebraska struggle, the follies of politicians, and the final sudden recognition that the country could not survive half slave and half free.

When slavery was finished many Abolitionists laid aside their pens and gave up the platform. But Wendell Phillips was enlisted for life. He was one of the first to discover a labor movement in the United States and to champion it. As he had discovered the economic background of slavery, so he discovered the economic reasons for many of our social ills, and against them he warred until the end of his days. Today his patriotism is beyond question, his readiness to sacrifice all he possessed to fight the battle of others beyond aspersion.

Wendell Phillips

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"We need men of action such as they have in Italy and Germany who are leading their countries triumphantly out of the slump.....blah... blah.....blah.....blah.....blah....."

"- BUT WHAT HAVE THEY GOT IN THEIR OTHER HANDS, NANNY ?"

Can the League Be Saved?

By ROBERT DELL

Geneva, December 31, 1933

THE year that ends today has been the most critical in the short history of the League of Nations, which held its first Assembly at Geneva just thirteen years ago. On March 27 the Japanese government gave the requisite two years' notice of its intention to withdraw from the League, in consequence of the unanimous adoption by the Assembly on February 24 of a report on the conflict between China and Japan which was accepted by China and rejected by Japan. The League capitulated to Japan and the report is a dead letter. This was a serious blow to the prestige and influence of the League. A second blow was the failure of the World Economic and Monetary Conference, held in London in the summer, for which the government of the United States was chiefly responsible. The third blow and the worst of all was the failure of the Disarmament Conference, which passed through a series of crises during the year, culminating on October 14 in Germany's notice of withdrawal from the conference and the League. It was not the withdrawal of Germany that injured the League—had it been met in the right way it would have injured only Germany—but the helplessness and poltroonery of the other Great Powers, which, although they had previously agreed on a policy, were thrown into confusion. After vainly trying to agree on the course to be adopted in regard to Germany, they escaped from the deadlock by falling back on "diplomatic conversations" between Germany and each of the other Powers, and on November 22 the Steering Committee of the conference agreed without discussion to adjourn until January the meeting of the General Commission fixed for December 4, in order to give time for these conversations. The president, Arthur Henderson, was left to fix the exact date in January at which the General Commission should meet, which was to be during or after the session of the League Council, which begins on January 15.

To pretend that these events have not discredited the League of Nations and destroyed most of the little influence it possessed would be not optimism but imbecility. The reputation of the League is not saved by its success in settling the dispute between Colombia and Peru or by the probability that its action will be successful in the dispute between Bolivia and Paraguay. Nor is it saved by the effective work done in the matter of limiting the manufacture and regulating the distribution of narcotic drugs, useful as that work no doubt is. The primary purpose for which the League exists is that of maintaining peace and order in the world, and it fails in that purpose if it succeeds in settling only minor disputes in which no Great Power is directly or indirectly involved, and allows the Great Powers to do as they please and defy the League with impunity. It will be no consolation to the survivors of the next war, standing amid the ruins of European civilization, to know that the League of Nations succeeded in diminishing the number of opium smokers.

Encouraged by the success of the Japanese and of Hitler, Mussolini had his little hit at the League. A few weeks ago the Fascist Grand Council adopted a resolution declaring

that Italy could not remain in the League unless the Covenant were radically amended. The sense in which it was to be amended was made clear by the Fascist press. The League was to be put under the control of a junta of the Great Powers, that is to say, suppressed for all practical purposes. This impudent proposal justifies those of us who said last March that the Four-Power Pact was intended by Mussolini to be a substitute for the League of Nations, at any rate so far as Europe was concerned. The resolution of the Fascist Grand Council would normally have been followed by a formal proposal on the part of Italy for the amendment of the Covenant, but we now hear that there is no intention of making any such proposal. Evidently Mussolini was merely flying a kite. Whether or not he will carry the matter any farther depends on the British and the French.

Discredited and impotent as the League is, there is no reason why it should not survive and even become stronger than it has yet been. The League of Nations is a piece of machinery and the way in which it works depends on the machinists, that is to say, in practice, on the governments of the Great Powers, which alone are responsible for its failure. The British government has the greatest responsibility of all. It prevented any action against Japan and it has wrecked, one after the other, every promising proposal made at the Disarmament Conference, including the Hoover plan, without making any proposal of its own except MacDonald's draft convention, which was mainly a convention for the immediate and almost complete disarmament of Germany on land. Had the Germans had the sense to accept the draft convention at once as it stood, on condition that it should not be amended, as they finally did when it was too late, it would have been a bad day for Europe. The truth is that Ramsay MacDonald dislikes the League of Nations as much as Mussolini and Hitler do, and he jumped at the opportunity given by Mussolini's proposal of the Four-Power Pact to get rid of the League in practice and put Europe under a directorate of four Great Powers, a new Holy Alliance. It is even possible that he instigated Mussolini to make the proposal. On the one hand, MacDonald hates France and regards the "Small Powers" as nuisances, and on the other, his political evolution, if so it can be called, is bringing him nearer and nearer to fascism and Hitlerism. He has the spirit of a dictator without any of the qualities necessary to dictatorship, for he has a foggy mind and lacks both courage and decision, and his vanity is so colossal that every question is for him a personal question. He is an international calamity, as I said in 1924, when he was Prime Minister in the first Labor Cabinet. It is a misfortune to the world that at this critical moment England should have such a Prime Minister as MacDonald and such a Foreign Secretary as Sir John Simon. The result of their disjointed efforts—for they are at daggers drawn—is that the British government is distrusted all over Europe.

The French government has made blunder after blunder through lack of courage and independence. It has allowed itself to be dominated by the British government to such a

point that France is in danger of losing all her allies and then being isolated by England, Germany, and Italy. The tardy recognition of that fact seems at last to have caused a change in Paris, thanks largely to Herriot's influence, and there seems to be some chance that the French government will now have a policy of its own. It was a blunder on the part of France to have anything to do with the Four-Power Pact. It was a blunder to join in the "friendly representations" to Hitler about Austria, which enabled that gentleman, with Mussolini's encouragement, to inflict a humiliating rebuff on the governments of the two greatest European Powers. Hitler's success in that matter undoubtedly encouraged him to further audacities, which have been successful. The French government made the greatest blunder of all when it consented to join in the "direct conversations" with Germany after the German government left Geneva in October. The obvious reply to the German departure was to ask the Council of the League for an inquiry into German armaments under Article 213 of the Treaty of Versailles. Had the French had the courage to take that course, the British government would not have dared at that moment to oppose it. Italy could not have prevented an inquiry, for the case is one in which unanimity is not required and the Council can decide by a majority. Probably Hitler would have refused to allow an inquiry, and it would then have been necessary to resort to "sanctions"; but they will have to be resorted to some day if European civilization is to be saved. The alternative is a war a few years hence. Better an economic blockade of Germany or even a military occupation now than a war in which European civilization will perish. It would perish even if the other nations were ready to give Hitler all he wants and thus avoid war, for the Nazi movement is a frontal attack on Western civilization. It aims deliberately at a return to the Dark Ages. The Nazi regime is Al Capone and the Ku Klux Klan in power.

The French government has one excuse—namely, that, except for a few cases such as that of an inquiry into German armaments, unanimity is required for all decisions of the Council or Assembly of the League. It is the rule of unanimity that paralyzes the League and is the fundamental cause of its failure. It is not surprising that the League has done so little. What is surprising is that it has done anything at all. People say that the League is nothing but an international debating society. What else could be expected? Would a parliament be anything but a national debating society if all its decisions had to be unanimous? One parliament in history, that of old Poland, had the system of the *liberum veto* and the results were very unsatisfactory. The League of Nations will never be effective until the rule of unanimity is done away with.

The suppression of this rule would, however, involve a fundamental change in the character of the League. The rule is the logical consequence of the fact that the League is based on the principle of national sovereignty, and that is the fundamental vice in its constitution, which doomed it to impotence from its birth. National sovereignty is incompatible with the existence of any society of nations, just as individual sovereignty would make any society of individuals impossible. National sovereignty, as the Belgian Senator Lafontaine said at one of the early Assemblies of the League, means the right to make war, and how can war be abolished so long as nations claim that right? National sovereignty

means that every nation claims the right in the last resource to do whatever it pleases in what it believes to be its own interest, without regard to the interests of other nations and of the world community as a whole. What would become of a society in which every individual had the right to do exactly as he pleased regardless of the rights and interests of others? Individual liberty, in my opinion, comes before everything else, and the consequences of its suppression in the countries where it has been suppressed have convinced me more than ever of its necessity. But in an organized society individual liberty cannot be absolute and must be limited by the rights and liberties of others. What is true of individuals is equally true of nations. National sovereignty means international anarchy. Evidently, if the League could make decisions binding on all its members by a majority—say, a two-thirds' majority—vote, the system of one-nation-one-vote would have to go. So long as decisions have to be unanimous and Costa Rica or Panama can, at any rate theoretically, hold up the whole League, it would make no difference if some nations had more than one vote. If, however, decisions could be made by a majority, it would be as absurd to give Costa Rica or Panama the same voice in them as England or France as to give a village the same representation in Congress as New York. Plural voting would become necessary.

It would be idle to pretend that the present attitude of the Great Powers makes this necessary change in the constitution of the League of Nations likely in the near future. France and Russia alone among them have hitherto shown any inclination to renounce national sovereignty and to sacrifice national egoism to the general interest. France has made at Geneva one proposal after another that involves the abandonment of national sovereignty, and has always had the other Great Powers, except Russia, against her. There are no worse sticklers for national sovereignty than England and the United States and no countries whose policy is more egotistical and narrowly nationalist. The British dominions are as bad. And public opinion in these countries is even worse than are the governments. In the days of men like Charles James Fox and Richard Cobden, when England was an oligarchy, the international spirit predominated among English Whigs and then among English Liberals. It has been killed by democracy and in particular by woman suffrage, which is now destroying the young Spanish republic after having been one of the chief factors in the advent of Hitler to power in Germany. The nationalist reaction in England has culminated in the return to protectionism and in the abominable treatment of foreigners landing at English Channel ports unless they are traveling first class. France, Holland, Czecho-Slovakia, and Poland threw open their frontiers to German refugees. England closed hers.

The rule of unanimity has enabled England to paralyze the League by obstructing, for reasons dictated by a narrow nationalism, any application of the articles of the Covenant involving sanctions. It is to be hoped that the United States will not come into the League so long as that rule exists, for the inclusion of another Great Power unwilling to intervene in any dispute in which its own interests are not involved would make matters still worse. I once thought that the League could dispense with sanctions. Experience has shown me that I was wrong. The idea that we can dispense with force in international relations in present conditions is a delusion. What we have to do is to use it collec-

tively against any nation that attempts to resort to it individually. On that point the French have been right all along. Force does not necessarily mean armed intervention. An economic blockade is a formidable use of force.

The nations of the world have to choose between peace and national sovereignty. They cannot have both. By signing the Kellogg Pact they have renounced on paper the right to make war, which is an essential attribute of national sovereignty, but the Kellogg Pact without sanctions behind it will be as ineffective as the League of Nations has been made by the fact that in practice the rule of unanimity prevents the sanctions provided for in the Covenant from ever being applied. Peace and order can be obtained in the interna-

tional sphere only in the same way ■ in the national sphere, namely, by the subordination of national governments to a supra-national authority representing the community of nations. The ideal is the suppression of all armed forces except those under the control of the supra-national authority, and this ideal could be realized at once, as France has proposed, so far as air forces are concerned, provided that civil aviation were internationalized. Pending its complete realization, the nations must undertake to put their respective forces at the disposal of the supra-national authority when called upon to do so. It is a reform in this sense that the League of Nations needs, and it alone will enable the League to fulfil the purpose for which it was created.

Who's Who in the Drug Lobby

By JAMES RORTY

THERE are no interested, profit-motivated lobbyists at Washington; only patriots, crusaders, guardians of our most sacred institutions, saviors of humanity. If you doubt this, read the transcript of the public hearings held December 7 and 8 in Washington on the Tugwell-Copeland food and drug bill, which is one of the most fascinating and dramatic documents the Government Printing Office has ever issued. If, after that, you are still cynical, you should read the mail the President, General Johnson, and Postmaster Farley are getting these days from the patriotic medicine men, vitamin men, and cosmeticians whose sole concern is the welfare of the present Administration and the NRA. The names of these correspondents cannot be divulged, but here are a few samples of their style:

With yourself and every other loyal citizen of the United States endeavoring to assist in the relief of unemployment, it would seem that any type of legislation that would retard the recovery of business would be unfortunate at this time. Therefore, House bill 6110 and the Copeland bill should be given serious consideration as their effect upon an enterprise with an annual output of over \$2,000,000 would be serious indeed. . . .

We have no objections to regulation but . . . here is no ordinary regulator measure of the industry. Here is ■ bill known as the Tugwell bill . . . that openly demands that the Secretary of Agriculture in enforcement of regulations be final and absolute and without appeal to the courts. . . . Now I'm no disgruntled manufacturer writing you; I'm quite well able to take care of myself and have been doing it in this business for many, many years. . . .

Practically all the worth-while factors in proprietary cosmetic, drug, food, and advertising industries are in accord that these Tugwell measures are impossible of amendment and should be withdrawn. . . .

I have recently been impressed with the danger to the Administration that is resulting from the agitation created by what is known ■ the Tugwell bill. . . .

There are four main points to note about this huge correspondence, of which only a few typical examples have been excerpted: (1) that the names of most of the ready letter-

writer firms are already familiar through notices of judgment issued by the Food and Drug Administration at the termination of cases brought under the present inadequate law, in Post Office fraud order or in the Federal Trade Commission cease-and-desist orders; (2) that the writers invoke the principle of "recovery" as opposed to "reform" in order to defend businesses which in most cases are demonstrably a danger and a burden to both the public health and the public pocket-book; (3) that they do not hesitate to misrepresent both the nature and effects of the bill, as for example by asserting that Administration action would not be subject to court review although such review would be easily available to defendants under both the original bill and the present revised Copeland bill; (4) that the writers, by implication, threaten the Administration with a political headache and political defeat, regardless of the merit of the issues involved.

The nature and methods of this lobby can best be understood by examining the following "Who's Who" of the leading lobbyists. A complete list is as impossible as would be any attempt to estimate the expenditure, undoubtedly huge, of the proprietary drug, food, and advertising lobby to date.

FRANK (CASCARETS) BLAIR. Mr. Blair represents the Proprietary Association, the chief fraternal order of the patent-medicine group, but even closer to his heart, one suspects, is Sterling Products. This firm manufactures Fletcher's Castoria, Midol, Caldwell's Syrup and Pepsin, and Cascarets, a chocolate-covered trade phenolphthalein and cascara laxative recently seized by the Food and Drug Administration. The Proprietary Association and Mr. Blair, plus the National Drug Conference, are backing the Black bill, written by Dr. James H. Beal, chairman of the board of trustees of the United States Pharmacopoeia. The Black-Beal bill would further weaken even the present inadequate law, make seizures practically impossible, and permit nostrum-makers to get away with murder in their advertising. In short, it is a sheer fake.

HONORABLE THOMAS B. (CRAZY CRYSTALS) LOVE. Mr. Love, a former Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, is attorney for the Crazy Water Company of Mineral Wells, Texas, manufacturers of Crazy Crystals, a prominent exhibit last summer in the Food and Drug Administration's well-known "Chamber of Horrors." At the December

hearings Mr. Love said, "No harm has ever resulted, or is likely to result, from the misrepresentation of the remedial or therapeutic effect of naturally produced mineral waters," which is a brazen enough falsification. Two kinds of harm result from such misrepresentation—harm to the health of the victim who takes a dose of horse physic under the illusion that a dose of salts is good for what ails him; harm to the victim's pocket-book because he paid about five times as much for that dose of salts as it was worth.

H. M. (OVALTINE) BLACKETT. Mr. Blackett is president of Blackett-Sample-Hummert, a Chicago advertising agency. His pet account is Ovaltine, that mysterious "Swiss" drink which puts you to "sleep without drugs" and performs such miracles with underweight children, nursing mothers, busy workers, and old people. "Food and drug advertising," Mr. Blackett writes to magazine and newspaper publishers, "is different from other classification. It must actually sell the product. It must put up a strong selling story—strong enough to actually move the goods off the dealers' shelves." More briefly, Mr. Blackett believes it would be impossible to sell a "chocolate-flavored, dried malt extract containing a small quantity of dried milk and egg" for what it really is—at least for a dollar a can.

WILLIAM P. (JACOBS' LADDER) JACOBS. Mr. Jacobs is president of "Jacobs' Religious List," which would appear to represent the alliance of the fundamentalist business and the proprietary-medicine business. As a publishers' representative of the "official organs of the leading white denominations of the South and Southeast," he offers a combined weekly circulation of 300,317 to the God-fearing manufacturers of Miller's Snake Oil (makes rheumatic sufferers jump out of bed and run back to work), kidney medicines, rejuvenators ("Would you like to again enjoy life?"), contraceptives (presumably for an equally holy purpose), reducing agents, and hair-growers. Mr. Jacobs is secretary and general manager of the Institute of Medicine Manufacturers; he is, in fact, a member of the old Southern patent-medicine aristocracy. His father, J. F. Jacobs, was author of a profound treatise on "The Economic Necessity and the Moral Validity of the Prepared Medicine Business."

J. HOUSTON GOUDISS. Mr. Goudiss appears to be the missing link in the menagerie of medicine men, vitamin men, and ad men who crowd the big tent of the Washington lobby and do Chautauqua work in the field. On November 16 last he appeared before the convention of the New York State Federation of Women's Clubs, donned the mantle of the late Dr. Harvey W. Wiley, and begged his hearers to oppose the Tugwell bill. He said in part:

So far as I am known to the American public, I am known as a crusader for the better health of our people. . . . Early in my career I came under the benign influence of the late Dr. Harvey W. Wiley. I was privileged to support him in his work . . . Were Dr. Wiley alive today, I am sure that he would be standing here instead of me. And if I presume to wear his mantle, it is because I feel that the great urgency of the situation calls upon me to do so. . . . When I was first informed that our Congress was ready to consider a new pure food and drugs law . . . I was exultant. . . . Later when I read the proposed law . . . my heart fell with foreboding. I recognized it as only another over-zealous measure like our unhappy Eighteenth Amendment and the Volstead Act. . . . The Tugwell bill is fraught with danger. . . .

About that Harvey W. Wiley mantle—the widow of Dr. Wiley, in the course of an eloquent plea for the Tugwell bill at the December hearing, said: "I have never heard Dr. Wiley mention Mr. C. Houston Goudiss, and inquiry at the Department of Agriculture discloses the fact that no correspondence between Dr. Wiley and Mr. Goudiss between 1905 and 1911, when Dr. Wiley resigned, is on file."

And now about Mr. Goudiss himself: He publishes the *Forecast*, a monthly magazine full of vitamin chatter not unrelated to Mr. Goudiss's activities as broadcaster over Station WOR for various and sundry food products. He is author of "Eating Vitamins" and other books—also of a signed advertisement for Phillips' Milk of Magnesia. His Elmira speech was promptly sent out as a press release by the Proprietary Association, and recently he has been fighting the Tugwell bill over the radio.

The organizational set-up of the drug men, the food men, the medicine men, and the ad men is almost as complicated as that of the Insull holding companies. At the top sits the High Council of the Drug Institute, an association of associations, formed originally to fight the cut-rate drug-stores. The Proprietary Association, the Institute of Medicine Manufacturers, and the United Medicine Manufacturers, all have booths in this big tent. The last-named organization is right out in the open, whooping, yelling, and rattling the wampum belt. The Food and Drug Administration knows them well, and the public would know them better if this department of government were authorized by law to publicize its files. Here are a few of the most eminent and vocal patriots and purity gospellers:

PRESIDENT J. M. (TOMA TABLETS) EWING. Toma tablets are innocuously labeled, but advertised for stomach ulcers. The advertising clause of the Copeland bill is what is worrying Mr. Ewing.

VICE-PRESIDENT I. R. (HEALTH QUESTIONS ANSWERED) BLACKBURN. Mr. Clinton Robb, the legal magician for the U. M. M. A., fixed up the labels of the Blackburn products, which rejoice in a string of notices of judgment. These products are sold through an advertising column headed "Health Questions Answered." You write to Dr. Theodore Beck, who answers the questions in this column, and the good doctor informs you that one or more of the Blackburn products is good for what ails you. It's as simple as that.

VICE-PRESIDENT GEORGE REESE is at present slightly handicapped in selling venereal-disease remedies by the seizure by the Food and Drug Administration a month ago of one of his nostrums—not the first action of this kind, judging by the notices of judgment against this firm.

VICE-PRESIDENT EARL E. (SYL-VETTE) RUNNER can boast a dozen or more notices of judgment against his many products, the most prominent of which, Syl-vette, was seized only a short time ago. This "reducing agent" is a cocoa-sugar beverage that keeps your stomach from feeling too empty while a diet does the slenderizing.

D. A. (GALLSTONES) LUNDY, of the Board of Managers of the U. M. M. A., advertises: "Gallstones. Don't operate. You make a bad condition worse. Treat the cause in a sensible, painless, inexpensive way at home." But, alas, the proposed new law forbids the advertising of any drug for gallstones, declaring the disease to be one for which self-medication is especially dangerous. Perhaps this explains

Mr. Lundy's fervid letters to Senators demanding the dismissal and prosecution of Chief Campbell of the Food and Drug Administration on the ground that the latter has been improperly spending the federal government's money for propaganda.

WILLIAM M. (NUE-OVO) KRAUSE, of the membership committee of the U. M. M. A. Mr. Krause's Research Laboratories, Inc., of Portland, Oregon, labeled Nue-Ovo as a cure for rheumatism until 1929 when the Food and Drug Administration seized the product and forced a change of the label. Nue-Ovo is still widely advertised in the West as a cure for rheumatism and arthritis.

KENNETH (VOGUE POWDER) MUIR, of the Board of Managers of the U. M. M. A. When Mr. Muir's Vogue Antiseptic Powder was seized in 1930, it was being recommended not only for genito-urinary affections of men and women but also in the treatment of diphtheria.

T. S. (RENTON'S HYDROCINE TABLETS) STRONG, of the Board of Managers of the U. M. M. A., is a partner in Strong, Cobb and Company of Cleveland, pharmaceutical chemists who manufacture products for other concerns. There are notices of judgment against venereal-disease remedies and a contraceptive manufactured by them. This firm also makes Renton's Hydrocine Tablets, a cinchophen product sold for rheumatism to which, according to the American Medical Association, many deaths have been directly traced.

C. C. (KOW-KARE) PARLIN. For months now C. C. Parlin, research director of the Curtis Publishing Company, has been mobilizing and directing the heterogeneous but impassioned hosts of purity gospelers that have been fighting the Tugwell bill. Mr. Parlin is a statistician, a highbrow, and no end respectable. Moreover, he represents, indirectly at least, the *Ladies' Home Journal* and the *Country Gentleman*. In their February issues both of these Curtis properties published editorials, written in language strikingly similar to Mr. Parlin's recent speeches and signed writings, to the effect that in their advertising pages they had struggled to be pure—well, pure enough—and that the new bill was just painting the lily.

How pure is pure? The February issue of the *Country Gentleman* contains advertisements of several products which would be subject to prophylactic treatment if an effective law against misleading advertising were passed. The February issue of the *Ladies' Home Journal*, which says that for more than a generation it has "exercised what we consider to be proper supervision over all copy offered for our pages," contains advertisements of at least eight products whose claims would require modification if the proposed bill became law. The *Ladies' Home Journal's* "pure-enough" list includes Pepsodent, Fleischman's Yeast, Ovaltine, Listerine, Vapex, Musterole, Vicks Vapo Rub, and Pond's creams. In addition to some of the foregoing, the *Country Gentleman* stands back of advertisements of Ipana, Toxite, Sergeant's Dog Medicines, Bag Balm, and Kow-Kare. Concerning the last-named product, the fact-minded veterinary of the Food and Drug Administration comments as follows:

This used to be sold as Kow-Kure, which purported to be a remedy for contagious abortion, until trouble threatened with the Pure Food and Drug Administration. No drug or combination of drugs has any remedial value in treating contagious abortion. The danger of these nostrums is that the farmer relies upon them.

There is one obvious lack in the foregoing list of purity gospelers. It includes no women. We therefore hasten to present Gertrude B. Lane, editor of the *Woman's Home Companion*. In opposing the Tugwell bill Miss Lane spoke in part as follows:

I admit quite frankly that my selfish interests are involved. I have spent thirty years of my life in building up a magazine which I have tried to make of real service to the women of America, and I have invested all my savings in the company which publishes this magazine. The magazine business and the newspapers, rightly or wrongly, have been made possible through national advertising. Great industries have been developed and millions of people employed.

Right, Miss Lane. And this is how Carolyn F. Ulrich, chief of the Periodicals Division of the New York Public Library, in a letter to the *New Republic*, describes this great woman's-magazine industry:

Are not these magazines really mediums for salesmanship, almost trade journals? Of the first importance in these magazines is the advertising. The subject matter comes second. The advertisements pay for the producing of the magazine. The subject matter, aside from a few sentimental stories, covers those interests that belong to woman's sphere. There, also, the purpose is to foster buying for the home and the child. The entire plan of these magazines is based on the man's interest in its commercial success.

This judgment cannot lightly be dismissed, for it is expert opinion. But as it happens, another woman, Miss Winifred Raushenbush, has recently completed an analysis of fourteen mass and class periodicals. She permits me to quote the following analysis of the January, 1934, issue of the *Woman's Home Companion*:

When the potential reader spends ten cents for the *Woman's Home Companion*, she gets ninety pages of reading matter and illustrations, 55 per cent of which is devoted to selling. Thirty-eight per cent of the space in the *Companion* is advertisements; in addition the editors devote 11 per cent of the space to pushing advertised products and 4 per cent to pushing subscriptions to the magazine. Forty-one per cent of the advertisements appeal to motivations based on fear, sex, or emulation. The appeal to fear occupies more space than the appeal to sex or emulation.

In the *Woman's Home Companion's* "index of products advertised" the statement is made that "the appearance in *Woman's Home Companion* is a specific warranty of the product advertised and of the integrity of the house sponsoring the advertisement." What, then, is Miss Lane worrying about? Is she perhaps alarmed by the fact that the *Woman's Home Companion* publishes as pure some of the same misleading advertisements that appear in the *Ladies' Home Journal*, already referred to, and that would be embarrassed by the advertising provision of the Copeland bill? It is a great industry: women editors, publication statisticians, ad men, vitamin men, medicine men, cosmeticians, all in the same boat and rowing for dear life against a rising tide of public opinion which demands that this grotesque, collusive parody of manufacturing, distributing, and publishing services be compelled to make some sort of sense and decency no matter how much deflation of vested interests is required.

Hitler and the French Press

By EMIL LENGYEL

SOME of the greatest admirers of the leader of the Third German Reich are the patriots of the Third French Republic. "In the *Temps*," writes Léon Daudet in his own royalist *Action Française*, "the Brown Shirts have suddenly acquired a prestige which it took Il Duce much longer to achieve." While to certain organs of the French press Adolf Hitler is still the arch-Boche, whose rule justifies the worst anticipations of Versailles, to others his Third Reich, with its Brown Shirts and terror, is a much more desirable neighbor than was the Weimar republic, with its Socialists and democracy.

There was a time when one looked in vain in the most influential papers of Paris for a word of appreciation for Matthias Erzberger, a friend of peace who was assassinated by German reactionaries because of his so-called anti-patriotism. Nor could one find in the Parisian press much understanding for the work of Walter Rathenau, Foreign Minister of the Reich and another victim of German reactionary fury. Adolf Hitler is treated differently by some of the most powerful newspapers of France.

Were the powers behind the French press afraid of a friendly German regime that would have dispelled the fear of war and thus reduced the profits of French armament makers? Or were they afraid of the success of socialism in Germany, which would have stimulated the work of the Second International in France? Was their fear of international radicalism stronger than their fear of the *Rache* of German reaction?

Adolf Hitler cannot be accused of pacifism or socialism; he has apparently put out of business the German branches of the Second and Third International. The Socialist and Communist leaders of the Reich are dead, in jail, in concentration camps, or in exile. Has Hitler not saved civilization by cutting off the heads of the Marxist hydra? Has he not deserved well of the French patriots by stamping out pacifism in Germany and making France safe for a new war?

"Public opinion in France is manipulated through the press," Joseph Caillaux, erstwhile French Premier, wrote in one of his books. The iron masters and coal barons are pulling the wires of some of the most influential journals. René Millienne showed the other day in a French Socialist organ how the leading French newspaper, the *Temps*, of which he has been the editor, had been bought by the Comité des Forges and the Comité des Houillères, organizations of the heavy industries and coal mines, for 25,000,000 francs, some of which was paid in cash to the president of the newspaper. "The banks and heavy industries have put their hands on the entire press," writes M. Lenglois in his *Iroquois*. The war-makers are not the Hitlers, he says, but the Krupps and Thyssens of Germany and the Schneiders and de Wendels of France. The Hitler mark is rolling in France, writes Emile Buré in *L'Ordre*, on the authority of a member of the government. The *Rempart*, a nationalist organ, hints at mysterious negotiations by Hitler's agents to acquire control of a leading Parisian daily for 2,000,000 marks. Commenting on the disclosures of the *Petit Parisien*

about German propaganda in foreign lands, Maurice Prax writes: "It is a sad thing to say that we have often felt the effect of this nebulous and all-pervading propaganda."

The Comité des Forges and its armament makers love war, which is profitable, and therefore it is logical to assume that they love Hitler, who is preparing for war. They hate radicalism in all its manifestations, which is one more reason why they should admire the *Führer*. François de Wendel, president of the Comité des Forges, senator, and regent of the Bank of France, has important interests in German industries and mines. While as a French patriot he ought to abhor Hitler, who is leading the Reich's protest against Versailles, as a German capitalist he must hail the Leader as the savior of the fatherland. "The pens of journalists," said the late Aristide Briand about French newspaper writers, "are made of the same steel as the cannons."

Toward the middle of December, the *Temps*, of which the de Wendels and other French industrial magnates are the supreme bosses, published an article from the pen of a special correspondent in Berlin which created a sensation. "There is no reason to doubt Hitler's sincerity," the article said, "because sincerity is apparently one of his main qualities, perhaps the one that has contributed most to his success. We believe he was sincere in writing his diatribes against France in 'Mein Kampf' ten years ago, and that he is sincere today in offering us his hand. . . . The Chancellor is not a man of the Bismarck or Stresemann type; he is not a schemer, but a man of instincts and sentiments." Two days later the *Jour*, a Paris newspaper, printed a Berlin dispatch of the Agence Fournier disclosing that Jacques Chastenet, the representative of the French coal barons in the directorate of the *Temps*, had been a guest the day before at the luncheon party given by the French Ambassador in Berlin in honor of Dr. Joseph Goebbels, the Reich Minister of Propaganda. The dispatch added that the Minister and the director had a long conversation, but it did not add that the French Ambassador, M. François-Poncet, had at one time been closely connected with the Comité des Forges. Not one word of the dispatch was printed in the *Temps*, although it might have been assumed that its readers would have been interested in knowing what the director of their newspaper was doing in Berlin. Two Socialist papers, the *Populaire* and the *Peuple*, took up the question and challenged the *Temps* to say something about the matter, which, however, it did not do. The Socialist papers also called attention to the comparison of Hitler, the man of war, with Stresemann, the man of peace, to the disadvantage of the latter.

A few days later the *Temps* published an anonymous article, designated by three stars, in which it was suggested that unless France was prepared to reap all the consequences of a diplomatic conflict with Germany she should accept Hitler's invitation to a tete-a-tete talk. This was contrary to the French official view that such a talk must take place at Geneva, with the rest of the interested countries parties to it, and that by accepting Hitler's invitation the Quai

d'Orsay would give him a premium for leaving the League of Nations and disrupting the Disarmament Conference. Meanwhile, the *Temps* keeps on printing critical editorials about Germany, probably on the assumption that the excellent qualities of Hitler are not sufficient to purge his nation of blame.

The *Journal des Débats*, controlled by François de Wendel, president of the Comité des Forges, does not as yet believe in Hitler's sincerity. "We were fooled by Stresemann and we shall be fooled by Hitler," wrote this paper, which despite its 146 years is still serving French reaction with vigor. The *Journée Industrielle* is also under the influence of the Comité des Forges, and the Socialist paper *Populaire* has caught it a few times flirting with Hitlerism.

While the dignified *Temps* was thus deserting the Quai d'Orsay in favor of the Wilhelmstrasse, the less dignified *Ami du Peuple*, popular organ of François Coty, perfumery manufacturer and anti-radical head-hunter, went over to the enemy bag and baggage, protesting that it was doing so under duress. M. Coty's journal began to publish a series of articles under the collective title "La Grande Croisade," in which it preached an offensive alliance of Germans and French against the Russian Bolsheviks. "The honor of France would be tarnished if she refused to collaborate with Germany, even if she was our enemy, in the great anti-Bolshevist drive of our menaced civilization." One of the star writers of the paper declared himself in full accord with Chancellor Hitler in carrying on an implacable war against communism, "the worst enemy of the workingman and the worst pest of humanity." The campaign was named the Crusade of the Fatherlands.

Although François Coty and Léon Daudet hate each other, they are brothers in hating democracy and loving reaction. Yet M. Daudet's royalist heart is divided between two loyalties. He loves war for the sake of war, and Germany is the most convenient enemy because of her contiguous frontier, but he also loves a strong man like Hitler. How does a man of Léon Daudet's type love? He does so by employing the least vituperative words of his remarkably vigorous vocabulary. Riding on his hobby horse to battle against the republic, the Communists, the Pope, and the bad Jews—the Jewish adherents of his own Action Française are not thought so bad—he finds for Hitler only words of mild reprobation which in his mouth sound like a eulogy.

The *Matin*, which also loves to hate, has dispatched several parties of exploration to the distant Reich, and they have brought back strange tales of a land which is as quiet as a cemetery, and withal a country pleasant to look at because its Marxism is dead. It was in this great paper of the boulevards that Fernand de Brinon, political editor of *L'Information* and presumable friend of Hitler, published his famous interview with the German Chancellor, in which the *Führer* declared that between France and Germany there were no more unsolved problems except that of the Saar, and that the Reich had renounced all claims to Alsace-Lorraine.

Victor Hervé, the former Socialist, cannot bear even the thought of impugning Hitler's good faith. When the *Petit Parisien*, which is not supported by the Comité des Forges, published the alleged confidential instruction of the German Minister of Propaganda to his agents abroad, M. Hervé suggested in his ultra-nationalistic *Victoire* that the documents might have been fabricated by the Bolsheviks.

In *Je Suis Partout*, which not long ago was strongly anti-Nazi, Claude Jeantet specializes in seeing the good side of everything the German terrorists do. To him the villain of the piece is the Jewish émigré and his coreligionists in France, who trouble the good relations between the two countries. This view is shared by *L'Action Nouvelle*, which describes itself as the official organ of the Mouvement National Populaire, a French fascist group. "In the war which will result from this detestable alliance of unholy forces [between the French and German Jews] the interests of France will be entirely ignored, and she will be forced to crush German reaction on the one hand and to reestablish the German Jew in the Reich on the other."

In the *Libre Parole* we find the best Hitlerese translated into Nazi French. The following are familiar words and their native habitat is across the Rhine: "French citizens can only be persons of French blood, irrespective of religion. We demand the introduction of the *numerus clausus* into our universities. We want the support of all those who know that the French people cannot continue to live in the disorder of a democratic regime and under the yoke of French capitalism." This newspaper stands for "Francism," the motto of which is "Nationalism, anti-Semitism, and Corporativism." Hitler's great crime in the eyes of the world is that he dared to lay his hands on Israel. "That is why the press, which has sold out to the armament makers, is inciting the world against the Reich." The reference to the armament makers, is, of course, an original contribution to French fascism.

Some of the newspapers are not content with eulogizing Hitler; they also want to imitate him. François Coty has tried to build up a fascist organization, *La Solidarité Française*, in order to promote the sale of his perfumes and of his world-saving ideas, as expressed in *L'Ami du Peuple*. The young men of his organization have been seen several times parading up and down the boulevards, wearing blue shirts, weather permitting, and Basque berets, shouting themselves hoarse until the arrival of the police. The young royalists of Léon Daudet, the *Camelots du Roi*, also do some rioting of their own, which sometimes assumes embarrassing proportions.

What do the Nazis think of their French admirers? The *Völkische Beobachter*, the leading Brown House organ, sometimes reprints approvingly the pro-Hitler comments of the French press. Some of the other German papers are less satisfied with the warmth with which the French have received the revival of super-nationalism in its most vicious form. "Aunt Voss," the venerable *Vossische Zeitung*, formerly a celebrated champion of democracy, has been so thoroughly coordinated by the Nazis that it cannot help shedding bitter tears over the lack of comprehension of some French people toward Germany's national renaissance. "The only people who have learned from the great events in the Reich," wrote the *Voss*, "are the young people, who see with unconcealed gratification how youth has become a power in the Reich."

The French left press observes with amazement the spread of Hitler sentiment in that part of the press which is being supported by the Comité des Forges. What are the "munitionnaires" up to? Can anything good come out of this infatuation for the strong man of the Reich? Is this a new phase of the movement whose slogan is "Reactionaries of all countries, unite"?

An Answer to Mr. Strachey

By P. T. ELLSWORTH

VIGOROUS and stimulating as were the three recent articles in *The Nation* by John Strachey, none the less they represent a curious compound of truth and error. His brilliance of style and forceful marshaling of favorable evidence make his essays particularly persuasive. Exposure of the doctrines to the cold light of economic principles reveals them, however, to be an admixture, in varying degrees, of incontestable verities and misleading fallacies.

Mr. Strachey's position, summarized, is this: There are three chief characteristics of capitalism which inevitably produce crisis and depression; the measures of recovery so far adopted by the Roosevelt Administration tend to exaggerate these characteristics rather than to modify or offset them. Consequently the ground is being laid, not for permanent recovery and a rehabilitation of capitalism, but for another and worse collapse.

Of the inherent tendencies in the existing order which are regarded as provocative of catastrophes such as the present one, the leading position is given by Mr. Strachey to what he calls an "over-expansion of credit," or a "tendency to inflation." Business men borrow freely from the banks to create new productive equipment quite without regard to any tangible market for the goods they will later produce. For a time, while this equipment is being created, all goes well. But when new consumers' goods begin to pour forth from the newly made factories and machines, trouble develops. Not even the hitherto existing market for such goods confronts them, but one seriously diminished, for the wages of workers in the construction and machinery trades no longer exist, having stopped with the cessation of their employment. Crisis and collapse results.

This view of Mr. Strachey's has much to commend it. It is essentially a simplification of John Maynard Keynes's over-investment theory of the business cycle, a theory which has of late received much attention. Without undertaking an estimate of its merits, it seems appropriate to remark that its sponsor, Mr. Keynes, believes that however inevitable the chain of developments may be, these developments can be effectively counteracted by appropriate credit policies. Further, the theory calls for just those anti-depression measures of the Roosevelt Administration which Mr. Strachey so severely castigates—namely, large public expenditures and efforts to get business men to increase their expenditures. A period of depression is the opposite of a boom; it is characterized by a deficiency rather than an excess of investment. If the spiral of deflation is to be checked, Mr. Keynes holds, this deficit must be made up in some manner, and the only effective agency for doing so is the government. One who accepts this analysis as applied to boom conditions, as does Mr. Strachey, would seem logically bound also to accept the conclusions it implies for combating depression, or to suggest a more suitable alternative.

It is not to be denied that an anti-depression policy of large public expenditures has dangers. To these Mr. Strachey's strictures serve to call our attention. Certainly if the PWA and the AAA fail to stimulate a revival of private

enterprise, then, as he contends, their only effect will be to bring about a temporary rise of prices and redistribution of wealth, followed by another period of business stagnation. But if these agencies are successful in revivifying business, it will be possible for their expenditures on employment to be reduced *pari passu* with the absorption of workers in regular industrial employment. Political pressure to continue relief works, which Mr. Strachey regards as inevitable, will evaporate as relief becomes less and less necessary.

The second characteristic of capitalism which Mr. Strachey regards as productive of industrial crises is "its tendency to form monopolies." Now while this tendency may be observed in certain industries where economic conditions are appropriate, it is absolutely not true that it is present in "all fields of production," as Mr. Strachey insists. It is sufficient to cite as evidence farming of practically every variety, cotton textiles, machine tools, clothing manufacture, boots and shoes, and ceramics. Almost any reader could probably cite dozens of similar illustrations. Generalizations such as this of Strachey's are the merest Marxian dogmatism.

This tendency toward monopoly carries with it as an inevitable consequence, says Mr. Strachey, the destruction of the middle-class market. "The hundreds and indeed thousands of small capitalists and their better-paid retainers who used to conduct the industries of the country were all consumers, and very substantial consumers. . . . Their defeat and bankruptcy by the great trusts destroys this vitally important section of the market." This is sheer nonsense. Granting that large-scale industry, and even monopoly, has made great strides at the cost of the small producer, it is false to contend that the market made up by these producers and their retainers is destroyed. For both the small capitalist and his assistants more often than not become not members of the proletariat but retainers of the new combination, or recipients of its dividends. As independent producers they cease to exist, but as consumers they may be even more effective, their efforts under large-scale methods being more productive. True though it be that "even Mr. Ford," as Strachey says, "when he has killed off a thousand firms, can still only sleep in one bed and eat at one table"—yet he cannot run his gigantic enterprise without well-paid technical help, and lots of it. And these helpers are "all consumers, and very substantial consumers."

That the provisions of the NRA increase whatever tendency to monopoly exists is doubtless true, but the chief danger thereof is not the mythical destruction of a middle-class market. Rather it resides in the possible oppression of consumers at large, and in the creation of a politically powerful group of vested interests.

The third and last fatal trait of capitalism is found in the mechanization of industry, with its accompaniment, technological unemployment. There is no need to deny the existence of this tendency or to underestimate the seriousness of the problems it raises. It is not, however, primarily a cause of cyclical fluctuations, as Mr. Strachey seems to think, but is a long-run factor whose presence is felt during both boom

and depression, seriously aggravating the latter. The problem is essentially one of relative *rates* of industrial change—of the rate of technological advance as compared with the rate of absorption of the unemployed—a problem for which appropriate remedies have yet to be devised.

To a limited extent, the effects of increasing mechanization are offset by the widening of demand for products produced more economically and hence at a lower price, by an increased demand for workers in the machine trades, and by the lowering of (money) wages which unemployment tends to bring about. There is, however, a very large residue of unabsorbed idle workers. And certainly it is unwise to aggravate existing cyclical unemployment by stimulating additional mechanization in a period of depression. That this is the effect of the wages and hours provisions of the NRA Mr. Strachey makes abundantly clear. One of the surest ways of reducing unemployment brought about by the increased use of labor-saving machinery or by falling prices would be to permit or even to facilitate a reduction of wages, thereby making the reemployment of idle workers more attractive to employers. To raise wages and shorten hours arbitrarily, thereby increasing costs, is one of the surest ways of causing employers to look about for further labor-saving devices which may enable them to counteract these higher costs. Certainly this aspect of the NRA is anti-recuperative in nature. With this conclusion of Mr. Strachey's probably most economists would agree.

One final and subordinate phase of Mr. Strachey's analysis remains to be considered. He feels that our home market is being contracted to such an extent, owing to the effects of

monopolization and mechanization, that we are being forced, willy-nilly, into a policy of "imperialism." Aside from the fact that "imperialism" is a question-begging term which in this instance means merely intensified international competition, it seems germane to point out that in opposition to the shrinkage of the market by reason of increasing unemployment (but *not* as a result of any "tendency to monopoly") this same market is also being *expanded* by large government expenditures. If the net result of these opposing forces is a growing market—and pay rolls *have* increased—intensified competition between nations need not arise. It is true that the depreciation of the dollar on the foreign exchanges acts as a bounty on American exports, and is thus "imperialistic" in effect; but is it not straining at the facts to regard this exchange depreciation as a consequence of a restricted home market? Even if we were to agree with Mr. Strachey on this matter, surely the exchange situation is not serious enough to justify an alarmist attitude. And if the inflation which Mr. Strachey himself foresees becomes actual, be it dangerous or healthily controlled, the rise in prices thereby engendered would progressively cancel the exchange bounty on our exports.

No one would deny that the present industrial system is far from satisfactory in its working, nor that it is characterized by certain features which seem inevitably to breed periodic collapse. The very complexity of this system would, however, seem to call for scientific care and exactitude in the analysis of the causes of its recurrent breakdowns. Such care does not appear to have been exercised by Mr. Strachey, for his analysis will not stand examination.

So They Found the Body

By PAUL Y. ANDERSON

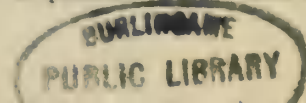
Washington, February 10

THE favoritism, graft, and corruption of the Hoover Administration are, it seems, beginning to attract public interest, and I venture to say that before the Congressional investigations are concluded the name of the Harding Administration will be a symbol of purity to the American people. To a great many of us this is no surprise. In fact, most of the disclosures pertaining to air-mail contracts, made during the last two weeks by the Black committee, were published three years ago in the Hearst newspapers, the principal, if not the sole, result being that the reporter who dug up the facts was threatened with the loss of his job. The difference was one of technique, not of motive. The Ohio Gang consisted simply of an odd lot of pluguglies accustomed to collecting their "take" from bootleggers and bawdy houses. They were crude operators, and many of them were caught. The Hoover outfit, on the other hand, was a slick aggregation of big-time swindlers who had mulcted whole communities and even nations. The United States was their oyster, and they treated it as such. Roosevelt has struck at the air-mail graft as one would strike at a snake—that is, with the purpose of killing it at one blow. There is no more reason why the Post Office Department should not carry its air mail than there is why it should not operate its rural-delivery routes. There is,

on the other hand, every reason why the government should have a large number of fast planes and skilled pilots—one being national defense. To a few bankers and brokers American aviation was a racket, in which they gambled a very few of their own dollars and a great many brave men's lives. They are hurt now, and they are howling their heads off, but they have only themselves to blame.

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THEY will howl even louder—and to the same effect—over the Fletcher-Rayburn bill, providing for strict regulation of stock exchanges. Although the measure bears the names of a Florida Senator and a Texas Representative, it was written by men who know the speculative game from start to finish, and it would plug up all the rat holes. Drastic powers of regulation would be vested in the Federal Trade Commission—and the commission is not what it was in "the good old days." Even "Brutal Bill" Humphrey is gone. The measure would close the mails to all exchanges not registered with the commission. It would fix a flat minimum of 60 per cent for all marginal transactions, and empower the commission to raise this percentage in its discretion. It would prohibit wash sales, matched orders, pools, price-pegging, corners, underwriting, and the lending of securities. It really is a sockdolager, and after it is passed—as it seems likely



that it will be—a lot of former all-American halfbacks may have to go to work. It is even possible that some lawyers will be constrained to learn honest trades. This latter would be a pity in view of the high standard of intelligence and social conscience which the legal profession has established only this week. On the same day that Clarence E. Martin, former president of the American Bar Association, was attacking the proposed child-labor amendment in Washington as a movement for the “nationalization” (God save the mark!) of American childhood, William P. MacCracken, former secretary of the association, was dodging the Senate sergeant-at-arms, who had an order for his arrest. How fortunate, in these dark days, that we know where to look for leadership!

* * * *

SINCE last I wrote in this place, young Senator Nye has suspended his valiant crusade in behalf of the employer who wishes to pay less than \$12 for a fifty-four-hour week, and has concentrated his activities upon uncovering graft in the War Department. This decision strikes me as both prudent and judicious. For one thing, his campaign to protect the little chiseler evoked small sympathy, and for another, I feel sure there has been graft in the War Department—some of it under the present Administration. Criticism of the NRA will continue to be in order, but only by those who know how to do it intelligently. I am amazed that my old friend, John T. Flynn, allowed himself to be inveigled into a debate with Donald Richberg before the Economic Club of New York this week. No man in this country writes more brilliantly or with more information on banking and finance than does Flynn. His exposures of the Detroit and Cleveland scandals were masterpieces of exposition and invective. But he knows almost nothing about the NRA. Richberg was bound to make a monkey of him, and did. Incidentally, it would appear that I have inadvertently committed an injustice, which I hasten to correct. It has seemed to me that Richberg was guilty of imprudence in unnecessarily alienating the confidence of organized labor by appearing to be on too friendly terms with the steel magnates, of whose code authority he is a member. Judging from my correspondence, many readers of *The Nation* construed this as an intimation of disloyalty on his part. Nothing could be farther from the truth. I need only say (and I hope he will forgive me for it) that he is staying on the job at a financial sacrifice of not less than \$25,000 a year, and rejecting offers that would dazzle the eyes of John W. Davis.

* * * *

THERE has been some price-fixing under the NRA which had monopolistic tendencies, owing to unwarranted assumptions of power by certain code authorities. The instances were not serious, and are being corrected. They arose largely from the fact that prior to the adoption of codes many merchants were unloading their stocks at whatever prices they would bring in a desperate effort to stave off bankruptcy. Two very real dangers confront the Recovery Administration. The first is its tendency to become a huge bureaucracy. No one is more acutely aware of this than General Johnson; no one is doing more to avert it. The second danger is that when the upswing comes, business will begin to ask: “What is the necessity of all this government

supervision? Why should we put up with these regulations on hours and wages?” That is when the real fight will start—and that is when some self-styled liberals will devour vast morsels of crow. That term, I might remark in passing, is beginning to infect me with faint but definite symptoms of nausea. True, I never sought to be classified as anything but a straightforward, if somewhat inarticulate, reporter, but to be designated as “liberal” somehow pleased me. Henceforth I shall view it with a jaundiced and suspicious eye. This attitude is immensely strengthened by a press release which I have just received from the American Civil Liberties Union. Here is an organization which has fought many a good fight against hopeless odds, for which I honor it. Yet the release I mention contains a scurrilous and utterly mendacious attack upon Edward F. McGrady, Assistant Secretary of Labor. The facts in the matter are simple and easily ascertainable. One Ben Gold, official of a Communist furriers’ union in New York, participated in the so-called Communist “hunger march” on Washington a year ago—which, incidentally, was one of the phoniest and most synthetic demonstrations ever staged. Passing through Wilmington, he was arrested on a charge of rioting. Knowing nothing of the facts and knowing a great deal of the cops, I have my doubts concerning the authenticity of the offense. At any rate, he was convicted. Execution of the judgment was suspended for many months on Gold’s plea that he was “indispensable in the administration of the furriers’ code.” This was a plain untruth. Finally the Attorney-General of the State sent a letter to Johnson asking for the facts, and Johnson referred it to McGrady for a reply. Because he replied truthfully the American Civil Liberties Union now denounces him as a meddler and a reactionary. Year in and year out on Capitol Hill I have seen Ed McGrady fight the battles of the poor and oppressed; I have seen him struggle for the rights of organized labor when Joe Grundy was in the saddle, and I have never known a more fearless and incorruptible man. I have even seen him stand up and tell the A. F. of L. bosses to their teeth that unless they abandoned their obsolete trade-union racket for a system of vertical unionization (obviously, the next logical step toward the socialization of industry), Congress would disband them—with his hearty approval. “Liberals!” They make me sick. I prefer men.

Warm Winter Night

By ISIDOR SCHNEIDER

I am in darkness and should be at peace.
I should not let this flourish of a skirmish Spring
lure me from work. The pursuing Norse wind, sure
will catch me first and leave my warmth a fever.
I'll stay indoors.

I put on light;

too harsh

too sudden light; the bulbs explode it in my eyes,
The room is loud and littled by the glare;
I seem to wrestle with inleaning walls
and with no labor to become all spent.
I cannot stay; I must go out, and walk until
weariness has shortened me enough
once more to the measure of a house.

In the Driftway

THE Drifter has lately become a little confused about Soviet Russia. He has held as firmly as anyone that the Russian proletarian government was an enterprise which for courage, energy, and disinterestedness could not be matched by any other government on earth. He has applauded the triumphs of the first Piatiletka and has refused, like any good partisan, to admit its failures. And through all the years of the Soviet struggle with a population to whom the word government had for centuries meant simply brutal tyranny, he has pictured the Russian people as engaged in establishing a civilization which would be free from the domination of the machine which fixed itself upon mankind a century and a half ago. In the rest of the world machines owned men; in Russia men should own and control the machines.

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IT is with profound disquiet, therefore, that he reads of the building of the Moscow subway, which is to engage all possible able-bodied men and even boys, so that the first train can make its triumphant run on November 7 next. For to him the subway is a symbol of all that is most furious and competitive in our modern cities. He is told that the Moscow traffic is frightful, and the subway provides the most sensible and the quickest method of getting from one part of the city to the other. And he is reminded of the famous question asked by the Japanese who was told that the subway would save five minutes of time: "And what shall we do with them?" The Russians are breathlessly occupied with building a new world, a world of skyscrapers and motor cars and great electric plants and subways to save time. Every man, woman, and child is engaged in this activity, every sinew is stretched, every nerve is tense: more houses, more roads, more bridges, more factories, more production. To build a new world, to make the good life. But when a nation of 160,000,000 has become attuned to the tempo of high-speed relentless activity, will it recognize the good life when at last it is built? Will it ever take time to examine it, to enjoy it, to live it? When the second and third and fourth five-year plans are over, what kind of Moscow shall we see? Will it be a great city like, for example, New York? Will automobiles rush about the streets, will buildings reach halfway to the clouds, will the new subways, built to expedite traffic, be crowded to the car doors with pushing, unseeing passengers, intent on nothing but to get somewhere in a hurry?

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NOTHING is more necessary in a government as well-intentioned and intelligent as the Soviet government is than to take thought about these matters. The Drifter is convinced that the complete absence of the profit system in this great metropolitan Moscow will not make up for the rush of urban life, for the crowding of thousands in space which is too small for them, for the necessity of caring for the living and transportation needs of fresh thousands, urged to the city by its multifarious attractions, who in turn will add to the overcrowding and the need for haste. It may well be

that one whole five-year plan in Soviet Russia might be devoted to the redistribution of population, and that it should be forbidden for any city to hold more than 50,000 persons. For if one must live in an apartment house with fifty other families and ride back and forth to work in a conveyance jammed to the doors with jostling humanity, the Drifter thinks the choice between Moscow and New York is much narrower than the champions of the Russian millennium would have us believe.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Mr. Florinsky to Mr. Fischer

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

I have read with much interest the review of my book "World Revolution and the U. S. S. R." by Louis Fischer which appeared in *The Nation* of January 17. There are two criticisms in his review to which I would ask your permission to make a reply.

Mr. Fischer accuses me of misquoting Lenin and then ridiculing him on the basis of the misquotation. My "misquotation" consists in using the term "dialectician" for "theorist" (which I prefer to Mr. Fischer's "theoretician") in the following sentence from Lenin's so-called "testament":

Bukharin is not only the most valuable and most important *theorist* [I said *dialectician*] of the party but also is deservedly looked upon as the favorite of the entire party; nevertheless, his theoretical views can hardly be accepted as truly Marxian because there is something scholastic about him. He was never trained in dialectics and, I think, never fully understood them.

Commenting on this statement, I added:

How a man who was never trained in the dialectic method and never fully understood it could in spite of this be the party's "most valuable and important dialectician" is perhaps as difficult to comprehend as the application of the dialectic method itself.

Lenin's "testament," as far as I know, was never officially published by the Soviet government. We have therefore to seek its contents from secondary sources. I took my text from the 1930 edition of Gaisinsky's book published in the Soviet Union. Unfortunately, I am unable to obtain it in New York. In my note taken in Berlin in 1932 the term "dialectician" is used. I am, however, perfectly willing to admit that I am guilty of a *lapsus calami*, especially since the quotation in question appears in the form given by Mr. Fischer in the 1931 enlarged and revised edition of Gaisinsky's which I was able to consult. But what I completely fail to see is how this slip in quoting Lenin, which I regret, may be construed as affecting my conclusions. Surely Mr. Fischer is the last person to suggest that training in dialectics and their understanding is not essential to "the most important *theorist* of the party." What is a Marxian theorist if he is not a dialectician? I leave it to you to decide whether Mr. Fischer's description of my remark as a "wet little squib fired by a Columbia teacher at N. Lenin" really helps the cause Mr. Fischer champions.

There is one other of Mr. Fischer's criticisms to which I would like to make an answer. He remarks that the six lines I devote to the Stalin-Trotsky controversy over the Chinese revolution "are completely wrong." "Florinsky says that Stalin wanted a Chinese Soviet republic and that Trotsky attacked him for that." Had I made the statement ascribed to me I should certainly have deserved Mr. Fischer's verdict that "this

mistake on so fundamental a question is a heavy count against the author." The incriminating six lines are as follows: "Moscow under the guidance of Stalin and the Cominterns spared neither effort nor money to create a Chinese Soviet republic. It was a policy that was bitterly attacked by the Opposition and by Trotsky, who laid the failure of the Chinese revolution at the door of its advisers from Moscow." A brief statement of this kind is necessarily incomplete. What I meant to say—and I think this is reasonably clear from the general trend of my argument—was that the *methods* used by Stalin for bringing eventually into existence a Chinese Soviet republic were criticized by Trotsky and his friends. Surely Mr. Fischer has no intention of implying that it was Stalin's purpose to organize a lasting bourgeois regime in China? Was not the establishment of a Chinese Soviet republic Stalin's ultimate aim? Why, then, is the author to be blamed if Mr. Fischer chooses to put in two brief sentences an interpretation which is incompatible with the general argument of the book and which, as he himself rightly says, is not logical? Unless, of course, one assumes that I have completely overlooked the Stalin-Trotsky Chinese controversy. But if this assumption were true, Mr. Fischer would hardly be justified in saying that I know the Russian Communist sources well and that in my book "the changing Bolshevik ideas are presented in orderly, academic, faithful fashion," as he very generously does.

New York, January 15

MICHAEL T. FLORINSKY

Unemployment in Italy

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

John Strachey's review, *An Elaborate Imposture*, in your issue of October 18, has just come to my notice. No doubt when Signor Pitigliani, whose book is taken to task by Mr. Strachey, returns from his journey to Egypt, he will be able to contest many of the amazing assertions contained in the article, but pending his return I trust you will allow me to point out two outstanding inaccuracies—to use no stronger term. Mr. Strachey quotes Signor Pitigliani's figures to prove that wages in Italy went down between 1928 and 1932, but he forgets to mention that the prices of essential commodities likewise declined. The average level of the cost of living during that period declined from 491.36 (the figure for 1913 being taken as equal to 100) to 309.91. Or to put it in another way, the purchasing power of the lira during that period rose from 20.35 to 32.27.

Secondly, Mr. Strachey states that out of 3,486,881 industrial workers 1,000,000 are unemployed. He omits to explain that the million referred to is the total figure of unemployed, including not only industrial workers but also agricultural workers, who are the most numerous class in the country, besides commercial employees and other salaried workers. The percentage of unemployed to the total population is thus considerably smaller in Italy than in Great Britain, Germany, the United States, and other countries.

London, December 6

LUIGI VILLARI

[Mr. Strachey writes: "Yes, of course, the price level has gone down in Italy during the slump as it has gone down in every other capitalist country. This only sustains my point that fascism makes no difference whatever to the nature of capitalism. As to the million unemployed including industrial and agricultural workers, what does Mr. Villari mean by 'agricultural workers'? If he means wage workers on some of the big estates, I dare say he is right. But in that case, they are certainly not 'the most numerous class in the country.' The most numerous class in the country are, of course, peasants,

and how could a peasant be unemployed? A peasant is never unemployed. The effect of the economic crisis on the peasant is the opposite of its effect upon the worker. It deprives the worker of all work and therefore of the means of subsistence, while it makes the peasant work twice as hard in order to get enough from his produce to sustain himself and his family. The recent hunger riots of the peasants in Italy have amply revealed that fascism has not warded off the crisis from the Italian peasants. Incidentally, it is noticeable that Mr. Villari does not even attempt to challenge the main contention of my review, which was that the corporative state has remained entirely on paper."—EDITORS THE NATION.]

A Correction from Mr. Creel

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

I have just been handed the article in your issue of December 20, 1933, by Miriam Allen deFord, in which she makes this statement:

The pickers went on strike for a dollar a hundred; the compromise on which settlement was made was seventy-five cents. The difference, the growers were given to understand, would be made up by a grant of a million dollars from the Federal Land Bank at Berkeley, but when the growers had grudgingly accepted the higher rate, they were calmly informed by George Creel, the NRA regional director, who, with Timothy Reardon of the State Industrial Board, had been chiefly instrumental in bringing about the compromise, that he did not mean they would get any more money—he meant that they had already received a federal loan of a million dollars in the past.

This statement is absolutely false. At no time were the growers told that the Federal Land Bank would give them a grant of one million dollars. The article that appeared in the local press to this effect was based upon an incredible misunderstanding with Governor Rolph. At a conference I told him that the government had a million-dollar lien on the San Joaquin cotton crop, and when he met the newspapermen he informed them that I had stated that the growers would be given one million dollars.

The assumption that the Federal Land Bank, or any other government agency, would give one million dollars to any set of employers in order to supplement wages is a stupidity on its face.

San Francisco, January 15

GEORGE CREEL,

Chairman, San Francisco Regional Labor Board

Streamlined Cars

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION

The exigencies of space seem to have eliminated a small part of my article on streamlined cars that contained what I consider necessary qualifying material. The gist was that there are other fully streamlined models in the offing besides the one mentioned, the "Dymaxion"; that it is possible that some of them are better, although their designers have so far kept their results in their own back yards and thus earned no public gratitude; that there are necessarily "bugs" in any new mechanical product which only general use can take out; that low mass-production prices are proved possible rather than actually achieved to date. This does not change the force of the figures showing that real streamlining will effect immense economies and improvements over the neither-flesh-nor-fowl offerings in the general market to-day.

New York, February 10

DOUGLAS HASKELL

A Nation Dinner

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

The sixth annual dinner of the *Nation* Club of San Francisco will be held at the Western Women's Club on Friday evening, February 23, in honor of Oswald Garrison Villard, who will be the chief speaker. Alexander Meiklejohn is to be chairman. Reservations at \$1.25 each may be had by writing to the undersigned at 775 Guerrero Street.

San Francisco, February 7

SOPHIE GREENBERG

German Students Abroad

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

According to the German idea of university freedom, it is customary for students to go from one university to another within the country, and credit is even allowed for a few semesters spent at foreign universities. At present students who wish to get credit for matriculation at a foreign university must show before they leave Germany that are able to do propaganda. Men who are unable because of physical incapacity to do *Wehrpflicht* (military training consisting of one night march a week, two day marches, and military drill with arms) can serve the fatherland by doing two semesters of propaganda at some foreign university.

A few capable students who do not sympathize with the present regime tell me how futile it would be for them to apply for scholarships for study abroad, as they are not given to those who do not belong to some sort of National Socialist

organization. This may be something for the international student exchange to consider. Not only is every German student a potential propagandist, but attempts are made to use every sort of German student organization in foreign countries for such purposes.

Basel, Switzerland, January 10

A. B.

Help for Hitler Victims

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

January 30 marked the first anniversary of the Hitler regime. Since coming into power, Hitler has succeeded in strengthening his hold upon those who oppose him. Jews and Christians, intellectuals and trade unionists, pacifists, liberals, Socialists, and Communists—all are alike made to suffer.

The International Relief Association, through its American Committee, appeals in behalf of all those who need help, regardless of race, creed, or politics, to *Nation* readers to give material and moral support to those fellow men and women who are being so sorely tried. Not only does the International Relief Association extend help to German refugees but it distributes relief as widely as possible within Germany, through underground channels. By its financial assistance to the families of those imprisoned, the International Relief Association, operating on the strictest non-partisan, non-sectarian basis, gives to the victims of Hitlerism the strength to endure.

Contributions should be made payable to Freda Kirchwey, Treasurer, American Committee of the International Relief Association, and mailed to Room 401, 20 Vesey Street, New York.

New York, January 30 STERLING D. SPERO, Secretary

2nd Printing!

SEX HABITS

A VITAL FACTOR IN WELL-BEING

By A. Buschke, M.D. and F. Jacobsohn, M.D.

Specializing Physician to the Great Continental Rudolf-Virchow Hospital

Foreword by Gerard L. Moench, M.D.

Associate Professor of Gynecology, New York Post-graduate Hospital, Columbia University

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THE SEX ORGANS (Male, Female)
SEX INTERCOURSE (Analysis, Nature, Methods, Frequency)
SEX DIFFICULTIES (Adjustment, Technique)
MARRIAGE (Sex Aspects, Instruction)
VALUE OF REGULAR SEX INTERCOURSE
SEX HYGIENE (Precautions, Directions)
THE SEX IMPULSE (Contrasted: in Men, in Women)
SEX VARIATION (Physical, Psychological)
VARYING SEX PRACTICES
SEXUAL SHORTCOMINGS (Impotence, Frigidity, Sterility, etc.)
SEX DANGERS (Coitus Interruptus, reservatus; etc.)
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—The Lancet (London)

* Reviews of the English edition before American publication.

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Books, Films, Drama

Lenin the Man

Lenin. By Ralph Fox. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$2.

RALPH FOX has performed a very great service by giving the world a biography of Lenin which is both attractive and accurate. To say that his book is the best biography of Lenin so far issued in English would be to damn it with faint praise. For the English biographies—with the exception of a monograph by Mirsky, which is an account of Leninism rather than of Lenin—have been beneath contempt. They have combined an inconceivable political illiteracy with gross inaccuracies of fact and the worst type of sensationalism in presentation. It was urgently necessary that these books should be swept into the dustbin by a plain straightforward account of Lenin's life by a man who knew the facts and had read the relevant documents in Russian, and who understood the theory and practice of communism. But Ralph Fox has done more than write such a workaday biography. Fox is a novelist, and he has brought his sensitive perception of human beings and of human character to his task of portraying Lenin as a man.

If we all had Lenin's intellect, and if our emotions were all wholly controlled by our intellects, it would, indeed, be unnecessary to write a biography of Lenin the man. We could all go straight to the study of Leninism as a part of dialectical materialism. But we are not like this. On the contrary we are creatures governed more by emotion than by what intellect we have, and it is imperatively necessary that the case for Lenin and Leninism should be first presented to us in a way which arouses our imagination, our interest, and our sympathy. It is this job which Ralph Fox has done so well. This is an ideal book to put in the hands of the man who is wholly innocent of either the theory or the history of the working-class movement, but who "wants to know about Lenin."

Here is Fox's picture of Lenin as a boy: "This boy of sixteen was not good-looking like his elder brother Sasha, but he was much more talkative and lively, in a sharp, sarcastic way"; and here is a curious account of Lenin's capacity to throw himself passionately into the interest of the moment:

When something captured his imagination Volodya [Lenin] gave himself to it fantastically, whole-heartedly. Skating thus fascinated him as a boy, and he spent day after day on the ice, half drunk with the dry frozen air of those middle-Volga steppes, till by a great effort of will he tore himself away from the ice altogether, completely gave up skating, which threatened to absorb his whole attention. A little later he did the same with chess.

The book is divided into four parts: The First Steps; The Forging of the Party; On the Eve; Revolution. The foregoing quotations are from the first part, which has been strongly criticized by certain reviewers for its "personal" and, indeed, intimate note. The criticism appears to rest on an active misconception of the task which Fox had set himself. His object was to write a popular biography—not an introduction to Leninism. That an introduction to Leninism—to supplement Stalin's work—is needed no one will dispute. Indeed, one trusts that Fox's critics are hard at work producing it. But to deduce from this that there was no need for a popular biography seems to me to show an alarming lack of realism on the part of some of our writers. They appear to have given way, a little, to a certain childish desire to appear learned; to appear to scorn the simple task of introducing the whole subject of Lenin to people to whom he is no more than a name; to regard the discussion of advanced theory as alone of value. One can im-

agine what Lenin would have said of such an attitude. He who loved simplicity and directness this side of idolatry might well have been very sharp on this subject.

Indeed, the three earlier parts of Fox's book are, to anyone who has taken the trouble to understand the purpose for which it was written, the most satisfactory. The real criticism which can be made is that the concluding chapters of the fourth part, which deal with Lenin's life from October, 1917, to his death in 1924, are totally inadequate. But this is in fact to criticize Fox for attempting the impossible. Either he should have written at least another 50,000 words, or he should have given the story of the first year of the revolution—with which Lenin's life had become indissolubly bound—in some detail, or, and this would perhaps have been the best policy of all, he should have finished his story with the Bolshevik accession to power, reserving the account of Lenin in power for a second volume. All sorts of other criticism of the book could be made: it would not be untrue, for example, to say that it is unworthy of its subject. It does not quite convey the size of Lenin. But Fox has a complete answer to any such criticisms. He has only to tell us to go and write a better book on the same subject. And until someone has done that he is secure in the knowledge that he, at any rate, has had the courage to tackle this tremendous subject, while his critics have attempted nothing.

And when all is said and done, what a valuable contribution Fox has made to the presentation of the truth about Lenin and the party of Lenin! The book is full of passages which make one think of analogies with the present situation in America. The account of Lenin's meeting with Father Gapon, the leader of the workers' procession on Bloody Sunday in 1905, is extremely interesting. Fox quotes a description by Krupskaya—Lenin's wife—of the difference between Gapon and the Bolsheviks:

To live illegally, to go hungry, and remain totally anonymous, was quite different to speaking at crowded meetings without any risk at all. The organizing of gun-running could only be done by people of quite a different revolutionary stamp from Gapon, people prepared to make any unadvertised sacrifices.

Today another priest is carrying on quasi-revolutionary agitation in America. One wonders if the analogy with Gapon will work itself out any farther.

Fox also quotes Lenin's great dictum on the gold standard. Lenin had no illusions about the necessity for capitalism of an objective money commodity such as gold. But he wrote:

When we conquer on a world scale we shall, I think, use gold for making public lavatories in the streets of the great cities of the world. That would be the most "just" and graphically edifying use of gold for the generations which have not forgotten that for gold ten million people were massacred and thirty million crippled in the "great liberation" war of 1914-18.

Best of all is Lenin's contrasting of the closing sessions of the bourgeois Constituent Assembly with the opening sessions of the Congress of the Soviets, which were both taking place in what is now Leningrad in the very first days of the Bolshevik power.

There [wrote Lenin] in the old world of bourgeois parliamentarianism the leaders of hostile classes and hostile groups of the bourgeoisie have been fencing. Here in the new world of the proletarian-peasant state, the oppressed classes are crudely, clumsily making. . .

In 1917 the contrast applied to two worlds within Russia. Today it has a wider meaning. In Russia the oppressed classes are still crude, are still clumsy, but they are still making. They have made a whole new civilization. And in the rest of the

world the hostile groups of the bourgeoisie are still fencing. Finally there is Fox's attempt at an estimate of Lenin.

The world today is full of dictators and would-be dictators. A moment's glance at any one of them is sufficient to convince one that Lenin was not such a "dictator." He was a man made in the mold of Lincoln or Cromwell, very simple, very rugged, very great, fully conscious of his own importance in the history of the world, but who never gazed at himself in the mirror of history, never in his life made a false gesture, played at heroics, or spoke hysterically. . . . If in the world's history there have been few men his equal, it is only because the great tragedy of that history has been that the talents of men have been wasted, mocked, suppressed, and vilely extinguished by the ferocity of human society.

No one with any practical knowledge of politics can possibly doubt that Fox has performed a great service to the British and American working class by writing this book.

JOHN STRACHEY

When Wars End

The Unforgotten Prisoner. By R. C. Hutchinson. Farrar and Rinehart. \$2.75.

THIS book, equally important by reason of faults which have a special significance today and virtues which this reviewer, at any rate, feels to be indisputable, is the faintly bizarre and romantically concluded story of Klaus, the illegitimate son of an Englishman, Charles Saggard, and a German woman, Hedwig von Schlingen, who, at the apex of a young love affair, have been firmly disunited by those stock figures of twenty-five years of fiction—Victorian parents. The father of Charles is a canon of the English church, the mother of Hedwig is a distinctly hard-boiled baroness, and the German-English child is heir to both warring traditions and the tragedy of his parentage.

It seems a pity that the author chose unnecessarily to complicate the presentation of his theme by giving whole slices of narrative in the form of first-person reminiscences by John Saggard, elder brother of Charles, interspersing these with third-person recordings of events as witnessed sometimes by Klaus, sometimes by subsidiary characters, who emerge for us during a few pages, then disappear. It is a clumsy device and may tend to deflect appreciation from writing that, when most successful, has a compelling power and a massive and illuminating accuracy. John Saggard is urged to recount his relationship with his bastard nephew because of an odd coincidence of the war which affected his own emotions and his life. A German spy whom he detects, reports, imprisons, and, as commanding officer of the moment, orders shot, turns out to be the husband Hedwig von Schlingen took as a stepfather for her baby. The spy is executed; he is the "unforgotten prisoner." When the war is over, John makes a pilgrimage to Germany to discover and, if possible, assist the widow and her child, who, unknown to other members of the Saggard family, is of course the child of his own brother.

It is a lurid tale which follows, but easily corroborated facts about that era when Germany paid most heavily of all nations for the war debauch are lurid, too. Hedwig and the pathological but touching Klaus undergo no merely fabulous trials. Klaus, as a symbol for pacifist propaganda, speaks with a more harrowing pathos than do those adult victims of warfare made familiar in such plays as "Journey's End" and such books as "All Quiet on the Western Front."

The Gothic horror which accumulates in him begins to affect the reader sympathetically when the boy runs away from "the Abbey," a Roman Catholic institution to which his mother,

in her desperation, has sent him to make certain that he will be safe and fed. The food is poor enough and the discipline severe, and when a jealous classmate who has heard Klaus read English fluently taunts him as an "Englishman," a crisis is precipitated which impels the child to escape his mentors and return again to his mother. But when he finds her, grief and privation have reduced her to insane apathy; Klaus, at thirteen or fourteen, is instantly burdened with responsibilities which would be too much for a grown man. After her death, when he is left in the stricken town of Birnewald, without a human attachment, he and an adolescent girl waif, Berta, join other starving malcontents who have intrenched themselves in an abandoned piano factory from which not even the military can dislodge them until machine-guns are turned on the place. Klaus and Berta escape. Klaus, as a stowaway, reaches England.

The flight from the Abbey and the siege of the factory hold the magnificent nightmare flavors that are in portions of "Wuthering Heights," though the inspiration, as we know, is quite literal and all too modern. If Mr. Hutchinson, addressing us perhaps through the compassionate and gently facetious John Saggard and that subtle clown, Lanair, had been able to face ultimate conclusions from often superbly assembled data, we should have had a great English novel. Even the chuckles induced by the cricket match described in one of the early sections would reveal a writer of kindly satiric talents. The emotional range between this mood and moods tremendously oppressive is a considerable and unusual achievement.

But in its ultimate intention, which is a plea for the revival of a Christian spirit, the book is anti-climactic. With the inception of the "Paul and Virginia" motif of Berta and Klaus, something sentimentally evasive, ineffectually too amiable, creeps into a fine text, until, in the very last chapter, all dwindles to poetic platitude and stale parable.

There are doubting allusions to communism in the book, and this reviewer is in personal agreement with the author, who thinks many Communists "muddle" their philosophy. But if they disguise from themselves, with euphemistic moralizing, the final logic of their materialism, Mr. Hutchinson shies similarly before committing himself to the last pessimism of fact—a pessimism which ought to be the sincerest and soundest apologia for religion. That religious experience, solitary, and with so many nearly incommunicable ingredients, is, we can recognize only symptomatically, by its effect on deeds, and by intimations in the expression of the most profound poets. Mr. Hutchinson, toward the end of his novel, gives another horrid example of what any devil of propaganda can do in the way of destroying gods and muses. Yet we are still helplessly grateful for preceding passages.

EVELYN SCOTT

A Study in Extremes

Strindberg. By G. A. Campbell. Great Lives Series. The Macmillan Company. 75 cents.

THIS precise, well-tabulated little biography enables us to view synoptically one of the most remarkable careers of modern times and to see at a glance its persistent and decisive features. One never ceases to be amazed at Strindberg's versatility, his violent extremes, and his passion for confession. Not content with the production of fifty-six plays—historical, naturalistic, symbolic, mystical, religious, even fairy plays—Strindberg turned out many good novels, histories, lyrics, short stories, and fairy tales, and still found time to write on Chinese culture, economics, botany, and geology, and to devote years to chemical experiments. In the meantime his autobiography increased volume by volume and all his works were strewn with the most shocking self-betrayal. For what was the

use of having secrets unless one could tell them—and repent?

No poet but Goethe can match the breadth and versatility of Strindberg's writings, his devotion to experimental science, or his proneness to honest confession. In these respects they join hands, so to speak, across a century, but Goethe did not show any of Strindberg's passion for extremes, and in this respect, indeed, they were opposites. While the Swedish writer on his long road "to Damascus" swung violently between the extremities of atheism and Christianity, aristocracy and socialism, naturalism and mysticism, woman-worship and woman-hatred, always destroying his old gods before moving on to the new, Goethe never rejected his old gods at all but only made additions and corrections, weaving the contrary principles into an inclusive and harmonious world-view. Such a reconciliation with the world was naturally impossible to the drastic Strindberg, whose passionate addiction to one ideal always put him at war with the opposite principle and its supporters, and also with those who held to a middle ground; for compromise, he felt, was mere weakness or hypocrisy, and hence intolerable. But Strindberg's one-sided ardor was bound to bring out dialectically the exaggeration or contradiction inherent in his position and he was continually forced to the opposite ground, into the arms of his enemy. Thesis and antithesis were there, but no synthesis. It was "all or nothing," as his master Kierkegaard had said, and the compromise of a Hegel or a Goethe was excluded. Thus while Strindberg moved from one position or work to another by the pressure of contradiction, Goethe advanced through a lack of contradiction, by a harmonious extension. The one type is always the rebel, too extreme for radicals and conservatives alike; while the other is the eternal liberal.

V. J. MCGILL

A Novel About the "Trouble"

Shake Hands with the Devil. By Rearden Conner. William Morrow and Company. \$2.50.

NOVELISTS are both born and made. The natural storyteller can turn the most trivial incident into fiction, but the "made" novelist needs the accident of some striking first-hand experience to catapult him into print. The World War brought forth a crop of novelists of the second kind. A young man of little talent but moderate sensibility who could cast into printable form his four bad years in the trenches might skyrocket briefly into prominence, and then be heard no more. I suggest that Rearden Conner, author of "Shake Hands with the Devil," the Literary Guild choice for February, is a member of this second group. He is luckier than the novelists the war created, for his first-hand experience was of a more unusual and even more sensational variety.

He lived through the bloody Irish civil war of the years 1918 to 1922, and he has now written a book about the events which he witnessed. His material is more exciting than the war novelists' material, because he tells of guerrilla warfare, a form of combat essentially more stirring than organized, open slaughter, since it depends upon individual feats of skill and daring. The war between the Sinn Feiners and the Black and Tans was carried on almost entirely in ambush. It had no trenches, no lines of battle. It exploded only in street riots, kidnappings, incendiarism, night raids, and swift reprisals. The Irish Republican Army was a group of desperate outlaws, organized on principles very much like those of the American gang. It demanded absolute loyalty; death was the only escape from the I. R. A. It demanded, moreover, complete, cold, and logical ruthlessness of its men. So uncertain was their existence that, for fear of betrayal, they were forced to murder not only those whom they knew to be their enemies, but those who

they half suspected might be dangerous. They could not stop short of shooting a friendly, talkative prostitute down in cold blood, nor could they afford to feel superstitious Catholic fear when they killed a priest in the sanctuary of the church. Only by such measures could they feel security, and security was vital to the life of their cause.

Unquestionably the story of this strange, romantic, and terrible war needed to be told, and much credit is due Mr. Conner for having been the first to set it forth at length. But Mr. Conner is to be praised only for presenting the facts, not for his method of presentation. Himself deeply shocked by the senseless cruelties of the "trouble," he has set about to convey that shock to the reader in a very amateurish fashion. Like many of his predecessors, the short-lived war novelists, he has an idea that events will seem more horrible if relayed to the reader by an extremely sensitive character. Unfortunately, this is not often true. Acute sensibility, especially in the awkward hands of a green novelist, very quickly becomes ridiculous; the reader tends to discount the character's statements, and the horrors are minimized. Certainly, this is the case with Kerry Sutton, Mr. Conner's hero and alter ego. Kerry is a harmless medical student, half English, who is drawn into the I. R. A. against his will as the result of a street riot. His creator evidently intended him to be regarded as a sane and admirable young man, trapped in a world where sanity had no place. But as a matter of fact, the character that emerges is a nincompoop who lounges about, falls in love three times, prattles about "the balanced mind," and moons over John Masefield and Rupert Brooke, while the bullets whiz round his ears. Throughout his experiences at the munitions headquarters of the I. R. A. he clings to a lukewarm conviction that both sides are in the right, which he carries even to his death at the hands of the Tans.

Mr. Conner has made his hero so synthetic a character that even the very real revolution seems a little stagy. With no humor and so weak a grasp of character, Mr. Conner should not have been seduced by his material into writing a novel, especially an Irish novel. A dispassionate, orderly statement of fact would have been a more effective, if less elegant, method of presenting the Irish civil war to the world.

MARY MCCARTHY

Upton Sinclair's Utopia

I, Governor of California, and How I Ended Poverty. A True Story of the Future. By Upton Sinclair. Farrar and Rinehart. \$1.

UPTON SINCLAIR, at fifty-five, after professing and preaching socialism most of his life, has turned to the right. He has abandoned the hope of abolishing capitalism by substituting for it a cooperative commonwealth, and has embarked upon a scheme for reforming the industrial system of the State of California by working through the Democratic Party. He has entered the forthcoming primaries as a candidate for governor, and if he should win the nomination, will contest the election with the Republicans next November. Mr. Sinclair sets forth his program in a booklet bearing the title above. Using a novelist's prerogative, he chooses to regard his scheme as already accomplished and writes of it in the past tense, looking back from the end of his term in 1938. He takes as his campaign slogan a promise to "end poverty in California." This somewhat ambitious project the optimistic Mr. Sinclair expects to accomplish within two years, granted that the voters give him a legislature to back his plans. Mr. Sinclair proposes, first, to acquire farm lands and put men to work on them in supervised and—so far as is necessary—subsidized agricul-

ture. Second, he would take over idle factories and put industrial workers to making goods in them. Payment at the outset would be largely in scrip. Capital would be obtained through a popular bond subscription in denominations as small as \$10, some bonds running for as short a period as thirty days, others for longer periods. In so far as the program is not self-liquidating it would be paid for eventually by steep income and inheritance taxes intended to bear chiefly upon the well-to-do.

Mr. Sinclair is a skilful propagandist and may win many Democrats to his support. He may win some few Republicans also. He will not win many scientific Socialists. They will regard his vision as only one more reformist effort doomed to failure because of the intention to set it up within the capitalist system, with the certainty that the latter will sabotage, corrupt, and stifle it before it can fairly raise its head. Just the same, it would be a splendid eventuality if Mr. Sinclair might be nominated and elected. For he promises to fulfil his program in so short a space of time that it would afford a speedy demonstration, invaluable alike to those who hold it to be feasible and to those who view it as impossible sentimentalism.

ARTHUR WARNER

Palestine: A Summary

Modern Palestine. A Symposium. Edited by Jessie Sampter. New York: Hadassah. \$2.50.

Beside Galilee. A Diary in Palestine. By Hector Bolitho. D. Appleton-Century Company. \$2.50.

THE authoritative compilation "Modern Palestine" appears at an opportune moment. Zion is again in the news. Local bulletins and returning travelers tell of steady consolidation of the Jewish settlements in the ancient land, of a constant infiltration of capital and colonists, and, amid the crash of the Western world, of a surprising economic stability. German Jews, some thousands of them, are discovering a new meaning in the old phrase "a Jewish homeland." Meanwhile, the Arabs are parading in protest. They do not want stability at the price of more Jews. It is the right time to take stock of the Zionist enterprise. The present book, published by the Women's Zionist Organization of America, furnishes an excellent inventory for the purpose.

A score of experts have summarized the history of Zionism, with special and perhaps too much emphasis on the part played by American Jews; the growth of the rural and urban settlements in Palestine; and the present status of agriculture, industry, commerce, health, culture, administration, and Arab-Jewish and Jewish-British relations. While the writers are mainly concerned with presenting the accomplishments and purposes of the Jew, no effort is made to distort the lot and claims of the Arab or to gloss over the difficulties arising either from the ungrateful nature of the soil or from the complications of Arab and British politics.

Money has been lacking and immigration has never been free; yet the Jewish population has risen since the war from about 80,000 to 180,000—or to within one-fifth of the total population. The purchase of land has been hindered by legal and economic difficulties, and free land has never been available; yet Jewish ownership has mounted, in the same dozen or so years, from about 112,000 acres to 300,000 acres—or to one-tenth of the total cultivable area; while the Jewish rural population has climbed from 15,000 to about 40,000. High tariffs and, until recently, meager power resources have handicapped the growth of industry; but not enough to prevent an expansion from 1,200 enterprises with £1,000,000 capital, employing 2,000 workers in 1920, to about 3,000 enterprises with an invested capital of more than £5,000,000, employing 20,000 workers

(Arab and Jewish included). The absolute figures may seem small, but only Soviet Russia can show a similarly rapid rate of growth—and one unchecked by the world crisis.

Both agriculture and industry teem with social and economic experiments. The description of the diverse types of organization used in the production, marketing, and consumption of goods—ranging from conventional capitalism to a communist sharing of neckties which Russia alone dreams of, when she gets the neckties—reads like a dictionary of social science.

The Arabs have proved and still prove the greatest obstacle to Jewish development, for British tepidity and resistance are nourished solely on Arab discontent. Yet if the analysis given by a Palestinian in the present volume is correct, the situation is not hopeless. The bulk of rural Palestine is owned by a few Effendi, most of them absentee landlords; and the Arab peasant suffers from extortionate rent, high taxes, and primitive equipment. Not the Jew but a medieval land system is his true enemy. If he can be persuaded to recognize this fact, if he can be made to realize the advantages that Jewish capital and enterprise have already brought to the Arab workers and peasants, and if he can be induced to join forces with Jewish organized labor in the field and shop, as he has already done on the railroads, a united population of Arab and Jew will assure the future of the country. But this means that the Arab must repudiate his Effendi-made nationalism and the Zionist must surrender his exclusiveness—on neither side an impossible feat. The slow pace of Jewish effort in this direction is the chief indictment one can draw against the Zionist enterprise.

In the description of Palestinian education, arts, science, and letters, especially of the astonishing revival of Hebrew, we can catch an understanding of the spirit which moves these stony mountains of Zion. It is a flaming single-track spirit, like any other form of nationalism and communism, a spirit which calls the purchase of farm acres "the redemption of the land," a spirit which must prove very trying to Arab and British nerves; but without it the Jew could have accomplished nothing. Now that the Jews have a secure foothold on the land, it remains to be seen whether this spirit can discipline itself to the point of freely cooperating with the Arab and winning his loyalty to a common united Palestine.

The extent to which it has proved trying to at least one set of British nerves may be judged from Hector Bolitho's diary of a few weeks' sojourn in Palestine. The author of "Beside Galilee" is not impartial, but—the next best thing to it—he is candid. All his life, he admits, he has disliked Jews. Crossing the Suez, he shivered with physical repulsion at the prospect of entering their land. Once there, Jewish energy naturally disconcerted him and tired him out. "I gravitated away from these earnest Zionists, toward the drowsy Moslems. It is my nature and pleasure to do so. I like these less efficient Arabs." Albert Cohen was apparently right when he said, in "Solal," that the world does not like people who are too much alive. It is Mr. Bolitho's privilege to prefer Arabs to Jews, but as a result his diary, mostly devoted to poetic musings on piping shepherds, Arab domes, and memories of New Zealand childhood, tells us little of Zion beyond the fact that Arabs are picturesque, that many of them hate the Jews, and that the British far from home are to be pitied—as they are in India—for having caught themselves between two fires. A little more, and the British too will begin to suffer from a persecution mania. And like all sentimentalists, Mr. Bolitho cannot forgive the Jews for trying to acquire a homeland by honorable purchase and open-handed peaceful economic development. "The hideous nightmare in Zionism comes with the recollection that they are buying their land instead of fighting for it." To win Mr. Bolitho's admiration they should, of course, subjugate the Arabs by slaughter, as his own New Zealand pioneers once subjugated the Maoris.

MARVIN LOWENTHAL

Shorter Notices

Twentieth Century Music: How It Developed, How to Listen to It. By Marion Bauer. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$3.

As a general orientation of the purposes and methods characterizing contemporary music this succinct yet compendious work is highly provocative. Those who seek the salient facts about a multiplicity of men and movements will find a great assortment of such information here, with a thorough index to increase its availability. Those who are interested in noting the connection between the emotional and technical aspects of music will find equally much of value. And as for those who might go to a work on music not for its specific bearing upon this art alone but for the glimpses they may get into cultural issues in general, they will find few books more "barometric" than this one by Miss Bauer. There is a great deal of material bearing upon that bewildering complex of post-Renaissance emphases, which are somehow felt to be integrally related for all their differences: "freedom," innovation, invention, "progress," romanticism, rationalism, nationalism, internationalism, neo-primitivism, individualism and individualistic mysticism, psychologism, subjectivism, realism, impressionism, expressionism, and then, with the rhythmical and tonal resources "freed" almost to the point of chaos, the search for some kind of neo-classical emphasis which will be a "return" without being a "reversion." Miss Bauer herself looks forward to a new romanticism; and indeed, when one considers the contemporary concern with atonality and polytonality, "polyharmony," "polyrhythm," dissonant counterpoint, quarter-tones, and jazz, one must at least admit that the cards seem strongly stacked against the ideals of repose and "renunciation" which characterized classicism as we have known it.

Lynching and the Law. By J. H. Chadbourn. The University of North Carolina Press. \$2.

This is a carefully documented study, made under the general auspices of the Southern Commission for the Study of Lynching, of actual existing legislation with regard to lynching in the various States and of how it is enforced. In addition, Mr. Chadbourn makes proposals for legislation which may be more effective in preventing this particular crime. It may be said in brief that in the majority of States adequate legislation is now on the statute books to deal quickly and punitively with lynchers—and that in general such legislation is not adequately invoked. Mr. Chadbourn's investigations also make emphatic refutation of the charge that prompt justice in the courts would prevent lynchings. The percentage of lynchings that take place after protracted court action is extremely small. In most cases the lynching takes place either before the accused is ever brought to jail, while he is being held in jail awaiting the court sitting, or at the close of a court session that has found him guilty—or more rarely innocent—in short order, sometimes within twenty-four hours of apprehending him. Mr. Chadbourn's book is an invaluable compilation of facts without which no intelligent approach to the subject of lynching can be made.

Prolegomena. By Aaron Tani Rosen. Brooklyn: Domino Press.

A first book of poems by a very, very young poet still somewhat obsessed with sex and given to throwing words around. The influence of Hart Crane and Cummings is evident. Nevertheless, this young poet has a kind of originality and daring which may some day result in his writing good poetry. At present he is totally without the ability to criticize his own work. Amazing lines are struck off, some very fine, but there are almost no whole poems that are good.

Films

Nana: Hollywood Model

ONE departs from the luxurious spectacle into which Mr. Samuel Goldwyn has transformed the drab pages of Emile Zola's "Nana" with the uncomfortable feeling that one has assisted at an extremely delicate and rather ghastly surgical operation. The body has lain before us all the while; we cannot pretend not to have recognized certain well-remembered features of its outline; but although it has gone through many of the motions of life, we have known that the brain has been completely and absolutely removed. Having been successfully operated on, like one of those unfortunate dogs in a Pavlov experiment, it has continued to shudder, groan, and twist itself into all sorts of agonized postures. How successfully Mr. Goldwyn has performed his operation on the body of Zola's novel may be judged by the fact that it is possible to sit through the whole of the picture "Nana" without suspecting for a moment that it might have some possible meaning or significance to the mind. With considerably more skill than Dreiser's thesis was eradicated from the Von Sternberg version of "An American Tragedy" has Zola's similar thesis, falling under the Hollywood scalpel, been eradicated from the sentimental costume-drama at the Radio City Music Hall. For it is not true that Mr. Goldwyn's assistants have left out any of the indispensable elements in the narrative development of Zola's story. The opening scenes show us Nana at her mother's grave and a little later scrubbing the floor of a dingy tenement kitchen, thus giving us an impression of the extreme poverty into which she is born and which she must struggle against in her life. The successive stages in her career as music-hall star and courtesan are likewise traced out more or less faithfully according to the order in the novel. And, what is perhaps most remarkable of all, she is required, at least in the version shown in New York, to commit suicide at the end. Everything is unquestionably there, the solid *terrain* of sociological fact which Zola believed all good novelists should establish in their melancholy fables. Everything is there, if one can only arrange the documents according to some principle of logic that will give them meaning. For it is idle to pretend that they have not been so rearranged in the film that it is practically impossible to extract any kind of meaning from them without a previous acquaintance with the point of view expressed in Zola's book. It is all a question of emphasis, or shall we say of focus, and Mr. Goldwyn has preferred to focus on the less sordid, less disturbing aspects of Nana's career rather than on those aspects which might provide some explanation for her adoption of such a career. The scenes of early poverty, for example, are altogether too few in proportion to those showing the glamorous life of a "gilded fly" in the dressing-rooms of Parisian music-halls and in Fontainebleau villas. Nana's career is made to seem too much like an unblocked pathway of roses before that meaningless pistol shot at the end. As a result, the effect of the picture, if it will have any effect at all, is almost certain to be the exact opposite of the effect that Zola had in mind in writing his book.

What Mr. Goldwyn has preferred to focus on, of course, is the physical attributes of a young actress out of Soviet Russia by the name of Anna Sten. Unfortunately it is impossible to report very clearly on either the personal appearance or the acting ability of this handsome new graduate of the Hollywood make-up laboratories. Watching Miss Sten, whose every syllable, every gesture, every movement of her almost completely despoiled eyelashes have been obviously rehearsed many times,

becomes a painful nervous strain. Perhaps Miss Sten has a personality, but it will not be possible to distinguish it until she is permitted a little more freedom of movement and expression. The Third Empire settings with which Miss Sten is surrounded are equally handsome and artificial. It is rather too bad that so little is made of the influence of Degas and Toulouse-Lautrec, which is suggested in several scenes depicting characteristic Parisian life in the seventies. But, then, it is too bad that more was not made of a number of other opportunities present in the Zola story, which still awaits a proper recreation on the screen.

Undoubtedly the chief attraction of "La Frochard et les Deux Orphelines," which has just opened at the Fifty-fifth Street Playhouse, is the presence of Yvette Guilbert in the cast. The film is better acted and produced than its old-fashioned material deserves; for the story is the same heavy admixture of historical melodrama and sentimental pathos that served the Gish sisters many years ago in a film called "Orphans of the Storm." Yvette Guilbert is superb in a minor role, and the direction of Maurice Tourneur is much above the usual level in French productions of this type.

WILLIAM TROY

Drama

Should a Woman Tell?

A PLAYWRIGHT ought not to write a play until after he has decided what it is going to be about. This rule—one of the few of which I feel perfectly sure—would seem to be more or less elementary, but even dramatists of some experience occasionally violate it with results well illustrated in "No Questions Asked," now current at the Masque Theater. The author of this piece, Miss Anne Morrison Chapin, has had a hand in previous plays, including one called "Pigs" which enjoyed some success. Moreover, she writes good dialogue, and she can present a scene in effective fashion when she has got hold of a scene to present, but it is perfectly evident that the only intention behind the present play was the intention to write a play. For a while it was called "Broken Doll," and at that time it was presumably thought of as something in the mood of a sentimental ballad; just before the opening the title was changed to the more "sophisticated" "No Questions Asked," but it might even more appropriately have been the good old standby "Should a Woman Tell?" for that would really indicate the theme from which the author makes persistent but unsuccessful efforts to escape.

It seems that the beautiful heroine had quarreled with her caddish lover just at the moment when she discovered that a child had been conceived. A gilded youth in a state of advanced intoxication interrupts her suicide and they are married—with admirable results so far as the character of the young man is concerned. Now passable plays have been written around this situation before now, and a passable play could doubtless be written again, but our author is determined not to face the cliché which is, after all, the only thing with which she has provided herself. Every time the confrontation seems imminent she introduces a new character or thinks up some more plot. As a result, the stage is so cluttered with secondary personages and the play so elaborately overplotted that by the time one finally reaches the scene which has been inevitable all along it seems even more banal than it needs to seem. Ross Alexander as the bibulous young man and Spring Byington as his wisely tolerant mother do the best they can, but it is not enough. "No Questions Asked" remains only a sort of crazy quilt put together out of innumerable and strangely ill-assorted fragments.

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JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH says

AH, WILDERNESS! Guild Theater. O'Neill's nostalgic comedy about a youth who discovers love and poetry together. Made doubly effective by the performance of George M. Cohan.

DAYS WITHOUT END. Henry Miller's Theater. O'Neill's latest and much discussed play which may or may not prove that he is ready for conversion to the Catholic Church. Splendidly produced and acted, but not likely to seem very significant to those not religiously inclined.

MARY OF SCOTLAND. Alvin Theater. Helen Hayes and Philip Merivale give fine performances in Maxwell Anderson's play. The biggest dramatic hit of the moment but one which left me a little cold.

MEN IN WHITE. Broadhurst Theater. Fine teamwork on the part of the members of the Group Theater helps to make this play about a young doctor one of the things which must not be missed.

PEACE ON EARTH. Civic Repertory Theater. Propaganda play about the next war, in which the workers strike and a young college professor gets framed for murder. Drawing special but enthusiastic audiences which evidently do not agree with me that the play is quite uninspired.

THE GREEN BAY TREE. Cort Theater. Absorbing psychological drama about a young man who cannot give up luxury for love. Shares with "Men in White" the first place on the list of dramas.

TOBACCO ROAD. 48th Street Theater. Superb performance by Henry Hull in a grotesquely humorous play about total depravity as exhibited by the poor whites of Georgia. Dramatized from a novel by Erskine Caldwell and not likely to be forgotten even by those who find it a little too strong for their stomachs.

It has, moreover, as many moods as it has incidents. Sometimes it is melodrama, sometimes smart comedy, and sometimes good old-fashioned problem play. How was it that Alice described the flavor of the magic medicine? As I remember, there was a suggestion of ginger-beer, of lollypops, and just a *souppçon* of buttered toast.

"After Such Pleasures" (Bijou Theater) is an odd sort of entertainment based upon Dorothy Parker's volume of the same name. The sketches have not been exactly dramatized but merely turned into dialogues less like plays than like the skits utilized by Ruth Draper or Cornelia Otis Skinner. I am not sure that they really gain very much in presentation, but they are clever enough in themselves, and when one has adjusted oneself to their tenuous texture they furnish an amusing evening. In most of them an unfortunate young man listens to a dramatic monologue uttered in exhibitionistic ecstasy by some loathsome woman, and the nature of Mrs. Parker's malice is too well known to require description. Her range is narrow and the sketches are hardly more than elaborated gags, but such thumb-nail portraits as that of the young lady trying to re-adjust herself to American conditions after a three weeks' stay in Paris or that of a night-club habituée being broad-minded about meeting a Negro singer are as vivid as they are slight. Meditating upon Mrs. Parker's view of human nature I was struck by the fact that the one thing she will never grant one of her creatures is intelligence. Now and then there are faint suggestions of good humor and decency but never a spark of understanding. Some of her women are fatuous and some are witty, but the wits are fundamentally as stupid as the fools. That, indeed, is what gives to her malice its individual flavor. She cannot suffer even bright fools gladly.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

Contributors to This Issue

ROBERT DELL is the Geneva correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian*.

JAMES RORTY is writing a book on advertising, to be called "Advertising—Not to Praise," which will be published this spring.

EMIL LENGYEL, author of "Hitler" and "The Cauldron Boils," will publish at the end of this month a new book entitled "The New Deal in Europe."

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MARVIN LOWENTHAL is lecturing on European politics in the Extension Division of New York University.

NEXT WEEK

in THE NATION's Literary Section

Kenneth Burke will review Gertrude Stein's opera, "Four Saints in Three Acts."

Henry Hazlitt will review "Kemmerer on Money."

William Troy will review James Farrell's "The Young Manhood of Studs Lonigan."

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Contents

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS	231
EDITORIALS:	
The Death of Austrian Democracy	234
Air-Mail Graft	235
A Navy for War	236
CARTOON: THE AUSTRIAN WORKER'S LAST STAND. By Gropper	237
ISSUES AND MEN. PROSPERITY AND PRIMING. By Oswald Garrison Villard	238
THE NEW YORK HOTEL STRIKE. By Herbert Solow	239
FASCISM ON THE WEST COAST. By Ella Winter	241
THE BEWILDERED LIBERAL. By Annie Nathan Meyer	243
A NEGRO LOOKS AT SOVIET RUSSIA. By Henry Lee Moon	244
MANCHUKUO AND THE OPIUM TRADE. By Ellen N. La Motte	246
IN THE DRIFTWAY. By the Drifter	247
CORRESPONDENCE	248
FINANCE: WALL STREET GETS A SHOCK. By Peter Helmoop	249
Noyes	249
THE INTELLIGENT TRAVELER. By John Rothschild	250
BOOKS, MUSIC, DRAMA:	
Bystander. By Lionel Wiggam	251
The Biography Rush. By M. R. Werner	251
Studs Lonigan's World. By William Troy	252
A Coonskin Classic. By Mark Van Doren	252
Kemmerer on Money. By Henry Hazlitt	253
Spengler Declines the West. By Lincoln Reis	253
Ugly Duckling. By Clara Gruening Stillman	254
Music: Two Brands of Piety. By Kenneth Burke	256
Drama: Very English and Very Good. By Joseph Wood Krutch	258
CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE	258

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IT IS UNUSUAL that the Russell Sage Foundation should issue a report which declares that the capitalist system has failed in a major industry. It is nothing less than extraordinary when such a report goes on to insist that nationalization of that industry alone would be no remedy and that the sole hope lies in collective ownership and operation of all natural resources as part of a planned economy. This is the conclusion of Mary van Kleeck and a staff of investigators after a fifteen-year study of the coal industry in this and other countries. For fifty years, the report sets forth, the coal industry of this country has been disgraced by unemployment, waste, and discrimination in price against the small consumer. "The most cautious investigator appears now to be justified in drawing the conclusion that these evils are inherent in the system of separate private ownerships—that is, in the capitalist system," is the verdict.

Yet it should be obvious [continues the report] that this problem cannot be solved or even envisaged for one industry alone. It is the problem of the total economic system. . . . The government, which is merely one function of the community, is not a supreme power able to hold the scales of justice in favor of greater efficiency or social righteousness, but must on the contrary be dominated by the strongest power among the conflicting interests which

make up the community. . . . The history of failure of efforts to secure even a minimum of control by the federal government in the coal industry suggests that the economic power of the owners is stronger than the government.

THE REPORT of the Russell Sage Foundation goes on to say that the National Industrial Recovery Act does not attempt to lessen this power. It gives to the coal owners the nation's sanction to govern themselves, merely establishing "rules of the game," including minimum wages and maximum hours, while the minimum wage is not large enough for a proper standard of living and the maximum hours are not short enough to give work to all the miners. Most remote of all is any provision for stabilizing employment or eliminating further overdevelopment of the mines. But mere nationalization of the mines would not meet the problem, it is insisted. Mismanagement induced by political considerations would probably follow.

So long as private ownership continued in any important industries, they would dominate government and prevent planning even the governmentally owned industries for social uses. If this conclusion appears to be purely negative—that the United States cannot have a planned economy so long as capitalism continues—it is put forward nevertheless in the interest of the clear thinking which is of great importance in the present crucial period in the history of the United States. . . . A planned economy is an administrative structure predicated upon collective ownership of all branches of production and distribution which are to be planned and administered.

These are strong words. They are, to be sure, what scientific socialists have been saying for a long time, but that they are now said under the sponsorship of the Russell Sage Foundation is not only extraordinary but—we hope—a portent of a reorientation of economic thinking in a large group in this country.

THE RAILROADS have not chosen a propitious moment in which to propose a 15 per cent reduction in wages. Whether justified or not, they were bound to meet with opposition from the workers, the Roosevelt Administration, and the general public. The mere suggestion of a cut in wages, and therefore in purchasing power, runs counter to the philosophy of the New Deal. It also finds the railway workers more eager to defend their interests than they have been for some years. This group feels that it has made as many sacrifices in behalf of the prosperity of the railway lines as have the managers and owners. Some of the workers also believe that they have been slighted by not being included in any of the NRA codes. While Joseph B. Eastman, the Federal Transportation Coordinator, has upheld the right of the railway men to engage in collective bargaining through representatives of their own choosing, he has done nothing as yet to shorten the working week or to revise existing wage agreements. President Roosevelt came quickly to the defense of the workers. In a public letter he pointed out to the railway managers that the welfare of the country demanded that they postpone their wage decision another six

months. He also hinted at the possibility of a nation-wide strike in case the railroads refused to alter their attitude. A strike of the employees of the Kansas City Southern lines, which are to put a "revised" wage schedule into effect on March 1, has openly been threatened. For their part, the railroads assert that even with an improvement in business they cannot expect to earn a fair return on their capital and continue to meet the present wage scales. Nor is there any valid reason to suppose that the railroads are not telling the truth. But the solution of the railroad problem does not lie in another cut in wages. It lies in a drastic financial and administrative reorganization of the entire railroad system of the country or, that failing, in government ownership and operation.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT has acted wisely in asking Congress to extend for one year—until July 1, 1935—the temporary provision in the bank-deposit insurance law which guarantees deposits in full only up to \$2,500. This means that the provisions guaranteeing deposits in full up to \$10,000, and to the extent of 75 per cent between \$10,000 and \$50,000 and 50 per cent above \$50,000, will be suspended for a year. Possibly at the end of a year's consideration they will be abandoned entirely. The present temporary provisions insure in full 97 per cent of all bank depositors. This is sufficient to prevent runs and bank panics, and those who have deposits of more than \$2,500 are presumably in a position to look into an individual bank's soundness. The so-called "permanent" provisions would probably not have achieved even temporarily the object they were designed to achieve. For if a depositor who had more than \$50,000 in a bank came to feel that that bank was shaky, he would pull out whatever money he had in excess of \$10,000 in spite of the guaranty, for he would be no more willing to lose part than all of it. The potential drain of this larger guaranty on the banking system, on the other hand, would have been very heavy; and some authorities had even contended that it threatened the solvency of the whole system. Even the present partial guaranty, to the extent that it does compel soundly managed banks to pay for the mistakes or corruption of bad banks, is more than questionable in principle, for it obviously approaches the banking problem from the wrong end. It is folly to undertake to make good the losses of banks whose policy one cannot control. The first step in the solution of the banking problem is the unified control of all the country's banks by the federal government.

THE FLOW of gold toward these shores has been proceeding at such a rate that it is expected to reach a total of \$350,000,000 to \$450,000,000 in February alone. Most of it is coming, either directly or indirectly, from France. The inflow has been widely attributed to the "repatriation" of American capital that was sent abroad in anticipation of or during our abandonment of the gold standard. It seems probable, however, that the role of the repatriation of American capital in the current gold movement has been exaggerated. There is no reason, indeed, for supposing that previously frightened American capitalists are now completely confident regarding the permanence of the new level of the dollar; the President has specifically announced that he reserves the right to change it downward

by as much as 15 per cent at any time without prior notice. The chief cause for the gold inflow is rather the official undervaluation of the dollar—or, to put it another way, the fact that the United States, under present exchange conditions, is bidding a higher price for gold than any other country. The metal is now gravitating to the United States for the same reason that it gravitated to France in 1928 when the franc was also officially devaluated at an unnecessarily low level. So far the gold drain has not seriously affected the Bank of France, which still reports a gold-reserve ratio of 77¾ per cent, or more than twice as great as it is legally required to keep. Only if the flow of gold toward America reaches a point where it begins to undermine confidence in the franc in France itself, or where it threatens the currency of one of the smaller members of the gold bloc, will the franc be forced off gold. Meanwhile it seems strange that an Administration which has talked so much of "repudiating" gold has consistently followed a policy of reaching out for, seizing, and hoarding it—at whatever cost to the rest of the world—on a scale hitherto unheard of.

THE National Committee for the Protection of the Child has had a number of things to say lately about the child-labor amendment to the Constitution, now ratified by twenty States. This committee would protect children from the horrid officers who might seek to prevent them, under the proposed new law, from helping their mothers with the dishes or fetching in wood for the kitchen stove. This sort of nonsense might be ignored if it did not issue from the mouths of prominent persons, among them none other than A. Lawrence Lowell, president emeritus of Harvard University. Mr. Lowell declares that he, too, wants to prohibit the exploitation of children in "factories, mines, and industries." But he is unwilling to support an amendment to the Constitution which would do just that because the amendment might also prevent boys and girls from earning their way through college or might permit the invasion of the American home. The President of the United States takes a more realistic view of child labor. In a letter to Mrs. LaRue Brown of Boston he came out flatly and unequivocally for the amendment. "Of course I am in favor of it," he said. "It is my opinion that the matter hardly requires further academic discussion." Mr. Roosevelt evidently had not had the opportunity to listen to Mr. Lowell. But the news bureaus had, it would seem. For the President's letter, which might be thought to be news of the first order, was relegated, when it was carried at all, to an obscure position. The Associated Press did not think it worth sending out except to New England. Statements from Alfred E. Smith, Nicholas Murray Butler, Cardinal O'Connell, and others, agreeing in substance with the pious fears of Mr. Lowell for the sanctity of the home, did, however, reach readers all over the country. Evidently what the President says is news—except when he is in favor of a bill that, among other things, would prevent using small boys to peddle newspapers during all hours of the day or night.

WITHOUT TRYING to keep up with the changing status of the LaGuardia economy bill, a few general remarks are worth making. First, the Mayor of New York City has shown himself from the beginning ready to listen to honest objections to the bill and has been willing to make

such amendments as were thought to be needed to safeguard the rights of the city workers affected. Second, the lobby that has formed in opposition to the bill, including in some measure the spokesmen for the school teachers, is obviously political in character and entirely selfish in aim. Third, the kind of aid Postmaster-General Farley is giving to the bill will not help it, nor is it designed to; everybody knows that Mr. Farley has only definitely to ask for support and he will get it. Finally, the measure itself is not perfect; it does contravene campaign promises that should never have been made; it does place the burden of economy for the present on certain groups of moderately paid employees. But it is an emergency measure, designed to bring the city out of an immediate crisis. Nobody can doubt that Mayor LaGuardia will in the course of the next few months propose other ways of raising money. New taxes must be levied, although whether additional taxes on real estate can be collected is another matter; the question of reducing the bond interest must be gone into thoroughly. Assemblyman Theodore of Manhattan, in a debate on the bill on February 14, said: "We don't care whether New York City goes bankrupt; we don't care whether the United States government goes bankrupt; this government is going to proceed on the basis on which it was founded." Mr. Theodore later tried to have his remarks expunged from the record. They are, however, all too characteristic of most of the opposition to Mayor LaGuardia's proposal.

SHOULD the minds of prisoners be free even though their bodies are not? The question has long caused considerable controversy in American prisons when it comes to the reading matter which prisoners are allowed to receive. Practice varies in different prisons and according to wardens, and the issue was raised lately at Sing Sing by the imposition of a ban upon certain radical publications, notably the Communist *New Masses*, *Labor Defender*, and *Daily Worker*. The National Committee for the Defense of Political Prisoners responded by sending a delegation to Lewis E. Lawes, warden of the famous New York prison, to protest that no provision of law authorized withholding from a prisoner any literature legally transmittable through the mails. Mr. Lawes, who is recognized as a liberal and progressive prison official, eventually agreed, although without abandoning his claim to the right to censor prisoners' reading matter, that inmates of Sing Sing might receive any publications which they desired, provided the warden did not regard the cartoons as inflammatory. The delegation felt that practically if not technically it had won its case, but the issue there and elsewhere deserves further clarification. There is no justification for incarcerating the mind as well as the body of a prisoner. Even if it were theoretically desirable, no method has been discovered by which censorship can be carried out without the exercise of partisanship and, usually, stupidity.

ST. LOUIS and the large metropolitan area of which it is the center have been shocked by a series of tragic deaths resulting from illegal operations performed by a physically incapacitated seventy-one-year-old midwife. Seven women died within a brief period from abortions which she is said to have performed, and the grief-stricken husband of one of them ended his own life at his wife's grave. In one case it was explained that the operation was resorted to

because the woman was the mother of a seven-months-old baby. Surely if word of this could be made to reach each member of Congress, the Pierce-Hastings bill to remove the Comstock-imposed restrictions against using the mails and common carriers for distributing birth-control information and supplies would be speedily reported out of committee and passed. That there is a definite relationship between abortions, with the deaths which so frequently result from them, and lack of easy access to contraceptive information cannot be doubted. Every obstetrician and every social worker knows that abortions are most common where law and custom make it difficult for women to learn how to limit the size of their families. The question of legalizing such operations need not enter into the discussion. The point is that the ban on birth control sends hundreds of women every day to persons who are without medical skill or professional ethics. The woman who did the operating in the cases in and about St. Louis, it was discovered, did not have so much as a midwife's license. Other arguments for birth control relate for the most part to economic and social health; the St. Louis tragedies offer an argument involving that which is most precious of all—human life.

THE LATEST INCIDENT in the Rivera-Rockefeller controversy occurred when the panel containing the head of Lenin was "removed" in a cloud of plaster dust from the wall in Rockefeller Center in New York City, where it had stood under a concealing screen since last spring. In other words, the Rockefellers, well known as patrons of art, have destroyed, for purely commercial reasons, an important work by the world's most famous mural painter. But it is difficult to see what Rockefeller Center has gained, even commercially, from the petty squabble which it has pursued even to the point of destroying an original and irreplaceable creation of a fine artist. To be sure, Lenin's head is no longer on the wall to scare faint-hearted tenants. But what sightseer will not ask to see the place where it once was? And will Rockefeller Center ever be separated in the public mind from Lenin, Rivera, and communism? We doubt it. Moreover, the present agitation by artists and intellectuals—the darlings of Rockefeller foundations—to boycott the Center will not be the last, and even a renting agent must recognize such agitation as bad publicity. Altogether, the Rivera episode was one of the Rockefellers' less successful ventures in oil.

THE NATION announces with regret the resignation of Ernest Gruening from the board of editors. He has left to become editor of the New York *Evening Post*, which under the ownership of J. David Stern is undergoing a most impressive reorientation as an independent, progressive journal. In his new capacity Ernest Gruening will have an opportunity to exercise his great gifts as a crusader and as the proponent of a vigorous, liberal public policy. His militant and dynamic temper is exactly what is needed in the feeble ranks of daily journalism in New York. While the editors of *The Nation* regret the loss of so able a colleague, we cannot but congratulate ourselves as well as the *Evening Post* upon the injection of this spirit into the pages of a newspaper that once was a great force in American journalism and will, we feel sure, under the leadership of Mr. Stern and Mr. Gruening, soon achieve that position again.

The Death of Austrian Democracy

AUSTRIA'S workers, forced to retreat before the superior strength of an armed dictatorship, have now been utterly defeated. But in its defeat Austrian labor won its greatest triumph, for it served notice on the ruling classes that working men and women in the future will resist attempts to rob them of their rights and their organizations. The disappointment of a large portion of the working masses all over the world when, in 1914, the Socialist parties succumbed to militarist leaders, the despondency that lamed their efforts after the German labor parties permitted themselves to be swept away by the National Socialist flood in January, 1933, will give place to a new hope.

An interview by the Vienna correspondent of the *New York Times* with Otto Bauer, the most prominent of the leaders of the Austrian Social Democracy, shows to what lengths the party had gone since last March to come to an understanding with the Dollfuss regime. The little Napoleon at the head of Austria declined almost from the outset to negotiate with the Social Democrats, yet the latter tried again and again, through the mediation of Christian Social leaders, the Austrian President, the clergy, and finally the Cardinal of Vienna, to come to an understanding with the government. Indeed, in its desire to prevent at all costs the establishment of a National Socialist dictatorship the Social Democracy undoubtedly went a great deal farther in its toleration of the Dollfuss Government than the largest party in the country, particularly a labor party, had any right to do. It even offered to accept a law that would authorize Dollfuss to reign for two years by decrees, without convening the Reichsrat.

In his recent radio speech, broadcast in the United States, the chief of the Austrian government repeated the statement he had made on previous occasions—that the Social Democratic leaders had provoked the recent showdown, for which they had been preparing for years past, and had thus contravened the peaceable intentions of the government. This Otto Bauer emphatically refutes. When the aggressive measures of the government had made it clear that the showdown had to come, he says, the Socialist Party leadership made a last effort to hold back its followers and avoid an open break. Vice-Chancellor Fey had used the absence of the Chancellor in Budapest—surely as the result of an understanding with him—to perpetrate a series of provocative measures against organized labor. He placed Heimwehr troops in the building of the Vienna *Arbeiterzeitung* and the office of the party executive and stopped the publication of the Socialist organ. Yet the workers of Vienna made no attempt to resist. The Heimwehr thereupon turned its attention to the provinces. In Linz and Graz similar outrages were committed, but the Heimwehr found the workers less complacent in those cities. On February 11 a Socialist coming from Linz warned Otto Bauer that the comrades were preparing to defend themselves against further Heimwehr encroachments. He at once sent an urgent message to Linz to avoid an open conflict at all costs until Monday's conference with Dollfuss, the Heimwehr leaders, and the provincial governors should have brought a decision. But the next

morning the Heimwehr raided the headquarters of the Linz Socialists, killing two and wounding several of the resisting workers.

The government used this critical moment to search the municipal apartment houses in Vienna for hidden arms. Provoked beyond endurance, the Social Democracy at last decided to act in defense of the last few pitiable rights it had. Parliament had been dissolved, the shop councils abolished, trade unions deprived of every possibility for action, the Socialist press outlawed, the party itself declared illegal and many of its leaders arrested. The violation of the homes of the workers was the last straw. Now the party had no alternative but utter degradation or open resistance. It chose the latter. The splendid men of the workers' defense corps fought with courage and self-sacrificing devotion. Their leaders remained at their posts until the last. Karl Seitz, the Mayor of Vienna, was arrested at his desk in the Rathaus. Otto Bauer modestly termed himself "political commissar in the Republican Defense Corps," while Dr. Deutsch, War Minister in the Social Democratic Government set up after the March revolution in 1919, led the Republikanische Schutzbund which he himself had organized.

What the immediate future will bring in Austria is not hard to foretell. Dollfuss, having delivered himself into the hands of the Heimwehr fascists, will dissolve the country's political parties and establish the "Fatherland Front." The abolition of Dollfuss's own party—the Christian Social Party—has already been announced. In accordance with an agreement made last summer with Mussolini in the Italian capital, an agreement that Rome no longer attempts to deny, Prince Starhemberg, Heimwehr leader, enters the Cabinet. Italian fascism has stolen a march on its German competitor. Premier Dollfuss announces the immediate reorganization of Austria on fascist lines. A new constitution drawn up by Dr. Ender, minister without portfolio in the Dollfuss Government, will give the "authoritative state" whatever "constitutionality" it may require. The removal of all municipal, provincial, and national officials elected by or with the help of the Social Democratic Party has already been decreed. Until the adoption of a new constitution, says a Cabinet order of February 19, all civil rights remain in force "unless suspended by special decrees." Military courts remain in power while "a state of emergency exists." The Austrian Jew is practically outlawed. In this matter, Prince Starhemberg, who declared the Jews to be the "most dangerous element in the population and the leaders of all treacherous activity against the state," will have his way. The arrest of a large number of Jewish lawyers and physicians is the first sign of a growing terrorism that is driving thousands of panic-stricken Jews across the Austrian border. After labor, they will be the chief victims of the new order.

But Austria's political problems are far from solved. The Nazis will continue to fight against the Dollfuss-Heimwehr regime until a number of National Socialists are taken into the Cabinet. This will happen the more speedily since Socialist voters in considerable numbers will be impelled by their hatred of the present regime to support the Nazi cause.

Dollfuss, having incurred the enmity of important elements in the Christian Social Party, will not be able to count on its support against a National Socialist opposition. He will have to abdicate or agree to a compromise with the National Socialists that will leave them, sooner rather than later, in complete possession of the field. The shortsightedness of the leaders of the Austrian government, who hope, now that they have suppressed the workers' organizations, to win a victory over the National Socialists, is characteristic. Dollfuss from the very beginning pivoted his strength on the support of foreign governments rather than on support within his own nation. Whenever Austria threatened to succumb to its own economic inadequacy he appealed to the Powers and received a few crumbs which barely sufficed to tide the nation over its most immediate and pressing needs. He traveled to Rome, to Budapest, to Paris, and to Prague for help against the German Nazis and against the Anschluss movement from Berlin, and must now content himself with a "statement" by Great Britain, France, and Italy supporting Austrian independence in such diplomatic terms that it does not even mention Germany. The German press comments on the statement by the three nations with wide-eyed approval. No one in Germany, it insists, has the slightest intention of violating Austrian independence. But directly thereafter Theodor Habicht, Nazi "Inspector-general of Austria," gave Dollfuss eight days to "cooperate" with the National Socialists or expect a fight to the finish. This challenge is momentous.

It is more than doubtful that Dollfuss will be appeased by the declaration of the three Powers, particularly since it was obviously issued to anticipate his appeal to the League of Nations. Such an appeal would have forced the Powers to take a stand and had to be prevented. France, though opposed to the union of Germany and Austria because it fears the consequent strengthening of German power, is equally disinclined to pull chestnuts out of the fire for Italy. Britain is similarly reluctant to take sides. There is one alternative to a union of Austria and the Reich—the movement of the Danube states toward an economic federation. But such a federation presents difficulties because of conflicting interests on the Continent. France desires a federation of states that will give it a commanding influence. Italy seeks to exert its influence in the same region for the development of its industries and its agriculture. In this case Great Britain is the laughing bystander, not at all averse to the spectacle of its two chief competitors at each other's throats.

The real struggle for supremacy in Central Europe, and by that token in all Europe, has only just begun. Democracy has been driven into a highly precarious position of defense. Hungary, under Gömbös, is merely waiting an auspicious moment to open its doors to Italian fascism. Negotiations for the conclusion of a trade agreement between Austria and Hungary—this news significantly enough reaches the world by way of Rome—have reached a stage which shows to what extent Italy has temporarily encircled Austria's political horizon.

This irreconcilable conflict of interests between the great nations of Europe effectively blocks any assault on the progress of fascism that the democratic nations of Europe might conceivably have made. In the struggle between nationalism and democratic ideals democracy is fighting a losing battle in every important country of Europe.

Air-Mail Graft

ON February 9 Postmaster-General Farley, with the knowledge and consent of the President, issued an order canceling all air-mail contracts, and announced that beginning February 19 and until further notice army pilots would fly the mail. The cries of the wounded air companies thereupon filled the ether; the New York *Herald Tribune* with fine sarcasm called the action "Government by Royal Decree" and wrung its hands over the attempt to stifle a flourishing infant industry, while Colonel Lindbergh advised the President by telegraph that he was making a big mistake. Transcontinental and Western Air, the airways company with which the Colonel is connected, attempted to get a temporary injunction restraining the government from cancellation of its contract. This attempt at legal restraint was refused in the United States District Court by Judge John C. Knox for want of jurisdiction.

The reply to the protests which have reached the White House over the high-handedness of the government's action may be made simply enough. The special Senate Committee on Investigation of Air-Mail and Ocean-Mail Contracts, under the chairmanship of Senator Black, has for more than a month been listening to a tale of wild stock promotion, huge profits, \$500 investments growing to millions, all at the expense of the government of the United States. Mr. Farley declares that excess payments to air companies by the government have amounted to approximately \$46,800,000. The chairman of the board of the United Aircraft and Transportation Company made profits of \$12,000,000 from an original investment of less than half a million. The National City Company, in the merger which created the United Aircraft Company, made \$5,895,000. Frederick B. Rentschler, vice-chairman of the same board, told the Senate committee that an investment of \$275 had brought him \$35,000,000. All this would be unfortunate enough, but there were other aspects of the air companies' conduct of their business that were more dangerously reprehensible. Two meetings were held, on May 19 and on June 4, 1930, at which according to Mr. Farley, representatives of the large airways companies, having squeezed out all small bidders, sat together and distributed among themselves the various portions of the government-subsidized air-mail service. The meetings were called by W. Irving Glover, Second Assistant Postmaster-General. Mr. Farley holds that the contracts were awarded without competitive bidding, in direct contravention of the law which declares that contracts so awarded are illegal. Former Postmaster-General Brown, although he admits the meetings were held, denies that collusion took place.

Meanwhile, the army carries the mail. Its fliers can learn in fairly short order to do the job that is required of them. It may be that at some later time the air mails will be turned back to private lines under a slightly different arrangement from that which has lately been ended. The air lines whose contracts have been canceled are prohibited for five years from bidding on any new contracts. One cannot help discerning a certain amount of poetic justice in this. And after all, gentlemen who made profits of millions on modest investments can perhaps afford to let somebody else take the profits for a while.

A Navy for War

BIG navies are never built for peaceful purposes. They are built for war, usually for a particular war which the admirals foresee or pretend to foresee. The admirals plan their construction with definite "problems" and "objectives" in mind; otherwise, even from their point of view, expenditures on new ships and guns would be a waste of money. What problem of war the Roosevelt navy is to solve is not at all clear. On this point there is the customary silence. It is being argued that the present program, or the larger part of it, may never leave the paper stage, but will be used instead for bargaining at the forthcoming naval conference. However, the speed with which the first projects on the program have been started seems to belie this contention. When the question is put to Navy and State Department officials, they meet it with knowing smiles and with the suggestion that, whatever happens at the conference, the United States will then, if the Vinson bill finally becomes law, already have under way a program providing for the construction of the largest and costliest navy in the world.

What do the admirals want and how much have they so far obtained? They want a minimum of 148 ships to be completed no later than the year 1942. Contracts have already been awarded and work has begun on twenty-one ships, including two aircraft carriers, one heavy cruiser, two light cruisers, fourteen destroyers, and two submarines. Sixteen of these are being financed by the Public Works Administration, the remaining five out of current Navy Department appropriations. The entire program, together with the year in which construction is to begin on each ship, appears below:

Type	No.	Unit tonnage	Fiscal year						
			1934	1935	1936	1937	1938	1939	1940
Aircraft carriers	2	20,000	2	0
" "	1	15,200	1
Cruisers:									
8-inch.....	1	10,000	..	1
6-inch.....	7	10,000	4	2	1	0
Destroyers.....	9	1,850	4	2	2	1	0	0	..
" "	76	1,500	16	12	12	12	12	12	..
Submarines....	39	1,130	4	6	6	6	6	6	5
Gunboats(sloops)	13	2,000	2	2	3	3	3
Total.....	32	25	22	19	21	21	8

The Vinson bill, which was approved by the House without a record vote and sent to the Senate, authorizes the President to undertake the construction of an aircraft carrier, 99,200 tons of destroyers, and 35,530 tons of submarines. In addition, the President is "authorized to replace, by vessels of modern design and construction, vessels in the navy in the categories limited by the treaties signed at Washington, February 6, 1922, and at London, April 22, 1930, when their replacement is permitted by the said treaties." Thus this measure, together with the PWA program and the authorization of five cruisers voted in 1929, gives the admirals substantially everything they have asked for.

The cost? This is difficult to reckon, but it will be enormous in any case. The ships being built with PWA money will cost a total of \$238,000,000. Those contemplated under the Vinson bill will probably cost \$475,000,000. Assistant Secretary of the Navy Roosevelt first estimated the

latter sum at \$380,329,250, but in appearing before the House Naval Affairs Committee he pointed out that this figure was based on costs worked out before the Recovery Act went into effect. The NRA, he said, has added at least 25 per cent to these costs, or approximately \$95,000,000. For new ship construction alone, then, the huge sum of \$713,000,000 is to be spent if the Vinson bill is not stopped; and this total does not include building work already started and being paid for out of current appropriations, and does not take into consideration the probability that armor-plate costs may rise still farther. Nor does it include expenditures for approximately 2,000 new airplanes to be built for the navy.

Other naval expenses will naturally rise in proportion. For example, the enlisted force of the navy is to be increased from 79,700 to 82,500 men, and that of the marine corps from 15,000 to 16,000 men. This will add \$2,700,000 to the annual budget. The extra fuel needed will add another \$1,000,000. In 1933 actual naval expenditures, including new building, totaled \$349,561,924. For the current fiscal year such expenditures have been estimated at \$337,178,400, of which \$56,063,200 will come from emergency funds. But for the year 1935, when the building program is expected to be in full swing, the budgetary estimate jumps to \$454,849,700, of which \$144,669,400 is to come from emergency funds. Admiral William H. Standley, Chief of Naval Operations, testified before the House committee that it would cost about \$425,000,000 a year "to build, maintain, and operate a modern fleet at treaty limits." The budgetary estimate for 1935 suggests that his guess was conservative rather than liberal. In the decade from 1923 to 1932 the annual cost of the navy averaged only \$339,000,000, and in the period immediately before the World War the average annual cost ran only to \$145,000,000. In contrast we shall be spending three times that much for new construction and operating expenses during each of the next seven years, the period covered by the present program, or more than three billion dollars in all at the very lowest.

Can the Roosevelt Administration really justify this enormous expenditure? Before acting on the Vinson bill, the Senate should demand a straightforward explanation from the White House and Navy Department. Before all else it should insist upon a sweeping investigation of the munitions industry as provided in a resolution introduced by Senator Nye. The admirals no doubt really believe that they are preparing for an emergency, but it may be possible, since it has happened before, that we shall find the munitions makers at work in the background. The very shipbuilding companies that will profit by the new program were once investigated and severely criticized by Congress. At another time they were exposed in a frank and ruthless manner by Secretary of the Navy Daniels, whose first assistant was Franklin D. Roosevelt. Nor has their connection with the Shearer case been forgotten. Lastly, there are the charges of Senator Trammell that the same companies entered into collusive bidding in order to have the construction contracts under the PWA allotment distributed equally among them. Despite the whitewash report which Admiral Standley handed the President, and which the latter accepted unquestioningly, these charges have never been disproved. Before it lifts a finger to aid the admirals in putting across their costly and menacing program, the Senate should determine for itself and for the public just what forces are behind the program.



The Austrian Worker's Last Stand

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Issues and Men

Prosperity and Priming

St. Paul, February 16

IS it the government's priming of the industrial machine which has improved conditions or is there a real upturn? This is the question that I have just asked in Cincinnati, Cleveland, Buffalo, Chicago, Champaign, Milwaukee, St. Paul, and Minneapolis, and people have been just as eager to put it to me as I have been to receive an answer. It is the great mystery of the hour. But one thing is not in doubt, and that is that the automobile business is booming everywhere. In several cities, especially in Cincinnati, I learned that the local agents cannot fill their orders, and that some are saying that they cannot supply cars until April. The delay is due in part to the die-workers' strike in Detroit, but orders are still way ahead of last year.

Well, that seems to upset the theory that the improved conditions in some lines are wholly due to government money. Not in every case however. One agent wired in from a Dakota town that he wanted a thousand cars at once, and when asked to explain, said that the farmers had been getting government money from two sources and that he proposed to get it away from them! None the less, it will hardly be maintained that the CWA workers have made enough money to buy cars, nor has the PWA yet gone so far as to be an important cause of the increased motor sales. Undoubtedly there is some natural demand for new cars because so many people have held on to their old ones until they are beginning to fall to pieces; this is particularly true of persons whose cars are indispensable tools of their trade. Again, it is suggested that some people have been hoarding their dollars right along and are now beginning to fish them out, and that others who are in fear of inflation may be buying now in order to have a new car when inflation comes. Whatever the reasons, the fact is that the automobile trade is booming, as was shown by the record-breaking attendance at the St. Paul automobile show, which has just ended to the satisfaction of the dealers.

When one looks elsewhere one finds that operators in the great Gary-Hammond-East Chicago heavy-industry district are feeling greatly cheered up, but here too it is the automobile which is putting more and more blast furnaces into service. The operators admit freely that they are getting no orders except from motor companies. In Milwaukee I heard that two more ferries across the lake had been put into service, and there again it turned out that the chief cause was the increased number of car frames which are being sent that way to save a day's time to the East. One does find, however, the same pick-up in the chemical industry that is noticeable in the East, and textiles are doing well. Local trade is better and so is newspaper advertising, but in this the CWA is a factor, for the CWA workers are buying clothes as fast as possible.

Right here I ran into a phase of the CWA which is not a little worrisome to city officials with whom I have talked. They are frankly appalled by the President's statement that he will not continue the CWA beyond May 1. This is not

because they do not wish again to have to give food and clothing to those workers who will come back on their hands. That is not what is frightening them. They are alarmed by the ugly spirit developed by those of the CWA men who for one reason or another have already been laid off. These men are fighting mad. They think that they have been discriminated against and they have tasted blood. That is, after having been out of work for three or more years, they want to go on working, and they say that if the government has the money to give them jobs now, it can continue to do so. The budget figures which they read in the newspapers help to make them feel that the government can go on paying them if it wants to, especially as in some cases they are being paid at a higher hourly rate than ever before in their lives. They are in the state of mind which makes them declare that if the government is not going to take care of them after May 1 they will know the reason why. One mayor spoke to me with real alarm of the prospect and said that for the first time he feared serious trouble.

Meanwhile some idea of the cultural losses already recorded or threatened can be had from the stereotyped reports of teachers out of work or underpaid and overburdened, of social services being curtailed or abandoned, and here in Minneapolis of an impending move to close the Public Library for a period of not less than three months. It is said that this threat is really a bluff to get the library workers to accept a cut in pay. But that such a thing should even be contemplated speaks for itself, and so does the fact that the libraries in many places have practically stopped buying books. At Winnipeg there has just been a discussion in the Manitoba legislature of the fact that seventy-three municipalities have succeeded in balancing their budgets, during which the opposition brought out the truth that this was almost entirely achieved by cutting the teachers' salaries to the bone.

Upon one thing all with whom I have talked are in agreement; that is the continuing and, if anything, growing popularity of the President. Some newspapermen and politicians here in the Twin Cities say that if the President were running for office this coming fall he would poll more than 90 per cent of the vote! This does not mean that the Democratic Party is profiting by Mr. Roosevelt's hold upon the people; in Minnesota, for example, the power of the Farmer-Labor Party is unshaken. And it is of course true that Demos will turn upon the President if he does anything to forfeit its confidence. As is always the case, a single misstep may offset many, many good deeds. But at present everybody feels that the President is trying his level best and working not for himself but for the public weal. After Herbert Hoover that seems a tremendous lot!

Donald Garrison Kiland

The New York Hotel Strike

By HERBERT SOLOW

AFTER the war the hotel industry expanded enormously on borrowed millions. Today every hotel is heavily burdened financially; many are under bank control. The bankers have said that the financial problem must be solved not by cutting interest, insurance, or depreciation charges—the last of which is sometimes written up to 9 per cent per annum—but by cutting the cost of food, supplies, and labor. The result has been an attack on labor's status throughout the industry.

The United States Department of Labor reports 25 per cent wage cuts (\$5 off \$20) during recent years, and hours increased from forty-eight to fifty-four weekly. A survey made by the Hotel and Restaurant Workers' Union shows that skilled cooks who averaged \$40.88 when hired were getting \$30.04 at the end of 1933. The number of employees was also cut and the assignment of each increased. Men were charged for laundry and uniforms; food was generally poor and had to be eaten under disgusting conditions; workers were often fired arbitrarily; seasonal lay-offs became widespread.

Cooks who had spent eighteen years learning the profession were deeply dissatisfied. Waiters who served delicacies to richly gowned diners found "philosophy" difficult when they contemplated their families' fate. Dishwashers and bus boys were abjectly miserable. The NRA? The bosses' code calls for a fifty-four-hour week (in practice sixty) and a minimum wage of twenty-eight cents an hour (reducible in certain cases to twenty cents); in general the code makes the steel barons' code read like a labor charter. As conditions grew worse, the mood of discontent sought an outlet.

Three unions were in the field. The Food Workers' Industrial Union, a tool of the Communist Party, was regarded by conservative workers as "too red," by militant unionists as a disruptive force. For the A. F. of L. nobody had any use, if only because its Local 16 is run by a scabbing, racketeering clique whose chief is under indictment. Workers turned to the semi-somnolent Hotel and Restaurant Workers' Union, a branch of the Amalgamated Food Workers' Union, which thereupon launched an organization drive. Its industrial structure, democratic constitution, low dues, and freedom from racketeers and high-priced bureaucrats were attractions. It grew by leaps and bounds. The bosses, through the Hotel Men's Association, raised a war fund and tried to force workers into the Federation of Hotel and Restaurant Guilds. When this federation advertised for scabs to break the A. F. of L.'s threatened New Year's Eve strike against the bosses' code, it became clear that it was a bosses' company union. When the strike threat turned out to be a bluff, the A. F. of L. lost all caste.

The bosses began firing Amalgamated men. The Waldorf fired *Garde-manger* Fournigault, who had successfully tickled elite palates since the hotel opened two and a half years ago. At 7 p.m. on January 23 all dining-room, kitchen, and room-service staffs walked out in protest. Hundreds of disappointed diners pleaded not to be starved. "We have

starrved for yearrrs; trrry it forrr one meal," shouted a Gascon *commis*. The Sert Room Orchestra played on as when the Lusitania sank. And the Waldorf, regarded by bosses and men as the industry's flagship, went down. Six hundred skilled and unskilled men, minus a handful of waverers, abandoned a cursing Oscar and a tearful management.

Next day the Amalgamated members, without a dissenting voice, voted a general strike. The bosses were given forty-eight hours to rehire Fournigault, recognize the union, institute the forty-hour week and \$20 minimum wage, and abolish split watches and all meal, uniform, and laundry charges. Receiving no answer, the union put the strike resolution into effect. In addition to the now approximately 5,000 union members, thousands of others, including unemployed men, took out strike cards. Scab crews could not provide normal cooking or service; each day more big hotels and restaurants were crippled.

Chairman Herrick of the Regional Labor Board stated she would not intervene because the strike was not important enough; later she said that she had not been officially notified of a strike. After the union formally told her what the whole city knew, and stated its readiness to negotiate, she failed to get the bosses to respond. When strikers waited on her, she scolded and treated contemptuously the union officials. Workers who had hoped the NRA would help them began to wonder whether it was not a branch of the Hotel Men's Association.

The commercial press kicked the strike around the lot. It featured bosses' statements—including misleading ads—and played down union statements. It persistently underestimated the effectiveness of the strike, falsely accused the strikers of violence, suppressed news of the bosses' use of thugs. It hinted or charged an anti-NRA attitude, graft, and red plots. It demanded that the government intervene lest the "public," unable to get a decent *filet de sole aux crevettes*, go hungry. The *World-Telegram* attacked the fight for union recognition and declared that the "public" wants "smooth continuance of the status quo." The *Evening Post*, recently freed from reactionary control and seeking to become the city's liberal voice, was the sole commercial paper to give the strikers a look-in.

Public bodies have been charged with strike-breaking. Certainly the State Employment Service, while keeping within the letter of the Wagner-Peyser bill, routed workers to scab jobs. A. F. of L. Local 16 not only provided scabs; it asked—and got—an injunction to restrain the Amalgamated from conspiracy to ruin its racket by calling out workers in shops in which it holds labor contracts! In response, other A. F. of L. locals ruled that any members scabbing would be expelled. Several liberal organizations refused to hold banquets scheduled for scab hotels, and individual liberals publicly backed the strike.

Despite all opposition the strike tide rose steadily for two weeks and the men picketed through the coldest weather in local history. Meanwhile, within the strike committee there developed disagreements between a right wing, backed

largely by the older, skilled, better-paid workers, and a progressive group, backed largely by the younger, unskilled, most-exploited elements.

The right wing looked to the Labor Board to force the bosses to settle and concentrated on plans to win it over. It may not have felt that Roosevelt's photograph would guarantee victory, but it expressed fears that not to have a photograph would be to confess political radicalism and court disaster. The progressives preferred to omit icons, to put no trust in the Lord or the Labor Board, to draw no lines against radicals, and to demonstrate and build the strike's power by aggressive meetings, parades, and mass picket lines. Thus they hoped to force negotiations and a favorable settlement, perhaps through intervention even of an unwilling Labor Board. Again the old dispute: class collaboration against class struggle.

The progressives, few in number and without formal organization, included political radicals of several shades and conservative workers with militant strike experience. Its clearest voices were J. P. Cannon of the Communist League ("Trotzkyites") and the league organ, *The Militant*, which published a series of special strike numbers. Stimulating the wave of militancy which carried the workers out of the shops, the progressives had an initial advantage. Fawning before the Labor Board was discouraged, a close-knit organization was begun in order to draw all strikers into active work deciding and executing policy, attempts to raise a red scare were attacked, and impressive mass demonstrations were organized.

At first the Communist Party union, best-known in the industry as the "Eighteenth Street gang," tried to recruit strikers and set up a rival strike leadership. Failing, it ordered its men to "bore from within." Once inside the general strike organization, it sought to raise Eighteenth Street's prestige by denouncing the Amalgamated and the strike leaders. The *Daily Worker* supported it with a campaign of slander against the other groups.

These disruptive activities fortified the right wing. From denouncing disrupters, it went on to bait radicals. Soon somebody even asked that young Socialists doing volunteer office work take off their red ties! What the right hardly dared whisper at first, it now began to shout; militancy was denounced, the NRA was characterized as the strikers' main hope, and the Roosevelt photograph materialized. Caught between two fires, the progressive group did not find its situation eased when B. J. Field, union secretary, originally regarded as a progressive, began to borrow many right-wing views. For example, he challenged the right of the Eighteenth Streeters to hold offices on the strike committee. It was a "Trotzkyite" who, after vigorously condemning Eighteenth Street's disruptiveness, insisted that strike democracy be maintained and that no political distinctions be drawn against non-Amalgamated people or radicals of any stamp.

This time the progressives won a smashing victory. But there were many defeats, especially when it came to executing decisions. The right did not throw its force behind committee decisions of progressive origin designed to maintain and stimulate militancy. Agitation in all forms was neglected and impeded by the right. Consequently the strikers' morale sagged toward the end of the second week and a few days later some discouraged strikers began to return to work.

Suspecting the situation, the bosses advertised that they would deal individually with each striker and rehire the "meritorious," that is, all not suspected of devotion to unionism. No change in conditions, wages, or hours was offered. Then, answering an appeal of a group of prominent liberal intellectuals, Mayor La Guardia called the union into conference.

A conference with the Labor Board resulted, and on February 15 the strikers approved a compromise settlement, signed by Secretary Field and the Labor Board, which claimed to have authority also from the Hotel Men's Association. The agreement purported to guarantee rehiring of all strikers, the holding of hearings before the board on conditions of work, hours, and rates of pay, the setting up of committees of workers in the various hotels to oversee the rehiring of the strikers, and the provision that at the board's hearings "the organized workers' side shall be presented by the union," which last amounted to de facto recognition of the union.

But when the workers' committees went to the hotels, some owners refused to see them, while others stated that they knew nothing about the settlement which the Labor Board had signed. At this point the board sent a telegram to Field which pretty clearly indicates the sympathies of Mrs. Herrick and Mr. Golden of the board. The telegram read as follows:

The fact that you have twisted to further your own ends the interpretation of the offer for settlement by the hotel men and as accepted by your executive committee is further evidence that the strike was unwarranted and that you do not represent more than a minority of the workers. . . . Unless pickets are removed immediately, according to our agreement of yesterday, the Regional Labor Board shall feel compelled to release the Hotel Association from its offer. . . . Due to the fact that you have seen fit to construe the suggestion for committees to interview the hotel management as union recognition, the Regional Labor Board now recommends that this proposal be dispensed with. Upon your removal of the pickets, it now recommends that the workers apply [for work] direct.

This, briefly translated, means, "Heads we win, tails you lose." The hotel men are to be released from keeping their agreement because the strikers presumed to believe that the agreement meant what it said. About the excuses given by the Labor Board there is this to be said: The hotel owners did not themselves offer the continuance of picketing as the reason for not dealing with the committees. Moreover, the union had published no claims to having won recognition. This latest action of the Labor Board has served to convince the overwhelming mass of strikers that they can expect nothing from the NRA's "labor" representatives.

The result of the Labor Board's action was that the Eighteenth Street crowd yelled sell-out again. The right wing of the union sent a howl of protest to President Roosevelt. Gathering newly disillusioned elements to itself, the progressive group launched a campaign to revive and reorganize the strike. As a result, the men are still picketing, and scabs are still spilling *potage* in the best hotels. The eventual fate of the struggle hangs on the capacity of the progressive group to get the strike committee to adopt its militant class-struggle policy.

Whatever the outcome, this strike is important as a laboratory experiment. For the first time an independent

trade-union leadership has gone to bat against a class-collaborationist leadership in the presence of Communist Party disrupters. Here the progressive group faced a problem vastly more complex than its predecessors faced in the days when the Communist Party itself was the core of such groups. Here the progressives had to fight Communist Party obstruc-

tionist tactics without opening the door to reaction, and to fight class collaborationists while differentiating themselves from the disrupters. Experience gained in the fight between two fires is important because the hotel strike indicates the lines along which many American trade-union struggles must be fought in the next few years.

Fascism on the West Coast

By ELLA WINTER

FEW persons realize the astonishing rapidity with which the United States is following in the footsteps of Hitler's Germany, or the extent to which tyranny, violence, and summary injustice have replaced the constitutional rights of American citizens. As an example, we may cite the testimony of delegates to the first anti-lynching conference of the West, which was held at San José, California, and was attended by writers, liberals, intellectuals, students, and workers. The delegates represented 78,892 members of nine trade unions and ten other organizations from the States of Oregon, Washington, California, Utah, Nevada, Arizona, Wyoming, Colorado, and New Mexico. They came to report a summer's activities. For the first time many people in that hall had a glimpse of American history in 1933.

The organizer of the United Farmers' League from Yakima, Washington, is speaking, a curly-haired, blond young Dutchman:

"We had a berry strike there, and I and a number of comrades were jailed. They came to me in the middle of the night and told me to 'Get yer clothes on.' I said: 'I'm in the jail, I don't have to get out.' They had nothing on me. 'Get your belongings and get the hell out of here,' they said. I guessed they were going to lynch me. They took me outside where were two cars full of hoodlums with masks on and clubs in their hands. They put me in a car, tied my hands and feet, and drove out of the city. When they'd got some way out they tied a rope round my neck and said 'Don't talk.' I figgered it wasn't any use saying anything. They beat me up. Then they beat up some of my comrades, tarred and feathered them, and left them there. They saw I was still conscious. I heard them talking about me. I figgered they was going to throw me in the river. By that time other cars had driven up, there were about seventy vigilantes and a few farmers; I saw also deputies, State police, national guardsmen, and American legionnaires in the bunch. I was pointed out as the ringleader. I was beaten up again. Then my coat was taken off, my shirt, my underwear. They said: 'If he's not an I. W. W. he must be a Bolshevik or something.' 'Yes, I'm a Bolshevik and proud of it,' I said. They cut my hair in a swastika, painted USSR in red on my back and my head. Then they took me somewhere else in a car and I was beaten up again till I was nearer to death than to life. Deputies, State police, were all there. They asked me to talk then. Later on I was taken back to the highway and left to die. I found my way to Seattle. We formed a committee to go and tell the press but they would have nothing to do with it. Later they had to put something in but what they put in was all lies."

Photographs of young Casey Boskaljom are in my possession, showing the swastika on his scalp and the welts on his arms, back, and chest. They could just as well be the photographs of a man beaten up by a Nazi storm trooper in Hitler's Germany.

Next is a speaker from Salt Lake City; he tells about the mine strike in Carbon County, New Mexico. "In the mining camps everything costs thirty to fifty cents more than in the shops outside. There was a strike led by the National Miners' Union against starvation wages. When the N. M. U. came to Carbon County they had to take the criminal-syndicalism law off the shelf and scrape off the dust with a shovel. It was so ancient. They arrested our leaders and beat them up. One man was taken ninety miles out into the desert and left to die. When he was brought into the nearest town he had to have a bodyguard around him all the time. The cops had tear gas, machine-guns, billy clubs, and butts of rifles, and they used them on women as well as men. Martial law was declared. We couldn't hold a dance to collect relief for our starving comrades. Our leaders were thrown into jail. They beat us up daily. They put the national organizer of the Unemployed Councils in jail." In spite of the ferocity shown toward them, the strikers were partially successful.

A mere boy, a second-year high-school student from San Francisco, takes the rostrum. He was in Jefferson Park listening in at a meeting. "The cops told us to move on, and nobody did. I wasn't speaking, I was just standing listening. They arrested thirteen of us and took us to jail, looked up their law books, and charged us with refusal to move on. That night all the grown-ups were released. They kept me in jail. Next day the judge asked me if I didn't think I ought to obey the police officials. I said: 'It depends on what they ask me to do.' He said: 'If a police official asks you to move on another time, will you do it?' 'It depends on how he asks me. If he asks the way he did last time, I won't.'"

The boy was kept in a detention home four days. "That shows how the capitalist system works," says the boy. "They have a law on which they can't even hold a grown-up one night, and they keep a kid of fourteen four days. If that isn't a corrupt system, I'd like to know what is."

There was a cigar strike in San Francisco. Cigar-makers were organized in the A. F. of L. The officials of the A. F. of L. refused help to the strikers, and the men called on the Trade Union Unity League for leadership. Eighty-eight men were arrested. In that strike the cigar-makers, to show they were peaceably picketing, took their women and children with them to the factory. Nevertheless,

the patrol wagon was soon in evidence, as were police with billies and firearms. Police and strikers testified at the trial that the strikers were at all times unarmed. A striker was arrested—no reason given at the trial. An organizer protested, "There's no legality in this arrest." They arrested him. Another organizer came up to protest this; he was arrested. "But first they hit me over the head so that eight stitches had to be taken." "I came up," said yet another, "and they hit me in the stomach with a billy." All the eighty-eight men were charged with rioting. The total bail against them was almost \$100,000. All cases were dismissed.

At the hearing George Andersen, attorney for the defense, read a letter he had received from the State NRA Compliance Board of California. "If the cigar-makers," it said, "will accept the proposal for arbitration and intervention of the Compliance Board, go back to work under the proposed code at thirty cents an hour, and submit other disputes to arbitration . . . the Petri Company will dismiss cases against the strikers arrested for picketing." (Emphasis mine.) This letter needs no comment.

"In Pixley," reports the representative of the Cannery and Agricultural Workers' Industrial Union, the union which has organized agricultural laborers for the first time in California and has won partial victories in strikes in the field of every kind of fruit and vegetable raised in the State, "we were standing before our strike headquarters when farmers shot into our bunch and killed two men. At Arvin they killed another and blew off the arm of a nineteen-year-old boy." Some of these ranchers are now on trial, but the death penalty has not been asked for them. At a hearing of the fact-finding committee appointed by Governor Rolph during the cotton strike—which involved 15,000 Mexican, white, and Negro cotton pickers who had never been organized in a union before—the lawyers for the growers asked in shocked astonishment of the strikers' committee, which had demanded prosecution to the full: "Do you realize that what you are asking for would mean *death*?" "Weren't our workers shot and killed?" fired back Caroline Decker, the twenty-one-year-old strike leader. The eight ranchers accused of murder have all been acquitted.

Filipino workers picking brussels sprouts and spinach at Pescadero, a hamlet in the Santa Clara Valley, are getting twenty cents an hour on the contractor system, by which they have to pay a large part of their earnings to a middleman for board and lodging and the privilege of being allowed to pick brussels sprouts ten hours a day in the broiling sun. Under this system they are usually kept in debt from one season to another. Now they have organized almost 100 per cent and there are no scabs. The police of San Mateo County came and said: "You will leave here immediately." "They tried to drive us from Pescadero," says the firm, triumphant little Filipino, addressing, in his turn, the Anti-Lynching Conference. "But I said, 'You don't know your law, we have to have thirty days' notice. This is January 16. We will be out of here February 16. Not before.'" Roars of applause from the gathering. "We'll all fight together for a better living," cries the Filipino, and leaves the rostrum. In a month the crop will be over. At this moment, however, Japanese strike-breakers are being imported.

A representative from Stockton tells of young workers getting 160 days in jail for vagrancy, of organizers "floated out of town" as were the Mexicans in the Oxnard beet-

toppers' strike in August. They are threatened with instant arrest if they come back, even though their wives and families live in town. Another says: "They threaten to yank speakers off boxes, the legioners do, they pull jackknives out of their pockets, cut off the pockets of strikers, and arrest them and hold them on \$500 bail."

The last report is from Imperial Valley, the latest strike center. Seven thousand Mexican, white, and Filipino lettuce pickers, receiving from ten to twenty cents an hour and living in tents and burlap shacks, went on strike for a wage of twenty to thirty cents an hour. Four hundred were arrested; two hundred are in jail. Strike leaders were beaten up and arrested on vagrancy charges; the International Labor Defense attorney was arrested on a vagrancy charge; Mexican workers were threatened with instant deportation, clubs, tear gas, guns; the American Legion broke up the Workers' Center and smashed typewriters; the Los Angeles *Times* reported that those whom the sheriffs had not arrested and beaten up, members of the Chamber of Commerce had "turned into star-gazers." One baby has died from the effects of tear gas thrown by police among women and children.

The Farmers' and Fruit Growers' Association of California passed a resolution on farm labor at its sixty-sixth annual meeting at Modesto, December 13 and 14, 1933. This association consists of some hundreds of farmers' organizations. The resolution began:

WHEREAS, During the year California has experienced serious agricultural labor disturbances which cost the lives of several people and in addition resulted in serious financial losses to growers, workers, and business men, and

WHEREAS, Much of the trouble was not due to dissatisfaction with the wage scale, but rather was through a carefully planned destructive activity . . .

This might be amusing if it were not calculated to lead to further hatred and violence. The only people who shot and killed in California strikes this summer were ranchers. Not only were there no serious losses in agriculture last year, but the California State Department of Agriculture reported on January 1 that for every California crop the money income increased 25 per cent, while for cotton the increase was 120 per cent, or \$7,000,000. The wages of the 15,000 pickers after their four-week strike were increased an average of \$2 a week—from \$5 to \$7; the total addition to the wage bill was \$500,000. Children from five years up picked cotton till the last boll was harvested. (This was after President Roosevelt's first speech stating that child labor had been abolished in the United States.)

The Farm Bureau Federation has appealed through Representative Stubbs of California to the Department of Justice to deport all spirited foreign-born workers who might become organizers and leaders in an effort to prevent the agricultural workers of California from becoming peons. "We believe in California that the great majority of laborers are satisfied with the progress that is being made toward recovery," says the letter from Representative Stubbs.

The conference in San José showed that tyranny and violence in strikes are not isolated cases of oppression here or a miscarriage of justice there. It showed through the mouths of spokesmen for 728,000 people that there is no quarter for the worker in America—even if he and his children are starving—if he demands higher wages *and means it*.

The Bewildered Liberal

By ANNIE NATHAN MEYER

IN the face of the forced resignation, because of their racial inheritance or liberal sympathies, of hundreds of distinguished members of the faculties of the German universities; in the face of the official burning of hundreds of books by brilliant authors, and the expulsion from Germany of the leading lights of both the stage and the world of music, the reaction of the American liberal has been first to rub his eyes in amazement, and second to announce in no uncertain manner his horror, his distress, and his disapproval.

But in the very process of formulating his protest, the liberal has been obliged to pause. His swift and generous gesture of disapprobation is stopped half way. Voices, confused, vague, yet all more or less charged with the same intent, begin to reach him. "It is not so simple as it seems." "The evidence must be carefully sifted." "It has all been grossly exaggerated." "The situation can be understood only by those on the spot." (This has a particularly familiar ring!) And finally, "This is a highly dangerous situation which calls for diplomacy rather than vituperation." To speak above a whisper is to awaken the loudest of reverberations.

These voices come to him from a variety of sources—from the over-cautious ones, both Jew and Gentile, who have much to lose financially in a quarrel with Germany, from the Jew who desires to live as inconspicuously as possible in an always potentially inimical world, from the faint-hearted in all ranks of society, and from those who yield gleefully to the delights of prejudice. They are contradictory, these voices, and it is difficult to sum them up or characterize them with any certainty. Nevertheless, it is agreed by the Jews of the upper social strata that the protest of a single Gentile is worth more than the protests of hundreds of Jews. The type of Jew, alas, who is most inclined to be articulate is the type that the more cultured Jew would like to see kept in the background. It is possible to sympathize both with the well-bred Jew who shrinks from the accusation of vulgarity and general unpleasantness, and with the inflamed radical who resents the caution of the comfortably established.

Some of the voices have not been without the note of threat. Let us be fair to our liberals; I think the threats meant less than nothing when aimed at themselves. But when it came to threats against the victims of intolerance there was much to give them pause. Slowly, reluctantly, yet inevitably it has begun to sink into the consciousness of those who would take up arms for the persecuted that many of the victims want none of it. For instance, there is the German refugee who cherishes his fatherland with so sentimental an attachment that it renders him far more a German than a Jew, far more a supporter of even Hitler's Reich than of an intangible land of free speech and liberal opinion. This type of patriot, moreover, usually bears his own suffering with such fortitude and dignity, with such an unbelievable lack of bitterness, that to his plea not to bring further hurt upon his beloved country it is difficult to turn a deaf ear. Then there is the voice—one which specially interests me—which whispers that all criticism only stiffens the purpose

of the criticized. As a prominent woman educator said to me—one whose liberal sympathies cannot be questioned: "The psychology of this argument appeals to me. For I know how the backs of the Southerners in our own country are stiffened by the protests of the North. I realize how the passions that were unloosed during the Sacco-Vanzetti trial were inflamed rather than calmed by the protests of indignant Europe."

This argument is gaining ground. It has become so familiar that it may be well to examine it a little more closely. We may safely refuse to accept the conclusion that Sacco and Vanzetti were victims of interfering persons from beyond the seas. It is nearer the truth to conclude that but for the protests which poured in upon America from all parts of the world, those two martyrs to fear and intolerance would have been put to death years before they actually were. Let us not be too ready to believe that the Scottsboro boys would have been set free if it had not been for the ill-advised interference of a tricky lawyer from the North. I think it is possible to come nearer the truth by reflecting upon the treatment that has been meted out to Judge Horton, who conducted the second trial with such superb fairness, and the acclaim which has greeted the judge who presided over the last trial.

In short, I am convinced that much of the indignation against this "outside criticism" is nothing but consciousness of guilt. The wrongdoer always resents interference, whether he is merely a naughty child, a wife-beater, or a grafting politician. It was not so long ago that Tammany braves were shedding crocodile tears over those critics who defamed the fair name of the metropolis. All the magnificent indignation of the organization was aimed, not at those who were responsible for making New York a disgrace among cities, but at the courageous judge who was unveiling the conditions they had hoped to keep hidden. Finally, let us not forget that it is the company that deals least fairly with its employees which bewails most loudly the necessity of turning its beloved workers over to the tender mercies of "outside" unions.

Therefore, although I confess sympathy for our bewildered liberal, and although I cannot hope to have enumerated all the inhibitory voices (the appositeness of my title lying in the fact that it is difficult to unravel all the confused and tangled skeins and knit them together again into a distinct pattern), nevertheless, I think he may be assured that much good will follow upon protestation. Even were some harm to come of it, even were the arguments against protest sincere, some thought surely should be given to the stultifying effect of suppressing the most generous impulses that can arise in the human breast. Whether the victims of persecution are helped or not by public protest to the extent that we might desire, it is of vital concern to the whole world that its horror at tyranny, its distress at injustice, its abhorrence of coercion should be given voice. Far from feeling that they should withhold criticism, outsiders should reflect that their silence implies a lack of support, of encourage-

ment, for the liberal who has spoken out in his own environment. For let us make no mistake—there are liberals in the South, and there are law-abiding citizens in California, as there are rebels in Germany. Do these not deserve some thought? Twice before I have written in the pages of the *Nation* a plea for visitors to the South to support the growing number of liberals. There has grown up in Southern society a convenient slogan that it is bad form to mention the Negro question. This frequently inhibits where threats would fail.

Finally, added to the disinclination to reprove a part of our country or of the world which is not our own, there is another inhibition which is distinctly to the advantage of the Bourbon. Only recently the head of a large university who has been accustomed to speak publicly upon each and every problem of the day privately defended his surprising silence concerning the outrages in Germany by declaring that we in the United States are in no position to criticize other nations. "We lay ourselves open," said he, "to the retort, 'Look at yourself! Look at your own injustice to the Indian! Look at your own treatment of the Negro!'" Can there be any doubt that any true internationalist, any true liberal, would answer: "Very well. By all means let us look at ourselves! Let us welcome any just accusation of intolerance and hypocrisy!"

I am saddened that my country lies so peculiarly vulnerable to the winds of criticism, but I welcome them from whatever quarter they may blow. It is highly regrettable that we have not in the United States liberals in sufficient number to do away with all prejudice and injustice, but since obviously we have not, let us be thankful that our ranks may be swelled from across the seas, from the farthest-flung outposts, if need be, of civilization. He who looks eye to eye with me on these crucial matters, he is my brother. Whether his nose be Grecian or aquiline is of no importance, nor whether his skin be black or white or yellow. All that matters is that in his keeping lie the progress, the honor, and the hope of humanity.

Thus, is it too much to hope that our liberal, after giving due heed to the many and divergent inhibitory voices, if he is quite certain that his stand will not be ascribed to mere self-pity, will speak out with what indignation he can find in his heart and with what eloquence is his to command? The present moment is no time for the balancing of counsels until the opposition has perfected its weapons. It is better to blunder on the side of the angels than to shine on the side of the Evil One. It is better to stumble on the golden stairs than to walk firmly on a path that leads to impotence and nothingness.

A Negro Looks at Soviet Russia

By HENRY LEE MOON

PERHAPS it is because the American Negro is so completely alienated from the main stream of life in his native land that he is so readily adaptable to the life of foreign countries. Perhaps it is because he cannot, until he has left these shores, free himself of the restraints and inhibitions which frustrate his fuller enjoyment of life here. Whatever the reason may be, certainly no other native American exceeds the Negro in adaptability to the European environment. Paris has its full share of Negro expatriates, thoroughly Gallicized, harboring bitter memories, vowing never to return to America. And I cannot forget the convincing ardor with which a young Louisiana musician in Berlin expressed his devotion to the German capital. Both France and Germany have been hospitable to the Negro, but it is the Soviet Union which extends to him the most explicitly cordial welcome.

Although he is a far less familiar figure in Moscow than in Paris or Berlin, the Negro is not new to Russia. Long before the revolution he enjoyed wide popularity among the people. The great bronze statue of the curly-haired Alexander Pushkin in a Moscow square is a constant reminder of the African descent of one of the country's foremost men of letters. Ira Aldridge, American Negro tragedian, was clamorously received when during the middle of the nineteenth century he played Othello and other Shakespearean roles in St. Petersburg. Today the oldest American resident of Moscow is a Negro woman, a former singer, once highly favored by the aristocracy of the old regime.

It has remained for the Communists to dramatize the Negro as the symbol of capitalistic oppression. His plight in the United States has been extensively pictured throughout

the Soviet Union, and his cause has been made dear to the hearts of millions of Soviet citizens who have never seen a Negro. Through active party propaganda Communists are kept well informed on the gloomier aspects of Negro life in America. Their questions on certain phases of race relations in this country frequently prove embarrassing to the American tourist. Interest in the final outcome of the Scottsboro case is far keener in the Soviet Union than in America. Despite the wide publicity given the case, no group in this country has ever been able to assemble 40,000 people in a single meeting to protest against the legal lynching of these nine Alabama youths. Yet I saw such a crowd in an unforgettable demonstration one evening in the vast open-air amphitheater in Moscow's Park of Rest and Culture. Row after row of eager faces of men, women, and children listening attentively as Negro and white, Russian and American, told the story of the nine Scottsboro boys. There was a Union Square ring in the speeches of the Americans. There were the usual cherished denunciations of the capitalist courts and the bourgeois press, and a tirade, sounding rather irrelevant at that distance from the scene, against the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People. A dramatic picturization in fireworks of the fall of Kilby Prison before the onslaught of an aroused working class concluded the demonstration.

Communist propaganda has thoroughly popularized the cause of the Negro as a fellow-worker caught in the net of American capitalism. The picture of the plight of this race which these teachings have created is often warped and sometimes false. There seems to be no racial bias involved for the misery of the working class of all races everywhere under capitalism is similarly dramatized for the

Russian proletariat. As a result, the average Russian is apt to believe that Negroes are lynched weekly in Times Square and three times a week in Chicago's Loop, that the entire race is politically disfranchised throughout the country, that no universities in America admit Negroes, and that all social intercourse between the races is strictly forbidden, a taboo which only class-conscious workers dare defy. It is difficult to explain that there are degrees of race prejudice against Negroes in this country—all the more difficult in view of the fact that the basic concept of the Negro as a pariah in his native land is true.

Quite aside from interest in the Negro created by propaganda, and in addition to the natural curiosity about a race conceived of as exotic, there is certainly something deep in the Russian character which immediately responds to a similar element in the Negro. There is between these peoples a fundamental kinship which surmounts separation in residence and differences in culture. In its more apparent forms it expresses itself in the similarity between the plaintive folk-music of the Russians and that of the Negroes. A soft minor mood, expressive of an ever-living hope, characterizes both. Again, both the Russian and the Negro are endowed with a certain flair for the dramatic, a gift of mimicry—qualities which quite as much as its revolutionary orientation make the Russian theater the most distinctive creation in contemporary drama. There is, however, less spontaneous laughter among the Russians than among Negroes. Perhaps the strain of the revolution and the high tension under which they now live have drained them of mirth. Perhaps, too, there may come a day when Negroes will laugh less often and less heartily.

I have never felt more at home among a people than among the Russians, and I think that this is the common experience of Negroes who have visited the Soviet Union. One reason for this feeling is doubtless to be found in the ready attachment which the Russian shows for the Negro. Incidentally, the Russians view the Negro as a being quite different from the white American, a view which arises inevitably out of their own experience. To them the Negroes of the American South are a national minority, comparable to the minorities of the Soviet Union. In line with this view the Russians generally expect the dark-skinned American to speak a language of African origin and to have customs distinct from those of the rest of the American people. They express surprise upon learning that the folk-songs of the race originated in the English language. And I have the impression that many among them, fed upon stories of race conflict in this country, not only fail to understand, but in some measure resent any expression of friendship between Negroes and American whites, especially if the latter are not identified with the revolutionary movement in this country.

While all Europe, save such centers as have succumbed to the rampant nationalism of the post-war period, welcomes the Negro as an entertainer, a student, or a traveler, Russians see him as a fellow-worker and freely offer employment opportunities. To be sure, the Soviet Union is today the only country in which such opportunities are generally available to any workers; but even in the pre-depression days there were practically no openings for Negroes in the countries of Western Europe.

The number of Negroes now employed in Russia is still quite small, but efforts have been made to increase this num-

ber. There are a few skilled mechanics at work in the automobile factories of Moscow and in the tractor factory at Stalingrad; a teacher in the Anglo-American school in Moscow and at least three women in clerical positions in Moscow offices; a young engineer on irrigation projects in central Asia. Last year a trained group of cotton experts, most of them products of Southern agricultural schools, was in Russia instructing the Uzbeks of Central Asia in modern methods of cotton culture. This field of agriculture is of increased importance to the Soviets because the second Five-Year Plan provides for greater development of the textile industry.

Unquestionably, large sections of the Negro working class in America are measurably better off in material things than the bulk of Soviet workers. They are better housed, better clothed, and better fed, and they have more of the materials for comfortable living than the Russian workers. Yet there are things for which one would willingly exchange comparative comfort. Chief among these for the Negro worker is freedom from persecution. Add to this: security of employment, equal opportunities for his children's education and for their employment upon completion of their training, recreational opportunities unaffected by race, insurance against hazards of sickness and old age, and the zest that comes of taking part in the construction of a new society purged of the bitterness of race prejudice.

Writing in the *Survey Graphic* for November, 1932, Walter Duranty expressed the opinion that "it is merely a question of time for this country [the U. S. S. R.] to see a flow of immigration, not only from the United States but from Europe, which will catch and surpass the peak figures of foreign influx to America." Would the participation of Negroes in large numbers in such a movement change the present attitude of Russia toward this race?

There is a considerable school of Negro thought which holds that the Negro's problems are peculiar to himself and that he carries them with him wherever he may go in large numbers. The few may be accepted cordially, but not the masses. Those who take this position base their contention on the widely accepted axiom that "white folks are white folks" whether they live in Scottsboro or Moscow, whether they profess to follow the teachings of Jefferson and Wilson or those of Marx and Lenin. Pleading for a continued adherence to American principles, Kelly Miller, dean of Howard University, in an article syndicated through the Negro press, expressed this point of view: "Ten million Negroes or Chinese in Russia," he said, "would in all probability arouse the same race antagonism we now see exhibited in Georgia. What guaranty is there that communism would control the rancor of race in the midst of rival and competitive racial numbers?"

What Soviet Russia's answer would be I can conclude only by analogy. There are already ten million yellow- and brown-skinned Orientals in the Union. As yet their presence has created no major internal problem. Certainly there is no evidence of racial conflict or of the subjugation of one racial group by another. Indeed, the development of national cultures along proletarian lines is an established policy of the country. Even the Jews, who under the czarist regime were more mercilessly and tragically persecuted than are the Negroes of the deep South, enjoy a new freedom. They are no longer limited in their choice of vocations, forbidden access

to any institutions, or denied the privilege of residence in any section of the country. It is not here contended that all traces of anti-Semitism have been eliminated; it is patent, however, that its grosser manifestations have been entirely suppressed. It is possible, even likely, that its expression in more subtle forms may linger for a generation or longer. Certainly it is being aggressively fought by the Communist

Party. Moreover, the Marxists would probably point out that in the Soviet Union no races are competitive or rival. All are engaged in the gigantic task of building socialism, which in itself would mean the destruction of the roots of race prejudice. Marxism maintains that these roots are essentially economic. Race prejudice cannot flourish when its roots are destroyed.

Manchukuo and the Opium Trade

By ELLEN N. LA MOTTE

THE international drug ring is still up to its old tricks at Geneva. However, it has reckoned without Stuart Fuller of the State Department. Mr. Fuller represents the United States at the meetings of the Opium Committee of the League of Nations, by virtue of our having ratified the Hague Convention of 1912. The New Deal has given us a pleasant change of representatives—a fighter. Under the previous Administration many of the American delegates could not kowtow low enough to European influences—they made doormats of themselves. The Opium Committee behaved in the usual way, altering the minutes, changing and tampering with the records, and generally pulling the wool over our eyes. But now a change has come. The drug ring is still up to its tricks, but Mr. Fuller takes pleasure in exposing them and protesting against them.

The latest opium story is worth telling. The Japanese are going in heavily for opium cultivation in Manchukuo. Production is being stepped up, and the opium revenues are pledged as security against a loan—which means that nothing will be allowed to diminish the value of the security. Already the opium revenue has nearly doubled—from 5,000,000 yen in 1933 to an estimate of nearly 10,000,000 yen for 1934. All this opium is raised in Manchuria and Jehol. As a result the other Powers wanted to get in on this fine fat market. The Japanese were quite able to supply the demand, but the drug ring wanted to get in, too—to overload the country and make Manchukuo a great and convenient base for the illicit trade. To effect this it must bring in imports from outside.

Rich Persian opium was selected as the ideal kind to import—perfect for smokers, and still more perfect to manufacture into morphine and heroin for smuggling into America and elsewhere. Persia was chosen also as the producing country least hampered by entangling alliances in the way of opium treaties. European dealers backing the scheme saw large profits for themselves, not only profits from sales but perquisites and incidentals, such as transport by European ships, insurance by European firms, all sorts of things. There were also rumors that a certain European drug firm thought it possible to send in a few tons of drugs; the new state of Manchukuo seemed ripe for thorough exploitation.

After the outbreak of the China-Japan difficulties the League of Nations had set up a committee called the Sino-Japanese Advisory Committee to follow affairs in the Far East. Japan's policy was thoroughly reprehensible, and the new state of Manchukuo must on no account be recognized. Then, out of the clear blue came the possibility of sending opium into Manchukuo. The committee was in a quandary. Japan had an extensive opium market in this new territory;

it seemed too bad for other countries not to get a share of it.

The Sino-Japanese Committee called upon the secretariat of the League's Opium Committee for advice. They did not lay their predicament before the Opium Committee as a whole, but before the secretariat, or paid secretarial staff—which seems odd, considering that the entire Opium Committee was in session at the time, practically in the adjoining room. The Opium Committee adjourned its session on May 31, 1933, unaware till several months later that its secretariat had offered some helpful suggestions to the Sino-Japanese Committee on May 24. One wonders why this secrecy. One wonders what big financial interests were hanging round Geneva at this time, suggesting that the Manchukuo opium market was a gold mine.

Whatever the pressure, the Sino-Japanese Committee hurdled the obstacles which prevented sending opium into Manchukuo. It issued a statement some weeks later saying that under the Geneva Convention of 1925 opium could be exported to Manchukuo if accompanied by an export certificate. At the same time it advised against sending a duplicate certificate to the Manchukuo government itself as this might be construed as recognition.

Certificates are export or import licenses which accompany shipments of drugs or opium. One accompanies the shipping itself, and the duplicate goes to the importing government, as a check upon traders. The Sino-Japanese Committee, acting on the advice of the secretariat of the Opium Committee, got everything nicely arranged for a lively opium trade with Manchukuo.

At this point Mr. Fuller comes into the picture. Like all disinterested members of the Opium Committee, he was extremely surprised—surprised that the Opium Committee as a whole had not been consulted, had been given no slightest inkling of what was going on in the next room, where the Sino-Japanese Committee had devised its plan to boom the opium trade; surprised that the secretariat alone had been consulted; and extremely surprised at the naive solution that had been offered. In November, 1933, there was another meeting of the Opium Committee, with Mr. Fuller back again in Geneva. He then issued a long, forceful statement which the committee actually agreed to publish in the minutes in its original condition, not edited or tampered with in any way. All who closely follow events in Geneva are well aware that the secretariat is constantly "editing"—with remarkable results.

Mr. Fuller strongly objected to sending Persian opium into Manchukuo. He said it would be in violation of the Hague Convention, the underlying, basic opium treaty which

the United States has ratified. In this older treaty, he pointed out, there are certain articles which definitely prohibit shipping opium into countries which prohibit its import. Manchukuo is not yet recognized as a sovereign state, is still considered part of China, and China prohibits the importation of opium. Mr. Fuller concluded with a request that the Opium Committee recommend to the Council of the League of Nations that the proposals of the Sino-Japanese Committee be considered null and void.

Now in the past many American delegates have been weak or terrified. Or, as one of them said, he "didn't like to make himself unpopular." Unpopular, of course, with the big drug ring and its spokesmen. But Mr. Fuller did not care about his personal popularity. In spite of his energetic protests, however, the Opium Committee sent only a very mild recommendation in its report to the Council:

For the moment at any rate, it would be desirable that the attention of the chief producing and manufacturing countries should be drawn to the necessity of supervising most strictly any application for the introduction of narcotics into the territory [Manchukuo].

It has to be added that the question was raised whether the recommendation in regard to the export to this territory of opium and other dangerous drugs which was made by the Advisory Committee [Sino-Japanese] appointed by the Assembly to follow the situation in the Far East involved any evasion of the provisions of the Hague Convention. The Opium Advisory Committee is confident that this was not the intention of the recommendation.

But somehow—in spite of this weak report to the Council—a great light seems to have dawned. The New York *Times* of January 21 contains this significant paragraph:

The Council's report further states: "It is understood that in accordance with Articles III, VIII, and XV of the Hague Convention, the export of opium, raw and prepared, to the territory in question cannot be authorized." The Council instructed the Secretary-General so to advise all governments.

This is what happens when the New Deal sends a man like Mr. Fuller to Geneva.

In the Driftway

HERE and there, in a world which seems to be hurrying toward damnation, a light burns which has all the warmth of hope. Perhaps everything is not yet lost. Such a hopeful gleam is the United States Indian Bureau as now administered by John Collier. One of the Drifter's colleagues was taken to task not long ago for attributing to Commissioner Collier credit for the abolition of the hated Indian boarding-schools. Dr. W. Carson Ryan, appointed director of Indian education in 1931, should, it was declared, share the credit, and the Drifter hereby makes the necessary amends vicariously for his associate. But to Mr. Collier alone belongs all honor for his recent order insisting on "the fullest constitutional liberty in all matters affecting religion, conscience, and culture" for all Indians. The Indian ceremonial dances are of native religious significance, they have the deepest and most sacred associations for the various tribes, they are solemn, orderly, and beautiful.

Yet for many years it has been the policy of that branch of the government which administers Indian affairs to attempt in every way to destroy these ancient ceremonies, along with every other aspect of Indian culture, including the Indian languages, with the aim of "civilizing" the Indian tribes.

* * * * *

CHIEF STANDING BEAR, of the tribe of the western Sioux called the Lakotas, tells in his admirable autobiography, "Land of the Spotted Eagle," just how this system of cultural repression worked. Like all other Indian boys, he was sent to a school conducted by whites. "When I came back to the reservation," he says, ". . . there came the battle of my life—the battle with agents to retain my individuality and my life as a Lakota."

All the while the agent or white rule became harder and stricter. . . . On the commissary door and in the trader's store there one day appeared a printed notice, by order of the agent, that no returned student would thereafter be permitted to attend any tribal dance. . . . In a short while there came another order which allowed the old people to hold but one dance a week and no more. Soon another rule followed, stating that whenever a horse or present was given away, it must be done silently. [The Lakotas made a ceremony of presenting gifts.] Though there was nothing to disturb but the endless ether, there must be no glad announcing and no shouts of joy. The singing of praise songs by old men and the calling of gift-givers on some poor person were not to the liking of the white rulers. Cursing and yelling at football and baseball games were all to their liking and most certainly in order. But ceremonial gift-making was not to the order of their doing.

If there is bitterness in the last sentences of this, we, who have a different feeling about the preservation of an ancient and beautiful rite, may understand it easily enough. And we may reflect on the ironical fact that the northern American colonies were founded to establish freedom of worship—and that suppression of the Indian religion was only one aspect of all the religious suppressions that flowed outward from those Puritan days when religious freedom meant simply freedom to be a member of a particular church.

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STUDENTS of Indian life know most fully but any American citizen may mournfully suspect what treasures of art and folk religion are forever lost to us through the suppression of Indian culture. For although we may be grateful for Commissioner Collier's order, in large measure it comes too late. The Indians themselves have forgotten much that the white man forbade them to remember. The old men and women who could perform the time-honored ceremonies are dead; their children, educated in the white man's culture, which is so alien to them, only dimly recollect the rites of their early childhood. The Indian languages are in some cases quite gone. In time this might inevitably have taken place. But we hastened the process by a stupid and shortsighted hatred of the Indians as "savages" who must be turned into white citizens as rapidly as possible. For the new policy of the Indian Bureau which will at least attempt to preserve what remains of Indian rites, arts, and crafts, we may therefore be profoundly grateful.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

The Theater Exhibit

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

Your art critic, Miss Brenner, seems to be far more confused than the general public is by the exhibition of theater designs at the Museum of Modern Art. The exhibition has been open four weeks. To date 32,000 people have visited it, an average of 8,000 people a week. People do not turn out in such numbers to see any show in order to be bewildered or bored.

It is of course very gracious of Miss Brenner to edit my catalogue introduction to the point of suggesting that I described stage design as "impure art" when I really meant that drawings for the theater were "unfinished" art. Had I wanted to characterize scenic designs as "unfinished" I would have said so.

None of these designs, even when they are what we call sketches, are "unfinished." They are exactly as finished as any number of the drawings or paintings which we are in the habit of calling "works of art"; that is, they completely express the artist's intention. Many of them are excessively "finished" in the sense of being packed with detail. Almost all the drawings shown are complete and "finished" in that they show the completed (finished) theatrical spectacle as the artist wants it to appear when built, painted, lighted, and shown in the theater. And it is that evocation of a stage picture that the public gets as directly and almost as easily as the effect of the stage settings they are accustomed to see at the rise of the curtain.

If Miss Brenner's ignorance of the technical side of scene designing were not so complete, she could not assure your readers that these drawings are "technical preparations for a theatrical spectacle." The technical preparations for the making of scenery are architectural drawings to scale, which have been omitted from the exhibit. Miss Brenner can find them in the Renaissance textbooks of Serlio or Sabbatini and in the filing cabinets of any New York designer.

Theatrical designs, whether of the seventeenth or the twentieth century, are "impure" in the same sense that the bulk of pictorial art of the past was "impure," namely, they are not self-sufficient. They exist to illuminate something more than the methods of representation employed. Like much historic painting they are illustrations of a popular subject, a recognized theme, or an accepted text. Their aesthetic effect is not wholly a matter of the particular "organization" of line and color employed, but partly a result of their ability to give a fresh sense of the meaning, the importance, and the emotional implications of their dramatic subject matter by dramatizing it again in pictorial terms. The emotions they arouse are not those purely aesthetic ones that it has been the fashion for connoisseurs and critics to cultivate of recent years.

My point, ironically put, was that art is often all the better for being impure to this extent. The contrast I underlined in my foreword was the contrast between this kind of "impure art," which can be widely appreciated, and our recent cult of "pure art," which can be appreciated only by specialists who are interested in such pure aesthetic values as the way a guitar is properly "organized" in relation to a nearby table and a cigar box, or how a nude model is brought into perfect rapport with a stretch of wallpaper.

I hesitate to disillusion Miss Brenner about the motives of such best-sellers among the Parisian "art artists" as Picasso and Derain. Like most of the leading French painters they are hard-boiled business men. Their unwillingness to look for their scenic sketches or to lend them was primarily due to the

fact that they have no ready market and command no prices comparable to "finished" paintings. That is why the Picassos, the Derain, the Legers, and the Braque in this exhibition had to be borrowed from some of the few private collections of theater art that exist abroad.

Miss Brenner seems to have got so confused as to become downright peevish. To say that certain American designs were "tucked away" in a small room on the fourth floor is unwarranted in view of the fact that the museum has only one large exhibition gallery. These designs, like those of some of the leading artists of Vienna, Prague, Paris, and Stockholm, were distributed on the third floor in four rooms which are almost exactly the same size. To class Jo Mielziner as a "revolutionary propagandist" is the height of the ridiculous. His distinction as a stage designer is due to the sensitiveness and subtlety with which he has used the traditional devices of nineteenth-century stage realism. Gorelik's and Carson's designs, although for supposedly propagandist and revolutionary plays, are far less revolutionary from the point of view of theatrical picture making than those of Heythum and Hofman, also "tucked away" in one of the rooms on the same floor. Gorelik's settings for "Processional" are the wittiest of variations on the most traditional way of making stage settings, established in the eighteenth century—the painted border, cut-out, and backdrop.

New York, February 12

LEE SIMONSON

The Workers' Protest Meeting

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

On last Friday afternoon the Socialist Party and certain large trade unions of New York City called the workers of New York to "down tools" and march to a huge meeting of protest against the slaughter of Austrian Socialists. Immediately upon the issuance of this call the Communist Party and the Communist trade unions ordered their members to attend the meeting in the name of "unity." Those who marched on Madison Square Garden at the Communist call came with a special edition of the *Daily Worker* in their hands, carrying instructions which would inevitably lead to the breaking up of the meeting.

From three o'clock on organized groups of Communists entered the Garden and began shouting under direction. When the meeting opened at 4 p.m. none of the speakers could be heard. The turmoil grew. The announcer for the Columbia broadcasting chain took the microphone. "Folks, this is the greatest battle the Garden has ever seen." The Communist-led groups were carrying out their instructions.

There was never a time when the unity of the workers was more necessary, when the policy of deliberately setting workers against other workers was more indefensible. We have been among those who have worked for the united front on certain issues, but a united front cannot be effected as long as the Communist Party leaders follow a policy of "unity" through disruption of organized workers' groups.

We maintain that there is no justification for these tactics. The world might have been given the story of a mighty protest against fascism voiced by 30,000 workers. The responsibility for the attack on a workers' demonstration should be placed squarely on the Communist leaders, who thus set back indefinitely the prospect of a united front that can have any meaning for the working class.

MARY FOX, DEVERE ALLEN, REINHOLD NIEBUHR,
SAMUEL H. FRIEDMAN, JOHN HURLING, MARY
W. HILLYER, JOSEPH P. LASH, DAVID LASSER

New York, February 19

Finance

Wall Street Gets a Shock

AFTER many months of hide-and-seek between the specter of impending doom and its own belief in the immortality of easy money, Wall Street at last has been confronted with the proposed Fletcher-Rayburn bill. The shock has brought forth cries of anguish, for the bill embodies most of the forebodings which have haunted the Street since the inauguration of the New Deal.

Surprise was mingled with dismay at the comprehensive and stringent character of the proposed act. Although Wall Street's most disheartening experience with the Roosevelt Administration has been its consistent failure to obtain the advance official information to which it had grown accustomed under Republican rule, it had become confident recently that painfully restrictive legislation was improbable at the present session of Congress. Its optimism was borne out temporarily by the moderate recommendations for regulation from the Dickinson committee. When word at last broke through of the impending draft of legislation by Messrs. Pecora and Landis, its mood shifted abruptly from hopefulness to chilling fear.

Under these conditions Wall Street lost its head and could find voice only for the impulsive complaint that the bill would seriously reduce the volume of business on the New York Stock Exchange and other markets. With its second wind, it recovered

enough equilibrium to indulge in considerable embroidering of this theme. It is now painting a picture of enforced curtailment of employment if the bill is enacted in its original form: offices will be closed; real-estate values in the financial districts will decline; federal and State revenues from stock-transfer taxes will suffer. The Street sees a frozen, inactive market, imperiling the liquidity of investors' holdings, and foretells drastic deflation of security prices caused by wholesale dumping of stock collateral to meet the new margin requirements.

It is difficult to become panic-stricken by these laments. If, as Wall Street has now tacitly admitted, widespread speculation on thin margin is the backbone of much of the business on security exchanges, then any measure which curbs speculation will inevitably reduce the total volume of transactions. If pools, options, puts and calls, and the other paraphernalia of the Wall Street game are essential to maintain the present plant built around the security markets, then any legislation effectively seeking an honest market will entail retrenchment in that plant. Since the direct means of reducing speculation is to curtail the credit available for speculation, then the necessary stiffening of margin requirements will naturally compel a readjustment of loan accounts which are below these requirements.

Wall Street is, naturally, exaggerating the importance of the act's repercussions on the national economy. It flaunts the figure of about seven billion dollars of existing security loans as evidence of the amount of liquidation which would be unleashed by the act. But it overlooks the fact that the act specifically exempts from its margin requirements bank loans secured by collateral owned outright for more than thirty days, that many loans are secured by high-grade bonds which would be

The Next Session of
THE NATION's
Radiotorial Board
over Station WEVD

will take place

Wednesday, Feb. 28, at 8 P.M.

Members of the Board are

Elmer Davis

Morris L. Ernst

Arthur Garfield Hays

Rabbi Israel Goldstein

Harry W. Laidler

Algernon Lee

Bishop Francis J. McConnell

Norman Thomas

Walter White

and the Editors of THE NATION

THE
Soviet
Union

Facts which
have special
significance
for the
Foresighted
Investor

ECONOMIC STABILITY

Throughout the sixteen years of its existence, the Soviet Union has met all of its obligations without resort to moratoriums, "stand-still agreements" or reductions of any kind.

It has displaced leading powers of the world in point of industrial production and now stands *second only to the United States*. The First Five Year Plan involved an expenditure of \$26 billion at par for the national economy.

While other nations have been staggering under the impact of the depression the Soviet Union has reduced its total of foreign obligations by 67%. For the year 1933, exports exceeded imports by \$75 million. The budget

of the U. S. S. R. is balanced with a surplus.

With a gold production in 1933 of more than \$50 million and a gold reserve in the issue department of the State Bank of the U.S.S.R. of \$416 million, the total bonded gold debt of the Soviet Union is less than \$15 million—less than that of the average small American City. Its commercial indebtedness, about \$250 million, is less than even the funded debt of any one of several American cities.

These achievements are due directly to the State Planning System—in control of every factor affecting Soviet national economy.

FOR THE FORESIGHTED INVESTOR

THE foregoing facts serve to emphasize the desirability of Soviet Government 7% Gold Bonds. Here is a bond whose principal and interest payments are based upon a fixed quantity of gold, payable in American currency at the prevailing rate of exchange. Interest is paid quarterly at The Chase National Bank of New York.

The bonds, issued in denominations of 100 gold roubles, are priced at par and accrued interest. (A gold rouble contains 0.774234 grams of pure gold). Their cost in American currency is based on the daily quotation of the dollar in terms of gold. Naturally, any further depreciation in the dollar would enhance the value of these Gold Bonds.

In order to insure long-term marketability, the State Bank of the U.S.S.R. has agreed to repurchase these bonds on demand of the holder at par and accrued interest at any time after one year from date of purchase.

Circular — fully describing these bonds will be sent upon request.

Soviet American Securities Corp.
30 Broad Street New York City

permitted higher margins based on 80 per cent of their lowest price within the past three years, and that in no event would collateral now considered ample need to undergo 100 per cent liquidation in order to meet the new requirements. Nor would a thinner market deprive investors of reasonable facilities for buying and selling securities. The New York Stock Exchange's own bond market is evidence of this fact, since it has maintained adequate liquidity without many of the devices used to stimulate the Exchange's stock dealings.

The anguish which Wall Street is suffering is heightened by the wholesome respect it has for the talents of Mr. Landis and his associates in drafting lawyer-proof legislation. Bitter experience with the Securities Act has driven home the fact that the enemy knows the tricks of the game and can anticipate them in a manner which so far has baffled the Street's most astute and expensive legal talent. Nevertheless, Wall Street has by no means given up the ghost. It places great weight on the fact that President Roosevelt refrained from personal indorsement of the Pecora-Landis bill. It has seized upon the relatively moderate tone of the Dickinson committee's report and the backsliding statements of several of the Democratic leaders in Congress as indicating that the President's counsel will not be unanimous in supporting stringent regulation. It has welcomed its arch enemy, Samuel Untermyer, as an unexpected ally in the cause of weakening the proposed bill. The Street is now fighting for immediate profits, rendered all the more alluring by the rising trend of business indexes and by inflationary legislation, rather than, as in its agitation against the Securities Act, for future profits contingent upon a revival of the capital market. In the forthcoming hearings on the bill it will seek to remove the administration of the act from the Federal Trade Commission and thus from the clutches of Mr. Landis, to establish discretionary control over security markets in which its own representatives would have a voice, and to place actual regulation principally in the hands of the exchanges themselves.

In its campaign Wall Street will have the whole-hearted cooperation of the heads of the allied interests of corporation management and control. These gentlemen will fight to the last ditch against a law which would compel them to keep the public currently informed on the condition of their business, which would expose their salaries and bonuses, and which would eliminate their speculative profits on inside information. The union of these forces presents a formidable obstacle to effective legislation. Passage of the bill in recognizable form in the face of this opposition will score an authentic victory for the liberal factions at Washington. PETER HELMOOP NOYES

The Intelligent Traveler

"THE Twentieth Century in the Wake of Alexander the Great" is the sonorous title of a tour through the Near East which Dr. Hans Kohn will conduct this spring. The party will set out from Alexandria on March 29, traveling through Egypt, Syria, Palestine, and Turkey. Dr. Kohn has lived in the Near East for over eight years and is the author of two books on its perplexed problems. He will introduce the group to the social, economic, and cultural changes that result from the impact of Western civilization on the East. The tour is first class throughout and costs \$550 for the thirty days from Alexandria to Beirut. Dr. Hans Kohn may be addressed at 129 Joralemon Street, Brooklyn, New York.

Community enterprises—fairs, music festivals, pageants, and the like—are not usually announced in detail by the committees that sponsor them until the last moment. Especially in

England the early months of summer bring interesting pageants and festivals of which little is known here now beyond their dates. A few of these are noted; others will be announced later.

A Music Festival at Torquay, a popular beach resort on the Devon coast, has been announced for May 1 to 5. Its auspices are good; nothing is yet known of its program.

On April 16 the Shakespeare Drama Festival opens at Stratford-on-Avon, to continue until September 15. W. Bridges Adams will again direct the Stratford company, which remains nearly unchanged. Plays to be done this year include "The Tempest," "Henry V," "Cymbeline," "Much Ado About Nothing," "A Winter's Tale," "Twelfth Night," "Julius Caesar," "The Merry Wives of Windsor," "Macbeth," "Romeo and Juliet," "Richard III," and "Othello."

The Canterbury Festival of Music and Drama will take place the second week in June at Canterbury Cathedral, with John Masefield and Sybil Thorndyke participating.

The Seminar in Cuba, announced in this column recently, has been canceled by the Committee for Cultural Relations with Latin America. Cuban political and cultural leaders are absorbed in attempting to solve the problems of the country and cannot give the necessary time to seminar sessions. The committee preferred to abandon the project rather than negate its worth by accepting unimportant people for the Cuban faculty.

About two hundred Americans are expected to go to the Soviet Union for the celebration of May Day on Red Square. The parties will include a group of professional people and a delegation of fifty American workers, elected by unions and factories, who will go under the auspices of the Friends of the Soviet Union. A Music Festival in Leningrad celebrating the birth of the composer Borodine will be held the last ten days in May. Jascha Heifetz and Efrem Zimbalist will appear with the Leningrad Symphonic Orchestra, and Russian and European musicians of equal distinction are expected to take part. Two operas, a ballet, and solo concerts will be given besides the orchestra performances.

Those for whom the theater is the principal reason for spending the winter in New York would do well to transplant themselves to Moscow for a winter season. The unquenchable vitality of the Moscow theater is attested by the odd fact that through the wildest days of the revolution and all that followed the theaters continued night after night. According to Lee Simonson, Oliver Sayler, and many other competent judges, the Moscow stage today offers an abundance, variety, and excitement found nowhere else in the world. The playgoer who would cover the ground in a few weeks must sample several shows a night.

Early visitors to the Soviet Union will catch the theater season in full swing, and this year it is an unusually lively one, as all visitors—from Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne to Harpo Marx—agree. The Ballet School of the Bolshoi Theater in Moscow is celebrating the 125th anniversary of its founding in April, with special presentations which include "representatives of the different generations of the ballet art." The Moscow Art Theater is playing Gorki's reminiscent "Yegor Bulichev," now being done in New York by the semi-amateur Arteff Theater. "Fear" by A. Afinogenov, which is said to be one of the most impressive modern Russian plays, is running in Moscow and will shortly be produced in this country. The Music Theater will present "La Traviata" with a new libretto this spring. The Kamerny Theater has planned a potpourri in which Shakespeare's "Antony and Cleopatra," Bernard Shaw's "Caesar and Cleopatra," and Pushkin's "Egyptian Nights," will be combined and presented in one night. The Theater of the Revolution is producing "Romeo and Juliet" in March. These are only scattered examples of the choices. JOHN ROTHSCHILD

Books, Music, Drama

Bystander

By LIONEL WIGGAM

What trees have risen slim and green,
What stars have stopped in shattered flight,
What things my eyes have never seen,
I am not troubled by tonight.

I stroll indifferent in rain
Or unconcerned I lie in grass,
Watching the moon appear and wane,
Feeling the seasons come and pass.

In other towns are men who brood
On creatures nondescript and dead:
If there is chaos in my mood,
It is for living things instead.

Hearing the wind among the leaves,
The vast, intolerable sound of thunder—
Mine is a heart that never grieves
Though multitudinous moons go under.

The Biography Rush

EMIL LUDWIG told reporters not long ago that he was abandoning biography, that it had become an industry. Mr. Ludwig should know, for it was he as much as any other one individual who helped to turn biography for a short moment of eternity into an industry. Napoleon, Christ, Abraham Lincoln, Bismarck, and the Kaiser were his staples; Lenin, Woodrow Wilson, Mussolini, Leonardo da Vinci, Frederick the Great, Cecil Rhodes, Rembrandt, and Shakespeare were his by-products, which he produced in tabloid form for the essay market.

But whatever Mr. Ludwig's plans for the future may be, biography will remain of interest to mankind. Indeed, it would be a good thing for biography as a fine art if the recent extravagant interest in the lives of great men should die down, for that interest stimulated too many writers not fitted for the work to write hastily about characters concerning whom they did not have sufficient material. It was Lytton Strachey who suggested that "it is perhaps as difficult to write a good life as to live one." And it was he too who wrote: "Human beings are too important to be treated as mere symptoms of the past. They have a value which is independent of any temporal processes—which is eternal, and must be felt for its own sake."

Lytton Strachey's own superb success with biography as a fine art stimulated others to apply the formulas which they extracted from his individual method. Innumerable writers who had never before been interested in biography turned their hands to the trade. They put in research machines, added a dash of witty varnish, which they thought to be of the same quality as Strachey's distilled irony, and the publishers sent forth the finished product with attendant pub-

licity. The result was that the public's interest in a great many good subjects was catered to hurriedly and inadequately. It was all part of the Stock Market Age, and at that time it was not unusual for three or four lives of the same person to be published almost simultaneously. It looked for a time as if the publishers would be forced to send out sandwich men with the slogan: "Wait for Maurois; any parrot can be taught to say just as good." Had the boom proceeded much farther, it probably would have become necessary to add a biography schedule to the protective tariff and to warn visiting foreigners that they might lecture, but that any attempt on their parts to write the life of Abraham Lincoln or Carl Laemmle would result in deportation. It might even have become advisable to hire a native gunman, who would have approached a non-member of National Biographers, Inc., with: "Oh, so you're going to do Martha Washington, eh! Well, one peep out of you in the *Atlantic Monthly* and—" The stock-market crash happily obviated all such trade necessities, and the interest in biography is once more settling to its natural level.

Another phase of the biography business which has flourished for many years is the rich man's biography trade. Millionaires have had their biographical research workers, who in social position came somewhere between the caddy and the master of the yacht, and their biographers, who received the respect their prices commanded. At one period any writer who had written a couple of successful biographies could have hung up a shingle in Wall Street reading: "Lives written; walk up two flights and save \$20,000."

One American biographer once told me that he had made \$100,000 writing the lives of rich men, and that was ten years ago. "It is easy," he remarked, "it only takes six months, and you can do your other work at the same time." "Suppose," I asked, "you discover that the subject was a—er, er, er?" "Oh," the biographer answered with hurried embarrassment, "I write them just as I do all my other books." A lady once wrote me to ask if I would not write the life of her father, who had been a Cabinet minister in the Cabinet of some obscure President of the United States, and she inclosed a two-cent stamp for a reply. Offers varying from the naive to the corrupt used to arrive in the mail intermittently. One woman who asked me to write the life of her notorious father with her collaboration remarked: "We could include my husband's and my experiences; we have had a very interesting life; we have traveled, we've been to Honolulu." One man offered to open to me for grazing ground the files of a large corporation if I would lend myself to the whitewashing of his father, who was the forceful executive of that corporation. But, he warned me, there were some things which could not yet be told. "They would hurt too many people," he remarked.

As for the debunkers, we all know by now that George Washington had false teeth, that Abraham Lincoln liked dirty stories, and that Woodrow Wilson knew a beautiful lady when he saw one. Portraiture is once more coming into its own, as it always does after a wave of pretty or ugly moralities. The late Gamaliel Bradford, who spent a sensitive lifetime at precise portraiture, has been hailed after his death as one of the few modern biographers of any importance. Biography has survived its boom.

M. R. WERNER

Studs Lonigan's World

The Young Manhood of Studs Lonigan. By James T. Farrell. Vanguard Press. \$2.50.

IN his new novel Mr. Farrell is more directly occupied with the theme of Catholicism in the modern world than in either of the other two books that he has published in the last three years. Young Lonigan, whose unbeautiful adolescence in the streets of Chicago's South Side formed the subject of the first volume of the trilogy which Mr. Farrell is devoting to this character, is shown grown to young manhood, and unquestionably the greatest of his problems is the attempt to reconcile the moral and religious teachings inculcated in him at St. Patrick's parochial school with the standards of conduct admired and put into action by the gang at the corner poolroom. The great difference between Studs Lonigan and most other hard guys in recent fiction lies in his possession of a still very active moral and religious sensibility. None of the characters in this book is as completely dehumanized, for example, as the characters of William Faulkner and Erskine Caldwell. They are not so tough that they cannot indulge in occasional moments of remorse and self-disgust. They do not retire to the neighborhood brothel before listening to a thoroughgoing exhortation of modern youth by the visiting retreat orator, whose sermon, reproduced in full, is one of the many tours de force in the book. Studs Lonigan and his friends are not without the sense of sin, and that perhaps is what gives the special quality of horror to the picture of them that Mr. Farrell draws for us. A concentration of this horror is managed in the next to last chapter, in which they are all brought together at a New Year's party, and which has much the same effect as the famous Walpurgis Night episode in "Ulysses" and that last gruesome reunion in the final volume of Proust. It is a terrible chapter, one of the most terrible that has ever been written, and one that no other novelist of Mr. Farrell's generation could possibly have written. By means of a device that makes also for the greatest economy of presentation—the fragmenting of the narrative into thirty-two numbered episodes—Mr. Farrell emphasizes the almost insane disintegration of values that has occurred in the particular corner of the modern world on which he has chosen to concentrate.

Also it may be said that in this brilliantly managed chapter Mr. Farrell avoids most of the defects that have so far stood in the way of his being the most mature, as he is already the most compelling, of the several young American writers who have emerged in the last few years. His faults, from the beginning, have been the consequences of an excessive enthusiasm, of an insufficient discipline. This is most easily to be seen in his habit of using the extraordinarily violent and picturesque language of abuse current among his South Side "punks" and "goofs" almost for its own sake. Also, in his Celtic fondness for the racier forms of expression, he frequently fails to distinguish properly between the vocabulary of his characters and the vocabulary of his own style: "It was Saturday night. Husk Lonigan had the dough from the first pay he had earned since starting to work for the old man." The effect of this confusion is particularly disturbing in the more subjective passages. It might also be objected that a good deal of the narrative, although interesting enough in itself, is too loosely connected with the theme; the novel is certainly too long. But so successfully has he brought together the many characters and disparate elements of the story in his amazing penultimate chapter that one is left with an impression of extraordinary unity. "Some day," Danny O'Neill tells himself, in one of the obviously autobiographical passages of the book, "he would drive this neighborhood and all his memories of it out of his consciousness with

a book." This is that book, and Mr. Farrell has succeeded so well in driving his South Side neighborhood out of his mind that we are not likely to forget it for a long time to come.

WILLIAM TROY

A Coonskin Classic

Davy Crockett. By Constance Rourke. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$2.50.

MISS ROURKE is said to have written this book for "young readers," whoever they are. If they are boys who habitually read for narrative excitement they will get plenty of it in the story of Crockett's life which Miss Rourke has so skilfully put together out of many documents. If they are accustomed to the excitements of language they will have high times with a vernacular which Miss Rourke has salvaged out of our obscure past, their ears will glow in the presence of crackling epithets such as have not been heard since the country settled into the depths of civilization, their cheeks will flush with pleasure at many an indigenous tall tale. But are there any such boys? It can be doubted. It can be maintained, and hereby is, that Miss Rourke has written an exceedingly sophisticated book. And why not, since she is the author of "American Humor," and since she is perhaps the person best equipped in the whole United States to produce yet more works than these two in the field of literary archaeology? She will undoubtedly produce them and they will not be for boys—any more than "Davy Crockett" is, though it is that in small part.

"Davy Crockett" is essentially a study of that ringtailed, roaring American language which seems to have been at the peak of its richness a little more than a century ago. It was heard in the Western clearings and up back trails, but more particularly it was heard along the great rivers, the Ohio and the Mississippi, which were the thoroughfares of a swarming, many-colored culture. Mike Fink spoke it there, and a year ago his prowess was celebrated in a book by Walter Blair and Franklin J. Meine. David Crockett, bear-hunter, river-wader, coon-grinner, and Congressman, spoke it in Tennessee, whence his fame spread not only because he was death on animals but because he was death on the rhetorical conventions. He named his hounds Whirlwind, Old Rattler, Soundwell, Tiger, Growler, Holdfast, Grim, Deathmaul, and Thunderbolt. It was said of him whom neither summer nor winter rivers stopped that he could "swim faster, dive deeper, stay down longer, and come up drier than any man in all creation." And he was widely acknowledged to be a man who, when condescendingly spoken to by some Easterner in a tall hat, could back the Easterner clear into the Atlantic Ocean with tall tales that made his hat look like a pimple on a porcupine.

Miss Rourke has been quite as much interested in the legend of Crockett as in the man himself, or at any rate she has permitted herself to quote and paraphrase liberally from the almanacs and chapbooks which continued for twenty years after his death to fabricate things he might have said. The things he might have said and done are so little different from the things he did say and do, and the whole body of lingo is so interesting and typical in itself, that Miss Rourke rightly enough represents it all. There are those, indeed, who would have forbidden her to make use even of Crockett's own autobiographies, long considered spurious. But she has been at some pains to prove that the earliest of these, known as the "Narrative," was written by him with the help of one Thomas Chilton; she is willing to accept portions of the "Tour" as authentic; and she does not hesitate to take incidents from the posthumous "Exploits" in order to round out her tale of the hero who died at San Antonio. No reader should quarrel with

such a method when it is employed by so able and intelligent a writer as Miss Rourke, who among other things knows how to quote supremely well—so well, indeed, that we are spared the suspicion, unless we suddenly come to and begin to think for ourselves, that much of the tall talk she praises must have been unbearably dull, and that Crockett himself must have had his tiresome hours. Neither, surely, was he quite the fellow whom Miss Rourke makes him out to be. He was probably a little less important, a little less noble, if one can judge by the "Narrative" which Miss Rourke herself authenticates; for in that book the buzz of his tongue grows sometimes very tedious, as no doubt it did in Washington, in Jackson's day. But the privilege of idealization is one again that no rational reader will deny so charming a writer as Miss Rourke. She has done something not easy to do. She has preserved ■ horsefly in amber.

MARK VAN DOREN

Kemmerer on Money

Kemmerer on Money. By Edwin Walter Kemmerer. The John C. Winston Company. \$1.50.

THIS little volume of barely 200 pages, the amplification of a series of articles which the author contributed to the *New York Sun*, is much the best book on money for the general reader that has appeared during the present depression. There were good a priori reasons for believing that it would turn out to be just that. For Professor Kemmerer, who has acted as official financial adviser to the Philippine government, to Colombia, Chile, Ecuador, Bolivia, Peru, Poland, and China, has had more practical experience in setting currencies on their feet than any other man living; and he writes very simply and lucidly. Further, his book is no mere setting forth of general principles; it bears directly on the special issues raised by the monetary policies of President Roosevelt.

Necessarily the volume is controversial, but it is written without heat, and Dr. Kemmerer's arguments are all the more powerful because of the calmness, the tone almost of mere exposition, with which they are stated. His demonstration of the unworkability of a "commodity dollar" is thorough, and his exposure of the follies of our recent silver policy is even more so. In some respects the most significant chapters in the present book are those on the American inflation in the Civil War and post-Civil War periods and on the post-war German inflation, for they show how slow inflation is to get under way and how violent and uncontrollable the acceleration becomes when it does. The case of Germany is, of course, much the more striking. Germany's paper money increased from less than 3 billion marks at the beginning of the war to 29 billion at the end of November, 1918. The demand deposits of the Reichsbank increased in the same period from 858,000,000 marks to 10.7 billions. Here was a tenfold inflation of money and credit. Yet from the calendar year 1914 to 1918 the price of gold in terms of marks, as measured by the New York-Berlin exchange rates, rose only 41 per cent, while wholesale prices in Germany merely doubled. At this point the dam burst, and the mark began that appalling plunge which did not end until it had reached a trillionth of its former value, while the cost of living soared to a level 1,247 billion times as high as that in 1913. Let us fervently hope that those who are now "disappointed" by the rise of prices so far achieved under a 59-cent dollar, and are calling for more devaluation and the high-pressure pumping of currency and credit into our system, can be brought to see in time the disaster toward which such policies lead. The real danger is not that the price response to the 59-cent dollar will be insufficient, but that runaway markets may suddenly develop.

Some minor criticisms must be made of the present book. It is to be regretted that Professor Kemmerer did not include a chapter on the French inflation, which was much more nearly analogous to our own recent and prospective inflation than the fantastic German episode. On questions of practical judgment, Dr. Kemmerer's opinion that the 1926 level of prices was approximately that to which we would have returned even without devaluation is open to grave question. Finally, Professor Kemmerer is an adherent of the orthodox quantity theory of money, and that theory seems to me both theoretically and statistically untenable. Professor Kemmerer falls back upon the concept of "velocity of circulation" to account for statistical discrepancies, but the objections to this reasoning are numerous; it may be pointed out, for one thing, that the circulation of money and credit cannot increase without a corresponding increase in the circulation of goods (including speculative transactions), so that both sides of the famous quantity equation are raised.

But these theoretical points are relatively unimportant here. Professor Kemmerer's practical conclusions are nearly all implicitly based on the bullion theory anyway, and not the quantity theory, for he assumes that a given percentage of reduction in the gold content of the dollar will be eventually reflected in a rise of commodity prices in inverse ratio. And like nearly all our other leading monetary economists, Professor Kemmerer favors the termination of uncertainty by a full return to the gold standard, accompanied by a vigorous and unequivocal statement from the President declaring it to be the intention of the Administration to use all the resources of the government to stay on gold and to maintain permanently whatever new dollar parity is fixed.

HENRY HAZLITT

Spengler Declines the West

The Hour of Decision. By Oswald Spengler. Translated from the German by Charles Francis Atkinson. Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.50.

THE fame or rather the notoriety of its author should not deceive us: neither the message of "The Hour of Decision" nor the delivery of that message is unique. If we are to believe Spengler, who, like so many other historians, seems to confound his own person with that of the Deity, the book has a special profundity; for it is the *wordless idea* which the Prussian has in the *blood by inheritance* that gives permanence to the future, and it is this wordless idea which Spengler, as one who charts the future, would express. In the course of an argument composed of an admirable series of non sequiturs, Spengler finds occasion to dismiss the Age of Rationalism of which our present is a part, and with it those arrogant urbanites who insist upon the use of intelligence. As such an urbanite the reviewer confesses his inability to deal with Spengler as Spengler would be dealt with.

Though a heretic, and forbidden the German radio for his heresy (but not the bookstores), it is his opinion that the national movement has hardly begun, and he holds that even Jews may be Prussians, like the Japanese; the tone and the content of Spengler's "The Hour of Decision" are one with the dogma of Rosenberg and Hitler, of Von Papen and Göring. There is the leader, the hero, whom all others obey, and for whom, as for the hero's slaves, it is ignoble to die in bed. *Human history is war history.* It is a leader faithful to a destiny which is to consist in the omnipotent rule of Prussianism, the reign of blood and iron and of death. This ideal—unlike the Ideal which, as suitable only to the intellect of decay, is an object of contempt—is familiar; those who have amused themselves with

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the Wagnerian controversies of the nineteenth century should have little difficulty in recognizing it. Only Spengler, taken with the insignificant notion of historical necessity, would add that it is for Germany to rule the new Roman *imperium* into which we discover ourselves fated to enter. The arguments used in defense of this thesis, as we have suggested, are not novel, and the dialectic is trifling. But the strong man is wordless, and the Faustian man who strives toward the infinite must speak only in negations.

What, in brief, is Spengler's special mode of argument? The concepts are two, destiny and race. The ideal of the right or Prussian race consists in obeying destiny as that destiny is interpreted by the historian, or Spengler. This quotation, chosen by Spengler from Wagner's "Siegfried," will leave us in no doubt as to what is intended by destiny:

On the world's loom
Weave the Norns doom,
Nor may they guide it nor change.

Doom is introduced in the character of Western rationalism in general, but it is most vividly personified in socialism and the colored—not yellow, since the Japanese are Prussians, too—peril, the peculiar fruit of its impotence. The colored peril is the external, socialism the internal menace. In reality they are one, for socialism and the advancement of labor are merely the colored peril within supported by the colored peril without—a diagnosis which with some alteration of nuance is concurred in by many Communists, but which, granted, does not, as Spengler thinks, necessarily imply the reduction of worker to slave. This reduction is necessary, however, because, unlike any other, the Prussian or aristocratic ideal expresses itself through property. The follower must belong to the leader. The Germanic race (property-owners), the warlike Prussian spirit, will recognize fate, the mask will be dropped, and history will come to be once more. If the awakening fails, it is history in an incorrect version which will unfold. That destiny, in danger of becoming dichotomous, will vanish is apparent, but this peculiar circumstance Spengler ignores.

Such is the invincible doctrine of Spengler, written with his blood, but to be received perhaps with the tears of the reader.

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Ugly Duckling

The Life of Hans Christian Andersen. By Signe Toksvig. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$3.

IN a childhood brimming with fairy tales—Grimm and Hoffmann and Andrew Lang and many others—Andersen was always a thing apart. Even a child felt the difference, the initiation into a quality of real emotion, a shy, wistful beauty that held a delicately distilled pain and a sly humor, a pathos that had a half-hidden insistent meaning. Even a child responded to the perfection of that artless manner that conveyed so much more than it said so simply. Even a child knew that the ugly duckling was not only a bird and that the fate of the fir tree was more than a plant's tragedy.

That was one half of the essence of Andersen. His tales had an emotional and artistic truth because they were all directly or inversely about himself. He was the duckling, the fir tree; he was also the swineherd who, unlike the one in the story, never succeeded in kissing the princess. All his life, as Miss Toksvig points out, his main theme was the one who is on the outside and gets inside, his tragedies were of those who for some reason or other could not get inside, or who were so completely outside that they never even thought of getting inside.

"My life is a lovely story, happy and full of incident . . .," he wrote in his autobiography. "My fate could not have been directed more happily, more prudently, or better. The story of my life will say to the world what it says to me—there is a loving God who directs all things for the best." And elsewhere he wrote, "For me the marvelous has always been truth." That was the other half of Andersen. Reality to him was one long fairy tale, with himself as the hero. Emotionally he remained all his life a child, gifted, sensitive, affectionate, obstinate, and exhibitionistic, with no power of self-criticism, dependent for his main values on the praise of others. When he did not get it, even in adult years, he wept.

His childhood had aspects that could easily become legendary. A shiningly immaculate poverty surrounded by forests and gardens in a village that retained many medieval beliefs and customs. A mad grandfather who brooded in the boy's mind as a perpetual fear that turned to shame and terror when the school children laughed at his fantastic tales of being a changeling—for he *must* be important—and said he was mad like his granddad. Free access to the asylum where his mild grandmother tended the garden and to the jail where he saw strange unforgettable sights. His dreamy father, a cobbler by an accident of fate, read plays to him, made him a puppet theater, took him to walk in the woods, and shocked his wife by saying that Jesus was only a very good man. He died young. The mother, loving and ignorant, poured all the local superstitions into her receptive child, who spent his time dreaming—sometimes so intently that he walked about with his eyes shut—reading, and making costumes for his puppets. Unable to get along well with other children, he made friends easily with grown people, who liked him and often went to remarkable lengths to help him. He had always friends far above him in station. He was only a boy when he began to write poems and plays and to read them aloud to the neighbors, a habit he simply could not conquer even when full grown. He read his productions to friends and strangers, singly or in groups. They were, on the whole, remarkably acquiescent, but in later years he was often ridiculed and his real friends begged him not to do it.

At fourteen he left the village and went to Copenhagen with some six dollars in his pocket. His mother said he must learn a trade, preferably that of tailor, and the neighbors agreed, but he said no, that would be a great sin for he was meant for something better. "First you suffer a great deal," he explained to his mother, "and then you become famous." And so it actually turned out.

In the end, after the most fantastic happenings, having written many incredibly bad plays, suffered terribly because of critics, poverty, and girls who would not marry him, besides the discouragements inherent in his own limitations, he found himself growing famous through the "trifles," the fairy tales, he had thrown off in the intervals of his real work. He had always had friends among the local aristocrats. But now he was acclaimed throughout Europe, sought by artists and writers, received and decorated by princes and kings. He was a great man. Because everyone praised him he knew it was so, for he was never sure otherwise. And yet, paradoxically, it was only his fervent, romantic belief in himself that had made it possible for him to triumph over poverty, ignorance, lack of ideas combined with ardent imagination, emotional dependence and disappointments, an entirely personal view of life. Miss Toksvig tells the story with insight, skill, and charm, and without sentimentality.

Where can one place Andersen? Was he a great man? Can an eternal child be that? He was an exquisite lyric poet whose poems are fairy tales that have an enduring appeal to the simple, fundamental emotions of old and young, and to the sense of beauty and pathos of sensitive adolescents.

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THE NATION, 20 Vesey Street, NEW YORK
INTERNATIONAL NEWS, 131 Varick Street, N. Y.**Music****Two Brands of Piety**

TWO new American operas: "Four Saints in Three Acts," words by Gertrude Stein and music by Virgil Thomson, recently performed at Hartford, Connecticut, and now at the Forty-fourth Street Theater in New York; and "Merry Mount," libretto by Richard L. Stokes and music by Howard Hanson, presented at the Metropolitan.

Superficially, the works are antipodes. The Stein-Thomson number had about it much of the alembication, the archness and mild effrontery, that has regularly gone with the Parisian cosmopolitanism of our cultural expatriates. Its seriousness was frequently overlaid with the apologetic smirks of fashion. The Stokes-Hanson work dismissed all such subterfuge: dealing with the rigors of our early Puritan morality, it was as stark and severe as it could be. Thomson's facile associationism often led him to give a comical emphasis to Miss Stein's cryptic passages, to delve into that bag of self-protective mannerisms which was the possession of Jules Laforgue in poetry and of such musicians as Satie, Milhaud, Casella, and Rieti. Hanson, as the composer of a "Nordic" and a Romantic symphony, could not abide by this indirect approach to his material: he was as sober as Wagner or Moussorgsky, and frequently sounded like them. In his earnestness he even permitted us to hear premonitory Indian war-whoops behind the curtain before disclosing the conflagration of the Puritan village, and I confess that the literalness of this "foreshadowing" seemed to dispel receptivity rather than awaken it. In merely waiting for the curtain to rise one was more malleable to the dramatist's wishes than after hearing these realistic yips. Frankly tuneful, Thomson treated Stein's fluid words like unrhymed jingles. He even gave us an aria constructed of vocal exercises; and in one place he managed a duet like the antiphonal announcements of a cuckoo clock and a grandfather's clock. Hanson aimed at firm, archaic melodies based upon ancient church modes.

In setting, the Stein-Thomson performance was superb in its devices for ocular ingratiating. No revue for the glorification of the American girl could discover surer methods of awakening our delight in color and choric maneuvers than did the blended scenery and costumes of Florine Stettheimer and the constantly alert choreography of Frederick Ashton. The Metropolitan presentation relied upon the strictly naturalistic style of stage setting and those flames and smoke which are the mechanic's triumph. In contrast with the lithe and comely nakedness of the Negro dancers in "Four Saints," we had in "Merry Mount" the unintentionally comical semi-nudity of the unfortunate Lady Marigold, the innocent victim of Wrestling Bradford's righteously distorted lustfulness.

But for all their superficial differences, there is a common element to be noted in these two works. Thomson has previously written frankly devotional music, as well as some entertaining music for another of Stein's pieces, "Capital Capitals." In "Four Saints" he seems to have combined these two aspects of himself quite well, giving us, beneath the picturesque and the grotesque, the kinds of sound that are authentically ecclesiastical in feeling. The effect was undoubtedly enhanced to a great extent by the cast of Negroes, who are equipped by a long tradition to season their congregational expressions with sportiveness. Thomson has shown that even a burlesque of the "sacred song" can draw effectively from precisely the same wells of response as the simple article might do—and there was a passage in the manner of Bach which flowered appealingly for the brief moment it lasted.

I should like to discourse easily and familiarly on the plot of Stein's piece, but must admit that I cannot. The words show evidence of a private planfulness which makes them much more difficult to fathom than if they were written under gas. Indeed, with our modern technique of interpretation, words spoken truly at random, in dreams or hallucination, would be much more revealing—but Miss Stein's extremely loquacious reticence shows evidence of a waking deliberation which too often makes her lines elusive rather than allusive. Is there, in a highly attenuated form, something of that ultimate confusion of birth, rebirth, marriage, love, and death which lies at the bottom of Wagnerian preoccupations, secularly in "Tristan" and ecclesiastically in "Parsifal"? One gets a "drift": that there is to be a play about saints; that Saint Therese has two selves; that one of them is quite Rotarian; that there is a dirge-like epithalamium—if epithalamium it was—a dark purple procession marching to rhymes in "ed" ("wed in dead in dead wed led in led wed dead in dead in dead in led in wed in said in," and so so) which seemed, by our lubricous way of thinking, to gravitate about the celestial omission of the word "bed"; and at the end everything seems happily settled.

The Stokes libretto, on the other hand, was unmistakable, at least if one happens to have read it, and not relied upon the muffled articulations that carried across the footlights. Wrestling Bradford is in great need of a woman, and his sleep is sorely troubled. In keeping with the ideology of his times, he attributes his discomfiture to the work of demons, who are thought to be struggling for the possession of America. Another group of settlers, having more joyous notions of the "good life," arrives—and the young minister Bradford falls in love with one of them, Lady Marigold, who asks him to marry her to a member of her own party. Bradford "rationalizes" his turbulent disappointment with the help of the fact that the newer settlers plan to erect so godless and pagan a thing as a Maypole. He instigates an attack against them as allies of evil, and Marigold's fiancé is killed. However, Marigold continues to repulse Bradford, who in a dream sells his soul to the powers of hell, thereby obtaining the lady in the dream-form of Astoreth. Upon awaking, he finds his village fired by Indians, and attributes this misfortune to his oath sworn in the dream. He confesses his unholy alliance, and seizing the swooning Marigold, he leaps with her into the flames, while the Puritans chant the Lord's Prayer in terror. Operatic opportunities: contrast of Puritan and Cavalier songs, the dance about the Maypole, the attack by the Puritans, the satanic revels in hell, Bradford's public confession of his contract with Satan.

As I had read the words of both works before seeing the performances, I had a great surprise in store for me. Stokes's text seemed to me an excellent vehicle for opera, and Stein's seemed almost negligible—yet I believe that the Stein-Thomson work is the more effective of the two theatrically—on a first hearing at least, though the fancier work might very conceivably wear thin more quickly on subsequent hearings. Stokes's text is highly respectable. But Stein's nonsense, as reinforced by Thomson, has established its great musicality. Even as nonsense it sings well: indeed, its very ambiguity may have prodded the composer to express its quality as utterance; if what was said was vague, *en revanche* it was said with extreme mobility of emphasis. Many modern composers, alienated by the triteness of texts, have set their scores to purely arbitrary syllables, but I believe that Thomson has profited by choosing instead the stimulus and guidance of living words, which give surer hints as to what tonal sequences—by obeying and emphasizing the natural rise and fall of spoken words—will best recommend themselves to listening.

Neither work ventures into the field of dissonance. Hanson's is largely modal. Thomson's broken fragments of tune, his continual popping forth of brief melodic figures, would prob-

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□ JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH says □

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MARY OF SCOTLAND. Alvin Theater. Helen Hayes and Philip Merivale give fine performances in Maxwell Anderson's play. The biggest dramatic hit of the moment but one which left me a little cold.

MEN IN WHITE. Broadhurst Theater. Fine teamwork on the part of the members of the Group Theater helps to make this play about a young doctor one of the things which must not be missed.

PEACE ON EARTH. Civic Repertory Theater. Propaganda play about the next war, in which the workers strike and a young college professor gets framed for murder. Drawing special but enthusiastic audiences which evidently do not agree with me that the play is quite uninspired.

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THE PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS. Avon Theater. Spicy and more or less historical comedy about a young Austrian who finds bundling one of the pleasantest of the new freedoms in Revolutionary New England.

THE SHINING HOUR. Booth Theater. Reviewed in this issue.

THEY SHALL NOT DIE. Royale Theater. To be reviewed in next week's issue.

TOBACCO ROAD. 48th Street Theater. Superb performance by Henry Hull in a grotesquely humorous play about total depravity as exhibited by the poor whites of Georgia. Dramatized from a novel by Erskine Caldwell and not likely to be forgotten even by those who find it a little too strong for their stomachs.

ably be found on analysis to have been built about the simplest and most fundamental of chords, like the intervals of a bugle call, or like so many of the spirituals, which seem hardly more than incidental weavings about a structure of do-mi-sol. I can easily imagine him being harnessed by Broadway or Hollywood for the purposes of commerce. The Hanson orchestration was much more highly developed, Thomson being content with the barest sufficiency of instrumental background.

Hanson's work at its best is manly and imposing. At every point it is frank in a way in which the Stein-Thomson product is not. Thomson's at its worst is effete, and content with mere tonal wisecracking. But as a piece of ingratiation—and all art in the end must ingratiate itself—I believe that "Four Saints" prevails. Perhaps it is one kind of light entertainment which all the world will some day care for, when a new day has imposed the privileges and problems of leisure upon all, and the wealthy patrons of this bounteous performance will have been generously admitted into the ranks of the spectacle-loving masses.

KENNETH BURKE

Drama

Very English and Very Good

THE SHINING HOUR" (Booth Theater) is an admirable play which is English to the core. Like most recent importations from London its manner is subdued to an extraordinary extent, but unlike a great many it remains, nevertheless, dramatic in a way that Americans can appreciate. Obviously the author, one Keith Winter, is working directly in the current British tradition. He has all its distrust of fluent emotionalism and all its distaste for characters not well bred enough to conceal their feelings. But to me at least it appears that he has succeeded where others have failed in actually achieving a dramatic effect by means of underemphasis, and that by so doing he has done much to justify a tendency which seemed to be making the current English drama unendurably tame.

The chief characters compose a family of gentlemen farmers inhabiting an Elizabethan house in Yorkshire. Two brothers and the wife of one have settled down to a pleasant, unexciting life in a household managed by an unmarried sister, and violent feeling of any kind has been ruled out of their existence. They are not prepared for any situation like that created when a third brother returns from the East with an attractive wife, and even after it has been precipitated they can hardly believe, much less confess, that it exists. It is not that they are stern moralists, for, indeed, they are as far from being that as they are from being the kind of people to whom dangerous passions are something with which it is exciting to play. But they are, on the contrary, typical English men and women to whom it has never occurred that good sense, good breeding, and decent reserve will not prove adequate to deal with any crisis which could possibly face them. They do not want to be dramatic and they do not believe it will ever be necessary to be so. Their problem now is to deal with catastrophes of a sort they had never expected to meet, and, above all perhaps, to find words in which to communicate feelings which the whole discipline of their lives has tended to teach them to repress or conceal.

The real significance of the play does not lie in its specific situation. It may even seem to some as it does to me that this specific situation—produced by the love which springs up between one married brother and the wife of the other—is slightly artificial as well as entirely conventional. But it does serve to introduce the real theme, which is simply the effect

of such a situation upon a group of people to whom it appears primarily incredible and inappropriate.

Ultimately they are compelled to acknowledge its presence, even to act out their unwilling roles to a melodramatic conclusion, but the conflict is chiefly the conflict between the reserve of their temperaments and this new necessity for throwing off reserve. They struggle desperately to conduct their lives on the old casual and easy basis. The daily routine is maintained, the informal banter kept up. But the time finally comes when passions must burst through, when a scene must be made by persons to whom scenes have always seemed unthinkable, and the crisis of the play is really the moment when this occurs. The point is not that one character takes his brother's wife. The point is that British reserve has been broken down, that persons to whom the dramatic is anathema have been compelled to act their roles in a drama. "The first thing that struck me about the English," says the half-alien wife, "is the air of confidence they have. I can't help wondering what it is that they are so confident about." And that remark, made early in the play, may possibly be intended to announce its theme.

So much for what seems to me to be a reasonable interpretation of "The Shining Hour." More obvious is the fact that it is written with great delicacy and charm, that whatever one may think further of it, the easy naturalness of the dialogue and the likableness of the characters are beyond dispute. It happens also to be very suavely played by Adrienne Allen, Raymond Massey, and Gladys Cooper, but the virtues which they interpret are plainly inherent in the script. For one thing the characterization is crisply economical, for another Mr. Winter has the rare ability to write witty dialogue of the sort which retains a certain human informality instead of crystallizing into those glittering epigrams which may be eminently quotable but are not in the least convincing as actual speech. His is a civilized play which has nothing of the sensational in it but which ought to find an appreciative audience almost as easily here as in London.

One of my friends and half a dozen of my enemies have written in to point out with varying degrees of asperity that "The Passing of the Third Floor Back" was written by Jerome K. Jerome and not by Charles Rann Kennedy. Mr. Kennedy wrote "The Servant in the House" as I ought to have known. Inasmuch as I meant to be unflattering to both these authors as well as to "The Joyous Season," with which "The Passing of the Third Floor Back" was compared, the situation is rather complicated, but I am ready to apologize to everybody and to any extent short of saying that either of the two works last mentioned is good.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

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Contents

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS	259
EDITORIALS:	
Mr. Roosevelt's First Year: A Primer for Critics	262
President and Press	263
Retreat from Stimson	264
ISSUES AND MEN. HITLER AND THE YOUTH OF GER-	
MANY. By Oswald Garrison Villard	265
CARTOON: IN THE EUROPEAN JUNGLE. By Low	266
WHO'S BEHIND THE NEWSSTAND RACKET? By Jack Beall	267
EUROPE MOVES TOWARD WAR. I. THE BLOODY DANUBE	
AND BEYOND. By Johannes Steel	269
THE NRA OIL TRUST. By Mauritz A. Hallgren	271
SOCIAL WORKERS IN THE DEPRESSION. By Eduard C.	
Lindeman	274
AMENITIES FROM A HOSPITAL PALLET. By Paul Y. Anderson	275
IN THE DRIFTWAY. By the Drifter	276
CORRESPONDENCE	277
BOOKS, DRAMA, FILMS:	
Makers of Modern America. By Louis M. Hacker	279
Eros and Neuros. By Mark Van Doren	280
America in Yugoslavia. By Edna Kenton	280
Labor and Steel. By Mauritz A. Hallgren	282
A Fresh Talent. By Roberts Tapley	283
New Fiction	284
Drama: Newsreel. By Joseph Wood Krutch	284
Films: Miss Bergner's Catherine. By William Troy	285
CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE	286

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THE GREATEST DIFFICULTY in getting any State to pass a measure of social legislation such as unemployment insurance is its fear that in so doing it will put its manufacturers at a competitive disadvantage in comparison with the industries of other States which do not have such legislation. A statesman-like way of meeting this situation so as to promote the passage of unemployment insurance is contained in the bill recently introduced in Congress by Senator Wagner of New York and Representative David J. Lewis of Maryland. This bill provides for an excise tax of 5 per cent on the pay rolls of firms employing ten or more workers, which is to be returned to firms that are required to make contributions under State laws to unemployment-insurance funds. The measure, which was drafted in part by officials in the United States Department of Labor and was unanimously indorsed by the recent Federal Conference on Labor Legislation which Secretary Perkins called in Washington, should speed up unemployment-insurance legislation by the States. For a State which took such action after the passage of this bill would not increase the burden upon its employers, but would instead merely transfer the funds from federal to State use. It would, moreover, not subject its industries to interstate competition, since the laggards would be required to make an equal contribution to the federal Treasury. And yet each State would be left free to enact the type of unemployment insurance which it thought best,

whether on the basis of the State-wide fund, according to the Ohio plan, or the system of plant reserves provided in the Wisconsin act. The Wagner-Lewis bill is federalism at its best. We hope that strong popular pressure will develop for the measure and that the President will urge its adoption.

SENATOR NYE of North Dakota, firmly convinced that the little business man is getting a raw deal under the NRA, has persuaded his colleagues to look into the big-business connections of the officials responsible for writing and enforcing many of the NRA codes. Senator Robinson of Arkansas, the majority leader, who did yeoman service for big business under the Hoover Administration, tried at first to bury the Nye resolution in committee, but this attempt was defeated despite the protests of Administration spokesmen. Unhappily, the Nye resolution does not go nearly far enough. It merely requests General Johnson to furnish the Senate with a report on the past and present business affiliations of his colleagues and subordinates in the NRA, and then only of those officials who are stationed in Washington. An investigation that would really determine whether the NRA codes are encouraging monopoly at the expense of the small manufacturers and small enterprises would of necessity have to be much broader. It would have to inquire into the extent to which prices are being fixed, markets apportioned, free competition restricted by credit manipulation, and other monopolistic practices resorted to. This is being done on a very small scale under the Senate resolution directing the Federal Trade Commission to look into the fixing of oil and steel prices as permitted by the NRA codes. The Nye resolution carries the inquiry another step in the same direction, but not far enough really to frighten the industrial and financial interests which have been gradually turning the NRA to their own purposes.

IT IS A CURIOUS FACT that Senator Nye does not stand alone in his belief that the NRA is chiefly benefiting big business. Precisely the same view is held by some of our outstanding business men and bankers. Henry Ford has publicly confessed that the NRA is doing him and "the country" a world of good. Although the Administration a few months ago seemed anxious to "crack down" on him, something it never actually got around to, it did not hesitate to express satisfaction over this indorsement. Charles G. Dawes, a tory if there ever was one, has discovered that the Roosevelt program put an end to the depression last October, for which he has uttered fervent thanks. Pierre S. du Pont, identified with some of the biggest monopoly interests in the country, said that when he went to Washington to head the Industrial Advisory Board of the NRA he was frankly skeptical regarding the recovery program. But after a few weeks, having had an opportunity to see the NRA machinery working, he announced that he was not only satisfied that it would not harm business but that he was enthusiastic over the way in which it was helping business. Eugene Grace, head of Bethlehem Steel, wrote in a magazine article a few

weeks ago that "the NRA has given industry an opportunity to act in unison in the interest of public policy without being handicapped by competition of the chiseling type and without the shackling effect of the anti-trust laws." Of course it is conceivable that these men have spoken out of pure altruism; but it must not be forgotten that their dominant interest has always been the maintenance and further development of their own big businesses, and that they look upon as chisellers those small business men who are able to undersell them because of more efficient methods or are forced to do so by the pressure of big-business competition.

LOOKING many years ahead, quite beyond the probable limit of his own tenure of office, the President has decided to set up a planning commission which would map a program for systematic physical development of the country. The program, which would take from twenty-five to fifty years to complete, would put rivers-and-harbors work on a scientific engineering basis, would provide for a system of essential commercial waterways, for reforestation, land reclamation, and the prevention of soil erosion. The Tennessee Valley project would, for example, be made a part of the plan. The President's proposal must be warmly approved. At present the maintenance and development of our rivers and harbors is haphazard at best, being left almost entirely to the whims and political log-rolling of Congress. The current public-works program, too, though it has met with few political difficulties, has been casually put together. Both the unemployed workers and the country as a whole would have profited much more had the public-works needs of the country been studied and provided for in advance. Much has been said in the past about waterways, flood prevention, reforestation, and land reclamation, but little of concrete value has been done in any of these fields except the last. It is only when the proponents of this program begin to talk of decentralizing industry in connection with waterway developments and land-reclamation schemes that they are likely to run into trouble. In a political democracy based on a profit economy it will not be found quite so easy to shift industries from one site to another or to move whole sections of the population from one area to another. But, then, there is no certainty that either our democracy or our private-profit economy will last out these next twenty-five or fifty years.

WHILE DOLLFUSS is making every effort to consolidate his forces outside Vienna, negotiations with Germany are evidently going on behind the scenes in an effort to head off, for the moment at least, the consequences that would arise if the struggle between National Socialists and Dollfuss fascists were permitted to continue. The result of these conversations may be the calling of a general election in which all except the outlawed labor parties would be permitted to participate. The German Nazis have always demanded new elections and promised to abide by the dictum of the people. They may safely continue to follow this course, for the suppression of the Social Democracy will have added to the already large number of their voters those who will be impelled by their hatred of Dollfuss to vote against the Chancellor and his party even at the price of supporting the Nazi cause. These, together with a not inconsiderable Heimwehr and Christian Social element which will also vote against Dollfuss, should guarantee the National Socialists

40 per cent or more of the votes cast, so that the new government will contain a representative number of National Socialists in its Cabinet. Dollfuss, the mass-murderer, will not be the coming Chancellor. Fey, or perhaps even Prince Starhemberg, will take his place to set the stage for complete Nazi control along the lines that proved so effective in Germany, where the Hitler government began with a Hitler-Hugenberg coalition. Italy, probably much against its wish, will have to support an understanding with the Hitler party—since a war over Austria at the present time would be even less to its taste—in the hope that the question of Anschluss will somehow be adjusted. Hitler will be content with a National Socialist government in Austria that will work in harmony with the economic and political interests of the German government, while Mussolini will strive so to strengthen his hold on the Balkan states that territorial union of the two German nations a few years from now will have lost its menacing possibilities. Against a community of nations embracing Germany, Austria, Italy, and Hungary, France would play a losing game even if it had Great Britain on its side, a supposition that is more than unlikely. The fascist nations on the Continent are coming to an understanding, and all Europe will have to fall in line.

TWICE IN A WEEK the MacDonald Government in Great Britain has found itself facing hostile benches and has been forced to count a challengingly close vote. The first time the Prime Minister was severely criticized for the government's stand on allowances to the unemployed. Although the weekly dole for a dependent child has been two shillings a week, there has been a strong protest to have this niggardly sum raised a shilling. Many Conservative members joined the Liberals and Laborites who were urging an increase in this particular payment. The government, in opposing the increase, won its point by a majority of fifty-two, the lowest since it took office in November, 1931. On the following day Premier MacDonald found himself beset from the other side, when the Conservatives severely criticized the government's policy in Ceylon, and a hostile motion was defeated by only forty-five votes, cutting the majority seven more. On Sunday, February 25, hunger marchers from all over Great Britain assembled in Hyde Park in a great anti-government demonstration. It probably means that poor Mr. MacDonald's chickens are coming home to roost; after two years of trying to please everybody and making forgiving speeches, he is about to find that he is pleasing nobody and may as well move on. Here is the former leader of the Labor Party and champion of the working man refusing an addition of twenty-five cents to the miserable dole for a child. But the Prime Minister, in choosing to lead a National instead of a Labor Government, long since left the workingman and his child to their fate. It would be ironical but perhaps not wholly surprising if that abandonment should bring Mr. MacDonald face to face with his own Nemesis.

THE KILLING of General Augusto Sandino, his brother, Socrates, and two other aides in the capital of Nicaragua is an ugly blot on the regime of President Sacasa, although no evidence has come to light to implicate him in the crime. Sandino, who led a long resistance to the rule of his country by a puppet government supported by business interests of the United States and a detachment of the marine

corps, agreed to cease fighting a year ago, after the government had been reorganized under President Sacasa, and the marines had been withdrawn. He laid down most of his arms at that time and agreed to give up the rest a year later. He and his companions had been conferring with President Sacasa in regard to that agreement at a dinner—said by participants to have been a most friendly meeting—and were returning to their quarters when they were seized and murdered by members of the National Guard, which Sandino had denounced as an unconstitutional force. During the height of Sandino's resistance to United States intervention, in the winter of 1927-28, *The Nation* sent Carleton Beals into the Nicaraguan jungle to interview the leader. After many difficulties Mr. Beals succeeded, and presented Sandino's side of the controversy in *The Nation* and a considerable number of daily newspapers. Sandino was called a "bandit" by the State Department and the United States marines for fighting for the independence of his country against foreign exploitation. Men who took a similar stand against Great Britain in 1776 have passed into American history as "patriots." Query: Have our views changed in 150 years, or do the latest dictionaries define "bandit" and "patriot" as synonymous?

THE AIR is full of conservative fuss and feathers over the new ways in which the Constitution is in danger of being violated. May we point out that it continues to be violated in the old ways? At this writing Negroes are being refused service in public restaurants run for and controlled by Senators and Representatives whose function presumably is to uphold the Constitution. A few weeks ago the Negro secretary of Oscar de Priest, a colored but duly accredited member of the House of Representatives, was denied service in the House restaurant. Even a Southern gentleman could see that this was a bit thick, and by a tacit and presumably gentleman's agreement Representative De Priest and his guests are now allowed to eat in the same room with Representative Warren of North Carolina, who has said in so many words that as long as he has anything to do with the restaurant it will not serve "colored employees or visitors." But the gentleman's agreement did not extend to Miss Mabel Byrd, a Ph.D. from the University of Chicago, who was escorted not too gently from the Senate restaurant, which she dared to enter, ironically enough, just after she had attended a hearing on the anti-lynching bill designed to protect her race from the more brutal manifestations of Representative Warren's attitude. It is a situation worthy of one of those body blows which President Roosevelt knows so well how to place. Meanwhile the prize for self-satisfaction goes to Senator Copeland of New York, who after the Byrd incident ordered a table *exclusively for Negroes* installed in the Senate restaurant, "because," he said, "I am opposed to Jim Crowism."

THAT THE PRICE of justice is often so high as to be prohibitive is illustrated again in connection with arrests made several weeks ago at the picketing of the Kirschner foundry in New Haven, Connecticut, by striking employees. A number of students in Yale University joined the pickets as sympathetic participants, and, as noted in our issue of January 10, Lawrence Hill was clubbed by police and fined on charges of resisting an officer, breach of the peace, and

obstructing the sidewalk. For merely taking a policeman's number William Gordon was arrested and fined. When the cases were appealed, that against Gordon was dropped by the prosecution as too flimsy. Hill was acquitted of the only serious charge, that of resisting an officer, but his fine of \$60 was reduced by only \$10. Two of the Kirschner workers were fined \$25 and \$10, respectively. As the cost of another appeal was estimated at possibly as much as \$2,000, the fines were ordered to be paid and the case was dropped by the defense committee, although a legal point of some importance was involved, that is, the judge's ruling that only employees of the Kirschner plant had the right to picket. This dictum is contrary to decisions in New York State and in some other courts, although there have been rulings in its support. In any event, the assertion is poppycock and deserves to be vigorously opposed.

FOR THIRTY YEARS Gertrude Stein has beguiled her commentators into the trap of imitation or mere smart remarks. Both, of course, are always designed to make Miss Stein look silly; and in thirty years the commentators have not discovered that after the type has cooled it is almost invariably not Miss Stein who looks ridiculous. Miss Stein has always been funnier than any of her imitators and a good deal less self-conscious. We shudder to think how many bad imitations will roll over our heads before "Four Saints in Three Acts" finishes its run—and the specimen submitted by Lawrence Gilman in the New York *Herald Tribune* on the morning after the first night was not at all encouraging. His remark that a Ph.D. thesis or a wine list would have made as good a libretto for Virgil Thomson's music as Miss Stein's nonsense affords a perfect illustration of what Miss Stein's nonsense does not consist of. Even a grammarian in the last stages of annoyance would have to admit that the Stein libretto was fresh and surprising. Mr. Gilman's remark was neither. F. P. A. had practically the same idea. "But Lord!" he wrote in his Pepys' diary, "anybody could take any words at all and set them to musique. I could take anything from a newspaper and do it." With all respect to F. P. A., we doubt it. Three days after the opera opened, a psychologist discovered that Miss Stein had a mental disease called Echolalia. It is an excellent name for a very common disease but—again—it is not Miss Stein who has it.

THERE are those who say that literary criticism has ceased for the most part to be either literary or critical. In refutation we submit the advertisement of a recent novel which appeared in a New York Sunday newspaper. The advertisement quoted seven reviewers, each of whom found that the writer under consideration had something in common with a different important novelist. According to these seven enthusiastic critics, this promising young author is comparable with George Eliot, Charlotte Brontë, Arnold Bennett, Theodore Dreiser, John Galsworthy, Charles Dickens, and the "classic Greeks." We have not the time to inquire into what sort of style it would be that combined all these masters. We merely wish to complete the record. For some reason the remark of *The Nation's* critic, who compared the author with still another great novelist, was not included. This reviewer pointed out that the promising young author "allows herself to inherit the worst of Hardy."

Mr. Roosevelt's First Year

A Primer for Critics

MR. ROOSEVELT'S show has been on for a year now. It has had a good run and on the whole ■ good press. The major characters are ■ little better than adequate and Mr. Roosevelt is ■ hit in the lead. He is generally acknowledged to be the best actor anywhere on the American stage. All this being true, it is odd that so few people seem to know what the show is really about. We do know. And because we do we thought we ought to contribute to General Johnson's symposium. We not only understand the plan and purpose of the thing but we have two or three changes that we think would improve it.

First, however, let us clear up some of the obvious confusions of our fellow-commentators. That well-known critic Mark Sullivan, for example, believes that "The New Deal" is a red show. Mr. Roosevelt, he thinks, plays the role of Stalin with a cast of assorted Bolsheviks mostly named Tugwell to support him in his effort to expropriate private industry and economically execute leading bankers and other pillars of the temple. Nobody in the play is being told what is going on. They are just going to wake up in the last act and find themselves collectivized. Even then Mr. Sullivan is afraid they may not be told. He doesn't like mystery shows. They give him the creeps.

Then there is Dramatic Critic Mike Gold. Mr. Gold is a very dramatic critic and believes that "The New Deal" is ■ fascist play. Mr. Roosevelt, a mixture of Mussolini and Hitler and the late Czar, is planning to liquidate Mike Gold and the working class and the small business man and the consumer. (Mr. Gold doesn't mind the last half of this program.) The President is surrounded by a bunch of Nazis named Johnson or Morgenthau, and he is secretly establishing a totalitarian state.

There are friendly critics, but they are naturally less amusing. Some of them admire capitalism as Mr. Sullivan does; but they interpret "The New Deal" to mean that the old system is being given ■ rather rough but bracing sort of pick-me-up and a slight purgative; whereupon it will presently feel like a new system and step out briskly all ready for another hearty binge. And some of the friendly critics dislike capitalism, not quite as much as Mr. Gold but enough so that they think of "The New Deal" as a parable in which Moses (Mr. Roosevelt) leads his people (the better sort of trade unionists and the humbler sort of business men) out of the wilderness (the depression) into which they stumbled in their flight from Pharaoh (the money changers), who had basely misused them.

All these observers are, we suspect, betrayed by their hopes or goaded by their fears. Since our own opinion of the American show differs from the rest we feel sure that it must be correct. We take the bold position at the outset that Mr. Roosevelt is trying to do what he said he was going to do. He said he was going to put men back to work so that they could buy goods so that factories could run. To do this he had to have a fairly free hand. This Congress gave him. Does the President's free hand constitute fas-

cism? We do not think so. Next he had to induce industry to abolish child labor and decrease hours of work and pay a minimum wage and stop cutthroat competitive tactics. This required a system of rules which were drawn up and are being administered by the NRA. Do these codes constitute Communist control of industry? We do not think they do. He also had to try to prevent farmers from going out of business entirely, so he established another set of rules intended to limit production and raise prices. Does this mean the nationalization of agriculture? Not yet.

In other words, the President was eager enough to have capitalism survive, but he believed that it could not survive unless it were so regulated that most people could buy the things that the factories would produce in impressive quantities the minute most people could buy them. And since Mr. Sullivan's system wasn't bright enough to regulate itself, Mr. Roosevelt decided to do it instead. That is all. It seems simple and it also seems odd that so many people should misinterpret these clear and obvious intentions.

Now to do what Mr. Roosevelt set out to do required a few very fundamental alterations in the economic relationships of the country. First, it is clear, wealth could never again be allowed to flow in the same proportions into the pockets of capitalists and of working people. If capitalists got the same old proportion they would almost certainly use it in the same old way—namely, after eating all they could and living in as many houses and countries and sailing in as many yachts as possible, they would use it to build up a still larger and more productive industrial plant. And they would do this despite their experience of the painful consequences that follow the mass production of goods that cannot be bought. Knowing this, Mr. Roosevelt decided that hereafter a better balance must be maintained. More wealth must go into wages; less into dividends and thus back into industry. The consequences that logically follow upon this decision are so numerous and so complex that they can hardly be touched upon here, but they represent a major change in the structure of capitalism. If they actually took place they undoubtedly would alter the old thing so that its best friends—like Mr. Sullivan—would have to be pardoned for not recognizing it; or even for mistaking it for communism. But it would not be communism. It would be planned capitalism, and if it worked it would be the only thing that could possibly save Mr. Sullivan's favorite system.

So far it has not worked. The fundamental alterations in the economic relationships of the country have not successfully been made. And so, in spite of some improvement in business and ■ very few million men back at work, the chance of the serious, thoroughgoing revival of activity which is necessary to bring about a state of health in the economic system still seems remote. The reason is not far to seek. The capitalist system is not going to be saved if it can possibly help it. It seems determined, with a sort of idiot cunning, to prevent Mr. Roosevelt from forcing it to do what is necessary for its survival. This statement is sweeping and

therefore unjust to some individual intelligent business men. But it is not unjust to many of the largest, most powerful businesses in the country. Among which we may name the oil industry, the steel industry, the coal industry, the power industry, the packing industry, and the publishing business; and there are plenty of others.

Without going into a bill of particulars we can summarize very simply what these businesses want and what they hope to avoid. They still want to pay wages as low as possible; they still want to charge the consumer as high prices as possible, and to this end most of them are writing price-fixing agreements into their codes; they want to work labor at least forty hours a week; they want to be free to hire and fire as they see fit, and so they oppose bitterly the collective-bargaining provision of the NRA and attempt to evade it by every possible sort of trickery and violence. They also want to manipulate the financial processes of the country to the end of piling up profits rather than stabilizing industry, and the result is bitter, almost unanimous opposition to such measures as the Securities Act and the Fletcher-Rayburn bill to regulate the stock exchanges.

The result of this almost concerted effort to thwart the President's intention has been dramatic. Perhaps 3,000,000 people have gone back to work in industry, with about 4,000,000 employed in relief or other government jobs; and more than 10,000,000 are still unemployed. In only 15 out of 234 codes are hours of work set at less than forty a week. Minimum wages established in codes range as low as fourteen cents an hour, or \$5.60 for a forty-hour week. Living costs have gone up while average wages have stood still. In short, Mr. Roosevelt—who is, we repeat, neither a fascist nor a Communist nor a Moses but a man with a simple desire to put industry back in working order and prevent it from coming a cropper through the same sort of mismanagement that has tripped it up in the past—Mr. Roosevelt has, in a year, not got very far toward achieving his end.

Does not this failure suggest some doubts in his mind about his basic plan? To us it suggests the possibility that capitalism is a congenital recidivist, that it is not capable of reform. Our own modest suggestion to Mr. Roosevelt is that he begin to eliminate the obstructions that prevent him from carrying out his plain and praiseworthy desires; that he take over the basic industries of the country, beginning in a small way with the banks and the railways, but proceeding as fast as may be to include steel and coal and oil and communications and power. Not until the areas dominated by the struggle for private profit are reduced to insignificant proportions can even the beginning of a balanced economy be achieved. And a balanced economy is the only kind of a system that can fulfil Mr. Roosevelt's first requirement of keeping men at work.

There are, we admit, certain measures of coercion that the President might try before deciding that capital punishment is the only way out. First, let him dismiss from the various government boards and agencies—except the Industrial Advisory Board—all representatives of businesses which come under the jurisdiction of the recovery administration; second, let him see to it that representatives of labor and consumer organizations are included in all the code authorities; third, let him support a measure amending Section 7a of the Recovery Act in such a way as to outlaw company-controlled unions and force employers to deal with independ-

ent labor organizations. Nor should any hindrance be permitted to labor's right to strike or to enter into closed-shop agreements. Only by measures at least as drastic as these is there any chance that wage levels can be raised and prices kept down to a point that will make possible increased buying on the part of most of the people of the country.

President and Press

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S executive order in promulgating the NRA code for daily newspapers is as delightful a document as has breezed out of Washington in many moons. It is perhaps the first state paper in which a President has deliberately and delicately "spoofed" or "kidded" his adversaries—to their complete discomfiture. The newspapers have been made a laughing-stock not only for the general public but especially for their own editorial employees, to whom the business-men owners denied the advantages in regard to hours and pay which it has been the general purpose of the codes to extend to wage workers.

The code itself is among the least satisfactory to be approved, and it is so because of the power of newspaper owners and their insistence upon protecting their profits at the expense of their employees. Business-office employees may benefit somewhat, but mechanical workers will profit only to the extent of advantages already won by their unions. Editorial workers are dishonestly exempted from the provisions of the code on the ground that they are "professional persons," while boys under sixteen years of age may be used for selling or delivering newspapers subject only to some restrictions in regard to schooling and night work. President Roosevelt, it is true, has given notice that he proposes to review the provisions in regard to newsboys and editorial employees, and has suggested—as a voluntary measure—a five-day, forty-hour week for the latter in cities of 750,000 persons. But for the moment victory in regard to code provisions rests with the newspaper proprietors.

The fly in the newspaper owners' ointment is President Roosevelt's executive order in which he has dextrously peeled off considerable patches of hide from the pundits in control of the press, leaving them badly lacerated in prestige and personal vanity. The crux of the controversy lies in the wish of newspaper owners to be exempted from the license provisions of the National Industrial Recovery Act—in other words, from the teeth of the law—on the ground that to apply that part of the legislation would violate the constitutional guaranty of a free press. Mr. Roosevelt and General Johnson hold, what would seem to be self-evident, that no code could, in fact, impair a constitutional guaranty, but they finally admitted an article intended to meet the objections of the publishers, whose real purpose, obviously enough, was to wriggle out of any code control at all. But the President, in his executive order, robbed the publishers of any joy they might have taken in their victory by characterizing the article as "pure surplusage"—a phrase that deserves to become as popular as some of those coined by the other Roosevelt—and remarked that the free-press clause in the code had no more place there "than would the recitation of the whole Constitution or of the Ten Commandments." "Of course a man does not consent to what he does not consent to," said

Mr. Roosevelt jocularly. Then, baring rather more of his teeth than appear in the usual press-photograph smile, he added unpleasantly: "But if the President should find it necessary to modify this code the circumstance that the modification was not consented to would not affect whatever obligations the non-consentor would have under Section 3d of the National Industrial Recovery Act."

Such language! The cries of pain that have issued from various newspapers attest to its effectiveness. The *New York Herald Tribune* called it a "gross insult" and demanded an apology, but the public has obtained a new glimpse of an institution which is usually able to prevent the circulation of anything but its own high opinion of itself. American newspapers prate of a "free press" at a moment when, in fact, they have surrendered most of any valid claim to such a conception. Unquestionably they have built up the fullest and probably the fairest news service in the world, but in doing so they have incurred such enormous expenses that they have become a part of big business. Even this might not be fatal if their product were sold to the public on bona fide terms. But it is largely given away—a kind of free lunch intended to decoy the partaker into paying real money for the fare so glitteringly offered in the advertising columns. Even the fairest modern news service cannot but reflect and be controlled by the attitude of the buying-and-selling civilization of which it is a part. It is perhaps not too much to say that American journalism has become merely the publicity department of business. And the fact that its news service is sold at less than cost practically prevents the establishment of journals free from advertising, priced on the basis of actual overhead expense. President Roosevelt, by refusing to take seriously the patter of a group of smug business men about a "free press," may have done something to shatter a naive tradition. If so, he has done well. Anyhow he has given the country a good laugh.

Retreat from Stimson

WASHINGTON dispatches indicate that President Roosevelt is thinking of modifying the Stimson Doctrine. Such modification would inevitably result in American recognition of the Japanese state of Manchukuo. These reports have met with no denial either from the White House or from the State Department. Nevertheless, we find it hard to believe that the President is seriously contemplating a retreat from the Stimson Doctrine, or if he is, that he has really weighed the consequences of such action.

When Japan by its conquest of Manchuria set the civilized world at defiance and brazenly violated its obligations under the League Covenant, the Kellogg Pact, and the Nine-Power Treaty, the United States could have followed any one of several courses. It could have attempted to enforce the treaties to which it is a party by the employment of force in the form of a blockade or by direct intervention, either independently or in concert with the other parties to these treaties. Or it could, jointly with the other Powers, have applied economic sanctions, thus depriving Japan of the materials it needed to carry on its campaign of aggression. On the other hand, it could have sat back and done nothing, allowing the Japanese to go their way without restraint.

Instead of any of these the United States chose a middle course. It elected to rely upon moral suasion as a means of obtaining enforcement of and respect for the peace treaties. Under the Stimson Doctrine it refused to recognize any territorial gains or other changes resulting from military aggression or from violation of international agreements. This doctrine was immediately adopted by the entire membership of the League of Nations except Japan and Siam. As an integral part of the doctrine it was agreed that recognition should be withheld from Manchukuo. Thus the moral weight of the whole world was thrown against Japan and its conquest of Manchuria.

That this policy was having the desired effect may be seen from the extraordinary efforts the Japanese have been making to break through the solid diplomatic blockade of Manchukuo. They have not even been above attempting to trick the Western Powers into recognizing Manchukuo. They have labored hard and long to build up the pretense of an independent state in Manchuria, going so far as to lift the pitiable Manchu prince, Pu-yi, out of obscurity to set him upon a new "imperial" throne. They have endeavored to win French recognition by promising French capital a share in the economic exploitation of Manchuria, and German recognition by dangling attractive trade opportunities before the hard-pressed Hitler regime. While these efforts are mainly significant because they betray the anxiety the Japanese have felt in consequence of the world's moral condemnation of their aggression, it now appears that the Japanese maneuvers may soon succeed in breaking through the united front of the Powers. French capitalists are reported ready to extend long-term credits to the South Manchuria Railway, while the German government is said to be on the verge of recognizing Manchukuo.

If one country abandons the Stimson Doctrine in the hope of gaining commercial or other economic advantage, every other Power will be sure to follow. This will mean a reversal of the League's policy, though the reversal may not be formally proclaimed; and it has been indicated in Washington that if the League changes its stand, the United States will do likewise. Even from a purely selfish point of view such action on the part of the Powers would be foolish, for Japanese government and private-monopoly interests have already grabbed virtually everything of consequence in Manchuria. Moreover, if reports from Moscow are true—and these reports can readily be confirmed by the American military intelligence service in the Far East—the Japanese are developing Manchuria largely with a view to using it as a military base for an invasion of Siberia. American recognition of Manchukuo would then be equivalent to giving American support to preparations for another Japanese war of aggression. In brief, we should be endangering the purposes of our recent rapprochement with the Soviet Union. But recognition of Manchukuo would be more than foolish, and in its implications it would go far beyond any bearing it might have on our relations with Moscow. It would mean the abandonment of a moral principle for the sake of political or commercial gain. It would place a heavy premium on treaty violations. It would, in fact, place the United States in the role of treaty breaker, at least in spirit, since recognition of the booty state of Manchukuo would constitute open and unashamed approval of the Japanese rape of Manchuria in defiance of all Japan's international obligations.

Issues and Men

Hitler and the Youth of Germany

PROPAGANDA from Germany in behalf of its present government continues to clutter up my desk.

Much of it is as inept and as stupid as was the German propaganda at the outbreak of the war. For example, I am appealed to on behalf of the Deutsche Auslandsinstitut in Stuttgart with the request that I join them in explaining to the American public what a magnificent thing the Hitler government is, and how wonderful is the new union of all elements in Germany in one great nationalistic undertaking. This is sent to the publisher and contributing editor of the first American periodical to be excluded from Germany by Adolf Hitler! Nobody but a German could do a thing like that.

Now all through this propaganda material runs one note worth touching upon. It is that Hitler has revived German youth, pulled it out of the Slough of Despond, fired it with enthusiasm, set it to work, and given it a great nationalistic ideal. Instead of youth being hopeless and helpless in the face of unemployment, yielding to vice or dissipation, or starving in the streets, it marches with complete solidarity and great joy, clad in brown uniforms, singing "Deutschland über Alles," and fired as never before with the vision of death on the battlefield as the highest aim for a young German, and of a Germany not merely equal to all other nations but imposing its will upon all other countries in the name of a pure Germanic culture and morality. Undoubtedly this is an engaging picture. I have met a number of Americans who, not looking below the surface, have fallen for it completely. Most of them know little German and have merely seen brown-shirted youths marching through the streets singing the Horst Wessel song. What an amazing transformation, they say—a despairing youth made overnight into a virile, happy, enthusiastic, determined generation looking to the future with complete confidence that Germany is herself again!

Well, this *is* a remarkable achievement. It would be idle to deny it, and I should be the last to do so. If this new-found solidarity, these ideals, and this inspiration with which the young people of Germany are being supplied were of the right kind, it would be something for which all the world would give thanks. Unfortunately, the youth of a country can be fired to follow false gods. It can be given ideals and objectives that are not only unsocial and unholy, but positively inimical to the welfare of the nation in the long run and of the whole world. And that is precisely what has happened in Germany. Its young men and women have been poisoned—poisoned with hate for certain classes in the community, taught to believe that they must smash and imprison and outlaw every individual whose views go counter to their own. They are bred in intolerance, nurtured in vindictiveness, breast-fed with hate. They are even being taught, many of them, that what Germany needs is the setting up of a pagan religion, the renewed worship of gods who typify at best only the crude idealism of men who lived in the days when everybody carried a weapon

and was clad in the skin of a wild beast. If the teachings of Adolf Hitler are sound, however, the Christian religion ought truly to be scrapped, not only because Jesus was himself a Jew, but because all that he taught of brotherly love, tolerance, kindliness, good-will, and forgiveness of sins is entirely banned.

If German youth were capable of analyzing its present situation or the new teachings given to it, it would speedily see that what Hitler has thrown overboard is not what he pretends—merely the Semitic influence over Germany and the alleged misdeeds of the founders and conductors of the German Republic—but the very things that the German nation has cherished most and to which it has up to this time invariably accredited its greatness. Formerly it fostered the ideals of a free cultural life, respect for the intellect, the freedom of teachers and the taught, and set the intellectual and spiritual life on a higher pedestal than was the case in any other country. It wished to be known always as a nation of thinkers, of poets, artists, and scientists, and it never questioned whether the great men that it worshiped were Aryan or not. It was proud of Bismarck, who, it is repeatedly stated, had a Jewish grandmother, and therefore if he were living today would be classed as a Jew. If it was a question of a Virchow, a Helmholtz, a Gneist, or a Mommsen, it made no difference what their past was, and it goes without saying that these men would have been the first to protest against a regime which prevented any German-born citizen from developing his individuality and his intellect to the fullest possible degree.

Besides all the other things which have been destroyed in Germany, there has been eradicated the most vital principle of law—the right of the individual to his property and his security in his way of life, provided he does not contravene the criminal law. Innumerable persons in Germany have been deprived of their property, not only without due process of law, but without hope of justice. Perhaps 80,000 have been imprisoned, the great majority without a charge being brought against them, without hope of a day in court. People have said that the family is the keystone of human institutions; even more fundamental is the right of the individual to abstract justice. But in Germany there has been created the doctrine that the state may rob and despoil, plunder and pilfer, violate every contract, destroy the careers of countless individuals, drive them from their homes, from the only country they know, with a brand upon their foreheads. And then we are asked to believe that the inspiration and solidarity and enthusiasm that Hitler has given to German youth in some degree offset these blows at the most cherished rights of every individual who claims his soul as his own!

Donald Garrison Killam

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IN THE EUROPEAN JUNGLE.

Who's Behind the Newsstand Racket?

By JACK BEALL

IT would surprise almost any New York newspaper owner or editor to be told that his newspaper was largely responsible for the unwholesome conditions which have recently been unearthed by the newsstand-racket investigation. And he would put in an indignant denial if it were suggested to him that the newspapers of the city might be directly culpable if the grip of the racket were not broken. He would make the reply, with perfect truth, that the newspapers gave considerable space to the exposure of the racket, that some of them published editorial comment against it, and that newspaper representatives had met with Mayor LaGuardia and pledged that their papers would help his new broom in the Department of Licenses to sweep clean.

Editors can indulge in the warming thought that they are fighting graft and corruption wherever it is found, almost, and owners can walk abroad in the calm assurance that the welfare of a nation may safely rest in a free press with a conscience so responsive to wrong and right that it censors its own advertising. They would be thunderstruck to realize that they have for years contributed a major share to a system which quite literally takes pennies from blind men. The system, as it was exposed in the recent investigation conducted by a retiring Tammany Commissioner of Licenses who wanted above all else to show up his predecessor, a Tammany renegade, can be boiled down to about this:

There are nearly 4,000 licensed newsstands in New York. According to the law they are expected to be parceled out, for the payment of a nominal fee, to five classifications of applicants, first and second preference being given to disabled war veterans and to the blind. There are more than enough applicants in these two preferred classes to operate all the stands in the city, but actually the disabled and the blind hold only about one-tenth of the stands. The other nine-tenths are held by able-bodied business men and women who have purchased their stands, in direct contravention of law, for sums ranging from \$1,000 to \$18,000, depending on location. Sometimes an especially meritorious political hanger-on can get a stand without paying money. His *quid pro quo* is the rendering of services to a district leader, who, consulting the License Commissioner as a matter of form, either gives him a stand of his own or muscles him in on some other person's stand.

For the past decade only the most ingenuous of disabled veterans or blind men have tried to get what was legally theirs for the asking. The wise ones went to the accredited go-betweens, paid their money, and got their stands. During the past four years the accredited go-betweens have been two half-world characters named Jake Sbar and Louis Breines. Louis and Jake conducted a newsstand curb exchange in an ice-cream parlor in Harlem. They had the "right connections" and brought together prospective purchasers and those who "owned" newsstands already and wished to get rid of them. It made no difference, of course, that stands were supposed to revert to the city for reallocation when the licensees quit running them. Such an uneconomic policy never occurred to Louis and Jake or even to the disabled

veterans or the blind men who had lived in New York long enough to know that you can't get anything for nothing. They paid their money like the rest and received no discount, though it was proclaimed in the ordinances that they were the wards of the city.

The convention of newsstand buying and selling required that someone at the license bureau must be "seen." A procession of witnesses at the inquiry identified that someone as Joseph W. O'Connor, nominally an inspector in the department but more cogently described by his confreres as "Geraghty's financial secretary." James F. Geraghty was the commissioner at the time, a fine, upstanding Bronx district leader who apparently set his official approval on whatever O'Connor did. Louis and Jake, after consummating a sale, would send the purchaser down to O'Connor, who, in the course of fifteen minutes with no questions being asked, would transfer the license to him.

The upshot of the investigation in terms of action was the indictment of Sbar, Breines, and O'Connor on charges of extortion and coercion. Although there was testimony that on two occasions disgruntled purchasers had loudly and publicly demanded their money back from no less a person than Commissioner Geraghty himself, that former servant of the city was not called to testify at the hearing nor was he questioned by the grand jury.

And now, how do the newspapers come into the picture as countenancing and even preserving this system? In the first place, a distinction should be made between the proprietary-editorial and the business-circulation side of newspapers. The editorial department, as a sort of repository of the public conscience, may be filled with righteous fervor and crusading zeal to discover and to right the wrongs of the outside world. But it seems to have a blind spot for what goes on in the circulation department. There is a curious, half-brotherly relation here, a dualism of business personality, which can be observed at its worst in Chicago.

The beginning of modern racketeering and gang warfare is directly traceable to the circulation wars engaged in by the circulation departments of Chicago papers. All the piety and wit of the editorial departments in arousing the public against the menace of the gangs cannot wash out one word of the charge that the newspapers themselves started it. True, it was the circulation departments which set bands of armed thugs to turning over and burning the stands of rival newspapers and to throwing bundles of papers into the Chicago River, but a circulation department is a component part of a newspaper. It is the hand that distributes the paper, even as the editorial is the hand that writes it.

The circulation departments play a direct part in the newsstand racket in New York through the fact that they decide arbitrarily what dealers are to be supplied with papers. Thus they have the power of life and death over the individual dealer. Further, they have the veto power over any move of the Commissioner of Licenses. For what good does it do a dealer to have a stand on a good corner and a license to operate it, if he can get no papers to sell? The power

to withhold papers is the power to destroy. This right to withhold or to sell to whomever they like is zealously defended by circulation managers and newspaper owners. It was upheld recently in the Supreme Court of New York. Decently used, this right cannot be complained of, but when it is corruptly used, it directly implements the newsstand racketeer.

Jake Sbar confessed once in an unguarded moment how the money paid over for the purchase of a newsstand was "cut up." Half of it went, he said, to the former owner of the stand, part of the remaining half went to himself and Louis Breines as their commission, part of it went to the Department of Licenses—whence a goodly percentage was siphoned upward to the Tammany coffers, presumably—and part of it went to the circulation departments of the newspapers. Approximately the same division was made of an \$8,000 "defense fund" which was raised last November at a secret meeting of the New York Newsdealers' Protective and Benevolent Association, of which Sbar was a director. That "cut-up" differed from the usual one, according to Sbar, only in being divided three ways instead of five. Sbar and Breines got no part of it, but a young law clerk named Herman B. Sarno, who happened to be the son-in-law of the former law partner of the Commissioner of Licenses, got \$2,000 as a retainer. The Commissioner himself admitted that the idea was to "get to" him through the young law clerk. The other two shares, according to Sbar, went to certain persons in the Department of Licenses and certain persons in the circulation departments of newspapers.

What possible services could these circulation departments perform for Jake and Louis and the Benevolent and Protective Association that they came in for a regular share in the money that was collected? Simply that Jake and Louis, to be able to get any sort of price for a newsstand, had to offer some guaranty of permanent or semi-permanent tenure to their prospective purchasers. They could not get it from the License Department because politics might intervene or a scandal break at any time, as did happen last December, and purchasers might be thrown off their stands. But Jake and Louis saw that if purchasers who were thrown off their stands still got their papers, and if their successors at the stand did not get any papers, the newsstand-selling business would be stabilized. That is where the circulation men came in. That is why it was worth while to divide with them on sales and "defense funds." Naturally, if this operated to perpetuate the illegal buyer of a newsstand in his tenure, it also operated to perpetuate Jake and Louis in their positions as go-betweens and, in fact, to perpetuate the whole illegal system.

How high in the circulation departments the money collected in these ways went is an extremely difficult question to answer. On only one newspaper is it known to have gone as high as the head of the department.

Corroboration of what Sbar admitted can be obtained from at least one incident. A newsdealer named Tom Higgins built up a stand in the Bronx until it was a paying proposition. He had previously sold other stands through Jake and Louis, and it was not long before the two go-betweens came around to urge him to sell this stand. For some season Higgins refused. Jake and Louis intimated that it would be better if he changed his mind. A few days later delivery of all Higgins's papers, both morning and afternoon, was

stopped. And he couldn't get them started again—he met with silence or unkept promises whenever he registered a complaint. Then he saw a great light and notified Jake and Louis he was ready to sell. The papers started flowing in again as suddenly as they had stopped. He sold his stand.

Even more direct evidence is to be had from a statement made by James Hasenack, circulation director of the *Sun*, to Herman M. Immeln, director of social welfare of the New York Association for the Blind, that an agreement existed among circulation managers to the effect that if any newsdealer lost his license, his successor would not be served with papers by the route men.

But it may be objected that the situation has changed now that Mayor LaGuardia and his new License Commissioner have gone into office, that Jake and Louis and O'Connor are under indictment, and that a separate investigation by Irving Ben Cooper, chief ferret of the Seabury investigation, has been under way for more than a month. How can the circulation departments still be chargeable with countenancing, continuing, and supporting the racket? The new Commissioner is getting ready to root out the able-bodied, illegal purchasers of at least the more lucrative stands, and to turn them over to the veterans and blind men who were supposed to have received them in the first place. It is perfectly possible that the purposes and acts of the new Commissioner will be vetoed by the circulation departments in spite of assurances of cooperation which have been given. Certain straws which have blown by are indications of this.

At a meeting of circulation managers called by Mayor LaGuardia about a week before he took office, to discuss what could be done about the situation, the managers refused the main thing that LaGuardia requested of them. He asked them to replace John C. Mansfield, circulation commissioner of morning newspapers, with another man. Mansfield was named in the investigation later as the "circulation czar" and was accused by one newsdealer of demanding \$2,000 from him for the restoration of delivery service. The only consolation the Mayor got was that the *New York Times* withdrew soon after from the association which employed Mansfield. Although the circulation men freely discussed at this meeting cases of buying and selling newsstands and did not make denial when the Mayor-elect accused them of knowing that the practice had been going on for more than a decade and of permitting it to go on in spite of having the power to stop it, seven of these same circulation managers swore on the witness stand two weeks later that they knew nothing personally about the buying and selling of stands. In two instances they said they had never heard of it until they read the reports of the newsstand hearing.

It is commonly known that a large number of the route men who deliver the papers on trucks have stands of their own under assumed names or under cover of relatives' names, but only one instance has come to light of the newspapers making any attempt to clean up the situation. Jack Katz, a route man for the *New York Herald Tribune* was publicly named as owning a stand. When Katz refused to obey a subpoena to testify in the matter, he was fired by his paper.

Perhaps the newspapers hesitate to start on this particular job of housecleaning because they do not wish to precipitate trouble with the Newspaper and Mail Deliverers' Union, which is composed mostly of route men. Incidentally, Harry Feldman, circulation manager of the *Evening Journal*

and president of this union, was quoted recently as reassuring the holder of a license at Broadway and Forty-second Street, who was facing a possible revocation for having bought his stand, that he need not worry about having his license taken away as he would be protected on his papers. Feldman is under fire from within the union, it being alleged that he caused no regular financial report to be made during his incumbency. Annual dues come to over \$126,000 a year.

It may not be unfair at this point to recall the background of another circulation manager, perhaps the greatest of them all. Certainly his paper, the *Daily News*, leads all the rest in circulation with its 2,200,000 copies daily. Max Annenberg was Hearst circulation manager in Chicago at the time of the circulation war there which ushered in the gangster epoch. He had been hired from the Chicago *Tribune* after having acquired an enviable reputation as a getter of circulation. An admonitory expression which he is sup-

posed to have used to his underlings and dealers has since become a classic: "If you can't sell 'em, eat 'em!" Annenberg not only bore Chicago lead in his person for a time but was also indicted some years ago for shooting one Alexander Belford in the chest. Although Belford lived to make the identification positive, the jury cleared Annenberg. There can be little hope that he will turn out to be a reformer or do much to disturb the status quo ante.

In cleaning up the purulent mess which is the newsstand situation in New York, the LaGuardia administration is going to need the help of the newspapers, particularly of the circulation departments. Whether it will be forthcoming is problematical, in spite of assurances. Meanwhile, public confidence in the idealism of the press would be increased if the press would show that its idealism begins at home. Its editorial right hand might at least inform its circulatory left hand that it knows what is going on.

Europe Moves Toward War

I. The Bloody Danube and Beyond

By JOHANNES STEEL

I

THE Socialist revolt which broke out in Austria on the evening of February 12 was not premeditated. It was the spontaneous action of men who chose to face certain death rather than forsake the principles for which they stood. It is an event of which international socialism can justly be proud and which will undoubtedly assume historical importance. The deep impression it has made upon Socialists and organized labor in England and Spain, in Czecho-Slovakia and the other Central European countries will in time produce long-hoped-for repercussions. But while we duly recognize this, it is more important now to consider the far-reaching political, economic, and social effects which the Austrian situation will have almost immediately upon the whole of Europe. A short résumé of the situation immediately before the massacre will be sufficient to connect the future with the events of the recent past.

The development of the conflict was to be expected. For some months it had been apparent that Dollfuss was moving to the right, and this was not because he was in sympathy with the Heimwehr but because, as events have shown, he needed support and overestimated the military strength of this organization. For about six months the Heimwehr, which never represented more than 15 per cent of Austria's voters, had been waiting for an opportune moment to take a hand, always threatening to ally itself with the Austrian Nazis if Dollfuss refused to take its leaders into the government. When it became evident that England and Italy were preventing Dollfuss from laying before the League the case of Austria against Germany, the Heimwehr knew its chance had come. Alone, Dollfuss could not fight both the Nazis and the Heimwehr. The price Dollfuss paid for the cooperation of the Heimwehr, which is financed in about equal proportions by Italy and Austrian industrial interests, was the heads of the Social Democrats.

The struggle itself was, of course, not ordinary party

strife. Deep and fundamental issues were involved. For almost half a century Vienna had been the spiritual home of the European Socialist and labor movements. In fact, since the war it had been the guide and philosopher of all Socialist governments in Europe. The Socialist administrations of Vienna had won not only the loyal support of almost half of the Austrian electorate but also world-wide appreciation of their constructive achievements. After the advent of Nazism in Germany, Vienna became the last Socialist stronghold in Western Europe. The example of a well-administered Socialist Vienna was resented by Mussolini and Hitler as much as by the capitalist interests within Austria itself. Just as German capitalism generally, with generous foreign aid, and the German steel and dye trusts in particular have made Hitler and Nazism their willing tool, so Austrian capitalism and the Alpine Montan Gesellschaft and Motor Car Steyr have made Starhemberg and his Heimwehr their tool, with the primary purpose of smashing Austrian socialism.

The reaction has won this battle, and the way is now open for renewed exploitation of Austria by German and Austrian capitalism jointly. Austria will soon go Nazi. Dollfuss is exhausted. Mussolini has to reckon with Yugoslavia and France. The capitalist backers of the Heimwehr, although they would not mind the Italian brand of fascism, naturally prefer the German variety. But since Anschluss is necessary in order to give the German armament and aviation industries the benefit of reduced prices for the ore products of the Alpine Montan Gesellschaft, which, incidentally, is partly controlled by the German steel trust, it is certain that union with Germany will come in one way or another. England is not interested in preventing this development. For about two years now British foreign policy has been influenced decisively, particularly as far as Germany is concerned, by men like Montagu Norman, governor of the Bank of England and personal friend of Dr. Hjalmar Schacht, director of the Reichsbank; Sir Henri Deterding, the British oil magnate.

who has certain agreements (of which I shall give a detailed account in a later article) with Alfred Rosenberg, head of the Nazi Foreign Office; and Lord Rothermere, who is now openly advocating fascism for England. Thus Britain will do nothing at all as long as the organization of Austria on National Socialist lines proceeds ostensibly from within. A difference in method, however, will do nothing to alter the tremendous effects this inevitable event will have.

II

It seems not to be sufficiently realized that the cultural, social, and economic consequences of this development will soon affect the everyday life of many millions of people in Central Europe. I have the impression that the magnitude of this complex of problems, the violent manifestations of which will soon confront the civilized world, is generally underestimated in this country as well as in Europe.

The fact that Vienna is "cosmopolitan," owing to the racial mixture of its population as well as to the refined eclecticism of its baroque culture, does not interest the Nazis. They simply consider that there are in Austria 220,000 Jews by religion and 400,000 by race, and that if they apply the Nazi test of the maternal grandmother they will have out of a population of nine millions at least a million victims which they can sacrifice to their insane racial theories. By the time these lines go to press, another exodus will have started. Many of the Jews will go to Poland, where anti-Semitism has always been latent and where the Jewish population has already been increased considerably through the influx of refugees from Germany. Others will go to Czecho-Slovakia, Yugoslavia, or Rumania; but wherever they may go it is certain that they will be regarded as foreign competitors in already depressed and congested labor markets. It is safe to say that this migration will not lessen the political confusion in Central Europe but rather will add new impetus to the aggressive nationalism now everywhere prevalent. The coming to power of the Nazis in Austria will also mean exile or the concentration camp for tens of thousands of non-Jewish writers, physicians, philosophers, scientists, high-school teachers, artists, and persons who have been in any way connected with the Socialist or Marxist organizations in Austria. Where are these people to go? This is a major problem. Already there are in Paris about 90,000 German and 30,000 Italian émigrés.

What is left of the Austrian cultural, social, and economic machine will be thrown hopelessly out of gear. With no resources and no prospects Austria's future depends solely on her quarreling protectors, or, to be precise, on the most aggressive of them. The Austrian Nazis' fond belief that Anschluss, whether with nominal independence or not, would give Austria overwhelming economic advantages is a fallacy which even the late Monsignor Seipel recognized. Austria's economic interests follow the Danube downward, not upward. Nazi rule in Austria is the first realistic political threat against the Little Entente. Nazi propaganda in Czecho-Slovakia, with its three and a half million Germans, will naturally take advantage of the moral effect which Nazi success in Austria is bound to have upon this German minority, and will become even more articulate and aggressive than it has been during the past year. Thus, with a hostile semi-fascist Hungary on its eastern borders, Czecho-Slovakia will be completely encircled. It will also be faced with serious

internal political disorders emanating from an unruly minority. Yugoslavia is watching anxiously every move made by Italy. The former is convinced that national security demands that for every Italian army corps placed on the Austrian border one and a half corps of the Yugoslav army must be sent there.

The coordination of Austria is for Germany not an end in itself but merely the first step toward the realization of the Nazis' pan-German dream of a Teutonic Third Reich which will extend from the Baltic to the Adriatic. It is conceivable that Mussolini, who has lost a great deal of prestige over Austria, might unite with the Nazis to push Yugoslavia into the Adriatic. France, as the godmother of the Little Entente, would have to act immediately and rally her satellites. Nazi Germany, whose effective propaganda is already penetrating deep into the Balkans, would then issue an appeal to the many German minorities scattered all over Southeastern and Central Europe.

There is much truth in France's assertion that the German effort to create this mystical pagan Third Reich, which is to be inhabited only by Teutonic half-gods of Wagnerian caliber, is a definite challenge not only to French dominance but also to the peace of Europe. France is keenly alive to this threat and views the Nazi assault on Austria in the light of it; hence the frantic efforts on the part of France to tighten its system of alliances and the increased economic and financial support it has given to the Little Entente. M. Herriot's trip through the Soviet Union, the visit of the French Air Minister to Russia, the signing of commercial treaties, and, for the first time since the war, the exchange of military attachés between Moscow and Paris must all be considered in relation to that threat. But the Nazis do not fear the French system of alliances and are sure that it cannot prevent Germany from building the Third Empire. The Nazis furthermore believe that this system of alliances will be completely offset by colonial rivalry between France and Italy.

Hitler has won the first round; Austria is his, whatever happens. The warning of Italy, France, and England was a maladroit piece of ineffective political hypocrisy which will not make Germany hesitate for a minute to go ahead with its plans. Nazi Germany knows that whatever course events may take, England will not act but will maintain a policy of "benevolent" neutrality. The Henri Deterdings, Montagu Normans, and Lord Rothermeres in England have offered a helping hand to their German brethren and will see to it, in their own interests, that this new adventure in economic imperialism is not interrupted by Great Britain or, if they can possibly prevent it, by anyone else.

The foregoing is the first of several articles on contemporary developments in Europe. Later articles will discuss the attitude of the various governments—and of important financial and industrial groups inside the various countries—toward the question of German disarmament and German expansion; the mechanics of Nazi propaganda in the light of Germany's ambitions; the role of the armament ring in relation to the foreign policy of the governments; and the crucial questions of the future of fascism and the forces making toward a new world war.—EDITORS THE NATION.

The NRA Oil Trust

By MAURITZ A. HALLGREN

Washington, February 20

INDUSTRIAL self-discipline, with all its usual monopolistic trappings, has been chosen as the method by which the Roosevelt Administration hopes to tame the petroleum industry. It was at first thought that this objective might be achieved by means of an elaborate price-fixing scheme to be administered by a public agency. Bad as this plan was, it at least had the merit of being subject to a mild but definite measure of social control. For various reasons, however, the proposal was abandoned, without the public hearings that had been promised by the Petroleum Administrator, and for it were substituted two voluntary agreements, in accordance with which the industry, or so it is contended, will discipline itself. The new arrangement has not only all the evils to be found in the original price-fixing scheme but several others for good measure. It provides for price-fixing by the industry itself, or rather by the dominant major companies, instead of by a public agency. It encourages centralization of control of the industry in the hands of relatively few companies. It slights the interest of the consuming public and affords no protection to small enterprises. Indeed, under this latest plan, which is now in operation, the major companies can in effect dictate the terms upon which independent gasoline distributors and others may do business. True, the arrangement pays lip service to the principle of social control, but this control is directed by a man who by his own admission knows very little of the technical details of the oil industry.

Petroleum has been probably the most chaotic of American industries in recent years. It has been torn by dissension and open warfare. The major American companies have not only been divided among themselves; they have had to fight foreign competition. Foreign companies invaded the American field and the domestic market for several reasons, not the least of which was their desire to conserve their own supplies of petroleum while helping the prodigal American producers to waste the domestic reserves. If a number of independent producers and distributors, caught between these giants, have nevertheless managed to survive, it is primarily because their smaller overhead charges and more efficient operation have enabled them as a rule to undersell the major companies.

The petroleum warfare has taken the form of ruthless exploitation of the producing fields. Petroleum has been pumped freely from new pools and old without regard to economic need or social cost. This has inevitably had a depressing effect on prices, but even panic prices have not sufficed to stop the wild flow of oil. When the East Texas field was recently brought in, the price of crude oil in that area dropped to eight cents a barrel. But the pumping of oil continued just the same. The larger companies, whose operations carried them all the way into the retail field, could make up the deficit somewhere along the line. Most of the others had either to pocket a heavy loss or virtually to abandon their wells.

There has also been reckless competition in the retail market. There it has taken the form of a filling-station war. The best filling-station sites in the country have been grabbed

by one or the other of the major groups, American or foreign. High rentals have to be paid for these sites. Palatial structures have been erected to house a few gasoline pumps and oil drums. Uneconomic services have been offered to customers without charge. Obviously these practices have added enormously to the distribution costs of the major companies.

Since the price of oil and its products seemed to play such a prominent part in the petroleum war, some of the code-makers thought that price-fixing in some form should be provided for in the petroleum code. Secretary of the Interior Ickes, who was later to become the administrator of the code, favored price regulation in principle. General Hugh S. Johnson, the recovery administrator, was opposed to it, declaring that price control could only succeed when "both supply and demand were under control." He was supported by Alexander Sachs, then chief economist of the NRA, and J. E. Pogue, economic adviser on oil in the NRA. The industry itself was divided. One group, led by Wirt Franklin, president of the Independent Petroleum Association, was most emphatic in its advocacy of price regulation. This group, composed of officials of several of the major companies—though not those of first importance—including Standard Oil of California, Barnsdall, Consolidated, and the Independent Petroleum Association, and of a few marketing groups, such as the Illinois Petroleum Marketers' Association, finally captured control of the committee representing the American Petroleum Institute in the code negotiations. Among the companies that were opposed to price control as at first proposed were Standard of New Jersey, Standard of Indiana, Texas Company, Sun Oil, Skelly, Socony-Vacuum, and Royal Dutch Shell. Why these giants of the industry were disinclined to accept price-fixing is not altogether clear, though the suggestion has been made that they were not opposed to it in principle but objected to entering into any price-control arrangement over which the government had any direct authority, for fear of "slipping their heads into a government noose."

The outcome of the controversy was to place in the hands of the petroleum administrator sufficient authority to regulate prices at the refineries and filling stations for a trial period. Secretary Ickes was named administrator, which in retrospect appears to have been an unwise step, not because of any weakness in Mr. Ickes himself, for his integrity and willingness to work cannot be questioned, but because he was already loaded down with as much work as any man, however brilliant and devoted to duty, could possibly handle with any real degree of efficiency. And so complicated is the petroleum industry that any man who seeks to administer it should be thoroughly acquainted with all of its many aspects. A Planning and Coordination Committee was set up under the code to represent the industry. Actually, however, at least thirteen of the fifteen places on the committee went to members of the Wirt Franklin group. A Petroleum Administrative Board was also organized under the authority of the code. This body is headed by Nathan Margold, Solicitor of the Interior Department, and is composed of a group of lawyers, petroleum economists, and mineralogists.

Administrator Ickes moved first to check the free flow of oil in the producing fields. His second step was to issue an order fixing prices for a trial period. This order was to have gone into effect on December 1. It has been said in behalf of the Administrator that he really intended the order to be used merely as a basis for hearing and argument and not as a definitive arrangement. However, the precise and unequivocal language of the order, as well as the fact that no hearings were ever held, indicates that when he issued the order Mr. Ickes had every intention of putting it into effect. There can be little doubt that he was under great pressure to do so. The schedule of prices and differentials contained in the order was worked out by the Planning and Coordination Committee, which was completely in the hands of the price-fixing faction of the industry.

The December 1 order was based on the most insubstantial of facts. Indeed, it can truthfully be said that it was not based on facts at all, but only on what the price-fixing advocates thought the traffic would bear. Except for statistics that might be buried in the books of individual companies, there were no facts available upon which even the most judicious and impartial Administrator could possibly base an equitable price for gasoline or crude oil. The cost of distributing gasoline in the retail market had, for example, never been broken down by cost experts for the industry as a whole. Although government agencies had made such studies in other fields, they had kept their hands off the retail gasoline cost structure. The industry has consistently balked any move to investigate its distribution costs. The major companies, as the Department of Commerce confessed in 1930, have gone so far as to refuse to allow any data to be published with respect to the proportion of their retail sales to the total volume of gasoline sales on the domestic market. Without even these rudimentary facts, how was it possible for the Planning and Coordination Committee or the Petroleum Administrator to arrive at the conclusion that a certain grade of gasoline must be sold at retail at a margin of five and one-half cents over the wholesale price in order to allow for costs and profit? Or that six and one-half cents would cover the costs of selling another grade of motor fuel?

The price-fixing order promptly aroused a storm of protest from many quarters, but especially from the surviving independent distributors. They contended that it would increase the cost of gasoline to the automobile owner an average of three cents throughout the country. In this they were supported not only by the Standard Statistics Company, a private agency in New York City, but also by the Consumers' Advisory Board of the NRA. Mrs. Mary H. Rumsey, chairman of the Consumers' Board, declared in a letter to Administrator Ickes that whereas the code had increased labor costs in the industry by only \$125,000,000 annually, "the consumers' bill for petroleum products has been increased at a rate of over \$500,000,000 annually." The independents asserted that they could profitably operate filling stations by selling gasoline at retail at a margin of no more than two and a half to three cents over the wholesale price. The larger companies, the independents declared, were insisting upon a margin of five and a half to six and a half cents in order to cover the cost of operating palatial filling stations in high-rent districts. They pointed to "the incredible waste and the insane duplication of marketing outlets," and added that "it would seem the petroleum industry has simply de-

cided that the consumer must pay for all of this madness." The bill to the consumer under the Ickes order, according to statisticians employed by the independents, would have run close to a billion dollars a year, most of it pure profit. Government statisticians privately agreed with this estimate.

The chief complaint of the independents, however, was that they could not hope to compete with the larger companies if they had to sell their goods at the same prices. The latter have a virtual monopoly on conveniently located filling-station sites, and whereas there are many motorists who are willing to drive a few extra blocks to the "tankside" stations owned and operated by independent companies in order to buy gasoline a cent or two cheaper, few would go to that extra effort if they could get their motor fuel at the same price from stations situated on or close to the main traffic arteries. Moreover, the larger companies, out of their more abundant financial resources, can provide their customers with extra service "free of charge."

Administrator Ickes subsequently postponed the effective date of the price-fixing order to January 1. That he took this step because of the protests of the independent companies and consumers' representatives is not borne out by the available facts. On the contrary, there is evidence to show that he was disturbed mainly by the reluctance of the giants of the industry to commit themselves publicly to the price-fixing scheme. Finally he issued an ultimatum, with true Johnsonian brusqueness, demanding that on a certain day and at a certain hour the industry place in his hands an agreement for a settlement of all its differences and problems. The major companies were by no means slow in responding to this plain-spoken invitation. Though they had carried on their warfare over a period of more than two generations, they managed miraculously to come to terms within a few days.

Their proposal, which the Administrator approved with a few unimportant modifications, consists of two agreements. The first provides for the organization of a pool, to be known as the National Petroleum Agency, which will "purchase, hold, and in an orderly way dispose of surplus gasoline which threatens the stability of the oil price structure, in an effort to bring the prices of gasoline into proper relationship with the present price of crude oil and to maintain and support such relationship." The second agreement provides for the establishment and maintenance of what is euphemistically called "marketing margins" for distributors, jobbers, and wholesalers of gasoline. The retail dealers' margins have been set at six cents a gallon for the better grades of gasoline and at three and three-fourths cents for gasoline below sixty-octane rating. Only the refiners are to be parties to this second agreement, and it is intended that they shall exercise a strict control over retail prices by means of standardized sales contracts. "The parties to this agreement shall use only such forms of contract in such transactions. Such contracts shall contain provisions controlling prices of products to ultimate consumers at retail."

It can hardly be argued that this is not bald and naked price-fixing. The industry is now in a position to pass on to the consuming public the entire cost of the palatial filling stations and all the other extravagant expenditures that have attended the development of unnecessary and uneconomic retail outlets. The independent distributor, whose costs are low, may no longer share the difference with the consumer, for when he buys his gasoline from the refiner he must agree

to charge a certain retail price. Thus he is deprived of his only competitive advantage. Of course, a few refiners may refuse to sign the marketing agreement, but this is not likely to happen since the pooling agreement gives the major companies plenty of power to compel recalcitrant refiners to come into the fold.

The price-fixing features alone are enough to condemn the present arrangement, but other objections to it can also be made. The authority to fix prices rests not with a public agency but with the industry itself; indeed, in the final analysis it rests with the financially more powerful companies. Authority to interpret other provisions of the dual agreement also rests with the industry. For example, the agreement "contemplates that orders and allocations, touching crude-oil production, imports, withdrawals from and additions to storage, and gasoline manufacture shall be such as to balance supply with consumer demand for petroleum products and to prevent the accumulation of supplies of crude oil or petroleum products in excess of desirable economic working levels." Who is to determine when supply and demand are balanced or what constitutes "desirable economic working levels"? It would seem essential from the standpoint of the public interest that this vast power to make decisions affecting not only the entire petroleum industry but every consumer of petroleum products should be placed in the hands of an impartial authority. Instead, Administrator Ickes has permitted the power to be exercised by the National Petroleum Agency, and more particularly by this association's board of governors, which is made up of persons financially interested in the decisions to be arrived at. More than that, the governors are to exercise their control mainly through pool purchases of "surplus" gasoline. By means of these purchases they will in effect be able to control the gasoline market. When the governors are not in session, five of their number may administer the pool's purchases and sales. In addition, "by a majority vote of the entire board of governors or the vote of nine governors representing members of the association having in the aggregate more than 50 per cent in amount of participation in the association, purchases may be suspended entirely until they are again authorized by a majority vote of the entire board of governors and the vote of nine governors representing such majority interest in amount." In other words, nine of the financially strongest companies have the power of life and death over the pool which is to "maintain and support proper relationships of gasoline prices."

That the exercise of such a power makes for monopoly cannot well be denied. Practices of similar character are permitted or specifically provided for elsewhere in the dual agreement, though such practices have been condemned by the courts and the Federal Trade Commission as monopolistic in tendency and in fact. Government officials who have approved this self-regulating ordinance of the petroleum industry are inclined to minimize its monopolistic features on the ground that some orderly process for marketing the huge stores of "distress" gasoline, which, it is claimed, have been undermining the price structure, simply had to be found if the industry was to be saved. Even if it were true that "distress" gasoline was depressing prices, it is abundantly clear that the particular marketing method selected is perhaps the worst that could have been chosen from the social point of view. And as a matter of fact it is not true that stores of

retail gasoline have been a depressing factor. In December, when the agreement was announced, the total stocks amounted to approximately 51,000,000 barrels, or less than two months' supply for the entire country. It seems safe to point out that this is a rather narrow margin for a country that uses as much gasoline as the United States. The aim of the pool agreement is to reduce this margin to 46,000,000 barrels by July 1. In the opinion of the independent distributors this "will make a highly sensitive market at that particular time in the year. The practical result of that aim would be to unduly increase the cost of motor fuel to the public because it will undoubtedly produce a tendency toward higher prices."

The pressure of crude-oil stocks rather than of "distress" gasoline has been the major unsettling factor in the petroleum market. As soon as the petroleum administrator set out to control crude-oil production, signs of stability appeared in the market, while the earnings of the major companies showed immediate improvement. A few weeks later the *New York Times* reported:

The statements of oil companies so far issued for the third quarter of the year are generally considered satisfactory, and show for the first time in several years that virtually the entire industry is operating on a reasonably profitable basis. As the improvement did not come until the last six weeks of the quarter, it reaffirmed the recent contention in some quarters that oil prices are at levels that mean fairly large profits for the most efficient units and even some profits for most of the high-cost operating units or those less fortunately situated.

With virtually the entire industry "operating on a reasonably profitable basis," it would seem that the aims of the Recovery Act had been achieved in petroleum. But this simple achievement did not satisfy the government officials concerned. They went on with their stabilization plans until they had laid the groundwork for monopolistic control of the industry. In his statement of January 20 approving the pool and marketing agreement, Administrator Ickes betrayed not the slightest interest in this aspect of the problem. Indeed, though he disapproved Section 4 of the marketing agreement, which would have given the financially dominant major companies extraordinary power to punish their smaller and weaker competitors for infractions of the rules, he did not do so on the ground that Section 4 would have strengthened the monopolistic control of the largest companies, but solely because there seemed to him "to be no reason to give directly to those in the petroleum industry a greater remedy for violations of contracts than those in any other industry possess." The administrator's statement contained all the customary assurances to the consumers and public—assurances which, significantly enough, are omitted from the pool and marketing agreement itself—and promised that if the present arrangement did not work, the administrator would be "receptive to suggestions as to the necessity for making further modifications." It is to be doubted that the monopolistic practices permitted under this plan can be corrected or eliminated simply by making "further modifications." These features of the agreement were pointed out to Administrator Ickes by Senator Borah and others before he approved it. Since he accepted the agreement in full knowledge of its obvious defects, there is little hope for any real modification of it with respect to price-fixing and other monopolistic practices.

Social Workers in the Depression

By EDUARD C. LINDEMAN

THE position of social work in the depression has been unique. While the members of other professions have been facing unemployment, the demand for social workers has increased. As the depression deepened and misery seeped into all social classes, social workers were provided with more and more clients. When it became obvious that millions of our citizens would need to be fed and sheltered by means of private surplus or public funds for a protracted period of time, it also became clear that this gigantic task called for a rapid increase in the number of trained social workers. Thus, while publicists expressed misgivings concerning the future possibilities of other professions, social workers found their status improved and their security enhanced.

In 1930 the federal census stated that there were approximately 48,000 social workers in the country, inclusive of public-health nurses; the total number at present is in the neighborhood of 60,000. It is to be noted that this increase, unlike that of the war period, represents social workers—that is, case workers—and not executives. In other words, there has been no creation of new agencies but rather an enlargement of services. As a matter of fact, there are probably fewer social agencies than formerly, some having gone out of existence during the depression. The increase in case workers amounted to approximately 37 per cent between the years 1929 and 1932. This new demand is also directly reflected in the training schools, where an increase of case workers in training has risen 88 per cent during the same period. Another index representative of the expansion of social work is to be found in the number of applicants for admission to membership in the American Association of Social Workers. In 1928 there were 595 applicants, and in 1933 up to November 1 there were 2,882, an increase of 260 per cent. (A considerable proportion of this increase is to be accounted for by the change in the association's membership requirements.)

Social workers, with the exception of a small number of executives, have never received high salaries. In 1929 the median salaries of 1,119 case workers ranged from \$1,200 in cities of 25,000 population to \$1,620 in cities of 500,000 and over. The corresponding range for 1932 for 1,536 case workers was \$1,325 and \$1,632. Yet while there has been a slight increase in the total range, there have been actual decreases in all types of cities with two exceptions. A marked and uniform increase in salaries is found to have occurred in only one classification, namely, district secretaries.

The preceding figures are taken from an analysis made by Ralph G. Hurlin, director of statistics of the Russell Sage Foundation. Another study conducted by the Association of Community Chests and Councils presents a somewhat different picture. Facts gathered from 112 community-chest cities indicate that 75 communities have made actual salary reductions and that 14 others have achieved the same end by means of voluntary contributions. The discrepancy between this study and the one quoted above is more apparent than real; closer examination of the data reveals that the

latter study covers a much wider area of social work than the former, and that many if not most of the salary reductions have occurred in the fields of so-called character-building agencies and organizations promoting health. Combining the two studies leads to the conclusion that there have been slight salary reductions in social work in a large number of cities but that these are by no means comparable with similar reductions in salaries for other professions.

Still another indication of the influence of the business depression upon social work may be found in an analysis of the demand for workers as shown by the records of the Joint Vocational Service, a national employment agency for social workers. Although these records indicate demand for social workers only, they are nevertheless revealing with respect to the changing status of the profession. In January and August of 1928 public agencies asked for 20 workers and private agencies for 133; of this total of 153 openings, 30 were filled through the J.V.S. In January and August of 1933 public agencies called for 77 workers and private for 98; of this total of 175 openings, 58 were filled through the bureau. One significant trend is revealed by this analysis—namely, the marked increase in demand on the part of the public agencies as compared with the private. Two lesser trends, although not indicated in the figures given above, are also evident—namely, a larger demand for administrative workers, and an increase in the demand for men as distinguished from women workers. Both of these latter trends are due, no doubt, to the rapid expansion of public social work during the depression emergency. From a qualitative point of view it is also to be noted that there is a diminishing demand for so-called group workers, that is, directors for boys' and girls' clubs, recreation, and the like, which is perhaps an indication that services of this nature are regarded as luxuries.

When social institutions change rapidly, the consequence is usually a mixture of bad and good. Thus the prestige and security of social work have been enhanced during the depression; its place in the American cultural pattern seems to have been, in a sense, validated by the emergency. On the other hand there have been serious set-backs. While salaries have not been sharply reduced, social workers have been subjected to other strains and pressures: many case workers are now asked to carry two and three and even four times as many cases as heretofore; executives have become irritable and staff organizations have been disrupted; untrained persons have been placed in important positions and gross inefficiencies have resulted, especially in the administration of local relief. Social-work standards have been sacrificed.

A more subtle and, from my point of view, a more significant event than any enumerated above must be recorded as one of the consequences of the depression so far as social work is concerned. The depression has forced social workers to reconsider their role in society. Lively discussions are now in process among them centering upon questions which have hitherto haunted only the more sensitive members of the profession. There have always been critics who have insisted

that social work was merely a manifestation of a diseased society. Although this is a superficial view, as socialized Russia appears to demonstrate, it points to at least one terrible truth. Social work may be necessary in any form of society, but is it also necessary that social work shall function in such manner as to perpetuate the very evils which furnish many of its "cases"? In other words, if social work is the profession which deals with the social problem, to what extent may it become an active agent in promoting fundamental social change? This is the central question which the depression has brought into the open. I do not mean to imply that all or most social workers are excited about this problem. There are persons in social work as in other occupations who approve of the present order of society, there are others who mildly disapprove but are prepared to make compromises with its defects, and there are others, a minority perhaps, who believe that our present economic crisis is trace-

able to fundamental deficiencies and wrongs in the ordering of society; these would be energized and made both personally and professionally happy if they might feel that their labors were counting on the side of social reorganization. Members of other professional groups are perplexed by the same general problem, but for the engineer, the doctor, or the lawyer there are simpler escapes. The social worker has never received his salary, or his fee, from the client on whose behalf he renders his services. His income has been derived from two sources—governmental taxes and the surplus wealth of those whose income and power and prestige are guaranteed by the existing economic order. Progressive social workers would prefer to function in a society which furnishes basic economic security to all workers; they would like to help in building such a society. The depression has sharpened their awareness of their professional dilemma; the way toward appropriate action is still to be found.

Amenities from a Hospital Pallet

By PAUL Y. ANDERSON

Baltimore, February 24

WELL, here I am in the Johns Hopkins hospital again, a living testament to the fact that no one with a nervous system like mine can long survive on a steady diet of hard work and moral indignation. That, at least, is my official story, and publicly I intend to stick to it. But speaking strictly among ourselves, I don't mind disclosing that the real causes of my latest flight from Washington were the following: In the first place, I was sick and tired of listening to the testimony of air-mail thieves, crooked bankers, and their political lackeys. My eardrums have been assaulted with more perjury in the last month than the average man is required to absorb in a lifetime. In the second place, I was sick and tired of having to read newspapers whose sole aim in life appears to be that of misleading the public. Third, and most important of all, I was determined to build some more stepladders, and to paint those I built last October. When these noble labors are completed I shall have done more in two months to elevate and uplift the inhabitants of the Maryland Free State than Hank Mencken and Frank Kent have done during thirty years of toiling in the journalistic vineyard. This is not to say that I am actuated largely by idealistic motives. Quite the contrary. For me, the transition has many advantages. The standard of ping-pong here has stiffened perceptibly since last I tested it. Drs. Meyer and Billings are no less solicitous and profound, and the nurses are, if possible, more beautiful and alluring than ever. I am not one of those strong, silent men who object to being pampered when feeling somewhat below par.

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REVERTING to the activities of the air-mail thieves, one does not readily recall anything so contemptible as their willingness to make a target of Lindbergh in order to shield themselves. It probably discloses their real character more vividly than any evidence which has been given before the Black committee. Precisely as they were willing to plunder the national treasury for their own enrichment,

they are now willing to sacrifice a national idol for their own protection. Having known about Lindbergh since the days when he was flying the mail out of St. Louis, I never contributed to the hero worship which engulfed him, but in this instance it is obvious that he has been betrayed by craftier men, motivated exclusively by a desire to save their own skins. Incidentally, my recent description of Senator Austin, of Vermont, as one of the choicest New England boobs ever seen in Washington has been questioned, so it seems incumbent on me to submit evidence. First, let it be understood that all Austin's efforts have been directed toward protecting the reputation of the Hoover Administration as affected by the air-mail investigation. I shall touch but lightly on the occasion when he inadvertently developed the fact that the contracts were awarded despite an opinion from Hoover's own Department of Justice that they were illegal. I shall dwell but an instant upon the time when he elicited testimony showing that some of the papers burned by retiring Republican officials were of such a character that the incoming Democratic Administration could use them to discredit their predecessors. I shall pass on to what I consider his premier performance. A post-office inspector had been telling about finding certain papers in the files of the Post Office Department. Chairman Black remarked sarcastically: "Of course, you didn't find any of those that had been burned." The inspector replied, naturally, that he had not, whereupon Vermont's intellectual colossus transfixed him with an accusing glare and demanded: "How do you know you didn't?" The State rests.

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THE language used by the President in approving the newspaper code, with its bogus and unnecessary "freedom of the press" clause, was not unexpected. Indeed, I believe I predicted something of the sort on this very page several weeks ago. He called it "pure surplusage," and that is what it is—except that he might have omitted the word "pure." But it is something more. It was placed there

originally for the deliberate purpose of raising a false issue which could be used to camouflage and obscure the publishers' opposition to civilized wage-and-hour schedules and to the abolition of child labor in their business. It didn't fool the President, and I doubt whether it fooled anyone else. The pretended indignation of the publishers over the President's rebuke is amusing, especially when they start babbling about their "honorable" tradition. How honorable was it to ask Jim Farley to "put the pressure on" General Johnson until he gave them what they wanted? How honorable was it to print stories saying they had "signed the newspaper code" months before it existed? Honorable, my eye! There is not an industry in the country which has exploited its employees more harshly, or resorted to more ruthless and unscrupulous methods to get what it wanted. Is there a reporter of any experience who doesn't recall one or more instances when fire and building restrictions were quietly waived to accommodate a newspaper plant? Is there one who hasn't seen a reporter bounced out on his ear without a minute's notice or a day's pay simply because the city editor had a hangover or the man had unwittingly stepped on the toes of one of the proprietor's country-club friends? I realize that among the publishers are such enlightened and humane men as Captain Patterson, David Stern, Roy Howard, Paul Patterson, and many others, but to assert that they represent the average would be to insult the intelligence of every journeyman newswriter in the United States. Please, gentlemen, don't make us laugh any harder.

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THE "honorable tradition" of the publishing business was brilliantly upheld in two instances recently. One was when William Randolph Hearst published a signed, front-page editorial bitterly assailing the Black committee on the ground that it had intimated there was something improper about Lindbergh's acquisition of stock in the Pan-American Airways. The fact is that the subject had never been mentioned by the committee. The circumstances were made public in an exclusive news story obtained and circulated throughout the United States by the International News Service, owned by William Randolph Hearst! The second instance was supplied by the *Washington Post*, that gallant palladium through which Eugene Meyer hopes to make the country Republican again. Having failed to damage General Johnson by direct attack, the *Post* turned its guns on Miss Frances Robinson, his assistant. Most of the printed innuendoes concerning her were derived from the fact that she is receiving a salary of nearly \$6,000 a year; that is, nearly as much as her chief. I dare say I know as much about her duties as anyone outside the organization, and I wouldn't have her job for \$6,000 a year—nor for \$60,000. Her average working day is about eighteen hours. Once, at two o'clock in the morning, she fainted at her desk from exhaustion. But the wisecracking Bayards of the *Post* are quite safe. The young woman weighs less than 105 pounds and has no near male relatives. Is it possible they assured themselves of this fact before opening fire?

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THE truth is that the underpaying and overworking of government officials and employees under this Administration has been and still is disgraceful. The very idea of

Johnson holding down a job more gigantic in scope and importance than any which exists in private industry at a salary of \$6,000 a year is preposterous. At this moment the man is trying to sell his New York home so he will have funds to tide him through the task of reconstruction. Many men occupying posts of vital public importance are nearing the end of their savings, and some have already begun to borrow. Thriving businesses and lucrative law practices have been allowed to languish and sometimes disappear because their owners could not bring themselves to desert in the heat of the battle. There is another and vastly different class which is rapidly becoming a serious problem, especially for the NRA. It consists of men who came into the organization, remained long enough to familiarize themselves with its workings and to impress the private employers who came in contact with them, and then resigned to sell their services to the highest bidders. Once they have sold out they are safe. The slings of the *Daily Worker* and the arrows of the *Herald Tribune* are reserved for those who remain on the job. Because of their devotion, they must take it on the chin. If my language at times appears to grow slightly intemperate, attribute it to such causes as this. As between the Tories on one flank and the Communists on the other, it behooves the decent, sensible people of this country to pray fervently to God for the privilege of remaining in the majority.

* * * * *

BUT to hell with all this! They tell me the old tank of hot water is waiting, and I can either snooze there for an hour or smoke a choice Havana while a red-headed nurse holds my hand and reads me a detective story. For the present you will all have to shift for yourselves. Let 'em steal the Capitol if they can. It's nothing in my life.

In the Driftway

WHOOING cranes, white pelicans, wild turkeys, and all the other fancy American birds and beasts that Davy Crockett knew may strut once more in their former glory and abundance if the recommendations of the President's Committee on Wild Life are put into effect. In a report just issued the committee urges the immediate acquisition of five million acres of submarginal agricultural land in forty-four States and the gradual acquisition of from eight to ten million additional acres for the reproduction and conservation of our sorely depleted wild life, in the interest of sportsmen, students, and future generations of Americans—who, if depressions and hard winters continue, may find it handy to have the uplands restocked with edible game bearing detachable fur coats.

* * * * *

THE committee found that migratory waterfowl are threatened with virtual extinction by the destruction of breeding and nesting areas caused by drainage operations, the encroachment of unprofitable agriculture, and the "random efforts of our disordered progress toward an undefined goal." The last remnants of the long-billed curlews in New Mexico, Utah, and elsewhere are declining in number be-

cause of the grazing off of nesting cover on their breeding grounds. And the same forces have conspired to reduce alarmingly our once abundant resources of upland game birds and animals, as well as "song, insectivorous, and ornamental birds," as the report quaintly puts it. The report includes 401 tentative projects for the utilization of submarginal lands—at a tentative cost of some \$50,000,000—and urges the appointment of a Restoration Commissioner under the direction of the Secretaries of the Interior, of Agriculture, and of Commerce, who shall coordinate the wild-life restoration work of all existing government services. It further recommends the appointment of a Federal Wild Life Director—a title which appeals no end to the Drifter's sporting nature.

* * * * *

ALTOGETHER the report of the Committee on Wild Life is the most appealing government document the Drifter has seen in years. For one thing it is illustrated with a cartoon by Ding, who was a member of the committee and whose picture of a bull moose bawling for help should wring the heart of any Congressman. For another, it abounds in such lovely words as snipe and plover, ruffed, pinnated, and sharptail grouse, mountain sheep, antelope, sage hens, and elk. In fact, the Drifter can think of only two possible objections to its unanimous adoption. Mark Sullivan will be furious, for the report bristles with phrases about national planning, and as he put it so freshly only the other day, "planned economy is the same thing as collectivism, and collectivism is what the radicals in the Administration are moving toward"—and God forbid that any American bird should submit to a plan even if it saves his life. The other objection is even less important. If the government's project to retire submarginal lands is successful, and farmers are allowed to work only rich productive land, we must expect also, no doubt, the retirement of a great proportion of those submarginal characters which have been of late the outstanding American contribution to fiction. But who will deny that one whooping crane is as rich in human values as any one of the characters in, say, "Tobacco Road"?

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

An Editor and the Tugwell Bill

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

Here is an instance concerning the country press and the Tugwell bill. The *Publishers' Auxiliary*, a house organ of the Western Newspaper Union which assumes to represent the country newspapers as a trade journal, has been fomenting an attack on the bill. Each week the *Auxiliary* prints a series of letters of protest. I wrote a communication expressing, as editor of the *Vineyard Gazette*, my cordial support of the bill. I have not discovered my letter in print, and a request for information concerning it, which was accompanied by a stamped return envelope, has been ignored.

In a word, an attempt is being made to show unanimous opposition to the bill on the part of country newspapers. A little suppression just helps the cause along.

HENRY BEETLE HOUGH

Martha's Vineyard, Mass., January 31

A Reproach from a Neighbor

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

In the January 3 issue of *The Nation* your reviewer of reviews, K. S. Thompson, goes a long way to make a good point. Witness what she says about one review of "Anthony Adverse":

The New Republic put the judgment of most reviewers clearly when it declared: "Its monumental bulk alone raises it above the common mass of novels into a region appreciably nearer the stars." Here I take refuge in the words of Elmer Davis: "I am unable to agree with most of our readers that a large book is necessarily a good book."

But let's see what the *New Republic* reviewer, T. S. Matthews, actually wrote about "Anthony Adverse":

... no adventure story, however picaresque, of however solid a weave, should be spun out to such a length. It is hard not to judge such a book as "Anthony Adverse" too severely, for its monumental bulk alone raises it above the common mass of novels into a region appreciably nearer the stars."

In other words, Mr. Matthews and Miss Thompson were substantially in agreement—but Miss Thompson was bent on proving that Mr. Matthews was wrong, and in order to do so, pulled one of his remarks so far out of its context that it would take a first-class bonesetter to get it back again.

New York, January 19

MALCOLM COWLEY,
Literary Editor, the *New Republic*

The Irish Treaty

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

You will permit me to disagree with the comments of "An Irish Observer" in *The Nation* for January 10.

Your commentator says that the treaty of 1921 was supposed to settle the Irish question permanently. Supporters of the Cosgrave and Griffith Cumann na nGaedheal Party, of whom I numbered myself one, were informed that the treaty had been accepted under threats of force, that partition and the Free State were only temporary arrangements, and that Ireland was on the road to a republic. I challenge your observer to show me anywhere in the writings of the Free State's President, Arthur Griffith, a statement declaring the treaty to be a permanent settlement.

There is no denying your observer's remark that Irish acceptance of the treaty in a plebiscite constitutes a hard fact. What else could the Irish people do? Murder and violence by Black and Tans and police happened frequently enough, and Lloyd George gave the Irish people the alternatives of a bigger and better campaign of terrorism or acceptance of the treaty. But need the Irish people continue to accept the treaty? Many of De Valera's opponents in the United Ireland Party ask themselves the same question. James Dillon of the United Ireland Party stated on December 30 that when declaration of a republic was feasible they would declare it without consulting Dominion Secretary Thomas.

Again, does repudiation of a treaty admittedly accepted under duress involve the honor of a nation? The statement that Arthur Griffith did not develop a political philosophy is adequately refuted in R. M. Henry's book "The Evolution of Sinn Fein." As to calling De Valera an idealist because he seeks to get rid of the economic concept that Ireland is an English farm—it is merely a poorly thought-out opinion.

Philadelphia, February 10

BRENDON O'DWYER

The Robber Barons

By the author of
JEAN JACQUES ROUSSEAU
and ZOLA AND HIS TIME

Matthew Josephson

A composite biography of
America's Big Capitalist
with these heroes

JAY COOKE
J. P. MORGAN
J. D. ROCKEFELLER
ANDREW CARNEGIE
JIM FISKE, JR.
COMMODORE VANDERBILT
JAY GOULD
COLLIS HUNTINGTON
JIM HILL
EDWARD HARRIMAN
HENRY FRICK
LELAND STANFORD
and others

*"What do I care about the law?
Haint I got the power?"*

— COMMODORE VANDERBILT

At the close of the Civil War a small group of men arose and suddenly swept into power. They organized and developed a young nation's resources on a gigantic scale. They held the strategic strongholds of the country's wealth and made themselves the dominating figures of an aggressive economic age. Rugged individualists, they did all this in the name of private profit. Sometimes they were lawless; but conspicuously lacking was a moral conscience in a social sense. How much did they foster progress? How much catastrophe?

*"That does not matter. YOUR
money is orthodox."*

— A MINISTER (D. D.) TO
JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER

America has always been fascinated by them, the men who "built up the country" and their own great fortunes, whose lives were dramas of almost mediaeval splendor and ruthlessness. Here they are in one book, an immense picture of their careers moving side by side, merging or crossing as they worked together or against each other. Matthew Josephson is here the social historian, writing of them without anger, and telling the underlying history of an age that bred the present.

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Makers of Modern America

The Robber Barons: The Great American Capitalists. 1861-1901. By Matthew Josephson. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$3.

MATTHEW JOSEPHSON, whose previous writings include biographies of the Frenchmen Zola and Rousseau, has here essayed the role of American historian; and this book is an effort to tell the story of the development of American monopoly capitalism in its formative years, not in economic but in human and dramatic terms. "The Robber Barons," therefore, is not a history of the institutional growth of American railroads, steel, oil, finance, and the heavy industries generally, but of the railroad builders, the steelmasters, the oil refiners, and the bankers—of Vanderbilt, Gould, Huntington, Hill, Carnegie, Rockefeller, Frick, Morgan, and the rest of that exalted company which made modern America.

"The Robber Barons" is more than this, however. Realizing that history cannot be written purely in static terms—that in this instance it is not merely a gallery of industrialists—Mr. Josephson has sought to make his narrative dynamic. There must be presented (he has apparently told himself) a steady progression of events, a movement onward and upward in the lives of my chief actors; and this flow can be caught only by relating my heroes to a time sequence. The method, in short, is that of the great romantic novel: the personalities in the narrative cannot be analyzed, labeled, and filed away once and for all; rather, they must be brought forth as characters who develop their destinies side by side over a long generation and who are finally joined in the great climax which takes place with the integration of industrial capitalism and banking promotion under the aegis of the finance capitalist.

It must at once be apparent what a highly ambitious task this is; and while "The Robber Barons" contains many excellences it is only proper to evaluate it in terms of the author's intention rather than by his many incidental achievements. By this measure "The Robber Barons," I am afraid, cannot be regarded as particularly successful; in fine, because it does not turn out to be the history of American capitalism, we are still compelled to await such a work.

Mr. Josephson is entitled to much praise. His book is far and away superior to the average historical product coming out of our learned seminaries: it is imaginatively conceived, remarkably well written, and, what is even more important, it is dialectically sound. This last in itself is an accomplishment of the first order. Mr. Josephson, as preparation for his study, has read Marx, Sombart, Veblen, and Tawney; as a result he can see the successful creation of monopoly capitalism as a progressive task which had to be performed in America before the gains of the Second American Revolution—the struggle between the slavocracy of the South and the young industrial capitalism of the North—could be fully realized. Seen in such a light, the performances of the great American industrialists are of the utmost significance; true, they despoiled the country's natural resources, sweated human labor, and contrived only for individual gain, but what they built—a mechanized and rationalized industrial scheme—was as important to the achievement of the next human goal, a socialist state and a classless society, as the destruction of the decayed lower order which held back their forward march. Mr. Josephson's theoretical discussions, as well as those initial chapters which tell of the preparation of the industrialists for their revolutionary work, are illuminating and important additions to our understanding of America's recent past. From this point, however, the author's contribu-

tions are of less moment, and, indeed, in certain particulars his interpretations and methods are inadequate. In the limited confines of this review I can devote myself to but three specific criticisms.

First, "The Robber Barons" is written almost entirely from secondary sources; what primary works were available were not utilized. Mr. Josephson has read the many official and the only too few critical biographies and histories we have of American industries and their founders, and only such material as he has found readily at hand has he worked into the making of his book. Thus "The Robber Barons" is particularly and, in many instances, unnecessarily detailed in its narratives concerning the railroads, oil, and steel; but it gives scarcely more than a page to meat-packing, mentions the great agricultural-machinery industry only in passing, and has nothing at all to say about those other outstanding monopolies of the period—milling, local traction, tobacco, and the like. The stories of meat-packing and milling are necessary to an appreciation of the processes of American monopolist development, but these could have been narrated only as a result of considerable pains on the part of the author: he would have been compelled to read the voluminous reports of the Bureau of Corporations and the Federal Trade Commission, Congressional hearings, many obscure Ph.D. theses, and the files of our learned economic journals; the labors would have been herculean but only in this fashion could the job have been done at all.

Second, the development of American capitalism is an extraordinarily complex phenomenon, and a reading of "The Robber Barons" plainly shows that its story cannot be told alone in terms of the personalities who participated in its advance. The part played by agriculture, the role of international borrowings in starting off our infant industrial economy, the contributions to industrial expansion made on the one hand by undistributed corporate earnings and on the other by national savings, labor struggle and the reasons for its lack of a revolutionary character, governmental policy and encouragement of private enterprise, programs of dissent, the formulation of methods of public regulation—these are some of the essential elements of the history of capitalism without whose detailing a proper knowledge of our recent past is impossible.

Third, an elaborate concern with the capitalists themselves and not with the characteristics of capitalism's institutional growth has led Mr. Josephson into the commission of a significant error: he has tended to oversimplify, and therefore to distort, the nature of monopoly formation. The book's title, "The Robber Barons," is based on the creation of an intricate parallel between the medieval barons and the early capitalists: the former could exact their toll from their contemporaries because they were able to establish their castles at vital points in communication systems—rivers, mountain passes, and the like; the latter advanced to power and wealth because, by one bold exploit or another, they were able to gain control of similar "strategic narrows," in this case important industrial processes or stages "through which the stream of commodities must pass from the earth to the consumer."

It must, upon reflection, be apparent how erroneous an interpretation this is. For example, Carnegie's original power was built upon his early alliances with railroads and his location in western Pennsylvania near coal and ore deposits; but the monopoly in unfinished steel of the Carnegie Steel Company was a slow and involved process that took almost thirty years to consummate. It was not until the Carnegie Company had built up a great vertical trust which combined coal fields, coke ovens, limestone deposits, iron mines, Lake boats, and furnaces—incidentally, attained through the utilization of undistributed profits—that Carnegie was ready for any threat aimed at his domina-

tion. The same complex round is to be seen in Standard Oil's development.

In the case of meat-packing, monopoly was contrived after an even greater passage of time and the utilization of even more complicated methods. The meat-packers grew into monopolists, first, because they were located at the initial cash market, the Chicago stockyards; second, because they gained exclusive possession of their transportation facilities through a monopoly over refrigerator cars; third, because they employed their undistributed profits to perfect chemical controls over their industry so that waste parts of steers and hogs could be converted into useful and salable articles; and fourth, because they succeeded in setting up a perfectly functioning distribution system. A happy and chance location at some strategic economic "narrows," in the various instances related, had very little to do with the attainment of ultimate monopoly control. The conclusion is irresistible: only by a close study of the institutions themselves and the outer forces which helped shape them, and not by a preoccupation with their original organizers, can we worm out the secret of monopoly capitalism and record the history of its progress. The roles of the individuals participating are then reduced to their proper historical proportions.

We are in Mr. Josephson's debt on many counts: he has written an interesting and colorful narrative; he has distilled the essence of many other biographical works and furnished us with a convenient summary of the outstanding achievements of some of our great industrialists; and he has given the still untutored the correct approach to an understanding of our recent American past. To those who want more—who want, in short, an institutional history of American capitalism—he has proved that such a work must be a long and laborious task. It will not be easy of achievement, for much of the spade work still remains to be done. Perhaps there is in the audience some philanthropist who, with an eye toward his future protection, would like to endow an American Institute of Red Professors of History?

LOUIS M. HACKER

Eros and Neuros

Weymouth Sands. By John Cowper Powys. Simon and Schuster. \$3.

THIS is the third large novel which Mr. Powys has written about the doings of two little gods. He does not invoke their names, but he so frequently employs their epithets—erotic and neurotic—that we know who they are all right, even though the better-known of them has been disguised. The cheeks of Eros are neither round nor red, he carries no quiver, and he does not move by wings. He is as pale-faced as his brother, as loathsomely deformed, and as much under the necessity, when he wants to proceed from one place to another in that portion of southern England which Mr. Powys has chosen for the scene, of slithering on his belly. The two of them together have Mr. Powys's human world completely under their power. Not a man or a woman in Weymouth, not a boy or a girl, not even a ghost but writhes in the grip of some irregular and distorted passion, or grows steadily more grotesque under the influence of an insane illusion.

The author of "A Philosophy of Solitude" and "In Defense of Sensuality" is at some pains to make it clear that the whole world either is or ought to be this way, and to suggest that he is so creating it here in protest against a scheme of things whereby science will soon have "killed God, tortured the last animal to death, suckled all babies with machines, eavesdropped on the privacy of all souls, and made life to its last drop an itch of the blood and a weariness of the will." Or it may be that he has set out to create a special world which will be a

horrible example of what science, etc., can do to us. I doubt it, though. I think he has proposed to show us, in the face of the various belittling analyses we have made of human nature, how grand and terrible it is after all, and how it is possible that powerful personalities shall continue to exist. If his personalities are not actually powerful, and I find this to be the case, then the explanation may be that science already has triumphed, leaving only such gaunt simulacra of greatness as Sylvanus Cobbold and Dogberry Cattistock, to take only two of Mr. Powys's people who have failed, I take it, to be what he wanted them to be.

But of course another explanation would be that Mr. Powys is not a first-rate novelist. In spite of the fact that he writes with a richness which I like and is nowhere really uninteresting, I am afraid that this second explanation is the more plausible one. It seems to be the simplest way of accounting for the further fact that the several stories he has interwoven in Weymouth do not come off. They ought to come off, it would seem. The setting is always gorgeous, the people have vast potentialities, and Mr. Powys is continually promising us crises and disclosures of gigantic moment. But when the crises arrive we somehow miss in them the one telling stroke we had expected, and the disclosures have a strange way of limiting the world of Weymouth instead of enlarging it, so that we suddenly perceive it to be more like the little life we live than we had been led to suppose it was. We discover merely that Mr. Powys has been trying to read into life something which is not there. We might wish it were there, but we know that Mr. Powys is not the man to convince us that it is.

Curiously enough it is Mr. Powys's weakest and least pretentious person who remains the most believable. Perdita Wane, the timid girl whom a steamer from Guernsey delivers into this menagerie of monsters, can everywhere be felt with and understood, and indeed any reader is likely to be in constant suspense concerning her. But Adam Skald her lover, Sylvanus Cobbold the mystic, Jerry Cobbold the comedian, Lucinda Cobbold, Dogberry Cattistock, Magnus Muir, Larry Zed, Captain Poxwell, and Gipsy May—these and all the rest, in spite of Mr. Powys's very ably phrased vaunts as to their immenseness, are never anything but husks with artificial hair whose complicated stories move us neither to pity nor to terror. I heartily wish it were otherwise. Surely there was never a man who desired more deeply than Mr. Powys does to write a great novel, or who made more elaborate and admirable preparations. Few novelists have possessed so many of the required qualities without possessing the one quality—I cannot name it—which is essential. Mr. Powys is not without his fascinations, and he can be read with an absorption which one by no means experiences every day. But so far he does not seem to be a great novelist.

MARK VAN DOREN

America in Jugoslavia

The Native's Return. By Louis Adamic. Harper and Brothers. \$2.75.

WHEN I picked up this book of Louis Adamic's I was reminded of something—not Hardy, that was "The Return of the Native," but Harvey, George Harvey, to whom Henry James had written a long letter in October, 1904, about his "Impression Papers" of America, which already, less than a month after his return to his native land—he had been absent twenty-one years—were gathering volume and force. James deeply regretted that Thomas Hardy had made it impossible for him to call his projected book "The Return of the Native," gave up as a substitute "The Return of the Novelist," and published "The American Scene." Louis Adamic

is far enough away from Hardy by now to use for his book its perfect title, "The Native's Return."

We all know the genesis of the book—the genesis, that is, of a book to be written on the foundation of a Guggenheim Fellowship which Adamich received in the spring of 1932, "requiring me," he says quaintly enough in his first sentence, "to go to Europe for a year." Somehow the sense of privilege drops out there; it is almost as if the book to be written—"a new book dealing with America"—were a slight weight on his mind; as if the "American scene," to drop into clichés, were in sad disarray. The book he wrote—this book of his own native land—offers us an excellent example of how really good things come to be. He sailed to the east to discover, to objectify, America, his chosen subject; but he came upon another and better one—as Columbus, sailing west to discover old China, came upon a new continent. Yet without America, without Mr. Guggenheim, he could never have discovered Yugoslavia.

He went back with his wife to Yugoslavia on what was to be no more than a brief family visit after an absence of nineteen years. His charming story of how he found himself famous and carried Mr. "Gugnhaim" up the ladder with him is the story of one of life's constant surprises. His book-to-be was made for him on the spot by life itself; all its stuff handed to him on old native platters at never-ending feasts of welcome. The idea of "a new book dealing with America" seems to have dropped out of his mind at first sight of Dalmatia, at first sight of "Asia in Europe." The homecoming rites, the sweet courtesies, the wedding festa of Toné and Yulka, the dignified death of old Yanez, the simple, hard, honest life of his people, above all, the astonishing sense of being a central figure of myth-in-the-making, made America pre-Columbian, a fable itself. What could make it more fabulous to Adamich than the "legend" which sprang up overnight throughout Yugoslavia, of its own Loyzé

Adamich one day receiving a letter "from a man named Gugnhaim . . . bigger even than the President of the United States, whom the people elect only for a few years, while Gugnhaim is Gugnhaim all the time," of Loyzé, "this boy from Blato," consenting to call on the great man, accepting a cigar, listening to his host's praises of the Slovenes, Croats, Serbs, who worked harder and longer in his mines than any others and helped more than others to make him rich? "My idea is this," said the Gugnhaim of the legend, "that you let me pay for your and your wife's trip there and back . . . Stay there a year, then come back and tell me all you have seen and heard—tell me, honestly, just as things are—and after that, if you like, write a book about your trip so that other people in America will learn about your country also. . . ." And then, so the messianic legend ran, "Gugnhaim" would probably come to Europe himself and save it—in ways undreamed of in America.

And so, instead of some possible "America as a Foreign-born Son Sees It," we have "The Native's Return," made, so to say, to his own country's gay order. We have first its impact on him, so strange yet so familiar in its customs, its folklore, its simple, ancient wisdom. Then we have—what? A travel book? a running history of the land? a war book? a book on present-day economics? Something of each, of the pleasantest sort to "take"; and perhaps it is not until we have laid the book down, or perhaps not till the day after, that we realize we have, too, here, "a new book dealing with America." The Guggenheim Fellowship "requiring" Mr. Adamich to go to Europe for a year is, in his case, remarkably acquitted of any baseness in its requirement. It has given an old country a new legend; it has given a new country—ours—an indirect view of itself seen by old eyes, the eyes of this bit of Asia in Europe. Thanks to Mr. Adamich, the vision was caught and ever so quietly painted in. America lies between the lines of every page in this book on Yugoslavia.

EDNA KENTON

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SEX HABITS

A VITAL FACTOR IN WELL-BEING

By A. Buschke, M.D. and F. Jacobsohn, M.D.

Specializing Physicians to the Great Continental Rudolf-Virchow Hospital

Foreword by Gerard L. Moench, M.D.

Associate Professor of Gynecology, New York Post-graduate Hospital, Columbia University

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VALUE OF REGULAR SEX INTERCOURSE
SEX HYGIENE (Precautions, Directions)
THE SEX IMPULSE (Contrasted: In Men, In Women)
SEX VARIATION (Physical, Psychological)
VARYING SEX PRACTICES
SEXUAL SHORTCOMINGS (Impotence, Frigidity, Sterility, etc.)
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Labor and Steel

Labor and Steel. By Horace B. Davis. International Publishers. \$2.

Private Police. By J. P. Shalloo. American Academy of Political and Social Science.

HORACE DAVIS chose an exceedingly difficult task for himself when he set out to study the steel industry and in particular the problems of the steel workers. In no other industry has labor had to face such bitter and determined opposition. No other industry has been so successful in crushing every effort of the workers to organize themselves. Steel has all the vices and none of the virtues of monopoly. Its great strength extends beyond its own mills and furnaces, reaching into other industries, into legislatures and even high government offices, into police departments and newspapers. Organized labor, especially as we have known it in the United States, had no chance against this power. Steel's anti-union policy has held fast for thirty years and more. Steel refuses even to divulge information concerning the status and condition of its workers.

Despite the handicaps confronting him, Mr. Davis has done a workman-like job. He has covered virtually everything in relation to the steel industry that could be of interest to the working class, to whom he primarily addresses himself. Much of his information comes from personal experience or personal observations, for he has himself worked in the mills. Other data have been supplied by such dependable investigators as Edward Ernst and Emil M. Hartl. For the rest the author has gone largely to government documents and the works of notable labor economists and other scholars. The picture Mr. Davis presents is anything but hopeful. He finds that there has been some improvement in the matter of reducing the number of accidents and eliminating occupational diseases, two of the worst enemies of the steel worker when he is on the job. But even this improvement has been achieved largely because the steel companies have found it profitable to adopt a few safety measures. The accident and disease toll among the steel workers is still frightfully large.

The industry exacts tribute from the workers in other ways as well. It pays pauper wages on the one hand and generous dividends on the other. The worker must submit to long hours, stretch-out systems, pension chisellers, and irregular employment. He is constantly hounded by straw bosses and spies. And now his job appears slowly to be vanishing, giving way before the steady encroachment of technological progress. But the excess profits and enormous cash surpluses of most of the steel companies continue to be piled up no matter what happens to the worker. A more emotional student might have lost his critical balance in presenting these facts. Mr. Davis, however, remains sober throughout, and for the most part manages to preserve his objectivity, dropping only once or twice into the role of the labor agitator. In two sections he is, regrettably, rather weak. His analysis of the structure and ramifications of the steel trust could well be improved upon, and in discussing the strike of 1919 he seems to have passed up an opportunity to emphasize the fact that the strike was lost because of the fundamental fallacy upon which organized labor rests in this country—the voluntarism of Gompers, which has kept the working class divided against itself since Gompers broke the Knights of Labor.

In any study of conditions among the steel or coal workers of Pennsylvania considerable attention must be given to the problem of the private police. Horace Davis mentions them only incidentally. Dr. Shalloo examines the problem in an impartial manner. He presents the point of view of the employer as well as that of the worker. On the whole, however,

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the evidence he has assembled constitutes a most damning indictment of the use of private police, detectives, and labor spies. Mr. Davis's audience would be well repaid if it would study "Private Police" along with "Labor and Steel." Dr. Shalloo's monograph is the first of a series on related subjects to be published by the American Academy of Political and Social Science.

MAURITZ A. HALLGREN

A Fresh Talent

Fireweed. By Mildred Walker. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$2.50.

IN view of recent prognostications with regard to the public's mood and prevailing opinions, which in fiction have been thought to be favorable to romance, it is sobering to observe the regularity with which books like "Fireweed," by Mildred Walker, exemplifying a singularly unadorned and self-assured realism, continue to exercise their persuasion. It should not be difficult to name a succession of novels—from the "Bad Girl" of a few years ago down to "Little Man, What Now?" which was being read only last summer—in which young people of an almost unicellular simplicity have mated and propagated, ingratiatingly enough, without any of the usual aids to romantic illusion, in which practically all the emergencies have been either obstetrical or economic and have borne little or no relation to the "nice shades" and "finer feelings." The heroine in "Fireweed" is seventeen or so at the opening. She works in the general store in a sawmill town on Lake Superior. She is used to buying her dresses and high-heeled slippers with the aid of a mail-order catalogue, paying something like \$2.95 an item and securing for her investment something like two dollars and ninety-five cents' worth of style and no durability. She marries Joe Linsen partly as a concession to morals and partly because she believes he will take her away to the city. But Joe doesn't much care for the city. So she bears him two children, nature having arranged things that way. The depression penetrates at length even to their sequestered corner, eliminating her last chance of going anywhere else. Joe ruins his Sunday pants putting out a fire at the lumber yard, now deserted.

"Gee, Joe, why didn't you let the whole place burn? I hoped it would."

Joe looked at her curiously. "Gosh, Cele, I don't know what to think of you! That's the best hardwood you can get any place. Anyway, don't you know I'm foreman down in the yard?"

"Not any more you aren't."

"Say, get this, Cele, I'm foreman till the last stick is sold out of there."

And when the last stick is sold Joe will still be able to shoot and set traps and cut his own firewood and catch his own fish. "They can't shut down the lake, anyway." And then, think of "those big-moneyed guys" that were "knocked for a loop" by the "flop in Wall Street" and are left in a "regular blind alley"!

It is difficult to convey the impression wrought by the simple fidelity of a book compounded of such ordinary materials. There are no surprises, but the words and the sentences fall in place with an ease and a naturalness and an inevitability that are better than any surprise:

Dust gathered alike on the heavy chairs and the thin glass goblets. No one thought to draw the shades, and the day's sun and the night's dark passed uninterrupted over the wallpaper forest. The colors faded a little more in the bright light, watching the bare branches beyond the window put forth new buds.

Passages like this make no pretense of being tone poems, but they show a sensitive ear and a richness of quiet feeling without

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the support of which such a story as "Fireweed" might easily have relapsed to a level of inconsequence.

One has come to expect that the author of a promising first novel will bite off more than he can chew. That, perhaps, is what makes him promising. But what can one say about a beginner like Mildred Walker whose competence is shown, in her very first novel, to be so far in advance of her ambition, except that fulfillment, however modest, is better than promise? Certainly a writer who is able to infuse such a steady glow of life into commonplace characters living in commonplace surroundings has a talent and a technique already very refined.

ROBERTS TAPLEY

New Fiction

Glass. By Howard Stephenson. Claude Kendall. \$2.50.

"Glass" is one of those novels of American life which serve to remind the reader how many Americas there are, and how remote from New York are most of them. It is the account of the establishing of a glass factory in a farming area, of the springing up of a mushroom township to house and cater for the Belgian glass-blowers, and of the effect upon the American farming community of this alien invasion. To George Rood, who loves the soil, the factory and its people are anathema. His wife dies in childbirth on the day the roar of the first gas well drilled to feed the factory is heard, and he believes that the unexpected glare and noise killed her. He brings up his son in his own passionate loyalty to the land and repudiation of the new life at his gates. But the young George has been fascinated from childhood by the skill of the glass-blowers, by the processes of the factory, and the day comes when he breaks away from the farm for good and goes to work in a town at some distance, where he becomes an experimenter in the making of glass. That portion of the book, apparently a first novel, which describes the conflict between the farmer and the intruders, and contrasts the life of the two differing elements of the population is interesting and convincing. But the sureness and strength which Mr. Stephenson displays here desert him when he turns to the personal story he has woven about his central theme. A needlessly elaborate and melodramatic plot betrays the inexperienced writer and lessens the force of the whole work. Against this not unnatural unevenness of quality, however, must be set the freshness and real beauty of many poetic passages dealing both with the land and with the glass factory.

The Innocent Wife. By Colette. Farrar and Rinehart. \$2.

This is very early Colette; the last of the four in the Claudine series written in collaboration with Willy, and called in the original "Claudine s'en va." With her wavering passions well in hand Claudine fades off into the background and gives first place to Annie, whose innocent trust and love center for years around a husband never unmasked until he takes a trip and leaves his wife at the mercy of the truthful tongues of kind friends. To do her justice Claudine requires a great translator, for her merits in their way are as elusive as Proust's, and while the present translation succeeds in imposing a contemporary idiom on a pre-war book, the quality of the original is diluted. Not that this book is as fine as "L'Envers du music-hall," nor that it contains any such figure as Lea in "La fin du chéri," but early as it is, it has adequate indications of what with time have become Colette's chief talents: wit and wisdom and with them an unfailing and always fresh source of a surprising humaneness; a great gift for character in miniature; and greatest of all, a genius for considering and displaying the emotions.

Drama Newsreel

JOHN WEXLEY is already well known for his harrowing drama of the death house entitled "The Last Mile." Now the Theater Guild has produced at the Royale Theater his latest play, summoning all its artistic resources to the support of another drama of social protest. For his subject Mr. Wexley has chosen the Scottsboro case, and he has chosen, moreover, to follow actual events about as closely as it is possible to do without using the names of persons concerned. He calls his play "They Shall Not Die," and by the downrightness of that title he suggests what his whole treatment reaffirms—namely, that his purpose is to make the most direct assault possible upon the feelings of his audience and the most direct appeal for the active participation of its members in the public protest against the execution of four Negroes convicted of rape in an obviously prejudiced court.

Now there is much to be said for the good old rule that a writer should be judged, in the first instance at least, only by the extent to which he succeeds in doing what he set out to do. Nor can there be much doubt that if this rule is applied, Mr. Wexley's play will have to be set down as the best thing of its sort seen here in many a year. To begin with, events themselves favored his enterprise, since they shaped themselves more simply and unequivocally than events commonly do. The case is as plain as a case could be, and hence fact seems to support him when he states an issue in the clear black and white of the partisan unwilling to admit that a case may be seen from more than one angle. But this is not all, for Mr. Wexley, unlike many authors of similar plays, is as sure of his methods as he is of his conviction, and he has stuck with admirable persistence to a direct presentation of events accompanied by only a very small minimum of argument or interpretation. He does, to be sure, make very clear his intellectual attitude upon one issue. The defense is right in insisting that the case shall not be tried merely on the basis of the abstract justice due to four individuals; it must be seized upon as a concrete illustration of that struggle between classes which only occasionally reveals itself in so dramatic a form. Perhaps, indeed, Mr. Wexley begs the question as he does not often do when he makes the representative of a society for the improvement of colored people so obviously a hypocrite and a tool. But by far the greater part of his play is given over to scenes, often painfully vivid, of direct and brutal narration. There is no psychological subtlety, almost no character drawing except, rather unsuccessfully, in the case of the girl who retracts her testimony. Neither is there any attempt to present a novel interpretation or even to see any deeper into a situation than others have seen before. But Mr. Wexley's conviction seems to be that nothing of the sort is necessary and that the facts of the newspaper, merely somewhat condensed and somewhat pointed up, are all that is required. Some "social plays" are debates and some are orations. Some even take refuge in the symbols of "expressionism" in an effort to get beyond mere fact. But "They Shall Not Die" is none of these things. It does not wish to get beyond fact. It is essentially a newsreel and effective in the newsreel's fashion.

Truth is stranger than fiction. This proves not only what it is commonly taken to prove but also that truth is often not sufficient for a work of art whose business it is to be more convincing and less strange than fact. If Mr. Wexley's play were frank invention, we should not believe it entirely and we should probably argue that his division of mankind into heroes

and villains was far too simple. He may reply that the facts will bear him out, as, in general, I suspect that they will—which brings us back to the main point of his success in doing what he has tried to do. On this I can only repeat that this success is outstanding. I do not know to what extent he can, or need, change the opinion of those who have followed the newspaper accounts. Neither do I know how likely it is that many of those who refused to read such accounts will now be moved to go to the Royale. I do think, however, that I can promise all who go a sufficiently harrowing evening.

In addition it must be added that the play could hardly be better presented from the standpoint of direction, setting, or acting. Claude Rains is superb as the defense attorney, Ben Smith is almost as good as the eminently hissable prosecutor, and Ruth Gordon is appealing in the somewhat less convincing role of the girl who recants.

In conclusion it is hardly worth while for me to return to the doubts which I have expressed upon previous occasions concerning the claims of such plays to a consideration from the critic of art as distinguished from the advocate of social reforms. Certainly the terms which one must select for the praise of this one are not those which one would usually find most applicable to most great plays. One must content oneself with saying that it treats an important event, that it vividly recounts certain incidents in the news, that it certainly provides a thoroughly uncomfortable three hours. One then concludes with the hope that it will do good. If a play of which only those things can be said is a great play, then "They Shall Not Die" is great.

The press agent of "Queer People" (National Theater) hints darkly that the play was badly received by the press because Hollywood demanded that it be discouraged. I cannot, of course, speak for my colleagues in more influential positions, but I can assure the suspicious gentleman that no movie magnate has thought it worth while to approach me and that I arrived unaided at the opinion that the piece is a clumsy and highly unsuccessful effort to achieve a frenetic satiric farce of the "Twentieth Century"—"She Loves Me Not" variety.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

Films

Miss Bergner's Catherine

NOTHING in Alexander Korda's new picture deserves as much attention as the acting, in the title role, of Elizabeth Bergner, the young German actress who is now enjoying such a great success on the London stage. "Catherine the Great" (Astor) is another of those attempts on the part of Mr. Korda to bring a certain novelty and freshness to the treatment of historical material on the screen. As in his "Henry the Eighth," he has tried to remove much of the stuffiness and artificiality which have always made the costume type of screen drama so tedious to the mind and eye. To a large extent he has succeeded, but the qualities that he has substituted in their place are not so easy to identify or describe. It is not possible, for example, to say that Mr. Korda has managed to introduce into the films the kind of "debunking" attitude so popular with historians and biographers of the last few decades. Although there is much so-called humanization of the royal personages in his last two pictures, in the way of excessive belching and below-stairs lovemaking and the rest, the final attitude toward them is far from being unpleasantly critical. Henry VIII was really a lovable old scoundrel, and "Little Catherine" put the welfare of her people above every other

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- MARY OF SCOTLAND. Alvin Theater. Helen Hayes and Philip Merivale give fine performances in Maxwell Anderson's play. The biggest dramatic hit of the moment but one which left me a little cold.
- MEN IN WHITE. Broadhurst Theater. Fine teamwork on the part of the members of the Group Theater helps to make this play about a young doctor one of the things which must not be missed.
- PEACE ON EARTH. Civic Repertory Theater. Propaganda play about the next war, in which the workers strike and a young college professor gets framed for murder. Drawing special but enthusiastic audiences which evidently do not agree with me that the play is quite uninspired.
- SHE LOVES ME NOT. Morosco Theater. Mad doings at Princeton which involve the efforts of some high-minded students to rescue a not too innocent maiden in distress. Much the funniest farce of the year.
- THE GREEN BAY TREE. Cort Theater. Absorbing psychological drama about a young man who cannot give up luxury for love. Shares with "Men in White" the first place on the list of dramas.
- THE PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS. Avon Theater. Spicy and more or less historical comedy about a young Austrian who finds bundling one of the pleasantest of the new freedoms in Revolutionary New England.
- THE SHINING HOUR. Booth Theater. What happens to a quiet English family when love puts in an unexpected appearance. Delightful comedy and the best of the recent offerings.
- THEY SHALL NOT DIE. Royale Theater. Reviewed in this issue.

consideration. (How much historical fact is ignored or circumvented to achieve these portraits is of course another and hardly less important matter.) Upon closer scrutiny, none of the recent films dealing with royalty reflects anything but the most traditional acceptance of the "divine right of kings." The most that can be said of Alexander Korda's historical films is that they show an occasional awareness of the existence of a "debunking" tradition in modern biography. This awareness is never given full expression, of course, and the result is that the principal characteristic of his direction is a curiously disturbing ambiguity of style. Very often it is hard to determine whether a particular scene is intended to be humorous or pathetic, heroic or mock-heroic. Similarly, his settings are halfway between some kind of facetious stylization and pure Hollywood. Such ambiguity of intention would be altogether fatal in a less fortunate director than Mr. Korda, who has somehow always managed to secure the most effective assistance from his actors.

Much has been written about Elizabeth Bergner, both here and abroad, and with the unanimous opinion that she is a truly distinguished young actress there can be no disagreement. Certainly she saves Mr. Korda's picture at every step; her slightest movement is of more interest than anything else that may be found in it. Yet it must be recognized that Miss Bergner's acting technique, at least as it is revealed in the present picture, is of a kind that is distinctly more appropriate to the stage than to the screen. For most spectators, tired of watching screen players innocent of any kind of technique, this will not, of course, make a great deal of difference. But there are all the same certain rather serious dangers in the use on the screen of methods which have grown out of the spatial limitations of the old-fashioned theater. The greatest of these is the frequent effect of exaggeration resulting from the excessive use of such means of emphasis as physical gesture, facial expression, and movement of the eyes. To mention only the last of these, Miss Bergner, like any well-trained stage performer, has learned a great deal about the use of the eyes, and since she happens in addition to own a pair of unusually beautiful and expressive eyes she tends to make a great deal too much use of them. As a result her efforts to communicate such different emotions as naive wonderment and blank terror often result in nothing more than a uniformly wide-eyed stare. Here the camera should have supplied the emphasis, registered, as is its power, the finer shades and gradations of expression. In a sense, acting for the screen is a subtler business than acting for the stage, for the screen has no need to resort to the frequently rather crude methods enforced on the stage actor by the greater distance between himself and his audience. Compare, for example, in this matter of eyes, the admirable effects which such strictly screen players as Greta Garbo and Marlene Dietrich sometimes achieve by virtue of their customary restraint in the use of these organs. And for an example of an actress who will illustrate exactly the right balance between histrionic effort and subservience to the powers of the camera, and so the difference between acting for the stage and acting for the screen, one need only recall Miss Bergner's compatriot, Dorothea Wieck, as she was to be seen in "Mädchen in Uniform" and "Cradle Song."

Nothing less than hysteria seems to have attacked the Hollywood producers in their desire to retain their skins in the present state of national embarrassment. In their panic of dread lest they fail to please everybody, they have been reviving every type of situation known to the history of the drama, trying out some new ones, and occasionally attempting to get all in a single film. This last is certainly the case with "Carolina" (Radio City Music Hall) and "Moulin Rouge" (Rivoli), neither of which, however, will really succeed in pleasing everybody. The first is a lavendered version of Paul Green's "House of Connelly," with Lionel Barrymore as the embodi-

ment of Southern frustration and Janet Gaynor as the plucky young Yankee who brings prosperity back to the crumbling mansion by raising tobacco on the old plantation. The emotional climax occurs when Miss Gaynor, dreaming on a swing, has a vision of the mansion as it was in the old days, with half the Confederate army parading into the hallway to the strains of "Dixie." It is perhaps not entirely contradictory that Miss Gaynor, who is the incumbent arch-priestess of the saccharine on the Hollywood screen, nearly always appears in films which bring out the most vulgar and depressing aspects of American idealism. "Carolina" is just possibly a Northern argument for Southern reconstruction. But it is a much stronger argument against the ideals which the North (or Hollywood) holds up for our admiration. In "Moulin Rouge" Constance Bennett is given a "double" role, which means that we are forced to suffer through just twice as much bad acting as would ordinarily be the case. New York has received just one amusing and excellently produced picture from Hollywood within the week. The picture is entitled "It Happened One Night," but discussion of it must wait until a later date.

At least a reference must be made to "The Simple Tailor," an old silent film with musical accompaniment which the Acme has recently seen fit to revive. Belonging to the pre-Eisenstein era in the Russian cinema, it offers little interest apart from its propagandist thesis, which is that revolutionists attached to a special racial group, like the Jews, should distinguish carefully between friends and enemies within their own fields. More rewarding on the Acme bill was a second impression of Dr. Watson's "Lot in Sodom," which remains the most absorbing technical experiment of the year.

WILLIAM TROY

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Contents

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS	287
EDITORIALS:	
Retreat from Economic Nationalism	290
The Labor Board's Future	291
Learning to Laugh	292
ISSUES AND MEN. THE PRESIDENT'S POPULARITY. By Os- wald Garrison Villard	293
CARTOON: A CONSIGNMENT OF CULTURE TO THE BAR- BARIANS. By Low	294
THE CONSUMER VS. THE NRA. I. JOHNSON'S FIVE-RING CIRCUS. By James Rorty	295
FRANCE WILL NOT GO FASCIST. By Robert Dell	297
ARMAMENT PROFITEERS: 1934. By Robert Wohlforth	299
STOCK-MARKET CONTROL. By J. Frederic Dewhurst and Mar- garet Grant Schneider	301
IN THE DRIFTWAY. By the Drifter	303
CORRESPONDENCE	304
BOOKS, DRAMA, FILMS:	
Hitler Means War. By Frank H. Simonds	305
The Great Cham. By Joseph Wood Krutch	306
Short and Salty Annals. By Carl Van Doren	306
Russia: Two Accounts. By Leon Dennen	308
The Poet as a Young Man. By Babette Deutsch	309
The Dance: The Music Hall: Revues: the Movies. By Lincoln Kirstein	310
Drama: "Dodsworth." By Joseph Wood Krutch	311
Films: Picaresque. By William Troy	314
CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE	314

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AN EIGHTEEN-CENT SALE in a little Italian grocery store in Rochester, New York, last spring, with a \$5 fine in its wake, was the humble beginning of litigation which in a year went from the City Court to the County Court to the State Court of Appeals to the United States Supreme Court, and has just emerged as a decision which will become one of the pillars of the New Deal. The grocer sold two quarts of milk at nine cents a quart and then because, as he said, he was making a good profit, he threw in a loaf of bread. But the New York legislature had established a Milk Control Board, with power to fix prices, and the latter had made nine cents the minimum price for a quart of milk without any bread. The authority of the State thus to fix prices in the public interest has now been upheld by our highest court and this, along with the same court's acceptance of the Minnesota mortgage-moratorium law, makes it certain that President Roosevelt can carry through his policies without having to pack the Supreme Court with new justices in order to do it. The nub of the decision is in Justice Roberts's statement that the Constitution does not give anybody the right "to conduct his business in such fashion as to inflict injury upon the public at large." This is sound common sense, though it was not acceptable to Justices McReynolds, Van Devanter, Sutherland, and Butler, who wrote a dissenting opinion, just as they did in the

Minnesota case. That the life of the New Deal should again be prolonged only by a five-to-four vote should persuade almost anybody of the absurdity of a governmental system in which a supreme issue of public policy is decided by one of nine lawyers in Washington.

ALL THAT PERSUASION and an appeal to patriotism, honesty, and fair dealing can do was done by the President in his address to the NRA code authorities on March 5 in Washington. Backed by the force of his enormous and nation-wide popularity, the President, in effect, asked the big, bad chisellers to behave themselves and play the game. "We must now consider immediate cooperation to secure increase in wages and shortening of hours. . . . The government cannot forever continue to absorb the whole burden of unemployment. The thing to do now is to get more people to work. . . . We must set up every safeguard against erasing the small operator from the economic scene. . . . The law itself has provided for free choice of their own representatives by employees. These two words 'free choice' mean just what they say." And so on. Time will show what the effect of these brave words will be. That they are sound and just cannot be denied. That under the provisions of the National Industrial Recovery Act they will be enforced remains to be seen. On the very morning that the President delivered his address, the Consumers' Advisory Board submitted a report, which General Johnson had first cavalierly dismissed as "opinion" not "fact" and then had accepted when he was threatened with the resignation of several of the board members, showing that under the codes purchasing power has not kept pace with rising prices. Data on fourteen codes were adduced to show over-large profits, unwarranted price increases, and monopolistic control of prices, all at the expense of the consumer and of the national recovery which the codes are attempting to bring about. This is but another example of the maladministration from which the NRA has suffered, and it will take a good deal of earnest thought and hard work to bring the codes up to the standard which Mr. Roosevelt has set for them.

ELSEWHERE in this issue appears a careful consideration of the Fletcher-Rayburn bill for the control of the security markets in the light of the recommendations of the Twentieth Century Fund on the subject. It would seem that at certain points the proposals of the Fund offer a more equitable and effective control of these markets than does the bill, and the latter, admirable as it is in intent, might well be strengthened and clarified. At the same time that the Senate Committee on Banking and Currency is attempting to educe the best means of controlling these operations in industrial finance, the exchanges themselves, under the leadership of Wall Street and with Richard Whitney as chief spokesman, are exerting every possible pressure to prevent what they regard as unwarranted interference with business. When the Fletcher-Rayburn bill first made its appearance, the Wall Street opposition immediately began marshaling its heavy artillery. Mr. Whitney called a meeting of representa-

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tives of thirty wire houses and indicated to them what seemed to him the worst features of the bill; each of these houses took pains to telegraph outside managers and partners all over the country; hundreds of pamphlets protesting against the bill were distributed by the New York Stock Exchange; Mr. Whitney sent strong letters of protest to eighty companies which have stocks listed on the Exchange; and so on. Apparently money is unlimited in this attempt to keep the markets free from control by the federal government. As a result of this initial bombardment, heads of stock exchanges, chambers of commerce, and great industries have rushed their protests to Washington and to the newspapers. Some American business particularly objects that under the provisions of the bill the public would at last know something about the forces which have made the security markets the greatest gamble of all time. And it is worth noting that so far no serious objection to federal control has been raised by any of the millions of small investors who have in large measure provided the wherewithal for their own plucking.

EXTENDING BACK into the days of the Hoover Administration and forward into the present regime runs the record of scandalous irregularities in the purchase of materials—from toilet kits and mackintoshes to bombing planes and cruisers—for the national defense. Such scandals are perennial and will doubtless continue as long as patriotism is pitted against the craving for private profit. The question is being newly investigated by the House Committee on Military Affairs, and day by day dubious or downright dishonest transactions are brought to light. The sum of these revelations is included in an article on another page of this issue which should be read by every person interested in the technique of making money out of preparations for war, and even by persons interested merely in honest government. The author suggests that the only way out is the drastic one of eliminating profit not only from the manufacture and sale of war materials but also from the basic industries, such as steel and aluminum, on which the manufactures depend. With this conclusion we wholly agree. Meanwhile, however, we may expect that the usual procedure will be gone through with in Washington: irregularities will be discovered, blame will be fixed, certain contracts will be voided, certain officials will be censured or dismissed or even indicted, and the expenditures of army and navy funds will be subjected to a more rigid scrutiny—until the next scandal begins.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT could hardly have been expected to adhere to his original intention of abandoning the CWA program and similar relief projects. Political as well as financial factors underlay his announcement that the CWA would be suspended on May 1. In his budget message he warned the country to expect a seven-billion-dollar deficit by the end of the current fiscal year, but promised that emergency expenditures would be curtailed in another year or so with the result that the budget would be brought into balance in 1935 or 1936. At the same time he warned Congress that if it voted appropriations in excess of those he had scheduled, it would be quite impossible to balance the budget in the time allotted. In view of this warning he could not himself ask for additional appropriations for relief without setting a dangerous precedent for a Congress that has shown

that it is only too eager to continue the spending process. Whether the President really believed that business would be so much better by May that it would then readily absorb most of the CWA workers or merely yielded to the pressure of the more conservative of his advisers is not known. In any case it is clear by now that the relief situation is no less grave today than it has been at any time in the past several years and that it is likely to continue so despite improvement in business.

ALTHOUGH in his statement announcing his new relief program the President insists that the CWA is to be demobilized, the new program preserves most of the essential features of that experiment. The statement suggests that the sum of \$950,000,000 recently appropriated by Congress for relief will be used in financing the substitute program. Unfortunately, half of this sum has already been allotted to the CWA to wind up its projects; the remaining half is being applied to direct relief and is rapidly disappearing. It has been pointed out, however, that in his budget message the President asked for \$3,166,000,000 as a maximum sum to cover all relief and recovery projects. A part of this could no doubt be diverted to the new program, but such diversion would necessitate the abandonment or curtailment of the activities of the RFC and other agencies or a request from the White House that Congress vote additional funds to keep these agencies alive. The latter course, which appears to be the one the President is most likely to take, would mean that the hope of balancing the budget in 1936 would probably have to be given up. The question before the Administration is whether it shall seek, in the interest of sound financing and government credit, to redeem its pledge of a balanced budget at the expense of the unemployed, or let the budget go hang in order that the jobless may continue to eat.

THE NEW LEGISLATION looking toward Philippine independence, drawn in conformity with Mr. Roosevelt's recent suggestion, removes a signal defect from the Hare-Hawes-Cutting act which the insular legislature rejected. The abandonment of the American intention to retain military bases in the islands after independence had been proclaimed is a step in the right direction, but we believe the plan needs further overhauling before it will meet with the wishes of the Filipinos or before it deserves to be indorsed in this country by those who for years have been working for independence on reasonable terms. The economic provisions of the scheme are hypocritically unjust, requiring, as they do, that during the ten-year preparatory period previous to independence American goods be admitted to the Philippines duty free, while exports from the islands may be taxed by us. This provision was inserted primarily to protect our beet-sugar growers, although their industry is notorious for its oppressive and degrading labor conditions. Advocates of independence for the Philippines on just terms ought especially to condemn the attempt to create an impression that if the Filipinos reject the proposed measure it will be notice that they "do not desire independence," as Senator Tydings stated recently. The apparent effort to make the Filipinos take the pending legislation as an alternative to none should be resented by Americans solicitous for their country's reputation for fair play.

THE MANCHU PRINCE, Pu-yi, has been lifted out of obscurity and placed upon the throne of his forefathers as an answer to the skeptics of the Western world who refuse to believe that Manchukuo is in fact an independent state. For how can anybody say that a country which has its own ruler, and an emperor at that, is being governed by another state? Pu-yi, now the Emperor Kang Teh, deposed himself in admirable fashion at the coronation—although the Associated Press was ungenerous enough to say that the ceremony “moved with the precision of the Japanese military machine.” In his first declaration from the throne he spoke to the Manchu people as one would expect a ruler to speak to his beloved and faithful subjects. No one could doubt, to read the speech, that his would be the real authority in Manchuria. But poor little Pu-yi almost gave the game away when, doubtless out of gratitude to those who had restored him to the imperial seat, he said that he would carry forward the task of reconstructing the Manchu country and endeavor to preserve its independence “in cooperation with our great neighbor, Japan.”

IT GOES almost without saying that the Hitler government has repudiated Ewald Banse and his alarming book, “Germany Prepares for War,” which is reviewed by Frank H. Simonds on another page of this issue. The German government has made a great show of suppressing Banse and his works; it has even gone so far as to deny that he was ever, as he claims, a professor of military science at the Brunswick Technical School. But Lovat Dickson, the English publisher of the book, has a letter from Banse of January 29 signed “Professor, Brunswick Technical School,” and the German Universities Year Book for 1933 lists him as “Lecturer, military science.” There is no reason for believing that the “suppression” of Banse’s book has any better basis in fact than the denial of his connection with the Brunswick Technical School. For one thing the Society for Military Politics and Military Science, organized by the Nazis in July, 1933, expressly to promote Banse’s ideas, is still carrying on its propaganda, and a second book by Banse, which is said to be even more sensational, is being freely circulated in Germany. The most conclusive evidence, however, that the book is an authentic if not authorized expression of Hitler’s Germany is the fidelity with which it follows, in the direct and awful terms of military strategy, the vague and hysterical ideals of National Socialism. And Mr. Simonds is right when he says that what seems most preposterous in this book is actually most realistic. The tragedy lies in the fact that even with these blueprints before us it is quite improbable that the world, torn as it is with nationalisms as bad in kind if not in degree, will be able to stop Hitler’s mad progress.

WE CANNOT BELIEVE that any society calling itself civilized would sanction the killing of human beings in the name of justice if such a punishment were suggested as a new, hitherto untried method of dealing with crime. In such circumstances capital punishment would be rejected with horror by every State in the Union. It is only because the death penalty is a survival from a more barbaric age, to which through generations we have become hardened, that we are able to tolerate and rationalize it in this day. But revolting as capital punishment is in ordinary circumstances,

it becomes doubly so when public officials exhibit a sadistic determination to prevent a victim from “cheating the gallows,” as the saying goes. The Associated Press reports that a man condemned to die in Indiana broke his eyeglasses and with the broken parts cut both wrists on the day before that set for his execution. When found by prison guards he was apparently dying from loss of blood and he pleaded not to be revived. But doctors bandaged his wrists, found another prisoner who was willing to give a pint of blood, made a transfusion, and restored the man to life. “He’ll go to the chair if we have to take him there on a cot,” a prison official is quoted as saying. It seems to us that such an official would find fuller scope for his talents in charge of a Nazi concentration camp in Germany.

IN AN OBSCURE CORNER of the financial section of the *New York Times* the following interesting item recently appeared:

Alarm over the slowing up of the destruction of coffee in Brazil was allayed in local trade circles yesterday when the New York Coffee and Sugar Exchange received a cable dispatch from the National Coffee Department of Brazil stating that there has been no change of policy. The alarm was caused by the fact that in the first half of February only 46,000 bags were destroyed against a monthly average of 1,290,000 in the last six months of 1933. Destruction will be continued. . . . Destruction has been authorized and begun on 1,480,000 bags from Sao Paulo, 450,000 bags from Minas Geraes, and 173,000 bags from Paraná.

Who said the depression was over?

THE WEATHER MAN averted a revolution when he admitted on March 1 that February, at least on the Eastern seaboard, was one of the coldest months ever recorded by the Weather Bureau, which, incidentally, has been recording for 112 years. If he had dared, after the fashion of weather men and ship captains, to prove by the law of averages that the mean temperature of February wasn’t so mean after all, Long Island would have risen as one man and that large snowdrift formerly known as New England would have declared its temporary isolation permanent. But now that February is over we can see that it had some things to recommend it. It will make excellent copy for tall tales; they had in fact begun to circulate before the month was over. There were the 30,000 snow shovelers who got “lost” in New York City somewhere between the headquarters of the CWA and the snowdrifts they were supposed to remove. There was the woman in the suburbs who called the police to rescue a man who for some time had been vainly trying to get out of a snowdrift in front of her house—only to find that it was her husband. There was the train from Greenport, Long Island, to New York City, carrying nine passengers, which covered ninety-three miles in twenty-two and a half hours. There were the hundreds of suburban dwellings so thoroughly equipped with modern electrical conveniences that, once the current went off, the hazards of living in the Arctic were as nothing compared with the dangers of Bronxville, which lacks both igloos and whale blubber. The New York Stock Exchange must have thought it was a very cold month indeed, with cruel winds blowing in from every direction. Let it remember, however, that the coldest hour always comes just before the heat is turned on.

Retreat from Economic Nationalism

WHATEVER the specific objections may be to the President's proposal that Congress delegate to him the power to alter tariff rates for the purpose of negotiating reciprocal agreements, his message on the subject is an encouraging and significant document. After a year devoted to the effort to bring revival almost entirely by domestic measures, the President has been won over to the conclusion that "a full and permanent domestic recovery depends in part upon a revived and strengthened international trade."

The importance of this declaration becomes more apparent when we recall some of the earlier interpretations of the New Deal. It was the belief of Raymond Moley and others that the recovery program necessarily involved a movement in the direction of greater nationalism. The National Industrial Recovery Act itself provided that if an investigation by the Tariff Commission substantiated complaints that imports "endanger the maintenance of any code," the President could impose higher duties or even quota restrictions. And the general argument was put forward that the country could not expect to have a really "planned economy" while it permitted the disturbing element of foreign trade. This argument would have been harmless enough if it had merely asserted, what was true, that government regulation of foreign trade is consistent with "national planning"; but it was thoroughly unsound in its implication that a prohibition of foreign trade is in the national interest. What is important is that the President, after his initial waverings, is now convinced that economic revival can be hastened not by a further jacking up of tariff barriers but by a lowering of them.

Two main questions are raised by his present proposal: one is that of the country's future foreign-trade policy; the other that of the method of putting it into effect. Regarding the first, the President seems to have been influenced greatly by the thoughtful conclusions of Secretary Wallace. Mr. Wallace has pointed out strikingly what some of the results of a pure economic nationalism would be. We should have to be prepared to make permanent the retirement of from 40,000,000 to 100,000,000 acres of crop land. We should have to cut the cotton acreage of the South, for example, almost in half, and probably arrange to shift part of the Southern population. We should have to produce some things at an appalling expense. And we should have to submit to a regimentation and a direct compulsion in our economic life beyond anything imagined at present.

In his discussion of the results of a policy of internationalism Mr. Wallace is equally courageous, pointing out that "if we are going to increase foreign purchasing power enough to sell abroad our normal surpluses of cotton, wheat, and tobacco at a decent price, we shall have to accept nearly a billion dollars' worth more goods from abroad than we did in 1929. We shall have to get that much more in order to service the debts that are coming to us from abroad and have enough left over to pay us a fair price for what we send abroad." Mr. Wallace points out that this might seriously hurt certain industries and a few kinds of agricultural businesses, including those devoted to sugar beets, flax, and wool-

growing. Because of the political and other obstacles to a full internationalism, he suggests a "planned middle course" involving, say, a sufficient lowering of tariffs to bring in only another half-billion dollars' worth of goods annually, while permanently retracting our good agricultural land by some 25,000,000 instead of 50,000,000 acres.

Undoubtedly Mr. Wallace is right in holding that only some sort of compromise course between pure nationalism and pure internationalism is now either feasible or desirable; and he is right in holding that any course must involve unpleasant consequences for some elements of our population. But there is room for wide difference of opinion regarding the nature and extent of the compromise. Our tariff policy should be directed not so much toward admitting any given surplus of imports over exports as toward a gradual but persistent reduction of the less defensible tariff rates and the ultimate protection to a limited extent only of those industries necessary to national self-sufficiency.

Apart from these broader aims of our tariff policy, the question immediately raised by Mr. Roosevelt's present proposal is that of the delegation of power. If almost any other question were at issue, Mr. Roosevelt's request for still more delegated powers, on top of the unparalleled powers that have already been granted to him, might be regarded with justifiable suspicion. But it happens that Congress is made up of hundreds of men representing not the national interest but hundreds of local interests, that historically the trading of votes has always been scandalous, and that Congress frames tariffs more ineptly and with less concern for the general welfare than it frames almost any other type of legislation. It is also true, as the President contends, that for purposes of reciprocal bargaining he must be able to assure other countries that certain and prompt effect will be given to any agreement reached. It is therefore to be hoped that for a strictly limited period of, say, not more than two years, Congress will grant the President the powers he asks.

But those powers should be strictly circumscribed. As a permanent policy it is certainly not desirable that they be left entirely in the hands of the President. If Congress is permanently to delegate the details of tariff making, then, as the recent committee report of the Foreign Policy Association suggests, the President should be permitted to act on rates only after investigation and report by a reorganized Tariff Commission or other administrative body. The method of reciprocal bargaining proposed by the President, moreover, should be regarded as a secondary rather than a primary method of dealing with tariff problems. There is a tendency under such bargaining for nations to increase tariff rates in advance for bargaining purposes and to penalize each other or third nations when they fail to come to agreement; so that the net result may actually be an all-round increase of tariff rates. It is significant that the President asks for power to increase rates by 50 per cent as well as to decrease them by that amount, as well as for power to fix quotas. In general, tariff trading is likely to rest on the false and dangerous assumption that tariff walls are beneficial to the countries that put them up and injurious only to foreigners.

The Labor Board's Future

SENATOR WAGNER'S bill calling for the creation of a new and more powerful National Labor Board is the logical outcome of Section 7-a of the Industrial Recovery Act, given the background of industrial relations against which labor originally received its right to bargain collectively, free from interference or coercion. Section 7-a was a bugle call, so to speak, which aroused the American trade unions from the lethargy of the depression years to a fever of organizational activity. The refusal of the big industrialists to accept these activities as part and parcel of the new dispensation in industrial affairs provoked, as far back as last summer, a nation-wide outburst of strikes. These strikes threatened to impede the efforts of the National Recovery Administration to put men back to work. Hence the National Labor Board was called into being in August, 1933, as an instrument for preserving the "industrial peace." This is not to say that the board was conceived of as a strike-breaking organization. Though its job was to adjust industrial disputes—a euphemistic expression for ending strikes—it had to achieve settlements consistent with the principles set forth in Section 7-a. To this end it worked out a formula (first applied, with considerable success from the point of view of the American Federation of Hosiery Workers, in the summer strikes in the mills around Reading, Pennsylvania) which ran as follows: The employees call off the strike; the employers rehire the striking workers without discrimination; the National Labor Board supervises an election of employee representatives for the purpose of collective bargaining. So long as employers, as in the case of the hosiery mills, abided by this formula, the board's task of putting Section 7-a into effect was straightforward and simple. As soon, however, as resistance developed among the Budds, the Weirs, and their fellows, the task of the board became impossible.

For the board lacked the power to enforce either its decisions or the agreements made under its auspices; or if it possessed such power, preferred to believe that it was impotent to set the process of judicial enforcement in motion. Its chief offense against the interests of those innocents among the American working population who trusted to the government to fulfil the promise of Section 7-a was that, lacking power, it nevertheless assumed responsibility. Knowing well that time is of the essence of strikes, thousands of workers who have ended their strikes but gained nothing thereby are now completely disillusioned. As for the lords of American industry, they are well aware that the board can, or will, do nothing to reform their habits save hand down counsels of sweet persuasion and—as a last resort—pass the buck to some other agency of the government.

Consider, for example, the board's recommendation of March 1 with respect to the Weirton case, the most fundamental controversy it has yet handled. After more than four months of fruitless endeavor to persuade Mr. Weir to permit his employees to choose at an election between representatives of the company unions and of the Amalgamated Association of Iron, Steel, and Tin Workers, the board in all its majesty finally thundered forth this pronouncement: "Be it resolved that the National Labor Board refer the Weirton Steel case

to the Department of Justice with the recommendation for immediate action." Yet as long ago as the middle of December the board had already announced that it was referring the case to the Attorney-General! Consider, again, the Budd case, another instance of resistance on the part of an employer to the order of the National Labor Board for an election. Here the board, instead of insisting on its order, turned the controversy over to the National Compliance Board. The latter, in due time, respectfully suggested to Mr. Budd that he permit an election under its auspices at some indeterminate date under the penalties of losing his Blue Eagle, of having the case referred to the Department of Justice, and of recommendations that certain government contracts be withdrawn from his plant!

Some such bill as that introduced by Senator Wagner, the guiding genius of the present National Labor Board, was therefore imperative. The bill creates an agency, also to be called the National Labor Board, which not only is charged with the duty of composing industrial disputes, but possesses definite, positive powers of enforcement. The board contemplated in this bill would have functions and sanctions roughly equivalent to those of the Federal Trade Commission. As the Federal Trade Commission is empowered to deal with "unfair trade practices," the National Labor Board would be empowered to deal with "unfair labor practices." It would have authority to hold hearings, make findings, issue cease-and-desist orders as well as positive recommendations, and in the event of refusal to comply with its decisions, it could initiate equity proceedings through the Attorney-General's office.

The "unfair labor practices" over which the board would have jurisdiction, it is interesting to note, have nothing to do with the payment of starvation wages or the working of wantonly long hours. They are to be exclusively confined to variations on the theme of Section 4 of the bill: "Employees shall have the right to organize and join labor organizations, and to engage in concerted activities, either in labor organization or otherwise, for the purpose of organizing and bargaining collectively through representatives of their own choosing or for other purposes of mutual aid or protection." Among unfair labor practices the following are enumerated: To attempt by any interference, influence, restraint, favor, coercion, or lock-out, or by any other means, to impair the right of employees granted in Section 4; to refuse to recognize or deal with the representatives of employees, or to fail to exert every reasonable effort to make and maintain agreements with representatives concerning wages, hours, and other conditions of employment; to initiate, participate in, supervise, or influence the formation, constitution, by-laws, other governing rules, operations, policies, or elections of any labor organization; to contribute financial or other material support to any labor organization by compensating anyone for services performed in behalf of any labor organization, or for any means whatsoever; to engage in any discriminatory practice as to wage or hour differentials, advancement, demotion, hire, tenure of employment, reinstatement, or any other condition of employment which encourages membership

in any labor organization, this subject to provisos which (a) safeguard the employer against being compelled to include all his employees in the terms of his trade agreement with any one group, and (b) preserve the principle of the closed shop if the employees enjoying such a contract constitute at least a majority and if the contract does not run for more than a year.

The Wagner bill is at least a step in the right direction, if the right direction be the organization of wage-earners in trade unions to run parallel with the organization, sanctioned by the NRA, of employers in trade associations. As the declaration of policy in the bill suggests, the "balance of bargaining power" must be equalized if the employee, under the conditions of modern industrial capitalism, is to "exercise liberty of contract, secure a just reward for his services, and preserve a decent standard of living." Whether the step is a firm or decisive one is another question. At bottom the present National Labor Board has failed because it has lacked a will to power; it has suffered from being composed half of trade-union retainers who envisage the American Federation of Labor as the only true embodiment of collective bargaining, and half of industrialists who remain true to the belief that the employer should be master in his own house.

President Roosevelt's recent executive order goes a long way toward placing in the hands of the board much of the power it will possess in the event that Senator Wagner's bill is enacted. The new order permits the board recourse to either or both of two sanctions in instances of non-compliance with its rulings: (1) the controversy may be referred to the National Compliance Board, which in considering it must take the National Labor Board's findings of fact as definitive without engaging, as in the Budd case, in a new fact-finding inquiry; (2) the controversy may be referred to the Attorney-General with such recommendations as the board may care to make. Obviously, the order contemplates that the National Labor Board shall henceforth function as an agency for upholding the collective-bargaining rights of Section 7-a as well as for "composing disputes which threaten the industrial peace of the country." Moreover, the order makes it evident that the National Compliance Board is expected to do something about disciplining employers who try to break up trade unions, Section 7-a notwithstanding, instead of devoting all its energies to inducing cleaners and dyers to charge the high prices which regional code authorities want them to charge. And it is the National Labor Board, not the National Recovery Administration, which is empowered to set in motion this disciplinary machinery—if the removal of a Blue Eagle may be considered discipline.

Why the public announcement of this order was delayed from February 23 until March 4—although the National Labor Board referred the Weirton case to the Department of Justice on February 27—is a mystery. The most probable reasons are the reluctance of Bluster-Loudly-but-Strike-Gently Johnson to have the right of "cracking down" removed from his own discreet and discriminating hands and the resistance of certain members of the National Labor Board itself (Wolman, Teagle, and du Pont are believed to form a bloc on this point) against transforming it from an agency of "mediation, conciliation, and arbitration" into an instrument for imposing the will of the government upon industrialists who are mortally opposed to trade unions and ready to fight all attempts to organize their employees.

Learning to Laugh

SPEAKING before a meeting of the Mark Twain Association, William McAndrew, once Superintendent of Schools in Chicago, expressed the discouraging opinion that courses in the appreciation of humor should be given in the educational institutions of this country. We hasten to declare that we yield to no one in our enthusiasm for humor, but we are a little alarmed by the paradoxical suggestion that it ought to be taken seriously, and we wonder if the jocular future of the nation can safely be left in the hands of persons who believe that the appreciation of jokes has to be taught. It has been pointed out before now that the popularity of Shakespeare declined *pari passu* with the spread of "courses" on his plays in the public schools, and we should hate to see a similar fate overtake the classics of humor. If, for example, Mr. Ed Wynn's broadcasts should ever be classified as home work, we are certain that no gasoline would continue to sponsor him and that the financing would have to be taken over by the Board of Education. Nor are we by any means certain that a connection between the universities and the funny men would prove especially beneficial to either humor or the academics. On the one hand, Harvard can obviously not compete with Hollywood and the radio for the first named, and it would not do for Amos and Andy to represent a toothpaste while some lesser team occupied the Bench of Modern Wisecracks at Cambridge. On the other hand, followers of the broadcasts inform us that the last thing the comedians need is more antiquarian learning and express alarm lest they be familiarized with the riches of a past even more remote than that upon which they now draw.

We raised no protest against the introduction of courses in "Appreciation of the Motion Picture." Several institutions of learning are, we believe, now offering to teach ambitious students the difficult art of enjoying a form of entertainment which was supposed to have reached the rock bottom of simplicity and owes its vast popularity to the fact that its master minds have devoted their chief energies to the successful effort to keep it well below the level of anybody's intelligence. But though we let that pass, we do protest against going one step farther and assuming that Joe Miller needs an explanatory lecture or that children cannot be expected to laugh unless they are taught. We are, indeed, beginning to suspect that education has its dangers and that the more things people are taught, the less they seem able to learn for themselves. If colleges find it desirable to teach home economics, that is fine. Good may even come from some of those extraordinary theses discovered by Dr. Flexner, dealing with such subjects as "A Study of Lost Motion in Dishwashing." But we insist that there are some natural functions and that if they are not left to nature, then no nature will be left to us. By all means let us explain to children what they are supposed to get out of a close-up of Greta Garbo indulging in one of those "kisses in a vertical position" which are the only sort permitted by Mr. Hayes. By all means let us see that they get the deeper meanings of Micky Mouse, and that the moral of "She Done Him Wrong" is clear to tender minds. But let us continue to have faith that they will see a joke for themselves.

Issues and Men

The President's Popularity

San Francisco, March 1

NOTHING has stood out more clearly on this Western trip of mine than the extraordinary extent of the President's popularity. I have already written of conditions in Minnesota, where anti-Roosevelt Republicans assured me that if the election were held next fall Mr. Roosevelt would get considerably more than 90 per cent of the total vote in that Farmer-Labor State. Out here the tide is running just as strongly for the President. The only setback he has had has been due to his procedure in the air-mail contract scandal. Practically everybody I have met feels that for the first time the President failed to show his usual political acumen. They are inclined to believe that fundamentally he is right. They suspect everything that emanated from the Hoover Administration. But they think that the air-mail people should have been given their day in court, however formal. They think that Postmaster-General Farley's letter should have appeared simultaneously with the breaking off of the service, and not have been produced as a sort of afterthought. Every death of some young lieutenant trying to carry the mail without having had the necessary commercial experience and without the proper kind of airplane for this service increases the feeling that the President blundered.

Except for that, however, the confidence in the President is simply beyond precedent. I do not believe that any public man in our history has ever had such power as Franklin D. Roosevelt wields today by the consent of his fellow-citizens. I mean by that to say that the trust in him is so complete that if he is conscious of it he must feel his ability to put through anything that he wishes. The people are convinced that they have in him a man absolutely devoted to their interests, who is not playing politics and does not think of doing so. They feel that he is whole-heartedly trying to serve their interests and to rescue the country, and that if he does not succeed nobody could. They believe that he has shown genuine heroism in the courage and devotion with which he has tackled the gigantic problems confronting him, and they are going to forgive him a slip like his action in the air-mail scandal—perhaps for the unformulated reason that it makes them feel that after all he is but human, liable to error.

The whole nation's feeling of confidence in the President has been intensified by its reaction from its intense distrust of Herbert Hoover. I had expected in this State to find a considerable Hoover sentiment; to run across sympathy toward him in his retirement and efforts to make people believe that he was after all a victim of circumstances and that history would "set him right." But I have not found this. The general opinion is that among the working people there is a very intense feeling of hostility toward Hoover, and that with almost everybody else he has passed entirely out of the picture. I saw one glowing newspaper account the other day of how he has regained freshness and color and vigor and cheerfulness during his stay out here because of

his constant fishing trips and outdoor life. But newspapermen tell me that this is romancing; that when he appeared here at the ceremony incidental to starting work on the Golden Gate Bridge, he looked just as sour and pasty and unhappy as ever. There is certainly no sign of his trying to undertake the hopeless task of galvanizing the Republican Party into life. Nobody wants to try that. There is much quiet amusement at the refusal of Ogden Mills, who has a great estate near this city, to speak before the Commonwealth Club, the most important lunch club in the West, after his recent Kansas speech. The refusal is credited to his belief that he got a very unfavorable reaction to that address, though some of the Eastern papers were enthusiastic about it.

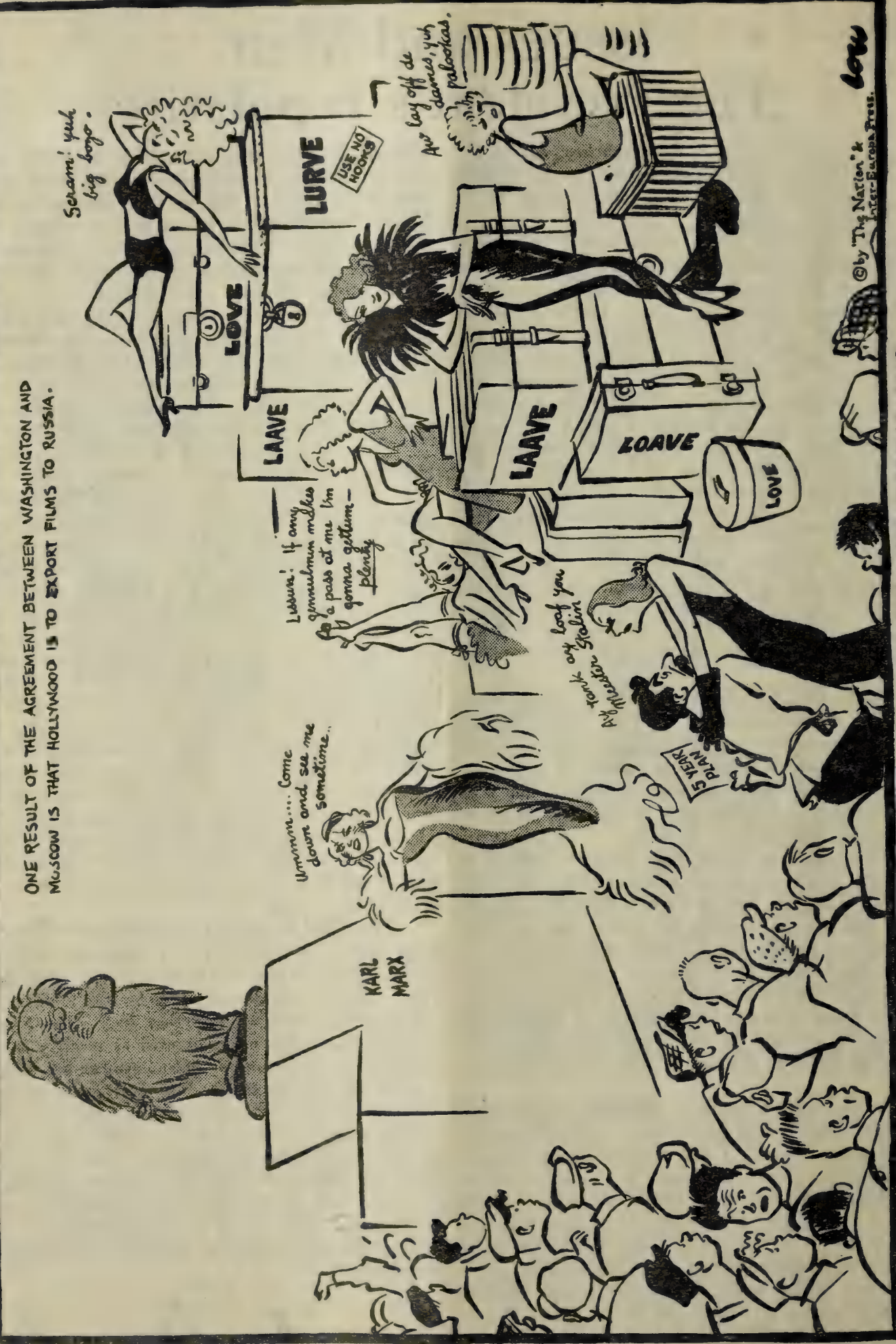
Here, too, one finds that the CWA is a sore spot, one likely to give the President some unhappy hours. The men who are being laid off are storming the City Hall and demanding other jobs. If their spirit does not seem as belligerent as that of the discharged workers in Wisconsin and Minnesota, there is none the less an insistence that if the government cannot continue their jobs, somebody else must. One of the leading administrators tells me that the men are actually more concerned with having something to do than with the amount of their pay. They dread going back to idleness. He says that before he got into the CWA work he had a realization how great was the suffering, although he has been doing relief work through philanthropic agencies since the beginning of the distress. He, too, certifies to the extraordinary devotion to the President found everywhere. That must make the President very humble if he is conscious of it, and it must also make his responsibilities seem even heavier, for he must know that if he should disappoint these great masses of his fellow-citizens who have such blind faith in him, it would be almost impossible to rekindle in them the spirit of hopefulness.

The repeal of prohibition has helped conditions here a good deal, since California is a wine-producing state, but as elsewhere there is no sign of increased capital-goods production. January was disappointing for the retail stores after the splendid December that they had. San Francisco, it must be added, has never suffered as severely as Southern California; the amount of unemployment has been far less than in our Eastern cities. But the tremendous number of vacancies in apartment buildings and the unrented houses tell the story of families that have doubled up, or gone back to the farm, or taken to wandering. One cannot, of course, help wondering how long the complete confidence in the President will last if there is not definite improvement by next winter. Will he not fall commensurably with the extent of his rise in popular affection if he disappoints his countrymen?

Dwight Garrison Kilgus

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ONE RESULT OF THE AGREEMENT BETWEEN WASHINGTON AND MOSCOW IS THAT HOLLYWOOD IS TO EXPORT FILMS TO RUSSIA.



A CONSIGNMENT OF CULTURE TO THE BARBARIANS.

The Consumer vs. the NRA

I. Johnson's Five-Ring Circus

By JAMES RORTY

Washington, March 1

IN "The Growth of the American Republic," Morrison and Commager remark that ever since the adoption of the Constitution the people of this country have been "trying the case of the American people against themselves." So far the lawyers have always won.

The old case came up for trial again on February 27, when General Johnson summoned the critics of the NRA to Washington, set them up in five halls with amplifiers and national radio hook-ups, and told them to shoot the works. Well, some of them did. And since GHQ, in the person of General Johnson himself, was well within range, a few of them got personal with the General and his deputies. There ought to be a law about that. And there probably will be when the lawyers come out of their present frightened huddle. They're on the spot too. It would be a grand joke if, because of the confusion into which law, order, and public policy have been thrown by the NRA, and particularly by the industrial and financial double-dealers who have muscled in on the code authorities, the lawyers didn't win this time; if the American people, sitting once more in judgment upon itself as in the good old muckraking days, should be forced this time actually to come to some sort of decision.

The big shot himself led off Tuesday morning and did pretty well. "I do not want anybody to assume," said the General, "that either of these two conferences [the field day for criticism, and the code conferences which open on March 5] is a gesture or a kind of 'pep' meeting. They are both in deadly earnest, and the purpose of them is to mop up the errors, shortcomings, and mistakes of the rapid process of codification which, measured in figures of employment, has already covered about 90 per cent of American industry, and which in a relatively short time will have covered it all." The General was on and off the platform at most of his five circuses all day Tuesday and Tuesday evening, when he sparred genially with Robert Minor of the Communist Party. Incidentally, Minor's Southern manners and artist's sensitiveness were easily a match for the General, and he presented, in general terms, just about the best critique of the NRA that the first day's session produced.

So far as I can learn, the General came close to losing his temper and "cracking down" only once. That was when a boyish-looking non-com named Meyer Parodneck, representing the Emergency Conference of Consumer Organizations—one of the numerous aliases of the elusive Mr. Throttlebottom, the ultimate consumer—told the conference on trade practices that "a complete shake-up of the NRA high command is necessary if the people of the United States are to have a fair deal." At this point, when the five-foot impersonator of Throttlebottom began to mention the names of Mr. Whiteside and others, the General interrupted to say that what he wanted was not personalities but facts. "Very well," replied the cheerfully mutinous gamin. "I don't need to specify. Let's just say *all* your deputies."

The audience yelled with delight, and the General gave it up. Mr. Parodneck went on to denounce the futility of Mrs. Mary Harriman Rumsey's Consumers' Advisory Board, and to specify "vicious" devices, such as the price-fixing provision and the open price-listing provision, in many of the codes. He charged that the code authorities are under the control of big business, that the local compliance boards are sorry jests as consumer protectors, and that both labor and the consumer have been refused representation on the code authorities. He called attention to the suppression of the report of the construction unit of the NRA's Research and Planning Division, and charged that the functions of that division had been practically abandoned because of the conflicting preoccupations of its first chief, Alexander Sachs, of Lehman Brothers, who was succeeded officially or unofficially by Colonel Robert H. Montgomery, partner in the firm of Lybrand, Ross Brothers, and Montgomery, and Stephen Du Brul, an executive of General Motors. Mr. Parodneck charged that Mr. Du Brul "let the codes roll past him," so that the Planning Division, created by President Roosevelt under Section 2 of the Recovery Act as the heart of the NRA, had become instead its stepchild.

Mr. Parodneck then produced figures showing that chain-store sales rose 13 per cent from April to December of last year, while the average price of food and clothing combined rose 22 per cent; the quantity of goods sold might therefore be estimated to have declined about 8 per cent. Moreover, according to Mr. Parodneck and the statisticians of the Emergency Council of Consumer Organizations, department-store sales have increased only 1 per cent since last April, while during this period the prices of goods sold in these stores have risen 27 per cent. Consequently, the quantity of department-store sales declined 21 per cent from April of last year to January of this year. Mr. Parodneck, concluded triumphantly by mentioning the unmentionable. "The buyer's strike is on," he said. "Government figures prove it. Only the transfer of power from big business, which throttles recovery, to the people will stop it."

Meanwhile at another hearing Professor A. Anton Friedrich, of New York University, was addressing the hearing on trade practices, and conjuring up the gallant ghost of Professor William F. Ogburn, who resigned from the Consumers' Advisory Board last summer because "he believed that consumer representation could perform its functions only if all data bearing upon prices, costs, production, capacity, and capitalization were made available to it." Professor Ogburn's ideas, according to Professor Friedrich, "were interred in a filing cabinet to be kept company later by equally worthy suggestions for consumer protection." Professor Friedrich also aired a new wisecrack that is going the rounds in Washington, to the effect that the Chamber of Commerce has moved from the White House, where it was under President Hoover, to the Commerce Building under General Johnson and A. D. Whiteside.

At this point the General must again be given some credit. Some weeks ago Leon Henderson, of the Russell Sage Foundation's remedial-loan department, talked back to the General in connection with the December consumer conference in Washington, presided over by Bruno Lasker of the *Survey*. The General's retort was to appoint Mr. Henderson one of his special assistants, in which capacity he has continued to talk back with great spirit and acumen. And, believe it or not, this writer arrived in Washington to find that Mr. Henderson had been appointed director of that moribund Research and Planning Division, with orders to revive it.

All these developments got a break in the papers. But for some reason the reopened hearings on the much-revised, not to say chiseled, Tugwell-Copeland food and drug bill were less fully treated. Yet both sessions of the Tuesday hearings before the Senate Commerce Committee were more than worth the price of admission. I had begun to believe that there wasn't much kick left in the poor old thing until I heard Charles Wesley Dunn orate for an hour and a half against the bill, even in its present version, and in favor of provisions contained in a chaste and beautiful substitute measure known as the McCarran-Jencks bill. Mr. Dunn is a lawyer and, if I may so so, what a lawyer! He presented himself as representing the Associated Grocery Manufacturers of America and the American Pharmaceutical Manufacturers' Association. And as if that were not enough, almost every time a food or drug manufacturer was mentioned he turned out to be one of Dunn's clients. Moreover, although the Senators delicately refrained from bringing this up, the McCarran-Jencks bill is none other than the Dunn bill, indited by Mr. Dunn's own hand. Mr. Dunn is tall and immaculate, and his personal presence combines the graces of Methodism and legalism. He is, in other words, a "smoothie," in contrast to the proprietary people, who tend to be what is known as "toughies." The more I listened to Mr. Dunn, the more I became convinced that the most substantial vested interest represented at this hearing was Mr. Dunn himself. His bill, of which he spoke very highly, would throw up enough barbed-wire legal entanglements between the Food and Drug Administration and the devious and dubious medicine men, vitamin men, drug men, and cosmeticians to reemploy the entire legal profession and populate the empty floors of Rockefeller Center. It retains all the loopholes of the Wiley law and adds more loopholes of its own than there is space to mention. Mr. Dunn's press release is lyrical about the provision in the Dunn-McCarran-Jencks bill which provides for an administrative board of review to which an advertiser may appeal for a review of an administrative decision before he is criminally prosecuted. This would make possible endless litigation and filibustering, which the Food and Drug Administration has neither funds nor staff to combat. And it is perhaps worth noting that the National Drug Conference, which includes the patent-medicine crowd, has indorsed the Dunn bill.

Mr. Dunn was preceded by Congressman Arthur P. Lamneck of Columbus, Ohio, who declared without a tremor that he represented large manufacturers of foods, drugs, and cosmetics, and wholesale houses located in his district, and that so far as he knew there was no demand for the Copeland bill. (Ohio women's clubs, attention! You and your Congressmen ought to get acquainted.) C. C. Parlin, research director of the Curtis Publishing Company, read a

resolution passed by a special committee of the National Publishers' Association and signed by major executives of the Curtis, Crowell, Butterick, Hearst, McFadden, McCall, and *Printers' Ink* publications. It was to the effect that the Copeland bill in its present version is satisfactory to this committee, but that the committee recommends full consideration for amendments which manufacturers may offer. Several of the Senators heckled Mr. Parlin diligently but vainly to discover whether the magazine men were for the bill or against it. Perhaps they cherished the unworthy suspicion that C. C. was executing what is known in football as a forward pass. If so, the suspicion may well have been confirmed the next morning when John W. Darr, secretary of the Joint Committee for Sound and Democratic Consumer Legislation, did a fairly smooth job of fighting the Copeland bill. Mr. Darr needs a more extended introduction to the Senators than he has thus far received. The directors of his committee include executives of Bristol-Myers (Ipana toothpaste), Colgate-Palmolive-Peet, United Biscuit, Life Savers, and the Wheatena Corporation. Mr. Darr shares offices with Albert Haase, formerly executive secretary of the Association of National Advertisers, to which the firms listed above also belong, and the legislative committee of this association has publicly rebuked *Printers' Ink* and Parlin's publishers' committee for their implied okay of the Copeland bill. Another interesting item in this connection is that about the same time that Mr. Darr was kicking to the National Broadcasting Company because it refused to permit references to the bill in sponsored broadcasts, Edward Koback, president of the Advertising Federation of America, told a Philadelphia audience that the manufacturers sponsoring the anti-Tugwell fight have launched a nation-wide campaign via radio to "heap ridicule" upon the heads of consumers' organizations, particularly Consumers' Research, and Frederick J. Schlink, its president. "We were just waiting for Schlink to stick his head out before we hit him," Koback declared, unaware that he was speaking for publication. "And to put this over right, we are getting the backing of the American Legion." The story was turned in by all the reporters present, but not one newspaper printed Koback's address. (*Editor and Publisher attention.*)

The next morning Mrs. Harvey W. Wiley, representing the District of Columbia Federation of Women's Clubs and the American Pure Food League, of which she is president, and also reporting a resolution passed by the General Federation of Women's Clubs indorsing the original Tugwell bill, spoke impressively in behalf of the Copeland bill. Mrs. Wiley pointed out that by the time she was called the committee had given eight hours and thirty-five minutes to manufacturing and advertising interests—and Mr. Dunn—and just twenty-five minutes to consumers. Later, after Clinton Robb, representing the Drug Institute, had spoken, one of the Senators asked what the Drug Institute was and, by implication, who the United Medicine Manufacturers were. Mrs. Wiley replied to the question by introducing into the record my article in a previous issue of *The Nation*, *Who's Who in the Drug Lobby*, in which the medicine men active in the United Medicine Manufacturers, affiliated with the Drug Institute, were duly ticketed and pedigreed.

Although consumers were given scant time, it was evident that the Senate committee was impressed by the consumer interest represented at the hearing. Particularly effective

tive was the testimony of Miss Alice Edwards, secretary of the American Home Economics Association, and others representing the American Association of University Women, the American Dietetic Association, the American Nurses' Association, the Medical Women's National Association, the National Congress of Parents and Teachers, the National League of Women Voters, the National Service Star Legion, and the National Women's Trade Union League, all of which organizations strongly supported the bill. In addi-

tion, Miss Edwards argued ably for the restoration of the standards provision of the original bill, which Parlin and others have emasculated by the insertion of the word "minimum."

The Case of the American People Against Themselves is still in session. There seems to be some slight disposition on the part of the respondent to believe that he eats and wears things as well as makes things, especially money. But one cannot be sure. There will be another report next week.

France Will Not Go Fascist

By ROBERT DELL

Geneva, February 20

IT is now possible to see the events in Paris on February 6 in their true proportion. It is not surprising that they should have given the impression abroad that France was on the verge of some form of fascism or at least of a dictatorship. As was said in *The Nation* of February 14, some foreign observers in France were already of that opinion. The events of the last ten days have shown that they were mistaken, no doubt because they observed only Paris and, as is so often the case with foreigners living in Paris, did not understand that Paris is not France.

Undoubtedly the situation in Paris on February 6 was extremely serious. If the demonstrators had not been fired on, they would have swept away the police barriers on the Pont de la Concorde, stormed the Chamber of Deputies, and massacred the deputies. Side by side with the demonstration of war veterans, who had no sinister intentions, there was an organized revolt planned by the Action Française and the Croix de Feu, the objective of which was the Chamber. As always happens in such cases, the crowd, swollen by individual sympathizers and mere sightseers, was carried away by the "active minority" with definite aims, and the demonstration became a riot. The government, which had persisted in thinking that there would be no serious trouble, had not provided sufficient forces to hold back and disperse the demonstrators and keep them out of the Place de la Concorde, and the Paris police, still under the influence of the dangerous political intriguer, Chiappe, failed in their duty. The bloodshed, deplorable as it was, became necessary. The Chamber of Deputies was saved from destruction by the *garde mobile*.

The Stavisky scandal had brought to a head discontent due mainly to the economic crisis—although France has suffered less from the depression than any other European country—and it was exploited by various interests with political or other axes to grind. Chaumet's incompetent handling of the scandal, which suggested that he was trying to stifle it and to cover highly placed persons implicated in the affair, exasperated popular feeling in Paris. Daladier's incoherence increased the exasperation. He made almost every possible blunder. He began by trying to form a Cabinet of "personalities," chosen without regard to their party allegiances, and having failed in the attempt, got together a scratch team composed mainly of politicians of the left who did not obtain the authorization of their respective parties, with the result that all parties were discontented. When Daladier did the

right thing—for example, the dismissal of Chiappe—he did it in the wrong way. The circumstances in which Chiappe was dismissed suggested that Daladier's sole motive was to obtain a majority in the Chamber, where the position of the Cabinet looked hopeless. He got a large majority in the Chamber on February 6—the solid majority of the left—but only because the overthrow of the government would have looked like a surrender to the reactionaries and the mob. He then made the crowning blunder of resigning under pressure from the President of the Republic, who was panic-stricken, although plainly, having gone so far, he should have stuck to his guns.

And then "Gastounet," otherwise Monsieur Gaston Doumergue, lately President of the Republic, was called in to "save" France. This old parliamentary hand, with a certain astuteness and a perpetual smile, is not of the stuff of which dictators are made. He has formed a Cabinet on familiar lines, mainly composed of old stagers and political maids-of-all-work such as Barthou and Laval, with Marshal Pétain for prestige and Marquet, the "neo-Socialist" Mayor of Bordeaux, to represent youth and new blood. It is a weaker combination than Poincaré's "National Union" Cabinet of 1926 and is unlikely to last as long. Doumergue has obtained the expected large majority in the Chamber after a short Ministerial Declaration consisting of vague generalities, but the Radicals and the right are dissatisfied with the new government for different reasons and the Socialists are openly opposed to it. The artificial enthusiasm of most of the Parisian press does not represent the feeling of France.

Never before has the fundamental opposition between Paris and the provinces been so evident and never before has it been so clear that the political domination of France by Paris is at an end. The success of the general strike of protest all over France on February 12 shows that the workmen at any rate will stand no nonsense from fascists or royalists or other reactionaries. They will not succumb without a blow like the German workmen or wait until it is too late like the Austrian Socialists, whose heroic resistance to "Milimetternich" Dollfuss has saved only their honor. The official attempts to minimize the extent of the French strike have deceived nobody. It was a serious warning, all the more so because for the first time the Socialists and Communists made a united front. And the immense peaceful demonstration in Paris on February 12 shows that the rioters of February 6 did not represent even Paris—they represented no doubt the majority of the Parisian bourgeoisie. There will be no dic-

tatorship of fascism in France without civil war, and the reactionaries know that a would-be dictator could not count on a conscript army. They have not forgotten the revolt of the seventeenth regiment under Clemenceau's first Cabinet a quarter of a century ago.

Where are the fascist tendencies in France? Chiefly in a handful of "neo-Socialists" such as Marquet and of "young radicals" such as Bertrand de Jouvenel, who conducts parties of young Frenchmen to Germany to fraternize with the Nazis. And Marquet's presence in the Doumergue Cabinet shows that his fascist tendencies are less strong than his desire for a ministerial portfolio. Tardieu and other politicians of the right and right center want an amendment of the constitution increasing the powers of the President of the Republic, but the powers that they propose to give him are smaller than those possessed by the President of the United States. The Constitution of the United States can hardly be called fascist. There is in France as elsewhere a good deal of disillusion about democracy and the parliamentary system, but that is nothing new in France. The French are skeptical about all forms of government, especially that in existence. A considerable proportion of university students, especially in Paris, are reactionary and nationalist in tendency, but so they have been for years, especially in the years immediately preceding the war. I should say that the opponents of parliamentarism and the advocates of "strong government" were more numerous before the war than they are now. They were certainly more numerous in the last twenty years of the nineteenth century. Before the war the French trade-union organization was anti-parliamentarist, and theoretically trade unionists were supposed not to vote in elections, although in practice they voted. The opponents of parliamentarism are not agreed among themselves. The Action Française, which is the most active anti-parliamentarist organization, is royalist, not fascist, and could never join in a movement for a fascist dictatorship. Its strength, such as it is, is almost entirely in Paris and it has no hold on the country as a whole. Less than two years ago the general election resulted in the greatest victory for the left in the history of the Third Republic, and there is no sign that France has changed since then, in spite of the agitation about the Stavisky scandal.

That agitation has been almost entirely confined to Paris. The provinces have remained calm. They woke up only after the riot in Paris on February 6, and on February 12 there were great demonstrations against the promoters of the Paris riot in almost every provincial town of any importance; whereas on February 6 there had been demonstrations in the same sense as that in Paris in only two or three places in the provinces, and nowhere was there any serious trouble. The reactionaries are afraid of provincial opinion and cannot conceal the fact. It is at the demand of the Radical federations in several provincial departments that it has been decided to hold an extraordinary national congress of the Radical Party not later than the first week in April. The comments of the conservative and reactionary papers on that decision show how alarmed they are by it. When the congress is held, the Radical leaders will probably hear some plain speaking. The provincial Radicals feel that the will of the electors as expressed at the general election in May, 1932, has been thwarted. The logical conclusion of the election was a coalition government of Radicals and Socialists,

and Herriot refused to form one, although the Socialists asked for only moderate and reasonable conditions, principally concerned with disarmament and foreign policy. Hence the political chaos of the last twenty-one months. There have been six Cabinets since the general election—the Doumergue Cabinet is the seventh—and every one of them represented only a minority of the Chamber. The Radical leaders are responsible for the present situation.

A fortnight ago the conservatives and reactionaries, including Tardieu, were demanding a dissolution of the Chamber. "Dissolution!" was one of the cries of the demonstrators in Paris on February 6. When Doumergue formed his Cabinet, we were told that he intended to ask for a dissolution as soon as the budget was passed, and there is reason to believe that this was in fact his intention. If so, he has apparently abandoned it. Now the Socialists are demanding a dissolution and the conservatives and reactionaries are saying that it would be dangerous. Reports from the provinces have led them to believe that a general election would result in as great a victory for the left as that of May, 1932—perhaps even greater.

It is not because provincial Frenchmen are not disgusted by the Stavisky scandal that the provinces have refused to join in the agitation of Paris, but because they know that corruption is not the result of the parliamentary system or of democracy, and they are not, like the impulsive and light-headed Parisians, the dupes of those who are exploiting the scandal to discredit republican institutions. One of the most corrupt periods in French history was the First Empire, and the Second Empire was not much better. The First and Second Empires were the French forerunners of fascism. It is the highly centralized Napoleonic administrative system, which has survived almost unchanged to the present day, that is mainly responsible for corruption. That system puts almost arbitrary powers in the hands of ministers, who rule the country through the prefects. French ministers have a great amount of patronage at their disposal—too much to deal with directly, so that they have to depend on recommendations. It is physically impossible for a French minister to attend personally to all the matters that he has to deal with or to read all the letters that he has to sign, even if he works eighteen hours a day, as Poincaré discovered when he tried to do it. The powers of the Minister of Justice are such that justice is not really independent, and the public has lost confidence in its administration.

What is needed is decentralization and the reform of the administrative system and its methods from top to bottom. The methods are cumbersome and out of date and there is a great deal of overlapping of government departments. One reason why Stavisky's frauds were not discovered sooner is that the *Crédits Municipaux* (municipal pawnbroking monopolies) are supervised by several different departments, with the natural consequence that they are not supervised at all. Decentralization and reasonable methods would enable the number of government servants to be reduced by about one-half. Further, France is still to a great extent a police state. The powers of the Ministry of the Interior and the police are too great and too arbitrary.

This *autoritaire* and undemocratic administrative system would be quite suited to a fascist or any other dictatorial regime. It is incompatible with republican and democratic institutions and it falsifies their working.

Armament Profiteers: 1934

By ROBERT WOHLFORTH

THE increasingly bad odor of profiteering and corruption that is settling over the business affairs of the War and Navy departments is proof that armament firms, like the Bourbons, learn nothing and forget nothing. The contract chiseling and leaks of advance information now being disclosed cannot be set down as merely some of the graft which Republicans say is undermining the Administration. These unsavory conditions are fundamental with the munitions-aviation-shipbuilding industries. They prove what the peace-time and war-time history of armament firms has always shown—the sale of inferior and defective products to the government, the corruption of officials and whole departments, and the pocketing of tremendous profits by respectable and patriotic business men.

To start any considerable expenditure for national defense is invariably to start graft. For instance, as long ago as last July, when the Navy Department opened bids for its first big construction program, the manipulations of the shipbuilding and steel industries were clearly revealed. The Bethlehem, New York, and Newport News companies with considerable finesse divided among themselves \$100,000,000 worth of naval construction, practically all the work allotted to private yards.

According to Senator Park Trammell, chairman of the Naval Affairs Committee, this little business deal was effected by a peculiar method of bidding, a method so peculiar, in fact, that the Senator alleged collusion between these three companies. Apparently each firm selected a particular type of naval work it wished to do, and the other two firms "protected" the first in each class by entering higher bids. An analysis showed the three companies bidding in the fixed ratio of 11-12-13 on each of the types of work, with a different firm the low bidder each time. In this manner the Newport News Shipbuilding Company received contracts for two aircraft carriers at \$38,000,000; the New York Shipbuilding Company, for two light cruisers and four destroyers at \$37,474,000; and the Bethlehem Shipbuilding Company, for one heavy cruiser and four destroyers at \$27,000,000.

These three patriotic firms, it will be remembered, paid William B. Shearer the sum of \$25,000 to wreck the Geneva Disarmament Conference in 1927. Shearer's suit against the companies to collect another \$25,000 due him was suddenly dropped after a Senate committee in 1930 investigated and reported on the situation. Presumably these shipbuilding companies settled out of court to avoid further unfavorable publicity. At any rate, Mr. Shearer is still among those present, for he is frequently seen in Washington in Capitol corridors, and he appears as imposing and as great a naval "expert" as ever. Indeed, these are lush times for naval "experts." Since the billion-dollar Vinson naval building bill was announced, Bethlehem Steel stock has risen in value 26 per cent, New York Shipbuilding stock 75 per cent, and United States Steel 15 per cent. It is little occurrences like these which have caused a special subcommittee of the House Committee on Naval Affairs to begin an investigation into the entire question of naval construction contracts.

It is aviation, however, infant child of national defense, born in graft and still wallowing in it contentedly, that holds the spotlight today. Air-mail subsidies were originally given to aircraft companies as a national defense measure, to help expand and perfect the aircraft business. Senator Black's committee long ago demonstrated that this purpose was wantonly disregarded by the companies in favor of profits on the operation side. To put an end to this gouging of the government it apparently has been necessary to outlaw 90 per cent of the operating companies, and we now have before us the spectacle of the Secretary of the American Bar Association, William J. MacCracken; America's hero, Charles A. Lindbergh; and America's ace, Edward Rickenbacher, trying to get them received in respectable circles again.

On the construction and selling side of the aviation business also recent disclosures seem to indicate that banishment is perhaps the only way to stop excessive profits. The aircraft manufacturers learned a great many bad tricks and kept very bad company during the war and have never got round to cleaning house. Many of the same men who spent hundreds of millions of dollars in government funds during the war in a futile and scandalous aircraft-production plan are still in positions of power in the industry. In addition, the industry has adopted the device of the holding company to link production and operating firms and to make profits on a war-time scale doubly sure.

For example, four large aviation companies control nearly 95 per cent of plane and engine construction and of all scheduled flying. The United Aircraft and Transport Corporation owns or controls fourteen operating and manufacturing companies; the Curtiss-Wright and the North-American Aviation corporations control an even dozen subsidiaries apiece. Aviation's link with the armor-plate business was clearly indicated last summer when E. L. Cord of the General Aviation Corporation, a large holding company, assumed control of the New York Shipbuilding Company three days after it received its fat navy contract. And controlling the "controllers" are our patriotic and respectable bankers and investment men.

The caliber of these gentlemen may be judged from the career of one of them, Colonel Edward A. Deeds of Dayton, Ohio, now on a convalescing tour "somewhere in Europe," as the House Naval Affairs Committee learned when it wished to have him testify. Deeds is chairman of the executive committee of the United Aircraft and Transport Corporation, a director of the National City Bank of New York, chairman of the board of the International Zeppelin Company, a director of the Pratt and Whitney Engine Company, the world's largest airplane-engine producers, and a director of the National Aviation Corporation. During the war Deeds was Chief of the Equipment Division of the United States Signal Corps, which handled aircraft production. Deeds's activities in this capacity were investigated four different times, most notably by the present Chief Justice, Charles Evans Hughes. The famous Hughes report charged Deeds with giving fat contracts to former business associates,

with informing them of War Department activities to their profit, with giving business to firms with which he was closely connected, with placing friends in War Department offices, and with locating landing fields in Ohio and Florida without proper authority. After mentioning Deeds's previous prosecution for bribery in the cash-register business in 1912, the Hughes report recommended him for a military court martial under the 95th and 96th Articles of War. It was war time, however, and instead of a court martial Deeds received a banquet from the desk soldiers in the War Department and a recommendation from Newton D. Baker for a distinguished-service medal.

No one should be surprised, then, to learn that the methods used by the aviation industry in 1917 and 1918 to mulct the government are still in vogue. Leaks of advance information from official sources still make fat profits for the insiders in aviation. Witness the circumstances surrounding the air corps's announcement on January 27 last of a construction program calling for 1,000 aircraft. Days before the statement was made public, aviation stocks began to soar in volume and in price. The following table shows what happened—all before the announcement of the "secret-study" building program was made public:

	Shares Traded			Percentage of increase in value in Jan., '34
	Jan. 13 Week of	Jan. 20 Week of	Jan. 27 Week of	
Curtiss-Wright	15,000	69,000	249,000	92.5
North American				
Aviation	5,200	20,200	58,400	63.0
United Aircraft and				
Transport	71,100	194,000	210,000	13.6

It was obvious to those familiar with the traditional rivalry between the War and Navy departments that the admirals would never let the generals get away with 1,000 airplanes if they could help it. The navy almost immediately requested 1,184 additional aircraft, and in a few days the army raised the ante to a flat 2,000. The resulting gyrations of aviation shares on the New York market were so violent that Exchange officials began their own "investigation" of the matter.

The aviation industry has never forgotten its war-time tricks of profiteering on construction contracts. In 1918 the profits on Liberty Motors averaged 33.6 per cent, on LeRhône motors 92.8 per cent, and on DeHaviland-4 planes 50 per cent. The House Naval Affairs Committee, mainly under the impetus of W. D. McFarlane, Texas Democrat, has unearthed a similar situation in the army and navy airplane business since 1927. Up to 1933 the Pratt and Whitney Engine Company, for example, averaged a profit of 36 per cent on all navy business, reaching a high of 71 per cent in 1929. The Boeing Aircraft Company did almost as well, selling to the army planes on which it netted average profits of 32 per cent, with a high in 1932 of 55 per cent. The honors, however, go to the Consolidated Aircraft Company of Buffalo. In 1927 this company on a single contract with the army netted over \$600,000 in profits in a transaction involving less than \$1,500,000. The air corps forced it to disgorge by selling to the War Department fifty additional planes at one dollar apiece. Even after this restitution the company had a 25 per cent profit on the contract, represented by \$300,000 in cash.

Nor have the various aviation companies forgotten the advantage of having former army and navy men on their selling and production staffs. R. H. Fleet, president of the Consolidated Aircraft Company, is a former army major. Frederick Nelson, president of Sikorsky, was formerly a lieutenant commander in the navy. Virtually all aviation officials appearing before House and naval investigating committees are former service men, and they have testified that their organizations contain many reserve officers and enlisted men. Captain James V. Martin, a pioneer aircraft manufacturer, asserted before the military committee that both the War and Navy departments are honeycombed with civilian aircraft representatives, and that gifts and bonuses to military and naval officials are common practice. Similar charges were made four years ago by Thomas L. Hall, president of the American Society for the Promotion of Aviation, an organization of "independents."

The existence of "contacts" between the aviation industry and government departments has been made clear in the federal grand-jury investigation initiated by Ross A. Collins, chairman of the House Military Appropriations Committee. Collins, one of the few members of Congress not blinded by gold braid or bluffed by generals, became suspicious of the manner in which the \$7,500,000 aircraft purchases from Public Works money were being handled. The information he brought out in hearings on the annual War Department appropriations bill was turned over to the Department of Justice, and all airplane contracts, including the entire War Department bill, have been held up until the grand jury reports.

The air corps last December recommended the purchase of the fastest and most efficient types of bombing, pursuit, and attack planes. The requirements limited this business to the Boeing, the Martin, and the Douglas aircraft companies. Almost at once this information seeped out of the War Department and reached the ears of rival manufacturers who made slower and less efficient craft. Representatives of these manufacturers "contacted" the proper people in the army at once. As a result the conditions of purchase were so changed that efficiency and speed requirements were drastically lowered. Had not the purchases been stopped by Collins's intervention, the entire \$7,500,000 would have been spent for types of airplanes that were out of date two years ago.

The occurrences in connection with the army's \$10,000,000 order for motor trucks show that the aviation industry is not alone in appreciating the value of "contacts" with government departments. Again Collins, soft-spoken Mississippian who knows as much about the War Department as anyone in Washington, suggested that the Department of Justice look into the contracts. In this instance specifications for motor trucks being purchased for the army and the Civilian Conservation Corps underwent manipulation within the department, so that only one type of truck could fill the contract. In the aircraft requirements general standards were lowered; in the truck contracts a particular type of engine lubrication was called for which excluded all but one manufacturer. In the purchase of stoves and fire extinguishers for the CCC similar methods have been used to restrict the articles to the output of particular manufacturers.

Who is responsible for this sort of skullduggery? Secretary of War Dern and Robert Fechner, director of the

CCC, obviously trusted their subordinates to handle the details of these purchases. Army and navy officials since 1927 have had full knowledge of the profits made by the aviation industry. The Air Act of 1926 compelled an audit of the books of all aircraft firms doing business with the War and Navy departments. These audits, it is true, were not made very thoroughly or by competent accountants, but the information was there for the use of government officials. In addition it must be noted that while the Air Act of 1926 was designed to increase competitive bidding among aircraft firms, all army business without exception has been done by negotiated, or "closed," contracts.

Then, too, the activities of "traders" like Joseph Silverman, Jr., of New York, have long been well known to War Department officials. Silverman, the "old-clothes man" of the army, has for years been buying surplus and condemned army clothing and equipment stocks. He was mentioned in connection with the CCC toilet-kit sales last spring. His most recent deal was to purchase raincoats from the War Department for 25 cents apiece which he attempted to resell, while the coats were still in army warehouses, to the forest army at \$1.37 apiece. This sale, fortunately, was prevented. Similarly, the army's business dealings with the Mercur Corporation, lessees of the Port Newark, New Jersey, army base, have long been known to War Department officials. This corporation is alleged to have leased the army base and piers at almost no cost, and to have effected this arrangement by giving "presents" to certain officials.

Investigation and punishment are only part of the problem of controlling profiteering and corruption among firms doing business in the name of national defense. Complete government ownership and control of armament firms and

related industries have frequently been suggested as the solution of this problem. Those familiar with the War and Navy departments are not optimistic about this scheme. When the navy made its own planes they cost the government more than similar planes bought from commercial plants. The army now operates a clothing and equipment factory at the Philadelphia quartermaster depot which is just as guilty of lobbying and "contacting" in an effort to secure larger orders as any civilian organization.

Even if the government should own and control all arms and related manufacturing, who could stop profiteering in firms producing raw materials? To take the profits out of the aircraft business, which uses large amounts of virgin aluminum, and at the same time allow the Aluminum Company of America to make profits would be no solution. Neither are government shipyards the answer to profiteering in armor-plate industries while steel production is in private hands.

Apparently the military and naval services themselves are not much concerned over outside profiteering as long as they get what they are after. In the *Army and Navy Journal* of February 17, 1934, was an editorial openly opposing Senator Nye's resolution for a blanket investigation of all munitions and armament firms. This opposition was based on the contention that such an investigation was "an insidious undermining of our national defense" and would work "hardships" on our patriotic industries. In an economic and social order in which all industry and raw materials were owned by the government the armament business might perhaps be successfully controlled. To hope for purity in preparedness in an era of rugged hog-ism must ever remain the function of well-meaning but ineffective seekers for a Utopia.

Stock-Market Control

By J. FREDERIC DEWHURST and MARGARET GRANT SCHNEIDER

THE Fletcher-Rayburn bill is one more logical step in a legislative program designed to break the wild horses of unrestrained individualism to the harness of social control. That the horses to be harnessed in this particular instance are not feeling their oats to the same extent as in the days of the New Era is evident from the fact that Richard Whitney himself, on behalf of the Governing Committee of the New York Stock Exchange, has recommended the creation of a coordinating authority with plenary powers to control the trading practices of the organized security markets. This recent conversion of the Exchange authorities to the principle of federal regulation removes the last obstacle to the imposition of at least some measure of public control.

The bill, upon which hearings are now being held, is long and involved, and the meaning and intent of certain sections are confusing and uncertain. Beneath the technical phraseology, however, it is possible to discern three major objectives: (1) to limit the volume of speculation by restricting the amount of credit available for trading in securities; (2) to prevent dishonest and improper dealing by eliminating manipulation and by limiting the trading activities of persons in privileged positions on the exchanges and of

officers of corporations whose securities are traded in; and (3) to protect the interests of the investor by requiring more adequate information on corporations and their securities and thereby raising the standards of corporate management and accounting practice.

With these three objectives there is general agreement. The Dickinson report, the report of the Twentieth Century Fund,* and even Mr. Whitney are in accord as to the necessity of eliminating these evils.

The Twentieth Century Fund investigation of security markets has revealed the enormous stake which the people and business of the nation have in the security markets. More than ten million people own securities, and other millions are indirectly dependent on the markets through the investments of their deposits and premiums by banks and insurance companies. Furthermore, through the mechanism of brokers' loans the markets exert a powerful influence on the nation's banking and credit structure. The Fund's report lays down a base line of the functions the markets should perform against which their practices are judged. The authors conclude that excessive speculation—"a vast amount of unneces-

* "Stock Market Control." Edited by Evans Clark, Alfred L. Bernheim, J. Frederic Dewhurst, and Margaret Grant Schneider. D. Appleton-Century Company. \$2.

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sary activity . . . an enormous milling and churning around of a few shares of a few companies"—may make such securities marketable, but fails to value them accurately in terms of their investment worth. This evaluation of securities should be the market's most important function. This excessive speculation, in turn, is due, first, to the lack of sufficient limitations on margin trading, pool operations, and so forth, and, second, to the lack of sufficient and accurate information about corporate and market activities. The Twentieth Century Fund report concludes with a specific program for regulation which in some respects furnishes a contrast to the Fletcher-Rayburn bill.

By and large the pending bill lays what appears to be an excessively heavy hand of federal law and control on some markets and corporate activities and leaves the rest quite free from specific statutory regulation. The Fund's program, on the other hand, fences the entire field with limitations, but allows greater freedom and flexibility within those limits. For example, the bill gives to the federal government almost complete domination of the organized exchanges, even to the election of officers and the promulgation of rules, and lays down the strictest reporting and accounting requirements for the minority of American corporations whose securities are listed on the exchanges. Regulation of the vast over-the-counter or unorganized markets, however, is left to the Federal Trade Commission. Although the commission in this instance is given authority to prescribe rules and regulations, the bill itself does not specifically define the nature of the control to be exercised.

The Fund report would apply the same regulation to all markets, both organized and unorganized, and would enforce proper corporate reporting on all corporations engaged in interstate commerce through a federal incorporation law. The report, furthermore, lays down broad standards of fair practice for the exchanges and insures fulfilment through the power of the government to withdraw their licenses to do business. The Fund, however, would allow them far greater self-government in ordering the details of their activities and in disciplining their membership.

The Fletcher-Rayburn bill designates the Federal Trade Commission as the regulatory authority both with respect to security trading and to standards of corporate management and accounting. The Twentieth Century Fund report contemplates the creation of a Security Markets Authority for supervision of security trading, but would have the federal incorporation law administered by the Federal Trade Commission. Both the bill and the Fund report use the licensing power of the federal government to effect control—presumably under the constitutional authority of Congress to regulate interstate commerce, banking, and currency. In order to be allowed to operate at all, exchanges must, under the bill, be "registered" by the federal government, or, as the Fund proposes, "licensed." If after receiving this sanction any exchange should violate the regulations imposed, its registration, or license, would be revoked. Both Senator Fletcher and the Fund would define by statute forbidden practices and minimum requirements, giving to the regulating body administrative and enforcement powers, with authority to extend the scope of the basic statutory rules and regulations but not to change them. Mr. Whitney, on the other hand, would leave specific regulations to the discretion of a coordinating authority composed of Presidential appointees,

Cabinet officers, and representatives of the Federal Reserve System and of the stock exchanges.

The bill does not attempt to prohibit all speculation or completely to eliminate margin trading—and neither does the Fund report—implying recognition of the fact that honest and informed speculation in moderate volume contributes to the maintenance of a free and open market. The bill attacks the problem of excessive speculation by limiting the loan value of listed securities used as collateral for margin purposes to 40 per cent of current market value or 80 per cent of the lowest price during the three years preceding the date of the loan, whichever is higher. These provisions apply to loans by banks as well as by brokers on their own account except that these restrictions do not apply to loans by banks and other persons not members of exchanges on securities paid for in full more than thirty days prior to the making of the loan. Loans on securities not traded in on the exchanges, which include municipal and many other government bonds, are virtually prohibited. Moreover, only banks which are members of the Federal Reserve System are permitted to make loans to exchange brokers and their customers, and they can advance credit only on listed securities. Since these stringent provisions would lead to unnecessary and destructive liquidation and would restrict the loan operations of non-member banks, it appears likely that they will be modified.

Even as applied to exchange-brokerage and trading accounts, however, there is some question as to whether these limitations on the loan value of securities would sufficiently restrict the speculative use of credit in bull markets—which is the time when they would be most needed. Indeed, under certain conditions, as in steadily declining markets, the provisions of the bill would permit more liberal loans than are possible under the margin requirements now in force on the New York Stock Exchange. Moreover, it appears that after long periods of deflation the margin limits proposed in the bill would be unduly severe and would hamper recovery.

In marked contrast, the Twentieth Century Fund report proposes to base the loan value of all stocks—not merely those listed on the exchanges—primarily on earnings rather than on market prices. The Fund staff suggests that the amount of credit advanced on any share of stock, listed or unlisted, shall be limited to a figure equal to twice the corporate earnings applicable to that share over the previous five years—but in no instance equal to more than 60 per cent of its current market price. By relating loan values primarily to earnings rather than to market prices the rapid building of speculative credit in a bull market on the shifting sands of speculative prices would be prevented and the attention of traders would be concentrated upon investment values of securities rather than upon the day-to-day quotations on the ticker tape. Just as the Fund proposals would prevent undue expansion in the latter phases of a rising market, they would also eliminate drastic contraction during the decline.

The bill attacks the problem of manipulation by making unlawful various devices usually associated with manipulative practice, such as "wash sales," "matched orders," and other fictitious transactions, as well as purchases or sales made for the purpose of raising or lowering prices, or of creating artificial activity, or of pegging prices without prior notification to the commission. Also forbidden are the dissemination of rumors or misleading information regarding

securities, all attempts to corner the floating supply of any issue, and all trading in options. The bill further requires the disclosure of holdings and dealings of officers, directors, and principal stockholders of corporation listed on the exchanges, and forbids short selling on the part of such insiders.

The recommendations of the Fund's report, on the other hand, encompass no direct prohibition of pools, syndicates, or options, recognizing the difficulty of enforcing such prohibitions as well as the fact that some of these practices may at times be associated with legitimate trading activities. The recommendations do, however, require prompt and complete public reports by all corporations on options and all activities and transactions which would indicate the existence of manipulation in both organized and unorganized markets.

As an additional protection to the investor the Fletcher-Rayburn bill prohibits any member of an exchange from acting as a dealer or underwriter of securities. This prohibition also applies to all brokers who do business through exchange members. This is to prevent brokers from using their customers' accounts in any way to further their own trading interests. The specialist is also forbidden, by the terms of the bill, to transact stop-loss orders, except under rules prescribed by the commission, and to disclose orders on his book to anyone unless such information is available to all members of the Exchange.

Here again the bill lays too heavy a hand on some activities and allows too much freedom for others. For example, all the small trading on the exchanges is handled through the so-called "odd-lot houses." These firms are dealers, not brokers. They buy and sell stocks in 100-share lots—the normal unit of trading on the exchange—and then retail them through brokers in smaller units. The provisions of the Fletcher-Rayburn bill forbidding Exchange members to act as dealers would cripple the existing odd-lot business. The Twentieth Century Fund report, on the other hand, lays down the general principle that the functions of brokers and dealers should be separated—both on and off the exchanges. This separation would be enforced by the licensing of both exchanges and firms doing business over the counter. Because odd-lot firms are dealers, not brokers, they could continue to perform their useful functions in small trading.

Both the bill and the Fund's report recognize that inaccurate and frequently actually misleading information in regard to corporations and their securities leads to uninformed and reckless speculation and to unwise investment. Moreover, necessary statistical data bearing on trading in these securities are not now available. The Fletcher-Rayburn bill clothes the Federal Trade Commission with sweeping powers to require not only detailed accounts and reports of the operations of companies but also of the business of exchange brokers and exchanges themselves. This power, however, applies only to the minority of corporations whose securities are actually listed. The Fund report, however, calls attention to the fact that legislation for control of security markets must include a federal incorporation law, which would compel all corporations engaged in interstate trade, whether or not their securities are traded in on the exchanges, to follow certain specific minimum standards of accounting and reporting.

The bill provides drastic criminal penalties in the form

of fine and imprisonment for violation of its provisions as well as civil liability for damages resulting from such violations. In view of the lack of definiteness of many of the prohibitions of this bill, as in the case of the Securities Act of 1933, there is reason to suspect that the penalties may be so severe as to cripple the legitimate security business.

While the Fletcher-Rayburn bill gives many evidences of haste in its drafting, its broad purposes are, without question, in the public interest. The markets can no longer be left to their own, often anti-social, devices. Public control is an urgent necessity. Excessive speculation should be curbed and manipulation made as difficult as possible. It is to be hoped, however, that in some of its details the present bill will be amended so as to bring loan values into closer relation to real values and to modify some of the controls and penalties which may now be so stringent as to defeat its purpose. With these modifications the bill may approach its objective of curing the disease without killing the patient.

In the Driftway

THE Drifter is on the warpath again. This time he is after the scalp of the daily newspaper editors who have developed the habit of carrying over stories from the front page to various inside pages until the practice has become not merely a nuisance but a first-class handicap to the reader. Take, for instance, three recent successive issues of the *New York Times*. On Sunday, February 25, nine stories on the front page were carried over to eight different inside pages. On the next day, Monday, the same number of stories were continued on six different inside pages. On Tuesday the same number of stories were continued on eight different pages. Turning to three successive issues of the *New York Evening Post* of approximately the same dates, there were eleven stories carried over from the front page to four different inside pages on Saturday, February 24. On the following Monday nine stories were continued on five different inside pages, while on Tuesday twelve stories were carried over to four different inside pages. The Drifter picked these dates at random and bases his figures on the editions which he happened to read. He does not cite the *Times* and the *Evening Post* as especially flagrant offenders. They are both newspapers which he finds it worth his while to read—in spite of the difficulties which their front pages present—and so he takes them as examples. Other New York newspapers are given to the same bad habit to almost the same extent, and from what the Drifter sees of newspapers in other American cities he judges the practice has become a national vice.

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CITY newspapers are mostly read by persons going to or returning from work while sitting in crowded cars or buses, where the turning of pages is difficult. What, the Drifter asks, do newspaper editors expect readers to do in regard to the continuations of these stories from the front page? Do they expect the reader to finish each story in the order in which he begins it by rummaging inside and then returning to the front page? If so, they would exact an unholy amount of patience and lost time in unfolding and

refolding pages. Or is it expected that the reader will carry in mind the first part of nine to a dozen stories while he plows through a couple of score others, hopefully waiting to pick up the disjointed fragments, usually disguised under considerably altered headlines? The Drifter does not know what the editors expect the reader to do, but he knows exactly what the reader does do. The average reader never finishes the story at all. Maybe that isn't of any consequence, but the supposition is one which newspaper editors can hardly afford to admit.

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THE Drifter can recall a time when there was not more than one story, if any, continued from the first page. It was the story in the extreme right-hand column, which was naturally continued on the following page when necessary. Then the habit grew up of carrying over one other story. That was not excessive, but the habit should have stopped there. The excuse for it, of course, is the desire to give the reader a picture of all the outstanding news at one glance in order that he may miss nothing. But the fact is that he often misses the essential part, because it is too difficult to play hide and seek with the story through successive pages. The best-read stories are those which appear intact on inside pages without the mutilation of a surgical operation in the abdomen or often as high up as the tonsils. The average reader would gain much more by a better grouping of news according to character on various inside pages than by the present packing and slicing of the front page.

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NEVERTHELESS the Drifter expects the present silly fashion to continue until another—possibly sillier—comes along to displace it. To revert to earlier and sounder practices in regard to the front page would be so simple and sensible a change that nobody can be expected to consider it.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

A Note on Mr. McGrady

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

In your issue of February 21 Paul Y. Anderson, in his Washington comment, takes the American Civil Liberties Union to task for what he calls "a scurrilous, utterly mendacious attack" upon Edward F. McGrady, Assistant Secretary of Labor. Mr. Anderson goes on to make a deserved case for Mr. McGrady as a progressive trade unionist, but he wholly ignores the issue of our communication to Secretary of Labor Perkins, which demanded that Mr. McGrady cease using his public office to intrench American Federation of Labor unions at the expense of independent left-wing unions.

We cited three cases in which Mr. McGrady had grossly misused the powers of his office to attack left-wing unions—in one case, by urging the commitment to jail of a left-wing leader, and in two others by openly urging employers not to sign trade-union agreements with left-wing unions. In all the cases he used indefensible language to characterize unions opposed to the American Federation of Labor.

Mr. Anderson said that we denounced Mr. McGrady as a "meddler and reactionary." We used no such language. We

pointed out to Miss Perkins the impropriety of an Assistant Secretary of Labor using his public office to serve his private trade-union connections. Nobody should be quicker than your correspondent Mr. Anderson to defend the position we take, despite his obvious friendship for Mr. McGrady.

New York, February 27

ROGER BALDWIN

An Indian Disaster

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

The recent earthquake at Bihar, India, has proved to be a disaster of almost unprecedented proportions. Twenty thousand people were killed and unnumbered thousands were injured. Two thousand bodies were cremated on one vast funeral pyre, and most of the population are homeless and helpless.

I have just received a radio appeal for help from Mahatma Gandhi, who is raising money in his own country to help the stricken victims of Bihar. May I have the use of your columns to pass on this appeal to American friends of India, who may be glad to assist Gandhi in raising these greatly needed funds? Contributions sent to me at the Community Church will be transmitted at once to the Mahatma.

New York, March 5

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES

Labor Dramatics

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

For the last two years Brookwood has been trying out new methods in mass labor education by heading up its labor-dramatics work in a road tour, serving chiefly trade-union groups and unemployed organizations. Costs are surprisingly low because local people provide hospitality for the cast, and transportation expenses are pro-rated among the groups on the itinerary. Our students gain much by direct contact with the labor groups.

The short plays and skits given dramatize the effect of wage-saving devices, the evils of war, the struggle against company unionism, and the gains of unemployed organizations. Mass recitations—in which a speaking chorus reinforces with repetition and gestures the phrases of the interlocutor—have proved an effective medium for focusing attention upon the freeing of Tom Mooney, the bonus army, and the uprising of the unemployed. In our recent tour, during the Christmas vacation, we found that a dummy in the hands of a capable student ventriloquist was able to get away with more cracks at the old-time political parties than a speaker would have dared attempt in some of the backward areas visited. Another appreciated feature was the teaching of labor songs to every audience. Perforce the shows were as "propertyless" as the working class itself, and often given without the aid of platform or piano.

Our experience has convinced us of the effectiveness of these new methods, particularly in the smaller communities. In April we plan to put two groups of Brookwood Players on the road and would be glad to furnish details to any of your readers or to interested organizations.

Katonah, N. Y., February 15

MARK STARR,
Extension Director

The second article of Johannes Steel's series, Europe Moves Toward War, which was scheduled for this issue, will appear next week. Its subject is Germany's Dream of Expansion.—EDITORS THE NATION.

Books, Drama, Films

Hitler Means War

Germany Prepares for War. By Ewald Banse. Translated from the German by Alan Harris. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$3.

THIS book constitutes the simplest, the most straightforward, and the most convincing explanation I have yet encountered not only of how Germany lost the last war but also of why she will lose the next. Unfortunately, however, it also supplies a devastating and irrefutable statement of why there is going to be a next war.

In itself, of course, there is nothing new about this book. Professor Hoover, Edgar Ansell Mowrer, Oswald Garrison Villard—in fact, everyone who has studied the Nazi phenomenon at close range—have testified to the same thing: that Hitler means war. The difference lies, however, in the fact that none of them was German. Here, on the other hand, is a German author who discusses the carving up of Europe to achieve German objectives with all the calmness of a surgeon explaining a major operation.

Briefly stated, the thesis of this book, the work of Ewald Banse, professor of military science at the Brunswick Technical College, is that the Germans are a people who, partly through their own blindness and folly and partly through the wickedness and jealousy of their neighbors—of France primarily—have never yet attained their rightful position. It is now the mission of Hitler's Third Reich to establish that place in the sun.

Geographically that place would be marked by frontiers which inclose Denmark, Holland, Belgium, northern France, most of Switzerland, the South Tyrol, all of Austria, the western part of Czecho-Slovakia, and the lost provinces of the east—West Prussia, Posen, and Upper Silesia. Upwards of 100,000,000 people would thus be included within the frontiers of the new Germany, perhaps 70,000,000 willingly, the remainder willy-nilly. To realize this objective France must be subjected to a bloody war, its northern Teutonic population mainly exterminated and the rest expelled. England is to be invaded from Holland—Irish support insuring that this will be a war on two fronts for the British. And our author cannot quite conceal his enthusiasm for the spectacle the ultimate and inevitable decline of Britain will afford.

Now the difficulty of the reviewer in discussing this book for an American audience lies precisely in the fact that what seems most preposterous in it is actually the most realistic. The program which Banse outlines is the prospectus of the *Führer* who dominates Germany today. It is the program outlined by Hitler in "Mein Kampf," which has become the Nazi Bible. It is the geographical concept of Germany which is being taught to all of German youth at the present moment.

But this conception is not merely the new doctrine of the National Socialists. On the contrary, it is also an exact repetition of the old pan-German gospel of the pre-war age. Today it is customary to set down the Nazi explosion to the sins of the Treaty of Versailles. But Holland, Switzerland, and Belgium were not wrongfully separated from the Second Reich by the "Dictate of Versailles." By virtue of that treaty Germany lost some 7,000,000 people, but on the basis of the Banse program she is now claiming no fewer than 30,000,000.

In fact, Hitler and his followers are not seeking to restore the Germany of 1914, with Austria added, but to reestablish the Germany of the Holy Roman Empire: to bring back the errant Dutch, Flemings, Swiss, Alsations and Lorrainers, who are Germans by race but not by desire; to dispose of the alien elements which have crept in or are descendants of those who

weakly permitted themselves to be assimilated to another and non-Nordic culture. "This is the true Germany," says Banse—like Hitler, indicating on the map the whole of Central Europe from the Somme to the Niemen. "Here the inhabitants must be German and that result must be achieved either by violent assimilation, actual extermination, or wholesale deportation. And since this is the true Germany, all who stand in the way of establishing it are actually attacking Germany, and the plan for the realization of this program is a program of defense."

Naturally the British and French will seize upon this book—the British already have begun to—as they did upon that of Bernhardt. Its propaganda value for the nations menaced by the Hitler *cum* Banse program is incalculable. But the trouble is that sober sensible people everywhere on this side of the Atlantic will reject the book for the same reason. They will see in it the expression of an individual German nationalist, not the accurate and authentic expression of the purpose of National Socialist Germany. Yet that is precisely what it is. Not that one-tenth of the German people today perceive the implications of the Nazi phenomenon; obviously they don't. Neither did any considerable number of Frenchmen grasp the implications of Napoleon's program. Nevertheless, the French conscripts marched to Moscow and Madrid.

Germany will, of course, lose the next war just as she did the last, because she is bound to end by driving the whole world into another combination against her. That is the single fact about the World War that escapes Professor Banse. His analysis of the various aspects of that conflict—strategic, tactical, and political—is otherwise admirable. What he doesn't ever suspect is that when you begin—as he does—by announcing a purpose to exterminate a portion of the French population, to invade Britain, to mutilate Italy and Poland, to extinguish Holland, Belgium, and Czecho-Slovakia, you must expect some day to meet these nations armed, united by a common fear and inspired by a common danger.

Of course there is no real justice in the attempt to use this book as an excuse for singling out German nationalism as contrasted with French, British, or even American. What the German seeks for himself is no more than what other peoples have acquired already, and the means he would employ they have used abundantly in their time. At least in the abstract German imperialism is as worthy or unworthy as any other. The main trouble is that the Germans are now trying to do what other peoples did in other centuries and to do it at their expense.

For myself, I wish that Professor Banse's book could be made required reading for all Americans who undertake hereafter to talk or write about peace, disarmament, or the Kellogg Pact. And that wish is not inspired by any desire to see a new wave of anti-German sentiment set in motion. Rather it is the expression of a desire to have these peacemakers brought face to face with the problem they are actually up against. And that problem is not the problem of German nationalism but of nationalism wherever it is found.

Professor Banse's book is an intelligent, straightforward, honest statement of the case for German nationalism. It blurts out the truth instead of disguising it. And the truth is that there can be no peace between German nationalism and French or British or Italian nationalism, because in a nationalistic world there is no way under heaven to reconcile rival territorial ambitions or adjust conflicting national rights. All our post-war peacemaking has been founded upon the assumption that you could reconcile the modern states system and its doctrine of integral sovereignty with a system of international peace and order. Now we are on the verge of a new war because nationalism and peace are themselves mutually exclusive. And in

■ vain effort to postpone conflict Europe has scrapped the League and gone back to the balance of power because that and not the League is the appropriate instrument of a nationalistic world.
FRANK H. SIMONDS

The Great Cham

The Life of Samuel Johnson. By Hugh Kingsmill. The Viking Press. \$2.75.

ANY general biography of Samuel Johnson is bound to contain a great deal that is familiar and not much that is new. Nevertheless, the author of this interesting short study does more than merely present an introductory account for the benefit of those unfortunates to whom Boswell and the rest are unfamiliar. His purpose is to rescue the great man from those who would show him off as a kind of monster, and in pursuit of that purpose he manages to be both entertaining and instructive.

Boswell revered his Doctor. At the same time there can be no doubt that both he and his contemporary rivals regarded their subject as a literary opportunity and that they realized the literary value of his peculiarities. Boswell, of course, had long planned a Life and, as Mr. Kingsmill points out, had developed a systematic technique for leading his victim on to furnish him with striking copy. He returned again and again to sore subjects, he displayed a genius for inventing dilemmas and asking questions which stung the great man to fury, and then he gleefully set down as typical the most violently unreasonable opinions which he could trap the moralist into uttering. The result is that we are persuaded to accept as characteristic many vigorous but monstrous judgments which are, in fact, merely examples of the unreason into which any man may be led by a skilful tormentor. Boswell needed only to advance some painfully heretical opinion to wring from Johnson a more and more desperate defense of orthodoxy, and many of his most outrageous pronouncements can be directly traced to a deliberate provocation.

It is plain that Johnson did not apply to his friends the intolerant principles which he enunciated, and in all probability he would not, for example, have consigned Rousseau to the plantations if Boswell had not praised the heretic for the qualities which Johnson could least endure to think about. When he was left to himself, his good sense and good nature triumphed over his moral principles exactly as his sensitive literary feeling triumphed over his equally narrow literary principles. Thus he could regret that Shakespeare was not more didactic in his plays, but when Mrs. Thrale had trapped him into asserting that a passage in Young was more poetical than any similar description by the author of "Macbeth," he soon after recanted impulsively: "Young froths and foams and bubbles sometimes vigorously, but we must not compare the noise made by your teakettle here with the roaring of the ocean."

In reality the great moralist was not only an acknowledged pessimist but an uneasy, unwilling skeptic. "The cure for the greatest part of human miseries is not radical, but palliative." "Life must be filled up, and the man who is not capable of intellectual pleasures must content himself with such ■ his senses can afford." Because he believed these things he believed also that he could not do without religion, but he knew that only dogged, unreasoning orthodoxy could save him from the intellectual doubts which his reason could not meet. He thundered at Boswell, not for the purpose of convincing either Boswell or himself, but to dismiss subjects which he did not dare to speculate upon. All his strictness of principle arose from a sense of his own weakness. "If," he said, "I had no duties, and no reference to futurity, I would spend my life driving briskly in ■ post chaise with a pretty woman." And it was surely no prig

who, when someone objected that gifts to beggars were often wasted on gin, burst out impatiently: "Why should they be denied such sweeteners of their existence. . . . Life is a pill which none of us can bear to swallow without gilding; yet for the poor we delight in stripping it still barer, and are not ashamed to show even visible displeasure if ever the bitter taste is taken from their mouths." His expatiations on the importance of birth were self-inflicted penances because, as he once confessed, he "hardly knew who his grandfather was"; his Toryism, which entertained no illusions about the superiority of the nobility, was merely a product of his pessimism and based itself upon an argument strangely like that of Pascal. "There would," he said, "be a perpetual struggle for precedence, were there no fixed invariable rules for the distinction of rank, which creates no jealousy as it is allowed to be accidental."

For ■ century at least every critic of Johnson has remarked that his fame rests upon his personality and not upon his writing. No one, however, seems to have remarked something which, perhaps, Mr. Kingsmill implies—namely, that Johnson's achievement was, nevertheless, an artistic one, that he is great because he created himself. Our affection for him does not depend, as our affection or admiration for a real person generally does, upon any agreement with his opinions or any approval of his aims. We do not, even, like him any the more for having the things which most offend us explained away. We like him for the same reason that we like ■ character in a work of imagination—not for his rightness or his goodness, but for his vitality, for his being so vividly himself. Johnson does not belong with the great historical personages so much as with the great figures of fiction—with Falstaff, Don Quixote, and the Peppercorn of Thomas Mann. If his greatness as ■ character owes something to the art of Boswell, it owes even more to the original whose life task was the creation of himself.

Incidentally it is strange that Mr. Kingsmill, having the thesis he has, should make nothing of the fact that we now know from Boswell's notebook how unscrupulous—or artistic—he was when it came to rephrasing Johnson's remarks. In one place Mr. Kingsmill even quotes the famous "I'll come no more behind your scenes, David, for the silk stockings and white-bosoms of your actresses excite my amorous propensities," when we know that what Johnson actually said was something much more downright and much less "Johnsonian."

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

Short and Salty Annals

Village Tale. By Phil Stong. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$2.

THIS third and, in some respects, best novel by Phil Stong has ■ more complex and interwoven design than either of his earlier books. Drury Stevenson, the village Iago, who puts Elmer Jamieson up to peppering his wife and Slaughter Somerville, the village squire, with birdshot, is himself less innocently involved with the wife of Bolly Hootman, Somerville's hired man. Drury's daughter Lulu, unsuccessfully in love with Somerville, hoodwinks her suitors impartially into whatever will help her spin her little webs of mischief. Somerville gets Sybil Jamieson, in respectable divorcee, without fighting with her birdshot husband, but he avenges Bolly, horribly beaten by Drury, and himself upon the true villain of the piece. Those philosophical, bawdy elders, Ike Crane and Tessie Oosthoek, appear whenever there is need for their dry, sly remarks. The story is tight, if not almost knotted, with a variety of actions. It has three triangles: Somerville and Sybil and Elmer; Drury and Mate and Bolly; Lulu and Ben and Eddie. It runs, tersely, through the whole history of Drury's malice and Somerville's

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conscience and Sybil's proud readiness and Bolly's hero-worship.

The plot would suggest a play rather than a novel if Mr. Stong had brought his design to the simplicity which the theater ordinarily requires. He has not. Nowhere in the story can all its lines be seen converging to a central point, either dramatic or moral. It is a collection of separate small biographies, temporarily entangled. Mr. Stong, whose talent is more for detail than for construction, feels too much interest in each of his characters to subordinate most of them to some. Somerville, divided between his love for Sybil and his sense of what is expected of a Somerville, is the ranking personage of the book, but he will remind occasional readers of stars on the screen who have their pictures stolen from them by character actors. Bolly is more touching and Sybil more moving than Somerville. Mr. Stong has a better knack with a wench like Lulu than with a hero, and he is again at his best in his detached and cynical old people. Ike Crane deserves to stand only a little below the storekeeper who was the special triumph of "State Fair," and who has a small part in "Village Tale." Tessie Oosthoek, whom nothing but extreme age has cured of being disreputable, sums up in a few speeches all the wisdom of veteran sensual experience, spontaneous appetite remembered in tranquillity.

Yet engaging as Mr. Stong's dialogue often is, he is still a novelist not a dramatist, and it is his narrative which gives the book its peculiar savor. He is on the side of nature and instinct as against cool reason. He has seen, heard, touched, smelled, and tasted Iowa instead of merely thinking about it. Without neurotic quirks or grudges, he accepts village life with hearty good humor. But though he has no nerves he has plenty of brains, and he writes with many thrusts of wit. Few young novelists ever manage to be at once humorous and witty.

CARL VAN DOREN

Russia: Two Accounts

Russia Today. What Can We Learn from It? By Sherwood Eddy. Farrar and Rinehart. \$2.50.

Moscow, 1911-1933. By Allan Monkhouse. Little, Brown and Company. \$3.50.

SHERWOOD EDDY, unceasing truth-seeker and reformer, is primarily interested in unearthing in Russia's Communist philosophy those aspects from which he believes the United States can learn and benefit. Like the heroine in the Soviet play "The List of Benefits," now much in vogue at the Meierhold Theater in Moscow, he presents a list of the Soviet's "crimes" and "benefits." The whole first part of "Russia Today" is devoted to a condemnation of those "crimes," the "chief four evils," which are of the "very essence of communism itself." These evils are "(1) a paralyzing and ineffective bureaucracy; (2) the essential denial of liberty; (3) the danger of violence and compulsion; (4) a dogmatic atheism and anti-religious zeal." The second part of the book is a eulogy of the Soviet's benefits—its ideal of social justice, its aim of a "classless society which supersedes race and color prejudice," its new penology and humane treatment of criminals, and its unified philosophy.

Mr. Eddy is wrong in assuming that it is possible to transplant mechanically some of Russia's benefits into American soil. Eventually, no doubt, the Roosevelt Administration, or some other Administration, will have to appease the pauperized and unemployed millions of Americans. It will have to devise a solution for a difficult problem. Whether the solution of this problem is embodied in the NRA or the CWA, whether the Administration will take the radical step of granting unem-

ployment insurance or the reactionary step of establishing a fascist dictatorship, it will be a typical American solution corresponding to our prevalent economic and social organization. In order to "benefit" by any of the Soviet Union's "possible contributions to human welfare," we shall first have to have a socialized economy. We shall also have to abolish private ownership and individual competition. This, of course, means a Communist revolution. And Mr. Eddy is opposed to both communism and revolutions.

In spite of the shortcomings and contradictions of "Russia Today," it offers much valuable material to students of Soviet affairs. Incidentally, it supplements and explains some of the "impartial" statements contained in Allan Monkhouse's "Moscow, 1911-1933." Mr. Monkhouse, who will be best remembered as one of the British engineers tried in April, 1933, by the Soviets for espionage and sabotage, is obviously no friend of the present Soviet regime. Unlike Mr. Eddy, he is not interested in a solution of the world's economic and social ills. He is neither a trained reporter nor a reformer.

A good British subject, fortified by the Union Jack, which, as he says, "has always been displayed wherever it has been my lot to live abroad," as well as by portraits of H. M. the King and H. M. the Queen, Mr. Monkhouse arrived in Moscow in 1911. He was a good engineer well paid by the Russian industrialists. He used to attend quite frequently the English church and the English Club in Moscow. Life flowed happily during the Czarist days.

When the World War broke out, Mr. Monkhouse, like a good patriot, volunteered to serve in the British army. At a hint from the British government, however, he remained in Russia to manufacture munitions for the Allied armies. After the revolution, for reasons unknown, he was accused by the workers of his own plant of sabotage. The law being rigid and prompt in those days, he was about to be shot. But fate was on his side. He somehow got out of a perilous situation and soon after fled through Siberia to San Francisco and New York. In New York he was given the job of recruiting East Side Zionists for the British army, to fight the Turks in Palestine. Soon, however, he appeared once more in Siberia in the capacity of a "Russian expert" of the British Intelligence Service, attached to the far-famed Archangel Expeditionary Force.

Mr. Monkhouse fought hand in hand with the Russian White Guards. He learned to love them and pity them. This, to be sure, did not prevent him later on from becoming a "real and true friend" of Soviet Russia. In 1924, when the opportunity presented itself, he returned to Moscow as a representative of the Metropolitan Vickers Electrical Company. His aim, he claims, was to assist the workers in building a Soviet society. He remained a friend of Soviet Russia until, at the famous Moscow trial, he was convicted of sabotage and espionage and banished from the country.

Although the reader would be interested in a clear and truthful account of the trial, Mr. Monkhouse has very little "inside dope" to reveal beyond that which has already been reported in the newspapers. He insists that he was merely a victim of the Stalin bureaucrats, who designated him as a scapegoat for the failure of the Five-Year Plan, a point, incidentally, contradicted by Mr. Eddy. He sheds no additional light on the confession of guilt made by his colleagues, Thornton and MacDonald. His own confession he attributes to G. P. U. coercion.

It seems that Mr. Monkhouse was questioned one day "uninterruptedly from breakfast time until approximately 2 a. m. the following morning." The reputed G. P. U. methods of torture, such as "hypnotism and drugs," he states, "were not used" on him. During the questioning period, according to his own statement, "I had two meals brought in, which Belogorski [the chief inquisitor] himself shared with me, and we

continued talking during the meals. These meals were good, and included pressed caviar, salad, soup, roast duck, and sweets." Thus terrorized, he signed a confession which he later had much difficulty retracting.

Although Mr. Monkhouse has spent more than twenty years in Russia he betrays no deep knowledge of that country, its people, or its social and economic forces. He has little to say about the Five-Year Plan or the Soviet program of industrialization which has not already been covered much more expertly by other writers. The book is primarily a personal record, a document of an adventurous career. Were it not for the restraining influence of the author's studied impartiality, "Moscow, 1911-1933" would be a very exciting thriller.

LEON DENNEN

The Poet as a Young Man

Letters to the New Island. By William Butler Yeats. Edited with an Introduction by Horace Reynolds. Harvard University Press. \$2.50.

TO those familiar with Yeats's "Autobiographies" the literary notes which he contributed in the eighties and nineties to a Boston and a Providence journal have largely a historical interest. The substance of them is in the "Autobiographies," transmuted by time and taste to something richer and finer than what appears in these youthful letters. Yet there is a certain fascination in discovering the first prick of those ideas which were to have so unexpected a flowering, and one finds here as there the man of imagination and of wit, the mystic and the lover, the poet and the patriot. In his introduction to the book Horace Reynolds writes truly: "... brought forth by an unknown young Irish poet in London and printed in New England," the ideas that we find in these papers "are part of a nation's awakening to intellectual and imaginative energy."

It is the passionate nationalism of Yeats's thinking that is most evident here. "Cosmopolitan literature is, at best, but a poor bubble, though a big one," he says; "creative work always has a fatherland." And again: "After all, Ireland is the true subject for the Irish." The theme is repeated throughout the letters, its chief variant being the insistence on the value, for Irish writers, of Irish history and mythology. "England is old and her poets must scrape up the crumbs of an almost finished banquet, but Ireland has still full tables." Yet for all his eagerness to establish, on a native tradition, a native literature worthy of it, Yeats is too mystical a thinker and too sound a craftsman to be narrow and insular. "To the greater poets everything they see has its relation to the national life, and through that to the universal and divine life; nothing is an isolated artistic moment; there is a unity everywhere. . . . But to this universalism . . . you can only attain through what is near you, your nation, or, if you be no traveler, your village and the cobwebs on your walls." One thinks of Dante, and of Emily Dickinson. And when, in 1891, he speaks of "that more ample and subtle style the greatest writers learn, in part, from knowing and modeling themselves upon the best masters of verse and prose in every country of the world," one thinks of Pound, still at his schoolmaster's job forty years later.

Yeats's reliance upon what he calls "tradition" at the expense of science is equally clear in these early letters. He is too impatient with science to see that it belongs to the inheritance of the modern mind, and that poetry in our time cannot come to its full stature unless the poet knows his physics as well as his native folklore. Were his own work not there to prove what magnificent poetry can be written upon so unsound a foundation as that which he recommends, one would be in-

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clined to throw the whole theory overboard. And then one remembers that, as he says somewhere in his Essays, he believed things with his emotions that he did not believe with his intellect. Having both intensity and energy he was able to turn this divorce of mind and feeling into a source of strength. "To be read in this age," he was writing in '88, "you must have ambitious thoughts, offer some solution of the old riddle. You must draw heaven and earth into your net." If he has not offered an acceptable solution, he has had ambitious thoughts, he has drawn heaven and earth into his net. For that reason alone, also for the sake of some thoughtful and witty insights by the way, these old ventures into journalism were worth preserving and remain worth reading.

BABETTE DEUTSCH

The Dance

The Music Hall: Revues: the Movies

THERE are so many varieties of popular dancing in America that they are better categorized by the place in which they are danced, or by the people who dance them, than by the quality of the dancing itself. The quality of the dancing as form, as movement, even as an indication of a national expression has only one facet which is shared by nearly every sort of performer—its virtuosity.

For example, take the Radio City Music Hall. On that enormous half-shell what has ever been presented as handsome or as theatrical as its auditorium? It is practically impossible for one person to prevail as an artist alone on the stage, since the human scale is wholly destroyed by the height of the proscenium. The voice is well amplified throughout the hall, but unfortunately there are no glasses to swell the apparition of a minute performer for the distant back rows. The dance, however, is hardly neglected at Radio City. There is a ballet corps under the direction of the house choreographer, Florence Rogge. Her task of turning out a different routine every week, with her girls dancing four shows a day and rehearsing the new one in between, is not a very thankful one. She does what anyone would do—invents what she has the energy to think out and, for the rest, repeats what has been done before. The main problem is to keep the big stage filled with nervous action in the varying conceits of peacock's tails, harems, galleons, or motor shows that the sign-painters in the studios bat out.

The Roxyettes, those fifty-two tested automata, can always be counted on by the grateful management to magnetize applause. These girls, trained not to any music but to a metronome, have the gift of insensate repetition down to the last kick. It is nerve-racking to consider what there is about a dancer repeating a turn on the stage which finally beats the watchers into clapping, or about the line of Roxyettes clipping their hoofs with a one, two, three which gives such a sense of relief to so many people—the relief of recognition, of mechanized motion, of precise inertia, of realizing how long it must have taken them to get that way. Yet the Roxyettes, fifty-two of them dancing what would be insupportable for one to dance alone, have in their subhuman geometry the only moments of theatrical effectiveness of all that monstrous scene.

The problem of a really good dancer on the Music Hall stage is much more serious. When one long accusing spotlight assails him from somewhere in the arena's night and pins him, tiny in front of the contour-curtain or a Roxy set, his arms and legs have to fly out in such spiral spokes from his trunk that only the most active can survive it. A few weeks ago

two serpentine virtuosi almost belied this. Barry and Coe in white pants and mess jackets executed a series of slow-motion passages—snakes writhing from the sand, rubber torsos and octopoid legs—that were thrilling. If they had been in a house of reasonable size they would have had not only claps but cheers. Buck and Bubbles, perhaps the best team of colored dancers in America today, went through a combination apache-tango that was no less beautiful in its perfect timing than Moss and Fontana's miracle waltzes, but almost insupportably funnier.

Virtuosity is of course, in vaudeville, its own reward, but even excellent dancers, who often appear at the Music Hall, have not the added power of annihilating the crippling lights and the general gigantism of the mise-en-scène. Virtuosi need a friendlier space. Their stuff both merits and demands it. What could be done with the Music Hall as far as spectacle goes is a perennial subject of pleasant, fruitless speculation. A herd of elephants (not one baby elephant as in its "Scheherazade"), a school of whales, even Reinhardt using the material of the circus for a melodrama, or Meierhold bringing up massed armies on the three double-revolving and interlocking elevator stages, would meet difficulties.

The present "Ziegfeld Follies" brings up several disturbing problems in American dancing. In the first place, Patricia Bowman, the delicate and able technician who has left her post as first dancer at the Music Hall for the occasion, is seen to better advantage than in years. Those who have had the good fortune to watch Miss Bowman in class realize how gracious her exquisite gifts can be. She is too fine for the crassness of Broadway, and yet there has been, until now, nowhere else for her to go. Compared with the visiting Russians of the Monte Carlo Ballet, she has as much schooling or more, but not the background to dance against—which in her case is so important. Also in the "Follies" are those two very young eccentric tap dancers Vilma and Buddy (as Walter Winchell says, Ebsens makes the heart grow fonder). That was surely true a year ago. Their gaiety, their frank diffidence and ingenuity were entirely charming. But now, no matter what the music or costume or set, their dance is the same. Buddy is in the awkward position of a juvenile growing up. The first youthful flush is mannered and semi-permanent. The exploitation of the essence of youth by a dancer is tiring both to him and his audience. As on the dramatic stage, a persistent juvenile never grows up; he fades away. Then the question of the great American contribution—tap dancing. This essentially aural technique, which polishes the eardrums of the listeners with its soothing, subtle, and braided staccatos, rarely delights the eye. The arms and shoulders of a tap dancer are too often dead. Though Snake Hips and Bill Robinson are entirely released, nevertheless it seems nearly impossible for whites to tap with their whole body.

Fred Astaire is perhaps the one white tap dancer who maintains his ingenuousness into his thirties. But then, he has more than his taps to support him; he has above all his delivery, his engaging extreme professionalism which gives him the air of an aristocratic and, on occasion, a tragic amateur.

The dancing in "As Thousands Cheer" is mainly interesting on account of Charles Weidmann's arrangement of several of the song hits. He has conceived a very effective plastic dance for Letitia Ide, who has fine looks and moves with sympathy and force. American group dancers are more and more employed as decorative interludes in good revues. It almost seems a solution for the "group," since it is so hard for them to construct a full evening's program for more than two or three concerts a year, and the heterogeneous composition of an "intimate" or an intelligent musical show offers a frame without too many vulgarizing limitations.

Choreography in moving pictures has recently approached an imperial lavishness. Busby Berkeley, working for Warner Brothers, has conceived the sumptuous sequences for the series

of "Gold-Diggers," "Footlight Parade," and "Fashions of 1933." His formula for socking moving-picture audiences is a combination of geometry, mass pulchritude, and water. The camera can be mounted under glass, hung from above, or placed at any of the possible 180 angles, receiving the kaleidoscopic symmetry of countless blondes whose legs and arms develop into points of stars, links in a necklace, or caryatids of Babylonian fountains, the spouts of which, drenching them with water, they hold between their breasts. There is not a great deal of dancing, but enough to give movement to the close-ups. The long shots, owing to the number of persons used in precision work, might be photographs of anything but chorus girls. Good dancing somehow doesn't get across on the screen. The warmth of Fred Astaire's stage presence is ineffective in his pictures. In "I Am Suzanne" there was a nice idea of contrasting a live dancer with large marionettes, but all the delicate heroine was given to do, in her role as the greatest dancer in wherever, was some very rough trick adagio. The camera can amplify eyes, nose, and teeth to apocalyptic dimensions and emphasis. Somehow dancing, more than acting, requires the actual miracle of the human body in action. The present exhilaration, the rising blood, the sweeping color are nearly as moving as what is danced, and the shadows can't take it.

Just as popular American music seems increasingly more valid, more emotionally effective, than the work of our conscious and synthetic composers, so more satisfaction in dancing can be derived from vaudeville and revues than from the various group recitalists. We await the day when a fusion will be realized, when a directing intelligence with a sense of lyric style can utilize all of the natural virtuosity at hand.

LINCOLN KIRSTEIN

Drama "Dodsworth"

NO rebel by temperament likes to find himself a member of any majority—not even of one which he happens to have had a hand in creating. That, doubtless, is the reason why Sinclair Lewis reversed himself in his most recent novel and replied, somewhat intemperately, to those sneers at the common American which he had taught the common American to make of himself. He had, in other words, convinced everybody except Sinclair Lewis, and hence felt bound to say that if the public now agreed with him he no longer agreed with the public.

"Dodsworth," on the other hand, appears to have been written during a period of transition. Like most examples of what is called "balance" in art, philosophy, or government, it is really only something passed happily through on the way from one extreme to another, but that does not mean that there is not much to be said for the opinion that it is Mr. Lewis's best book—the richest, the truest, and the most human, if not the most striking or that most likely to be remembered by historians of culture. Certainly none of the others would lend itself so well to dramatization, and "Dodsworth," as transferred to the stage of the Shubert Theater, becomes a play that is more than good; it becomes one that is somehow genuinely and deeply satisfying.

The story of a great American manufacturer who went to Europe in search of culture and succeeded only in losing his wife is familiar. Indeed, it seems almost to have been familiar before Mr. Lewis wrote it, but this is one of those cases when such a statement implies no reproach, when the sense of familiarity is somehow connected with the sense that the tale is true

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and typical and significant—that its hero is a national hero and his tragedy the tragedy of a whole culture. There is no occasion for saying that Dodsworth himself is right or wrong, admirable or ridiculous. Mr. Lewis preaches no sermon and attempts no evaluation of that epoch in American history which his hero obliquely illuminates. Dodsworth is terribly limited and in certain respects grossly incompetent. He fails at last where he wanted most to succeed. But he is, for all that, neither a mere Babbitt nor a Poet of Hotels. He is, on the contrary, as intensely likable a hero as American literature has produced. Doubtless it would be too much to call him a genuinely tragic figure for other reasons beside the fact that he has been given a half-happy end. But he does reveal one, at least, of the distinguishing qualities of the tragic hero. He succeeds in justifying himself at the very moment when he fails at what he is trying to do.

Obviously the audience warms to this play in some very special way. It is almost certain to be one of the great hits, but that does not in itself mean much, because great hits are made in various and often trivial ways. What does mean something is the fact that this particular play plainly strikes deep and significant chords in the hearts of its spectators, and that in the effort to describe it one is tempted to fall back upon the over-used phrase "a folk quality." Mr. Lewis, an individual, wrote the story. Yet once the story was written it seems as if we had always known it, as if, at the very least, it had always been inevitable. Nor is anything detracted from the author's credit when we say that he seems to have been only the instrument through which certain things that were bound to be said did at last get themselves articulated. The story of Dodsworth was in the air; it was, as much as any one story well could be, the story of the development of the most characteristic American type and of his maturing sense of his own inadequacy. Fundamentally, I think, it is because the audience recognizes this fact that it reacts as it does, not with its self-conscious sophistication, but with its deeper consciousness of the relevancy of the Dodsworth legend to our particular culture. Out of some such materials as these the greatest American play might well be written.

In comparing the dramatic version with the novel itself, one might well argue that the former loses in solidity what it gains in vividness. I agree that it does not entirely escape from that sketchiness which seems inevitable in every dramatization, and that something has been left untold even after the last of the fourteen scenes has unrolled itself. Nevertheless, there are two reasons why "Dodsworth" is much more than the usual series of illustrations and far finer than the usual dramatization of even a good novel. The first of these is the superb job of playwriting done by Sidney Howard, who seems to have exercised an unfailing judgment in selecting the crucial moments and who demonstrates once more that he combines two qualities all too seldom found together. No one could be more thoroughly theater-wise or have a surer sense of dramatic construction, and yet no one could be at the same time more conscientious in the use of his skill or less likely to succumb to the besetting sin of a technician who permits himself to use tricks for the tricks' own sake. The other reason is the presence in the leading role of Walter Huston, one of our finest actors and now, for the time being at least, happily rescued from a captivity in Hollywood. Other actors in the large cast—notably Fay Bainter, Nan Sunderland, and Madame Ouspenskaya—deserve high praise, but it is upon Mr. Huston that the heaviest burden falls. He looks the part to perfection and he seems to live it too. Without his performance the play might possibly seem thin, but he manages to be everything which the dialogue cannot indicate and solidly bodies forth both that dignity and that awkwardness which are the essence of a character who is masterful in the field of his competence but so pathetically help-

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less outside it. One can only say of the performance that it is no unsatisfactory substitute for those pages of analysis which a dramatization must leave out.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

"Richard of Bordeaux" (Empire) is rather an exhausting drama, long and heavy with incident and argument, but it offers several advantages over the majority of historical plays. Its language, in the first place, is simple and vigorous, with no lapses into pseudo-Shakespearean dialect or poetry. In addition, the leading figure is a believable person rather than a mere king. The character of Richard II is persuasively developed, whatever its historical accuracy may be. He is represented as a man of numerous conflicts—sensitive and hysterical, a pacifist and an aesthete, but also intelligent and proud and determined. And the tougher elements in his personality crystallize as events beat to death his more delicate tastes and gentler ideals. From the start Richard is destined to failure. But his final utter defeat causes less collapse of personality than does the smallest thwarting of his will in his younger days. He manages to survive subjectively in the midst of the most complete external ruin; and one's interest in him similarly survives a great weariness produced by the events that conspire to crush him.

F. K.

Films Picaresque

ONE has often wondered why our American story-tellers, in their effort to get quantitatively more of the variegated abundance of American life into their works, have not considered the advantages of that form of the novel, now practically extinct, known as the picaresque. It is true that the picaresque novel, made up of a series of not always too closely articulated escapades of one or more characters journeying across some region, is an elementary and artistically unrefined type of novel form. But it happens to be a form admirably suited for those periods in history when the dissolution of an existent social structure gives to experience a random, disorganized, centrifugal quality which makes an orderly treatment of it difficult or impossible. As a means of revealing the grotesque contrasts between the old and the new, between the still surviving ideals of feudalism and those of the triumphant Renaissance, it was exactly appropriate for Cervantes and his many French and English followers in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. And as a means of bringing out the dizzy contrasts presented by life in the United States during the present period—a period in which social and moral ideals are also undergoing a profound change—it should be no less appropriate a device. Moreover, it makes possible a larger geographical inclusiveness, a more complete survey of the so-called American scene, than any form now being practiced. It alone might save us from the increasingly morbid inbreeding of regionalists like Faulkner and Caldwell. In fact, there are any number of reasons why our novelists should reread their Cervantes, their Lesage, and their Smollett, and think about doing something of the same kind for their own country.

In the meantime the film writers in Hollywood have taken the jump on them. Very probably the original intention of these writers was the quite innocent one of attempting to get the same kind of melodramatic rewards out of the cross-country bus that had been got out of the railroad train in "Shanghai Express" and the steamship in "Transatlantic." But by keeping close to their chosen vehicle of transportation those responsible

for "Fugitive Lovers," "Cross-Country Cruise," and "It Happened One Night" have stumbled upon what is in all essentials the old picaresque method. In the last-mentioned film, which had a real success at the Music Hall, the parallels are inescapable: overnight tourists' cabins and hot-dog stands for the inns and taverns of Smollett and Sterne, gas stations for the wayside shrines. Clark Gable, as an unemployed newspaperman, is a convincing "rogue," full of the tricks and subterfuges of the most traditional *picaresque*. In Claudette Colbert's spoiled daughter of a yacht-loving capitalist (played with charming futility by Walter Connolly) one might see a contemporary reincarnation of Dulcinea. Perhaps also one might detect a burlesque of modern bourgeois chivalry in the scene in which her fiance, a worthless society climber, arrives at his wedding in a gyroplane. As far as the action is concerned, we are plunged almost immediately into the life of the road—concrete and macadam, of course, but this makes little difference, and not much that might happen on the road between Florida and New York is left out. The film has exceptional movement, variety of every kind, and an ample infusion of tart commentary. The selection of American types in the scenes on board the buses and along the road is excellent. So much do these things count that one is willing to accept the defects as necessary evils in a Hollywood production of this kind. To claim any significance for the picture, apart from its successful use of what may turn out to be a very good method for the screen, would of course be a mistake. But it can be recommended as one of the most uniformly amusing films of the season.

Admirers of the extremely sophisticated insanities of Jimmy Durante will not be disappointed in "Palooka" (Rivoli), in which he gives such a nerve-racking exhibition of misdirected energy that one is more convinced than ever that he must be regarded as our great American comedian—if not, indeed, as something like a national symbol.

WILLIAM TROY

Contributors to This Issue

JAMES RORTY is writing a book on advertising, to be called "Advertising—Not to Praise," which will be published this spring.

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MARGARET GRANT SCHNEIDER contributed editorial and research assistance in the preparation of the security-market survey sponsored by the Twentieth Century Fund.

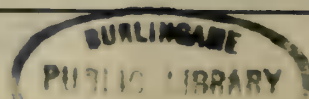
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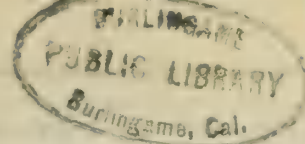
CARL VAN DOREN, editor of the Literary Guild, is author of "The American Novel."

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BABETTE DEUTSCH is the author of "Epistle to Prometheus" and other volumes of verse.

LINCOLN KIRSTEIN, one of the editors of *Hound and Horn*, has written a life of Fokine and collaborated with Madame Nijinsky on a life of her husband.





Contents

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS	315
EDITORIALS:	
Stalled at the Crossroads	318
More Power to You!	319
Our Jolly Fat Men	319
Emma Goldman	320
ISSUES AND MEN. LOS ANGELES KALEIDOSCOPE. By Oswald Garrison Villard	321
THE CONSUMER VS. THE NRA. II. THROTTLEBOTTOM AND THE INFUSORIA. By James Rorty	322
EUROPE MOVES TOWARD WAR. II. GERMANY'S DREAMS OF EXPANSION. By Johannes Steel	324
NEW MEDICINE FOR THE SICK INDIAN. By Maria L. Rogers and Edward J. Fitzgerald	326
THE SLAUGHTER IN AUSTRIA. By John Gunther	328
WASHINGTON SIDE SHOWS. By Paul Y. Anderson	330
IN THE DRIFTWAY. By the Drifter	331
CORRESPONDENCE	332
THE INTELLIGENT TRAVELER. WHAT WILL A DOLLAR BUY? By John Rothschild	333
CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE	334
BOOKS, DRAMA, FILMS:	
Death's Head. By Dwight Durling	335
In Praise of Chaucer. By George P. Krapp	335
Rebel America. By Miriam Allen deFord	336
Explaining Money. By Frank D. Graham	338
Objectivist Verse. By Eda Lou Walton	339
Notes on Fiction	340
Drama: Chronicle Play. By Joseph Wood Krutch	340
Films "Death Takes a Holiday." By William Troy	342

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"WE LEARN from history," said Hegel, "that we learn nothing from history." This truth has probably never been so well expressed as in the Roosevelt naval policy. The Administration has now succeeded in putting through both houses of Congress a naval-preparedness program which, next to that laid down in 1916, when the whole Western world was ablaze, is the costliest and most elaborate in the country's peace-time history. The principal argument advanced in behalf of the program was the familiar one that only by being strongly armed can we command the respect of other nations and so insure peace. Yet history shows not a single case in which military preparedness has prevented war. A few of the more forthright supporters of the Vinson bill admitted that this might be so, but contended that if war came, a powerful navy would save us from a humiliating defeat that would otherwise certainly befall us. This contention is based on the theory that if a nation can only assemble enough of the implements of war, such preparation, while it may not insure peace, will at least bring victory in case of hostilities. That this argument can be advanced less than two decades after a great war ending in the crushing defeat of a country which only a few years before was beyond any question the strongest and most thoroughly equipped military power on earth is amazing. But if the President

and the admirals and their enthusiastic supporters in Congress can learn nothing from history, they might at least take heed of the significant but inevitable reaction which the passage of the Vinson bill has had in other capitals.

IT CAN HARDLY be considered accidental or a mere coincidence that on the very day that the Senate was approving the Roosevelt-Vinson-Standley program the British, French, and Italians announced plans for important additions to their own fleet. Indeed, the Japanese, who delayed their announcement a day or two, frankly said that they would build still more warships as an answer to the Vinson bill. Though Japanese naval-construction plans already call for extra tonnage in excess of the ratio established in the Washington and London treaties, Admiral Mineo Osumi, the Minister of the Navy, declared that because of the developments in Washington these plans would have to be still further expanded. The Roosevelt program has aroused Japanese liberal opinion to active realization of the foolhardiness of a naval race with America, but since the Japanese admirals, far from being deflected from their course, seem only the more strongly determined to carry out their plans, it should be clear that as a threat the Roosevelt program is doomed to failure. It is possible that the Administration may merely be bluffing with a view to putting the United States into a position to drive a sharp bargain at the 1936 naval conference. The other maritime Powers, however, seem disposed to call that bluff before the conference is held; they are building and planning to build steel not paper ships. The British Admiralty intends to begin work this year on four new cruisers, nine destroyers, an aircraft carrier, and ten other vessels. The French have got their mammoth cruiser, the 26,000-ton Dunkerque, almost completed, and will soon start construction of a sister ship. It cannot be expected that the Roosevelt Administration will wait very long before answering this challenge by translating its paper program into tangible and murderous men-of-war.

DURING THE DEBATE on the Vinson bill Senator Borah quoted freely from an article appearing in the magazine *Fortune*, which described the many nefarious and complex activities of the armament manufacturers here and in Europe. Having reviewed these activities, he declared:

... the thought of making profits out of war, of building fortunes out of the misery and the sorrows of the maimed, the broken in health, and the insane, is revolting enough to anyone who has left in him a spark of human sympathy or a sense of decency. But to foment discord and to spread false and sordid statements, to engender bitterness and suspicion and hate and fear among nations, all that such profits may be made and enlarged, reaches the dead level of human depravity. There is nothing lower in the scale of human avarice.

Not in recent years, and perhaps never in its history, has Congress heard anyone, even the munitions makers, criticized in such terms. Nor has an attack upon an industry ever been more justified. But Senator Borah might as well have been

talking into the wind. He proposed that the munitions industry be nationalized, for he knew of no other way to restrain or control it; and by inference he asked the Senate to support the Nye resolution calling for an investigation of the industry. His words were wasted on a body of men who, by confession of one of their number, have sufficient courage for almost anything, but not enough courage to stand up against the munitions lobby. No other industry has our Senate so thoroughly subjugated as this one which makes profits out of murder.

AN EVEN BOLDER defiance of the NRA than that of the Weirton Steel Company has made Edward G. Budd of Philadelphia the spearhead of industry's anti-union drive. Where Weir refused to allow a poll in regard to unions to take place under NRA auspices, Budd went a step farther and forced an election on his own terms. It resulted in a victory for company unionism by a vote of 3,152 to 1,995; but 800 striking employees who walked out last November in the fight for a union of their own and have since been replaced by more "loyal" men were informed that they would not be permitted to vote. This circumstance led General Johnson to order the election postponed for ten days, but Budd paid no attention. CWA workers who had been assigned to supervise the balloting were turned away and three firms of accountants, hired by Budd, took things over. When the first shift appeared (the plant is working twenty-four hours daily), printed slips pointing out the advantages of the company union were distributed at the time clocks, and a short while later, on company time, the poll was begun. Six hundred employees refused to vote because the election was so obviously unfair. If the 800 strikers had been granted franchise, the adherents of the United Automobile Workers' Union would have won. The Budd case is too important to labor to be dallied over for weeks and months, and although union leaders cheerfully claim a "moral triumph," it is apparent that another Pyrrhic victory like this and they are lost.

NO MORE EGREGIOUS folly has been perpetrated under the NRA than the plan of William H. Davis, director of the National Compliance Board, to settle the controversy by giving in to Budd at every vital point. On March 5 it was announced that Budd had finally agreed to the recommendations of the board and would permit it to conduct an election among the employees of his plant on March 9. On the very next day, however, the cat was out of the bag. Not only would Mr. Davis not insist that the Budd company reinstate—prior to the vote—the 800 former strikers who for the last few months have been the victims of a blacklist lockout, but he would not even allow them to participate in the election! At the same time he ruled that the 800 strike-breakers who had replaced them should be eligible to participate. It has been intimated in defense of the director of the Compliance Board that his hands were tied because Budd had agreed to allow the stage-play of an election—after which he would, if business picked up, reinstate the strikers—if Mr. Davis would rule that the striking workmen were not eligible to vote. If true, this explanation is an exposé of sinister underhand transactions. It may be that out of a naive innocence Mr. Davis was unsuspectingly led into a trap. If this be so, a gentleman of such trusting faith should not be at the head of an agency

whose job is to impose decent conduct on the hard-boiled sophisticates of big business. The lamb may some day lie down with the lion; but in the United States of 1934 no lamb should be intrusted with the task of reforming the lion's carnivorous habits.

THE SECOND SPANISH REPUBLIC seems to be collapsing on the eve of its third anniversary in much the same way that the first republic disappeared after less than a year of life. When proclaimed, both republics were supported almost exclusively from below, by the working masses and by small sectors of students and intellectuals. Both governments, unable or unwilling to go as far in land and church reform as was demanded from below, checked popular enthusiasm first by slow legal processes and then by armed suppression of impatient riots and revolts. Because there is no strong middle class in Spain, there is now no middle ground for Spanish government. Realizing this, the right-wing republicans now heading the Cabinet are merely sparring for time, while the right builds up some kind of an armed force with which to oppose the rebellious workers. The army, it is openly recognized, cannot be relied upon to fight on the government side of the barricades, and there are not enough police to handle the national uprising which may break out almost any day. Gil Robles, the Jesuit leader of the landlords' party, is jockeying for a position in the Cabinet as Secretary of the Interior, as this would give him control of the police and allow him to build up armed fascism under government cover, following the Italian and German patterns. The Catholic and landowners' program in Spain is Catholic fascism, but though they have plenty of money, they lack the mass base upon which fascism was able to step to power elsewhere and they are faced by an almost completely united front such as German and Italian workers were unable to form. The prospect in Spain, therefore, is prolonged, violent civil war, and the outcome is by no means as easy to forecast as it was in Germany or Austria.

MUSSOLINI waited five years before abolishing the free trade unions, and even now the Italian unions have not been completely "coordinated." Hitler put off this task, so necessary to the security of a fascist dictatorship, for almost a year. The Austrian Heimwehr, which for the moment is the real power behind the Dollfuss Government, lost no time at all. In less than a fortnight after its tactical victory in the civil war it had worked out a plan for substituting a single fascist union for the liberal trade unions. Known Socialist leaders or agitators are to be barred from this new organization, but all other workers are to be "enrolled," presumably by government decree. The members are, as in Germany, to be stripped of all rights and privileges. They will have no voice in the administration of the new union. Their officers are to be chosen for them by the Ministry of Social Welfare, the head of which is, of course, one of the outstanding leaders of the Heimwehr. Thus the Austrian workers, most of whom are or were Social Democrats, are to be compelled to submit to the discipline of an alliance of peasants and former aristocrats, bitter enemies of the working class. Only the weakness of the Heimwehr seems to hold any hope for the Austrian workers, but even this hope is none too encouraging, for if Starhemberg and his peasants are driven out, probably the Nazis will take their place.

THE CAPTURE of the London County Council by a majority of fourteen seats is the latest triumph of the Labor Party over the Conservatives. Thus Labor continues its steady progress toward control of the country, and Mr. MacDonald's National Government appears to be attacked by the anemia from which governments always die. It is perhaps the Prime Minister's chief tragedy that when his power finally goes, there will be so few to mourn for him. The new London administration, under the guidance of Herbert Morrison, leader of the London Labor Party, promises to regenerate "the civic life of the metropolis" and to build "a worthier and nobler city." The plans for regeneration include slum clearance, the construction of 100,000 new houses, a complete reorganization of hospital service, the building of new schools, and so on. One may, of course, welcome these beautiful schemes with a certain amount of reserve; other labor parties have promised as much and done less. But whatever the future holds for London, the temper of the British metropolitan public is shown by the election results. Since November the by-elections in the country at large have shown vastly decreasing numbers of supporters for the Conservatives. Other local elections this month have resulted in marked Labor gains. For twenty-seven years the Labor Party has tried to take the London County Council away from the Municipal Reform or Conservative Party. At the last election the latter held a majority of forty-two. A gain of fifty-six seats for Labor, even though it be in a local election, helps to spell the handwriting on the wall for the present British government.

CERTAIN MAGAZINES have been ordered off New York City newsstands by Paul Moss, Commissioner of Licenses. Mr. Moss's order raises two interesting points, one old, the other if not new at least not recently raised. The latter is whether or not the Commissioner of Licenses has any powers except to issue licenses, has any powers, that is, over the matter which is displayed or sold on newsstands duly permitted by the city. As a private citizen invoking the laws against obscenity, Mr. Moss might properly complain against printed matter which he thought violative of the law; as a city official, his powers to suppress may well be questioned and have in fact been challenged by William K. Friedman, attorney for the publishers of several of the magazines in question. The other point at issue is one of censorship in general. When a number of respectable persons will declare that a censored book or periodical is a "work of art," plenty of other persons, including in these late days certain judges of our higher courts, can be found who will firmly assert the right of the offending matter to public distribution and sale. Thus Mr. Joyce's "Ulysses" has passed the censor safely, and Mr. Caldwell's "God's Little Acre" has had its day in and happily out of court. But in the case of the magazines which Mr. Moss has ordered away from the public eye, no one would deny that they are cheap, vulgar, and in some cases frankly salacious. *The Nation*, nevertheless, is opposed to prohibition of their free public sale on two grounds: (1) that no evidence has ever been adduced to show that any person was ever corrupted by a book or picture or periodical, even where there was intent to corrupt; and (2) that no person has clearly demonstrated his authority to determine the corruptibility and hence to censor the reading matter of his fellows. In short, that portion of the public

which likes to see pictures of undressed young ladies ought to be permitted to indulge its taste to exactly the same degree as those persons who like to read 40,000 words thought by Mrs. Leopold Bloom.

TWO HUMBLE MEN in Massachusetts were arrested and tried for committing murder during a hold-up in a town near Boston. Despite the fact that the two men maintained their innocence throughout the trial, several witnesses identified them as two of the bandits who had perpetrated the crime. As the case neared what seemed its inevitable conclusion, a double execution, there appeared an individual who said that he was a member of a gang which had committed not only the crime of which the two humble men were accused but several other and even worse crimes. Fortunately, the tale we are relating has a happier ending than the Sacco-Vanzetti case to which it is a somewhat close and harrowing parallel. The two humble men—they are taxi-drivers—have been released as innocent. Abraham Faber, a twenty-four-year-old graduate of Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and his two gangster friends, Murton and Irving Millen, have been arrested. Meanwhile *seven of the eight witnesses* who identified the taxi-drivers as criminals have picked Faber out of a line-up at the Dedham jail as one of the bandits, and a majority of them have identified the Millen brothers from photographs. When will Massachusetts devise a method of dealing out justice which is less precarious to fish peddlers and taxi-drivers?

THE FIRST WOMAN to be Assistant County Prosecutor of Ohio, the first woman to sit in a court of general jurisdiction (the Ohio Court of Common Pleas), the first woman to preside as judge in a court of last resort (the Supreme Court of Ohio), Florence Allen continues her record breaking by being the first woman appointed to a Federal Circuit Court of Appeals. Not as a woman but as a jurist, Judge Allen has for many years commanded the respect of her fellow-citizens in Ohio, her fellow-lawyers, and her co-jurists. Mr. Roosevelt, in appointing her to a court of federal jurisdiction, has recognized her merit and at the same time continued his own unique record of choosing women for important public offices. Judge William B. Stephenson, one of the six judges on the Ohio Supreme Court bench, is quoted as saying: "No court is too big for Judge Allen to sit in." Her own recipe for a woman to succeed as a lawyer is persistence, industry—no parties or social life that interfere with work to be done—tact, and common sense. Judge Stephenson adds that as far as he has been able to discover, she has no prejudices. It is worth noting that these qualities, admirable as they are for a woman, are equally necessary and admirable for a man who hopes to be a successful judge—but a woman needs them more. For Miss Perkins as a Cabinet member and Judge Allen as a federal judge are only exceptions to the general rule that women are still discriminated against in the professions and in public life. It is still fair to say that the woman doctor has to wait longer, the woman lawyer to work harder, the woman politician to be more outstanding than the man who would achieve a correspondingly high place. The fight for women's rights was not won when women got the vote; we still need good heads and stout spirits of both sexes to make equality in the professions an accomplished fact.

Stalled at the Crossroads

GENERAL JOHNSON'S field day for critics, the code hearings, and the submission of the Consumers' Advisory Board's analysis of the NRA "operation" constituted in effect a stock-taking of the enterprise of "planned recovery" upon which President Roosevelt launched the country not quite a year ago.

It should be observed that there is a distinction between planned recovery and "capitalist planning." The Administration has at no time committed itself to any fundamental recasting of the capitalist economy; in fact, it has from time to time, in order to keep major industrial and financial interests in line, felt obliged to repudiate such notions. Nevertheless, such reforms as the Securities Act and the Tugwell-Copeland food and drug bill have played an important role in the Administration program. It was impossible to keep reform out of the picture, or to evade the fact that no recovery program would be feasible unless it did embody reform. But how much reform, and of what nature?

The result of last week's stock-taking raises the question whether a planned recovery effort dominated by business interests does not multiply and intensify the contradictions of capitalism rather than resolve them. For the machinery improvised under the Recovery Act has done only one thing effectively: it has raised prices, or permitted manufacturers to raise prices. To balance this, it has tried and so far failed to bring about a proportionate increase of wages; it has tried, and failed, to protect labor's right to organize, which was thought to have been written into Section 7-a of the Recovery Act; it has tried, and failed, to reconcile the conflicting interests of bankers, manufacturers, wholesalers, retailers; of mortgage holders and mortgagees; of farmer, processor, and consumer. Under the preceding regime of business-as-usual, these conflicts were adjusted bloodily at the expense of the weaker party and with relatively little governmental intervention, until the crash. What the NRA did was to leave the capital structure, the profit motives, and the acquisitive psychology of business-as-usual all pretty much intact, to release the brake of the anti-trust laws, and then to give big business a fairly free hand in the administration of the code authorities.

It is apparent that business has made rather a mess of it. A series of what are in effect cartels have been set up and, as in Germany, the wage gains of labor have been wiped out by the prices labor has to pay for consumers' goods. The Consumers' Advisory Board warns that "retail prices have not yet fully reflected the price increases of the wholesale market, so that a considerable number of new price increases may be expected in the spring." It further warns that "unless the standards for wages and hours are decidedly changed, the increases of wages and employment required by the codes lie mostly in the past . . . since inventories have been fairly well built up, the growth of pay rolls is not likely to continue unless there is further growth of the final consuming market."

The picture is clear enough. It is that of a recovery machine stalled at the crossroads, with the terrifying locomotive of a buyers' strike whistling in the distance. The

federal, State, and municipal buyers have already struck and struck hard. They are refusing to spend public money for building materials the prices of which have been jacked up from 40 to 250 per cent over the prices prevailing last May. And they are objecting to the price-fixing and open-price provisions of the codes, which make competitive bidding a joke. In this objection they are joined by chain-store, department-store, and mail-order buyers and by the ultimate consumer in so far as the latter's griefs have achieved organized expression. As pointed out by Mr. Rorty elsewhere in this issue, the failure to embody quality standards in the codes has been well-nigh complete. The consumer has been exploited and is being exploited just as effectively by substandard quality as by high prices.

With the machine stalled and disaster imminent, the President appealed to industry's representatives on the code authorities for a further reduction in hours of labor with a commensurate increase of wages. Four thousand of them, with one or two exceptions, answered that to reduce hours below forty would cause price increases that would be resisted by consumers. They further declared that they were already confronted by a shortage of skilled labor. The last point is probably true only in the sense that industry cannot get as much skilled labor as it wants at the wages it wishes to pay. But we have no means of knowing whether it is true or not, for the reason that the Research and Economic Planning Division, originally conceived of as the heart of the recovery program, has never functioned adequately. Without either sufficient funds or a sufficient qualified staff working under systematic direction, the division has been lost in the scramble; it has become what Louis Stark called it in the *New York Times*, "the stepchild of the NRA."

Maybe all this will be changed now that Leon Henderson has been appointed director of the Research and Economic Planning Division. Mr. Henderson, who was the director of the Remedial Loan Department of the Russell Sage Foundation, came to Washington in connection with the National Consumer Conference last December. On that occasion he talked back vigorously to General Johnson and the latter promptly appointed him one of his special assistants. In this capacity Henderson continued to talk back to the General and for the last two months has been one of the most effective critics of the NRA in Washington. His energy, courage, and competence are generally acknowledged. But he is taking over one of the most important jobs in the recovery administration and he is taking it over just about twelve months late.

Mr. Henderson has said that he intends to initiate man-hour productivity studies in relation to the codes, studies of the debt structure, studies of obsolescent and senescent industries. All these studies are certainly needed. But what will be done with the tables and graphs when they are done? If the findings indicate the need of radical revisions of the codes, will such revisions be made? And if the findings indicate the necessity of a far more radical transformation of the national economy than anything dreamed of in the philosophy of the New Deal—what then?

More Power to You!

SOMETIMES it seems as if the executives of public-utility companies almost earned the bloated salaries and bonuses which they vote themselves. Not, to be sure, in service to the people, or even to their stockholders, but for the humiliation they must experience in having to syphon out to the public as propaganda such a gushing flood of bilgewater. There has been a procession of utility executives to Albany, New York, this winter to protest against a program laid before the legislature by Governor Lehman. The program consists of an excellent series of bills, many of which in one form or another have been asked in vain for several years of a corporation-controlled legislature. This year, because of slightly more freedom among the legislators, the utility program was introduced with greater hope of success, but the companies affected have crowded the Capitol with expensive lobbies (the cost will be assessed against the consumer in the bills he receives) bent on defeating the proposed laws.

One of the big guns of the utility opposition was Floyd L. Carlisle of the great Niagara-Hudson system and the Consolidated Gas Company, which control most of the lighting and power of New York State. His plea was directed chiefly against a bill making it possible for municipalities to buy electricity in bulk and sell it to domestic consumers, a necessity if the power companies are not to be allowed to hog all the benefits of the proposed power development—at public expense—on the St. Lawrence River. As ground for defeating the bill Mr. Carlisle urged that if the business of the existing profit-making companies were injured or destroyed, the citizens would lose large contributions in taxes, and have to make up the amount by higher payments out of their own pockets. The argument has a persuasive sound, but the obvious retort is that it is much better to levy taxes, and *get them in full*, than to pay unknown amounts in exorbitant gas and electric rates, receiving back a small proportion after the bulk has been detoured into dividends and fat pay checks for executives. It is significant that two of Mr. Carlisle's companies, the New York Edison and the Brooklyn Edison, paid their president, Matthew S. Sloan, bonuses of \$70,000 and \$60,000, respectively, in the depression year of 1932. In the same year the net earnings of the Brooklyn Edison were 7.48 per cent, of the United Electric Light and Gas 8.48 per cent, of the Staten Island Edison 9.81 per cent, of the Queensboro Gas and Electric 11.67 per cent, of the Bronx Gas and Electric 18.79 per cent. Even these high rates were based on excessive valuations.

In case also that anybody is disposed to take Mr. Carlisle seriously, attention is called to an article in *The Nation* of May 17, last, on Tax-free Cities. Louis Bartlett told there of eighty-four cities in various parts of the United States which pay all their municipal expenses out of the operation of public utilities and still keep the charges for these services reasonably low. Other cities levy some taxes but give residents the benefit of public operation in the form of exceedingly low charges for utilities. In California Mr. Bartlett made a study in 1932 which showed that twenty-one towns, although not making their electricity except in a few instances, bought it in bulk and sold it to consumers

for less, with three exceptions, than the Pacific Gas and Electric Company. At the same time they made handsome profits. Pasadena netted 47 per cent and Los Angeles 28 per cent. Even after deducting 10½ per cent, which is the average which California electric companies pay out of their gross earnings as taxes, the twenty-one cities averaged more than 20 per cent in net profits.

To municipalities all over the country we say, More power to you—by your own operation!

Our Jolly Fat Men

THE most common point of attack on our industrial system has been the swollen profits of stockholders. In the old days of small and decentralized industry the largest stockholder in a company was likely to be the president and the active head of the business. If he got the biggest cut in the profits, it could well be argued that without his enterprise and executive ability there would have been no profits for anybody. With the concentration of industry into larger units that situation no longer prevailed. The owners of a great corporation might be thousands in number, scattered all over the country. Many of them had never seen one of the company's plants, quite possibly did not even know what business it was engaged in. Accordingly there arose much public complaint against the handing out of fat dividends to absentee owners, often ignoramus owners—people who had no connection whatever with the operation of the industry, who had contributed nothing at all to it but the money to buy some of its stock. But in circles where ownership was discredited and damned, management was still often held in high respect. It was felt that a man who had the capacity to manage a great industry deserved a good return; he had a better right to a large slice of the profits than the mere stockholder who had nothing to do with management at all.

When hard times came in 1930 it was not the executives who stood the loss. The lists of salaries and bonuses that have lately been running in the newspapers show considerable differences, but on the whole it may be said that the employees took the loss in 1930—they were laid off or their wages were cut; the stockholders took it in 1931, when dividends that had still been kept up in 1930 began to evaporate; the executives did not begin to make the supreme sacrifice till 1932. Some not even then.

It may be said, of course, that all these executives were stockholders too, and that when dividends were passed or reduced they suffered along with the rest. So they did, to that extent; but in general the executives of the companies reporting to the Federal Trade Commission seem to have taken care that they suffered last and suffered least. And the executives and directors had another method at hand by which they could cut any loss that they might suffer, or might foresee that they were going to suffer, by the passing of dividends. They could always unload their own stock, all but the minimum number of qualifying shares, when they knew in advance of the general public that the next quarterly report was going to make a bad showing in earnings. Then, when the quarterly report was out and the price of the stock had dropped accordingly, they could buy back, at a lower

figure, the stock they had sold—if they wanted it. They could go farther than that; they could, and did, sell their own stock short.

What is the effect of all this? It is bad for capitalism ■ an institution—worse, perhaps, than anything else that has happened in the last four years. In 1928 and 1929 people used to tell us that capitalism was unshakable in this country because every man who had saved ■ few hundred dollars was buying stock with it; we were becoming ■ nation of capitalists. Grant that many small investors were mere gamblers who bought in the hope that they could sell at ■ profit, still there was a large and growing body of citizens who invested their savings in industry hoping for a return—real capitalists, not shoestring gamblers; the backbone of the private-ownership system and sentiment in America.

It looks now as if these serious capitalists—the wicked absentee owners of old tradition—were sucker investors just as much as the gamblers; it looks as if ■ man who buys stock in ■ company without knowing enough about its officers and directors to have personal confidence in their capacity and integrity—and what small investor can possibly know that much?—were as reckless a gambler as a man who bets money on ■ horse merely because he likes its name.

Men who are competent to manage ■ great corporation deserve a reward from society; under the system of private ownership they deserve ■ reward from their stockholders, the owners of the company, the men for whom they work. But under the rules of the capitalist game that reward ought to be adjusted by the balance between the supply of able executives and the demand for them; by consent of the stockholders, on the basis of a fair accounting of profit and loss. The practices now disclosed show that a good many of the executives of our big corporations have broken the rules of their own game, cheated their own stockholders, and done more than ten thousand radical agitators could ever do to destroy their own racket.

Emma Goldman

WAS there ever a period, even during times of religious persecution, when people were driven from their home countries in such uncountable hordes? Today the persecutions are political. Year by year the areas of political thought—as well as the areas of the world's surface—in which differences can be argued or settled by measures of persuasion and the preponderance of opinion grow narrower. Year by year the lines become sharper; the cleavages in interest become too deep to make it possible for opposing partisans to compromise their differences, and issues ■ finally met by resort to violence and the forcible suppression of opponents. This process is accelerating. Soon exiles from one tyrant will find no asylum in any other land; for the Mussolinis will not welcome refugees from the terror of the Hitlers.

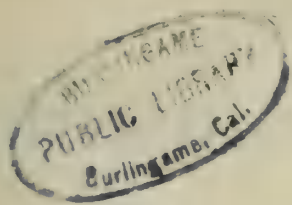
Emma Goldman is ■ symbol of the world situation, and it is in this role, we believe, that she is being welcomed back to the United States for the brief visit permitted by the immigration authorities. Anyone attending the dinner in her honor held in New York soon after her arrival must have been struck first by the enthusiasm. The speeches greet-

ing the exile and the mood of the audience were marked by an almost religious ardor. Equally striking were the size and nature of the gathering. Some five hundred more persons tried to attend the dinner than the hall could hold, and those who came were representative of ■ fairly definite group. It was a middle-aged, middle-class crowd. Emma Goldman is a pre-war revolutionist; but her present-day followers are pre-war liberals—moved by ■ fervor that is born of despair. For the Anarchist leader is a symbol of the ultimate social cleavage, of differences that cannot be bridged. She is a living and a very acid test of tolerance.

Capitalist America in war time could not stand her because she opposed the war and the draft; and the government resorted to mean and dishonest shifts to rid itself of the scourge of her honest and irrepressible tongue. Soviet Russia she could not stand; and it is probable that if she had not quit it when she did, the Bolsheviks would have found ways of eliminating her as they did so many of her comrades. For the repression in Russia looked no different to Emma Goldman—despite the fact that it was Communist repression—from the capitalist varieties she had run afoul of in the United States. It is not necessary to dissect the philosophy of anarchism to realize that it is wholly antipathetic to the central drive of modern society, whether in a communist or a capitalist state, the drive toward concentration of political and industrial control. Emma Goldman is a mental alien in both camps and ■ conscientious objector to the brutal warfare that is being waged in many lands to settle the argument between them. Thus she is welcomed as an ally, if rather an alarming one, in the decimated ranks of the liberals and the pacifists.

It is particularly significant that so few young people and so few workers appeared in the crowd that celebrated the exile's homecoming. This may be explained in several ways. The very young never knew Emma Goldman, and to them her heroism and her exploits are merely echoes of a not very recent past. As for the workers, too few have \$1.50 to spend on a meal. But such facts only partly explain the absence of these elements. In the old days Emma Goldman represented the extreme left; if you were more red than a Socialist, you might become an Anarchist. Today the Anarchists are a scattered handful of survivors and the extreme left is divided among the various Communist groups. To them Emma Goldman is not a symbol of freedom in a world of tyrants; she is merely ■ wrong-headed old woman who doesn't know or won't admit the requirements of modern revolutionary practice and the realities of a modern mechanized society. Freedom? Repression? These are merely aspects of revolutionary technique, incidental to the main business of breaking down a capitalist, and building a socialist, state. So the younger radicals and the class-conscious workers do not turn out in numbers to greet Emma Goldman.

It is the middle-aged, middle-class liberals to whom she is a promise and a reminder. She tells them, and proves by her record, that freedom cannot be rolled under by the tanks and tractors of centralized power; she offers them courage to go on believing in principles that have lost their meaning on both fronts. Liberals and all other persons who hope that somehow the issue can still be joined and settled by reasonable means turn to this indomitable, stubborn warrior, who will certainly be the last human machine to be coordinated, controlled, regimented, or even socially planned.



Issues and Men

Los Angeles Kaleidoscope

Los Angeles, March 7

IT is the same old Los Angeles, only more beautiful. It has grown enormously in the years since I was here. Its shops are very fine; its new boulevards magnificent; its skyscrapers, scattered through the city, stand by themselves like great and beautiful towers. The City Hall is worth coming miles to see. If the get-rich-quick era has left its marks on Los Angeles in various ways, it has done much to beautify it. There are 1,250,000 persons in the city alone, to say nothing of the huge population in the surrounding county of Los Angeles—a vast semi-urban population under a county government which seems to work rather well. The orange groves still reach right to the city limits; their charm and that of the hills and the mountains is often spoiled by the great gaunt framework of the oil wells. Still, this remains one of the loveliest spots in the world.

When one sees in the suburbs the innumerable home-like stucco or wooden bungalows, small and crowded but often attractive in their architecture and delightfully landscaped, with many flowers and shrubs, one learns to understand a good deal about this strange community. People live so comfortably and easily here that one can appreciate why Los Angeles has been and still is one of the most reactionary of cities. Even in these times there is a general air of well-being, however great the individual distress and insecurity within those little homes. Of course one sees in the fashionable suburbs huge houses and great displays of wealth and extravagance. But I am talking now of those less fashionable sections of Los Angeles and the adjacent towns where there seem to be almost no differences in the scale of living. The houses require very little heating and the cost of natural gas for cooking and heating is low. There is fruit in abundance, and if you have a lot somewhat larger than the ordinary you can raise many of your vegetables. The roads are superb; the ocean is near at hand; and if you have the means, you can find snow in the mountains for skiing. It may be a night's trip, but people take it for the change from the level plains and the orange groves. Why, then, should one care very much about such things as free speech, the rights of labor, the Constitution of the United States? The temptation is almost irresistible to sit back and let the *Los Angeles Times* and the Better America Federation take care of the reds and the trouble-makers.

Here as elsewhere the economic distress has had a double effect: it has strengthened the forces of reaction, but it has also opened the eyes of many to conditions which they would otherwise never have seen or sympathized with. Los Angeles itself has suffered far more than San Francisco from unemployment and distress. Whether it is that or something else, it is undeniable that there is a stirring here. Platforms are open now to liberals who were barred from them before. I was gleefully told yesterday in one of the junior colleges that after years of effort *The Nation* and the *New Republic* are now placed in the reading-room. There is a great demand to hear facts, and a considerable percentage of the student

bodies of the colleges and universities is taking a very keen interest in national and international affairs and is distinctly disquieted when it surveys the employment situation and sees its future so dark and uncertain. Of course there are many things on the other side; I have heard, for example, of one college teacher who was driven from his position because his liberalism was too "dangerous."

As for the city government, it has done fairly well financially and has heavily cut its budget. A councilor assures me that it is taking good care of the destitute, that it has cut down the rush to Los Angeles of undesired unemployed from 1,500 to 300 a day. Of these, many are boys who have beat their way out on freight trains and are in danger of becoming hopeless tramps or criminals. They are arrested as soon as they arrive, taken to jail, given baths, and shoved on as rapidly as possible. If they come in automobiles and are without means, they are given one meal and enough gasoline to take them to the next town. One hears the usual tales of business stagnation, of innumerable foreclosures, and of great empty subdivisions sadly awaiting that rush of population which seemed so certain when they were first staked out.

The most curious thing about it all is the slowness with which the knowledge that we are in a grave revolution has permeated the community. Franklin Roosevelt is as popular here as elsewhere, but relatively few persons have yet grasped what it is that the President is doing and how far-reaching may be the effect upon our national life and development. Here, too, the big business interests are showing more and more hostility to him and are refusing to live up to the codes which they have signed. The government has not got the oil situation well in hand, and the question of enforcement of the code is beginning to be an extremely pressing one. The *Los Angeles Times* pounds away at the President and his policy almost every day, and Hearst attacks are increasing in number—we shall soon love Franklin Roosevelt for the enemies he has made. But the mass of the people, here as elsewhere, is quiet, patient, and resigned. It is content to let the revolution take place in Washington, if it can only get its daily bread. It does not care what Governor Rolph says or does, or what the political development may be, if it can only earn enough to buy food. There is a distinct interest in the gubernatorial candidacy of Upton Sinclair, which has gone so well that the big newspapers are beginning to take notice of it and of the crowds at his meetings; yet no one who is following the campaign carefully believes that Sinclair will get the Democratic nomination. Strange as it may seem, the people have not yet suffered enough to insure a radical overturn. But Los Angeles is quite ready for a benevolent dictatorship if only that will produce prosperity again.

Donald Garrison Hill

The Consumer vs. the NRA

II. Throttlebottom and the Infusoria

By JAMES RORTY

Washington, March 8

SPEAKING as one Throttlebottom to another, the Throttlebottoms, that is to say, the ultimate consumers whom nobody knows, have certainly been getting a New Deal down in Washington. And unless, as a result of the code hearings, there is a sharp reversal of the past trend of the NRA there is an excellent chance that this New Deal will prove to be considerably worse than the Old Deal.

After tramping about in the slush last week, going from one ring of General Johnson's five-ring circus to another, and winding up at the final session of the hearings on the Copeland bill in the hot-box of the committee room of the Senate Commerce Committee, the writer reports that it isn't either the heat or the humidity. It's the infusoria—what General Johnson calls the chiselers. The first time I encountered the word was in Ibsen's "Enemy of the People." You will perhaps remember that Dr. Stockman, the hero of this play, discovered that those innocent little creatures, the infusoria, had got into the springs that supplied the baths of the health resort of which the doctor was health officer. Consequently, the Norwegian Throttlebottoms who came there for their health were being carried away feet first in coffins. Dr. Stockman didn't think that was right, but his brother, Peter Stockman, who owned the baths, thought it was O.K. as long as the Throttlebottoms kept coming in as well as passing out. At any rate you recognize, I trust, the plot and the cast of characters. It is a very old play which the infusoria have copyrighted in all languages including the Scandinavian, but not including the Russian.

A word about these infusoria, their nature and destiny. They are practically brainless and hence without moral characteristics. They are not merely without scruple, they have no idea of the nature of scruple. Moreover, they have no understanding of the relation of cause and effect. You'd think that when they were writing provisions into the codes raising the cost of building materials from 40 to 250 per cent they might have expected that the promising bulge of building operations would promptly subside as these amazing codes went into effect. Not at all. They were no end surprised, and yelled with pain.

Apparently the most one can say for these infusoria is that their tropismatic reactions are excellent. They can smell profits at any distance, and their instantaneous swarming to the weakened points of the body politic is astonishing to watch. I watched it pretty consistently for five days at the Copeland-bill hearings. Not being a typical infusorian, my tropismatic reactions are imperfect, so it took me a little while to get the point. Yet it's really very simple.

Prices, wages, and standards are theoretically and practically the central points of control of what General Johnson calls the NRA operation. The job is to raise wages and employment, keep prices from rising disastrously, and establish standards of quality, without which prices mean nothing. With this in mind, the concentrated attack by the infusoria

on the standards provision of the Tugwell bill becomes understandable in terms of the naively suicidal infusorial economics. When the Consumers' Counsel of the AAA and the Consumers' Advisory Board of the NRA urge manufacturers and food processors to include standards in the agreements and codes, they are met by the assertion that standards are a matter for legislative action and will be determined by the form in which the Copeland bill passes or doesn't pass. Then Charles Wesley Dunn, the same lawyer who represents the canners at the AAA agreement hearings, reappears at the Copeland-bill hearings to fight the standards clause, and other clauses. Here are the results to date as told last Wednesday by Robert Brady of the Consumers' Advisory Board to the American Society for Testing Materials.

Of the first 220 codes, which cover the most important American industries, only about 70 contain clauses having anything to do with standards, grading, or labeling. Most of these clauses are absolutely worthless from the point of view of consuming interests. In some cases they are so vague that they permit anything and condone everything. In some cases they are positively vicious in that they may be used covertly for price-fixing purposes and even practically to compel the lowering of quality. In four cases, for example, the code authority is instructed to declare that the giving of guaranties beyond a certain point is an unfair trade practice, whereas most of the industries affected have long been accustomed to give and live up to guaranties far beyond these points. At General Johnson's field day Irving C. Fox of the National Retail Dry Goods Association revealed that within a week or two after the codes went into effect, with provisions prohibiting returns after five days, the quality of merchandise became much lower than prior to the adoption of these provisions. This was so apparent in many industries that retailers could detect the inferior merchandise in one day and send it back to the manufacturer.

Now do you understand what I mean by the instant tropismatic reactions of the infusoria? The code administrators were slower, but recently they have got on and are not permitting this five-day return-limit provision. However, it is still in effect in many industries, and moreover it is strictly enforced, with curious results. A retailer received a shipment of fifty dozen black gloves. He sold three dozen Saturday and by Wednesday the three dozen were back because the gloves had turned green when wet. The retailer shipped them back, but the manufacturer said his code would not permit him to accept return. Another retailer received and sold a shipment of dresses. Every dress came back within a week because of defects in manufacture, but since the return limit had expired, the dealer was stuck. The dealer then refused to pay the manufacturer, but as he was promptly blacklisted, he soon sent in his check and pocketed his loss.

So much for that return-time-limit provision designed to prevent chiselers like you and me from taking advantage of the infusorial generosity of the manufacturer. Now let's

have a look at the question of standards, which is most edifyingly exhibited in the performance of the canners.

Edward B. Cosgrove, president of the Minnesota Valley Canning Company, is answering a plea for grading made by the Consumers' Council at the corn-canning hearing on February 16:

"It would cost us millions of dollars. It would cost us the life of the industry. It would cost us the life of our own firm, which is worth possibly four and one-half million dollars today, so I am considerably concerned about it. It is just another noble experiment that has not a Chinaman's chance at success."

But wait, Mr. Cosgrove. Your firm maintains a plant in Canada, does it not? And there has been government grading of food in Canada for fifteen years. Is it just your infusorial impetuosity that has led you into Canada, or is it true that American canners have little difficulty in meeting Canadian grading requirements? You are not deliberately losing money in Canada are you?

If space permitted, it would be interesting to follow the contortions of the infusorial logic in this field. In brief, the facts would appear to be as follows:

1. Satisfactory grading of peas, corn, and other agricultural products not only is strictly feasible, but is now being practiced in the dealings of canner with wholesaler and of wholesaler with retailer—right up the point of sale to the consumer. There it stops. F. A. Stare of the Columbia Foods Corporation testified that "there are clearly defined methods of determining grades as between buyer and seller in a wholesale way." In fact, money is lent to canners on the basis of grades, and the larger lending companies are stipulating, before they lend, that the certificates of grades issued by the Bureau of Agricultural Economics must be attached to the warehouse receipts.

2. The attempt to institute grading is opposed by the large canners and the wholesalers, who are defending the vested interest built up by the advertising of their private brands. Neither these brands nor the premium prices at which they sell are reliable indices of quality, as has been repeatedly proved by Consumers' Research. It is also proved every time the Food and Drug Administration seizes a shipment labeled "choice" or "fancy," when it should have been labeled "standard." The opposition to grading centers in the four or five largest canning companies, which control the national conventions and the administrative machinery of the National Canners' Association.

3. Grading is also opposed by the advertising business, a billion-and-a-half-dollar industry which includes the total apparatus of daily and periodical publishing, plus the advertising agencies, plus the commercial broadcasters, plus the poster, car-card, direct-by-mail, and other miscellaneous advertising and allied interests. It was these interests, mobilized by C. C. Parlin, research director of the Curtis Publishing Company, which succeeded in emasculating both the advertising and the standards clauses of the Tugwell bill. In this enterprise Mr. Parlin was greatly helped by *Printers' Ink* and by Charles Wesley Dunn, counsel for the Associated Grocery Manufacturers and for many individual food manufacturers. Mr. Dunn appears alternately at the code hearings and at the Copeland-bill hearings and always with a single thought—to translate into persuasive legal-homiletic language the simple tropismatic reactions of the infusoria.

4. The rank and file of the canners, who constitute about 80 per cent of the industry, would in many cases like to go along with the Consumers' Counsel of the AAA and the Consumers' Advisory Board of the NRA in their efforts to write consumer grades into the codes. Mostly they don't dare. Many of them are practically peons of the can manufacturers, particularly Continental Can and American Can, to whom they are heavily in debt. At this point appears a neat little infusorial joke on the farmers. Between the time the farmer turns in his produce to the canner and the time, from three to ten months later, when he gets paid, it rather frequently happens that the canner goes bankrupt. In such cases, because of the quicker tropismatic reactions of the can manufacturers, it rather frequently happens that the can-maker gets paid but the pea-grower doesn't.

5. The argument of the big canners and wholesalers, which is echoed by the infusorial advertising interest, is that you can't grade flavor, and that government-promulgated and inspected grades would result in leveling down quality to the top government grade as a minimum. Both arguments are bunk. Flavor in canned peas, corn, and the like doesn't need to be measured, for the simple reason that flavor is a function of other measurable factors, such as size and tenderness of the vegetable or fruit, quality of the liquor, and so on. And as for leveling down, what is to prevent a manufacturer or wholesaler from advertising his head off to the effect that his brand is better than the government Grade A? What, indeed, except the Copeland bill, especially if it proves possible to pass it with the "ambiguity and inference" language reinserted in the advertising clause? I am here to tell you that if the clause goes back in, it will be over the dead bodies of the countless infusoria that infested the Copeland-bill hearings.

Again, the small canners, constituting the majority of the industry, would be the natural allies of the consumer in this fight if they dared to be. They sell their products, all carefully graded, to the wholesalers, who put their own private labels on them and advertise them. With government grading the government would be in effect taking over the advertising job for them, doing it honestly for a change, and making it possible for them in many cases to sell reliable graded products directly to large retail outlets.

It's an interesting story. Why haven't you been reading it in the public prints, especially the women's magazines? Bless you, Mrs. Throttlebottom, you can't even find it in the *Consumers' Guide*, published by the Consumers' Counsel of the AAA. Did you know, incidentally, that at her February 26 press conference Mrs. Roosevelt voiced the following sentiments? "I think all goods sold to the public should be labeled as to their grade and quality. Without this the consumer cannot know what he is buying. This is the only way the consumer can intelligently have a hold on the market. I mean authentic government grades and standards." I am reliably informed that the reporters present thought this was news, but that their editors were of the opinion that, news or not news, it wasn't fit to print. In this connection it is worth noting that the Consumers' Counsel has now been reduced from a division to a section within the Division of Information and Records; it is headed by Alfred A. Stedman, who as a publicity man can scarcely be surprised at the difficulty of getting consumer education into magazines supported by advertising.

And labor! Do working men eat canned peas or don't they? Wouldn't they like to know what they are buying? Then how does it happen that Chester W. Wright, editor of the International Labor News Service, the A. F. of L. news service, is also one of the Washington correspondents of *Printers' Ink*, and has published signed attacks on the Tugwell bill in that magazine? And is it true, as the reporter for the International Labor News Service told the writer, who sat next him at the last hearing on the Copeland bill, that aside from an early statement by Dr. Campbell, this A. F. of L. news service has sent out practically nothing on the Copeland bill?

Really, *Printers' Ink*, which is now supporting the Copeland bill, ought to tell Mr. Wright that the muffler is off the labor press. Especially if *Printers' Ink*, which gallantly printed excerpts from the testimony of both Arthur Kallett and the writer at the hearings, is going to keep up with its lively competitor, *Advertising and Selling*. The latter journal actually paid the Arnold Research Service to do a study

of how the consumer would react to grading. The findings, printed in the last issue of *Advertising and Selling* and introduced by the writer into the record of the Copeland-bill hearings, showed that if there were government grading, at least 70 per cent of the women questioned would promptly take advantage of it. As a former advertising copy writer I scarcely know what to make of that, unless it is that the decenter ad men are getting fed up with the rawer aspects of the racket. In terms of strict infusorial logic it just couldn't have happened. Yet it did.

One other quite stunning thing happened at the last session of the Copeland-bill hearings. Walter G. Campbell, standing with infusoria to the left of him and infusoria to the right of him, conducted so able a defense of the bill that it seems likely that it will be passed in its present form. That isn't much, but it is something. Next week the writer will try to indicate how much and how little it amounts to; also what consumers are doing and can do to prosecute the fight for standards.

Europe Moves Toward War

II. Germany's Dreams of Expansion

By JOHANNES STEEL

THE Nazi drive to coordinate Austria with Germany is not an end in itself. It is but an initial step in the realization of Nazi dreams of a self-contained Third Reich stretching from the Baltic to the Adriatic. Mussolini, however much he may dislike the idea of an aggressive Germany with a population of seventy-two million people ■ a neighbor of Italy, cannot prevent it. He has played his cards badly and lost much prestige. In the early days of the Hitler dictatorship, Göring, Goebbels, and others among Hitler's collaborators made several trips to Rome with the double purpose of obtaining advice on matters of government and of using the good offices of Mussolini to placate world opinion, which was shocked and bewildered at the development in Germany. Mussolini hoped that in return he might succeed in diverting Nazi foreign policy into channels which were less dangerous to Italy. In this he has failed completely, and it is not likely that Italian troops will march into Austria when its coordination with Germany takes place. First of all, Mussolini will have to consider the Austro-German minority in the Southern Tyrol comprising 250,000 people who will soon become articulate in any case. Italy's efforts are now diverted to the formation of an Italo-Austro-Hungarian bloc, with an eventual restoration of the Hapsburgs and the creation of an economic union in view. Since the realization of such a plan would drive an effective wedge into the French system of alliances, it will encounter the immediate hostility of France and her satellites, of Yugoslavia in particular.

The Nazi dreams of German expansion are based upon economic theories which have been evolved solely to suit these ambitions. They imply a practical application of Spenglerian ideas to everyday politics. Nazi economists contend that there is no such thing as economic evolution, but that there exist, parallel to each other, a number of self-

contained and self-sufficient economic entities or units which will never evolve into bigger units or lose their individual existence. It is then argued that every nation in order to exist must necessarily extend the orbit of its political influence to include the area of the corresponding economic unit. It is contended that Germany is the natural nucleus of an economic unit which extends from the Baltic states to the Alps and over Austria deep into the agricultural countries of the Balkan region. This is the only economic unit which in the opinion of the Nazis—and this again is typically Spenglerian—will be able to withstand the economic avalanche of the underselling East.

Here we have the economic justification of Hitler's Third Empire. The Nazis believe that the creation of this Third Empire would make Germany economically self-sufficient and independent to such an extent that she could easily afford to forsake her colonial aspirations. These theories complement Hitler's racial, mystical, and *Kulturgemeinschaft* appeal.

Thus it becomes clear that the coordination of Austria is but a single point in the Nazi program, and while Italy and France are crying over spilled milk the Nazis are actively going ahead with the execution of their expansionist plans. These plans are not new: Nazi foreign policy as a whole is based upon the plans of Alfred Rosenberg, now the head of the Nazi Foreign Office. As far back as 1926 Rosenberg, through his secretary Dr. George Bell, ■ Scotchman naturalized in Germany, established contact with Sir Henri Deterding, the British oil magnate. He informed Sir Henri of the foreign political program which the National Socialists intended to pursue when they achieved power. It was suggested that a Polish-German understanding in regard to the Corridor would be possible under Hitler if Poland would give Germany a free hand in the Baltic. In return, Germany

would actively support any Polish attempt to regain the Ukraine, which had belonged to Poland in the days of the old kingdom. Sir Henri, as well as the directors of the Lena Goldfields, who for a long time had been advocating foreign action against the U. S. S. R., saw great possibilities in this plan and from that day on Deterding supplied the Nazis with money. This money was transmitted by Dr. Bell, who was murdered by storm troopers in March, 1933, when he tried to sever his connections with the Nazis. In order to explain the necessity for this murder, Alfred Rosenberg, then official plenipotentiary of Hitler, arrived in London on May 5, 1933. He was accompanied by Count Bismarck instead of by Bell, who had been with him on his previous visits. Before calling on the German Ambassador, Dr. Rosenberg went to Buckhurst Park, Ascot, the home of Sir Henri Deterding. Only after two days of consultation with Deterding did Rosenberg request the German Embassy at London to arrange an interview for him with the British Foreign Office.

Further episodes in the growing friendship between the Nazi Foreign Office and Deterding cannot be described within the limits of this article. Two important results of this friendship, however, were the expulsion from Germany of the Derop, the Russian competitor of Deterding's Royal Dutch Petroleum Company, and the signing on January 26 of this year of the Polish-German amity agreement. This agreement was accompanied by an arrangement regarding joint propaganda which was first made public on February 28. It provides for a propaganda alliance for the purpose of co-operation on all questions which concern the formation of public opinion at home and abroad. Very soon a ministry for propaganda with functions similar to those of Dr. Goebbels's department in Germany will be created in Poland. The two ministries will conduct their united propaganda "for Ukrainian independence" from London, where they will be assisted by the Society of Ukrainian Patriots. The quarterly English publication of this society is financed by Deterding, who is, of course, interested in the mineral wealth of that part of Soviet Russia. In this connection it is interesting to note that at the dinner given by the German Embassy on the occasion of the visit to London in December, 1933, of Herr Schmitt, German Minister of Economics, both Sir Henri Deterding and Tschenkelli, chief of the "Georgian Patriots," were present.

It seems that Poland has indeed given Germany a free hand in the Baltic, for Nazi propagandists and agents provocateurs are working day and night in Lithuania, Latvia, and Esthonia. In the second week of last December, for example, the Esthonian police arrested Herr von Mühlen, charging him with being the organizer and head of the Nazi espionage service in the Baltic states. He was also commander of 2,000 armed storm troopers whom he had recruited from the German-speaking population in those countries and secretly organized. Nazi cells have been formed everywhere in these three Baltic states; there are both open and secret Nazi offices at Reval, Riga, Kovno, Vilna, Libau, and Memel. The authorities may arrest some of the leaders and organizers, but with almost a million German-speaking people in the Baltic states, Nazi propaganda, assisted by powerful German radio stations which send out almost nothing but propaganda speeches, is bound to make headway. The Nazis hope, and not without reason, that this propaganda, in conjunction with the ever-

increasing outside pressure, will eventually lead if not to actual coordination at least to a coordination of aims. In this connection it is worth mentioning that in December last, after having had a conference in Berlin with representatives of the Polish and German General Staffs, two Japanese staff officers toured the Baltic states and paid a special visit to the new airplane factory at Riga. The meeting of the representatives of the three general staffs at Berlin is of particular interest in the light of Polish-German ambitions in the Ukraine. It would be embarrassing for the Soviet Union if a Japanese attack in the Far East were accompanied by unrest in the Ukraine.

The ramifications of Nazi propaganda are very wide; at this moment a closely knit network of spies and agents provocateurs covers the whole of Europe. These activities are particularly apparent in North Schleswig, which was annexed by Prussia after the war of 1864 and restored to Denmark after the World War as the result of a popular plebiscite. In the last ten years the Danish government has invested more than fifty million kroner in the economic rehabilitation of this territory. For the past five years Nazi agitation has been continuous on both sides of the border of Schleswig-Holstein, and during the last months of the past year the Danish Government discovered that the whole of South Jutland was covered with a spy organization which enabled the Nazis among many other things to listen in on every government telephone conversation. In November, 1933, a motion was moved and seconded in the Danish Parliament, though not ultimately passed, to the effect that the parliamentary immunity of Pastor Schmidt, leader of the Danish Nazis, be waived and the pastor put on trial for conspiracy against the government. In the following month the Danish, Swedish, and Norwegian premiers held a conference and reached an agreement on joint measures to be taken in case of a German invasion of Denmark.

Similar developments can be observed in all corners of Europe. A few weeks ago the Dutch government was puzzled by the great number of Germans who had come to Holland, apparently with large sums of money, and set themselves up as garage keepers. The secret service investigated and found that these establishments were Nazi propaganda cells and organization centers. Garages had been selected for this purpose because they offered an easy means of keeping a watch on the German refugees who were pouring into Holland as well as of distributing propaganda leaflets among road travelers. In addition to these tactics, continuous propaganda is kept up on the borders of Holland, the Saar, Luxembourg, Flemish Belgium, Eupen-et-Malmédy, and Switzerland, in order that Nazi ideas may filter into these countries. Active financial support is given by the Ministry of Propaganda to Nazi parties founded inside these countries.

This concerted drive on the part of the Nazis is naturally used as a justification for French insistence upon security. Also France itself will soon be affected by this propaganda, for it is certain that when the plebiscite is held next year, the Saar will vote by an overwhelming majority for a return to Germany. Those who do not wish to vote for Hitler will do so out of fear. The pressure of Nazi propaganda in the Saar is so strong that Hitler's principles of racial and political discrimination are already being absorbed by the population and are finding expression in social and economic boycotts. Incidentally this will soon mean another emigra-

tion of thousands of liberals, Socialists, intellectuals, and Jews. France is not so much concerned with the fact that the Saar will be restored to Germany as with the question, what price will be paid for the Saar mines. These mines were taken as reparations and when the Saar is returned to Germany they will be useless to their French owners because the Saar valley will naturally lose its customs union with France. The haggling over the price of these mines is certain to result in illuminating incidents and to shed light on existing Franco-German industrial connections. For some eight years past the Comité des Forges has worked in close cooperation with the German steel trust. The German capitalist Rechberg, who is a partner in the German steel trust, has large investments in the Saar, and even the German Vice-Chancellor, von Papen, who is married to a French countess, has the better part of his holdings in France and the Saar.

The Comité des Forges and the French armament

industry always actively fought the policies of Briand, who worked for a rapprochement with the Germany of Stresemann, and those of Laval and others who believed that reconciliation with the Germany of Brüning was possible. Yet these same interests have experienced no difficulty in cooperating with a man like Rechberg, who was instrumental in helping Hitler to power. Thus while many decent Frenchmen are seriously worried over the danger of German aggression, an important section of French capitalism is cooperating with German capitalism. The French steel trust sees in the rise of Hitlerism in Germany a good excuse for increasing the armament budget and instigating chauvinistic propaganda but no impediment to harmonious relations with the German steel trust. How complete this harmony is may be gathered from the fact that last December the representatives of the German and French armament industries met at Geneva and concluded an agreement for the Far Eastern arms market.

New Medicine for the Sick Indian

By MARIA L. ROGERS and EDWARD J. FITZGERALD

TODAY, after sixty-five years of unsuccessful effort to cure the illnesses of the Indian, a new medicine is to be tried. Instead of a policy designed to educate the Indian to be a good white man, a vigorous campaign will be undertaken to restore him to his status as a good Indian. It is a more practical as well as a more sensible idea. New legislation and sweeping revision of our old Indian policy will be necessary. Old ideas have been abandoned, and the new ideas evolved to replace them have been correlated into a comprehensive plan that takes into account all aspects of the Indian problem and applies one policy to them all.

John Collier, the present Commissioner of Indian Affairs, has offered this comprehensive plan in the form of the Wheeler-Howard Indian Rights bill, now under consideration by the House Committee on Indian Affairs. The new governmental policy toward the Indian was approved at a conference held in Washington on January 7 by representatives of all the organizations which have been battling for reform in the administration of Indian affairs. These organizations include the American Indian Defense Association, the General Federation of Women's Clubs, the Indian Civil Rights Committee of the American Civil Liberties Union, the Indian Rights Association, the National Association of Indian Affairs, the National Council of American Indians, and the Ojibwa Council.

A brief survey of the long history of governmental supervision of Indian affairs and a consideration of the present Indian situation reveal how revolutionary is the idea of comprehensive planning. There is no more chaotic system than that under which the Indians of today are supervised. This chaos is the result of conflicting government policies, reflecting changes in the social attitude toward the Indian, which have been imposed one on another regardless of their mutually exclusive concepts. To this confusion of policy has been added the confusion of the situation: American Indians represent every stage of cultural development from the digger Indian of California to the Pueblo Indian of the Southwest, whose dances and handicrafts are the admiration of artists

and critics the world over. There is also the confusion which every conquering nation creates in trying to administer a conquered people of a different race not easily assimilable in the main stream of population. The chaos might have been resolved if in the economic conflict between the white man and the Indian it had not proved useful as a means of exploitation of the Indian. The Wheeler-Howard bill is designed to put a stop to this exploitation by reducing the situation to some kind of order.

The bill's first aim is a reform of the Indian land policy based upon the recognition that any group wishing to carry on a communal life must have an adequate economic foundation for it. Past experience with the Indian has demonstrated that his whole technique of living derives from the land and that he is unable to adjust himself to the white man's industrialized civilization. The land policies of the past have not recognized this. The initial relationship between the government and the Indians was established on the basis of treaties in which the Indians were recognized as conquered but independent nations. By the terms of these treaties they were guaranteed rights to new lands comparable in economic usefulness with the lands they surrendered to the public domain of their conquerors. The first reservations ceded to them were fairly satisfactory, but whenever, for any reason, these lands became attractive to the white men, the United States violated the treaties and moved the Indians to lands which were progressively inferior in productiveness, thus undermining the economic foundations of Indian life.

In 1871 the government, without abrogating the treaties, imposed upon them a conflicting policy under which the Indian was considered a ward of the government and not a member of an independent nation. Henceforth he was to all intents and purposes a minor under the law. In 1887 a new land law was passed which broke up the reservations heretofore owned communally by the tribes and allotted to individual Indians parcels of land in perpetuity, which they were free to will or sell, subject to the permission of the Indian agent, who represented the government's guardianship

interest. This policy has been defended on the ground that the giving of individual titles to the land placed the Indian on the same basis as a white farmer and made it easier for him to take his place in a white community. Practically, it was fatal to the Indian, for he was forced into making so-called "voluntary" sales of his lands whenever those lands attracted a white man who could enlist a corrupt Indian agent in his interest. This was so frequently the case that in the years between 1887 and 1926 the aggregate acreage of Indian holdings decreased 66 per cent and the value and economic usefulness of the lands 75 to 80 per cent. This system has reduced the bulk of the Indian population to the status of paupers. The onus for part of this pauperization rests on the government, which assesses the Indians for public improvements which have been undertaken without their consent and from which they have received no benefit. Their debts have grown to an extent which deprives them of the possibility of release and will, if continued, lead ultimately to the confiscation of their lands. These facts have been brought to light by a Senate investigation.

That we should one day have to face the problems created by this policy was recognized by Senator La Follette in 1928. When in that year there was presented a bill for flood-control works on the Rio Grande which saddled the Indian with a reimbursable debt incommensurate with the benefit he would derive from the project and more than twice the amount to be paid by a public-utilities company which would derive inestimable benefit, Senator La Follette said: "Mr. President, we are now told that the votes have been gathered in to perpetrate and consummate this injustice. If that be true and if the roll call shall demonstrate that fact, then in a few years we shall be called upon to pass remedial legislation to undo this injustice which is contemplated with regard to these Indians."

The Senator from Wisconsin could scarcely have foreseen at that time that remedial legislation of the scope now contemplated would be presented to Congress, and that the Commissioner of Indian Affairs would formulate principles such as the following—quoted from the minutes of the conference held in Washington in January—which are incorporated in the proposed legislation:

That the provisions of the land-allotment system which require or permit the transfer of Indian tribal lands to individual Indians and the sale of such lands by individual Indians to non-Indians shall be immediately repealed.

That the laws of descent and distribution now applicable to Indian lands should be modified so as to prevent the breaking up of Indian lands into parcels unsuitable for economic use and to prevent the growing inequalities in land distribution among individual Indians and to promote community ownership and control of Indian lands.

That a process of land acquisition be set up by which so far as feasible allotted lands will be restored to community ownership, especially forestry and grazing lands, and additional lands will be acquired (a) to provide land for landless Indians, and (b) to consolidate Indian lands for economic purposes; to provide for equitable distribution of land-use privileges and community income; to prevent alienation or dissipation of capital assets; and to provide a system of Indian credit for land and industrial development.

In addition there is to be a concentrated effort to check, through erosion control and diversified agriculture, the deterioration of Indian lands. This means the adoption of a

regional plan for the reservations, based on their specific characteristics and needs. An experiment in this direction is under way on the Navajo reservation.

Even more sweeping reforms are proposed in connection with the policy of returning to the Indian some measure of self-government. Working from a recognition that Indian tradition and culture are wholly based on communal life, the bills which are now under consideration aim to make possible a return to this way of life. The Indians, according to the new legislation, are to have the right to organize, unconditioned by consent of the Secretary of the Interior, and the powers now exercised over them by the Bureau of Indian Affairs are to be gradually transferred to the organized Indian communities, as they show themselves capable of administering their own affairs. Those Indians now living unhappily in isolation on allotted lands are to be consolidated into colonies or neighborhood groups. This plan of organization does not mean the discontinuance of those government services now offered in the fields of health, education, and welfare, but their coordination locally under tribal control. Further legislation will give the Indian tribal councils the power to try Indian offenses, to recall undesirable employees of the Indian service, and to act in an advisory capacity when tribal or federal funds are to be spent for the benefit of the tribe.

This, in broad outline, is the scope of the proposed Indian legislation, and it is a terrible indictment of our handling of Indian affairs that the policy must be presented not only as a reform program but as a reform program almost revolutionary in character. The new legislation proposes to give to the Indian rights which we in the United States consider fundamental to citizenship. And the Indian is a citizen; he was granted the suffrage in 1924, although his status as a ward of the government was not changed. Is it revolutionary in the United States to say that a man shall have a voice in the governmental or supervisory power exercised over him, or that he shall be allowed at least an advisory relationship to the settlement of such problems as education and health? Is it revolutionary to allow him to organize and pursue a way of life which is not only traditional but economically necessary? Is it revolutionary to allow a man to decide, or at least to know, how his money is being spent? These do not seem unusual rights. And yet it is revolutionary to consider giving them to the Indians, and the struggle to give them to him is not yet over.

Given the facts, anyone would be forced to recognize the justice of the proposed legislation, but nevertheless there will be opposition to it. Opposition will come from those self-interested groups which have been exploiting the Indian and which will find the opportunity for such exploitation materially lessened under the new policy. Opposition will come from power groups still casting envious eyes upon the remnants of Indian lands which they have not yet secured. Opposition will come from those who are enamored of the idea that the American way of life is the only way of life, even for Indians who have a tradition and culture which make adoption of the American tradition and culture impossible. The force of an aroused public opinion will be needed to combat this opposition and to enable this Seventy-third Congress of the United States to be worthy of the dedication with which Robert Gessner prefaced "Massacre": "To the first Congress that will eradicate what Lincoln seventy years ago called 'an accursed system.'"

The Slaughter in Austria

By JOHN GUNTHER

Vienna, February 20

THE Austrian government is peppering Great Britain and America with justifications for the bombardment of the Socialist houses with field artillery and the slaughter of women and children, residents and bystanders. The outbreak is called a Socialist revolt, a putsch by the Schutzbund, even a "Bolshevik" insurrection. This is of course absurd. The Vienna Socialists were theoretically a revolutionary party, but their tragedy was that they were too decent or too timid ever to attempt a real revolution. They perished without a chance. I grant the fundamental anomaly of a Socialist capital in an anti-Socialist state, which made an outbreak at some time inevitable. Both sides contributed to the tension. Outsiders can have no idea of the local bitternesses of Austria, concealed as they are by gentle Austrian manners. The Dollfussers genuinely viewed the Socialist houses as infidel and revolutionary fortresses. Every municipal swimming pool, every children's dental clinic, was cream stolen from clerical coffee. The Socialists were equally bitter. But concrete responsibility for the fighting which began on February 12 must rest on the shoulders of the government. Ninety per cent of the military aggression almost certainly came from the government forces.

About February 1 the Heimwehr began to kick up its heels in the provinces and demand authoritarian government. At the same time the German campaign against Austria was reaching a climax, and the Heimwehr demands received comparatively little notice. Everyone was more interested in Austria's impending appeal to the League. Dollfuss went to Budapest on the seventh, saying that he would answer the Heimwehr on his return. The next day, with Dollfuss out of town, Fey raided the *Arbeiter-Zeitung* building for arms and ordered searches for weapons in various Vienna suburbs. This had happened before. But by the ninth it was obvious that a storm was near. Schutzbund leaders were being arrested. On the tenth Fey deprived the Socialist Mayor Seitz of police powers. The next day he promised "final action" and a "clean-up of Austria." Dollfuss was back in town and said nothing. Nor did the Socialists. They withstood this culminating barrage of provocation without a word. Then on the twelfth, Monday, the storm broke when Socialists in Linz forcibly resisted the Heimwehr-plus-police who invaded their headquarters. Workers in Vienna, inflamed, infuriated, seizing the choice between death by slow suffocation and death fighting, their backs against the wall, began spontaneously to strike.

What followed was one of the worst muddles in revolutionary history. A general strike was ordered at about the time the electrical workers went out, at 9.30 or 10 a.m. It was ordered by the *Aktions-Ausschuss* of the Socialist Party and the trade unions by a majority of one. This *Ausschuss* is a small committee of ten or twelve, independent of the political executive of the party. The order was never officially promulgated or communicated to the workers. A few trade-union groups seem to have heard of it, notably those in Floridsdorf. One impression is that the strike was called for

5 p.m. that day. The idea was to bluff the government. What it did was give the government seven precious hours of warning. The Socialist Schutzbund did not get orders to fight till late afternoon in most cases, and in some cases never got orders at all. The leaders still hoped against hope for peace. I have it on what appears to be unimpeachable authority that Colonel Deutsch, the Schutzbund leader—a grotesque incompetent if you ask my private opinion—tried to send emissaries to Dollfuss and Miklas to appeal for conciliation as late as twelve noon. This was an admirable gesture but it was the abyss of unreality. The government finally had the pretext to crush the Socialists which it had been awaiting for eleven months. The emissaries were arrested before they left their headquarters. With immense precision and force the government acted.

The strike was a miserable failure. Everything that could possibly go wrong went wrong. The bungling—considering the fact that the Socialists had presumably been prepared for a general strike for fifteen years—was unbelievable. Of course no one counted on the relentless energy of the government. Every Socialist leader was spotted and the great majority of them were arrested by noon. Anticipating this the party had appointed second and third men for each post; they were all instantly arrested too. As a result there was no one left to give or receive orders. The electrical workers had struck and the trams stopped. Trade-union officials have explained that they "thought" that this would be "interpreted" as the signal for the general strike. No other "signal" was ever given. As a result I saw puzzled motormen stranded with their street-cars wondering why in thunder the juice was turned off. At the same moment police, army, and Heimwehr patrols were beginning to sweep the city.

The fighting that followed was simple heartbreak. There was no organization. There was no plan. Young men eager to go on the streets obediently waited all day Monday and even to the evening of Tuesday expecting orders to fight. Then they began shooting and were slaughtered. The Schutzbund was supposed to have been well armed. But only a few leaders knew exactly where the arms were, and these leaders had been arrested or had fled. I have heard stories of Schutzbunders frantically digging all Monday and Tuesday nights with their hands in the courtyards of their tenements, searching wildly for the arms that they knew were there. They never found them. One band of Schutzbunders, 300 strong, never received its arms because its second-in-command refused to disclose their location without orders from above, even though he was told that the commanding officer had been arrested. A liaison committee had been set up in advance for communication between fighters and press people. It never met, or met too late, because of a childish inaccuracy in the location of the secret rendezvous. Couriers were supposed to get out of Vienna and raise the countryside. Most of them were arrested before they started. The country folk waited all day for orders and, as the trains continued to run, never knew a general strike had been called. Stoppage of trains was supposed to have been a signal, but the

railway men either never got orders to strike or refused to do so. The government cut key telephones and there was no communication between one besieged tenement and the others. Workers in one house fought with no idea whether their comrades were fighting or not. The gas workers—decent fellows—did not strike because they feared that to do so might damage the city with an explosion. There was almost no sabotage in the electric plant. There are 700,000 Socialist voters in Vienna and perhaps 50,000 Schutzbunders, and yet the Socialists themselves say that hardly 5,000 men fought.

But to conquer this handful of staunch and determined men took four days of relentless struggle. The government had to use an army of 19,000, equipped with machine-guns, minnenwerfer, and field artillery, before it could batter the Socialists into submission. It was a hopeless fight, but it was magnificent. The Socialists were fighting a forlorn engagement without adequate arms and devoid of competent leaders. The fault was probably the extreme discipline which Bauer had enforced on the party. The Socialists were disciplined to the point where all initiative was extinguished. Yet a cold and ragged handful of hungry workers withstood a modern army for four days.

The government charges that the Socialist tenements—those great houses for the poor which were one of the sights of Europe—were built like fortresses. Of course. Any modern concrete structure is a fortress as soon as it gets fighting men inside it. The government says that they were placed strategically. Of course. The Socialists would have been fools to have placed them otherwise. Some Socialist arms came from Czecho-Slovakia, as the government charges, but all the bullets I picked up were old war stock, dated 1918 or 1919. These the Schutzbund had received from the government itself—a Socialist Government—when the Republican Defense Corps was organized against possible Yugoslav aggression in Carinthia, and when every patriotic Austrian wanted to hide as many weapons as possible from the Inter-Allied Control Commission. The Schutzbund and subsequent Christian Social governments held the arms jointly, with both Deutsch and Vaugoin having access to the arsenals. About 1927 the army began to break the agreement and try to seize them.

It is not generally realized as yet what the fall of Socialist Vienna entails. The spoils of victory for Dollfuss and the Heimwehr are tremendous. Literally not since the Turks has there been such plunder. We know that the white-green flag of the Heimwehr floats above the Rathaus; that the fifteen-year-long struggle between Clericals and Marxists for control of Austria is ended; that the most exhilarating system of social reform and paternalism in Western Europe is imperiled. There is all this. There is also loot.

The Vienna municipality owned about 35 per cent of the land of Vienna. Its funds in the municipal savings banks alone were about \$70,000,000. It had spent about \$110,000,000 in housing and other municipal enterprises between 1923 and 1929 (the last figures available). It collected about \$25,000,000 in taxes per year. It owned the municipal gas works, the electrical plant, the water works, the street-cars and subway and omnibuses, the slaughter houses and the public baths, a cemetery, a brewery, a bakery, and a department store. Employing 54,000 people, it was by far the largest enterprise in Central Europe.

The Gemeinde Wien was distinguished the world over

for its beneficent social program. Its parks, sunshine houses, wading pools for children, maternity-welfare stations, free gymnasia, dental clinics, tuberculosis hospitals, municipal laundries, model cottages, skating rinks, and incomparable kindergartens have probably been developed on a scale and with a success not reached by any other city. All this is now in government hands. This does not mean that it is all lost. Of course the municipality has been taken over and purely Socialist funds have been blocked or confiscated. But rather than destruction there is likely to be merely transfer of operation to other hands. Bad enough. But it might easily be worse. There has been no wholesale evacuation as yet from the tenements. Many residents are joining the Fatherland Front as fast as they can in an attempt to protect their homes.

The social disorganization resulting from the outbreak is literally tremendous. Thousands of persons have been arrested, and thousands have lost their jobs. Relief committees are working, but the amount of poverty and misery among the wives and families of the new jobless and the prisoners must be incalculable. It is one of the penalties of unsuccessful revolution. The minor captives are being steadily released, but many of them may not find jobs again; the important prisoners have no prospect of early trial and may be sent to concentration camps.

Despite all this, there are several things which may be said for the government. First and most important, most of the prisoners have been fairly well treated. There were isolated beatings in the first hot-blood arrests but no organized terror or torture. As long as Dollfuss is in power there will be no terror. Had this "revolution" occurred in any other country you may be sure that the whole Rathaus would have been turned inside out by this time and filled with Heimwehr victors. But as yet only the top officials have been fired. When one considers the job fever of the Heimwehr this is something to the credit of the government. No one can condone the courts martial in the first week, particularly the hideous hanging of a wounded man; but there has been no mass executions such as occurred in Germany.

The government, again, could have caused vastly more destruction than it did. This was the reason the fighting took so long. Every effort was made—in most districts—to give full warning to the people. The Heimwehr did a good deal of wild shooting; the army obeyed orders and did what armies have to do; the police, I should like to say with emphasis, behaved in most cases with the maximum consideration possible. The artillery could have blown up the Karl Marx Hof in twenty minutes and killed every living soul within. But no high explosive shell was used, and the police did everything possible to evacuate the houses before firing began. As a matter of fact, very few casualties were caused by bombardment of the houses. Most of the killing was in street fighting.

The police bungled sometimes, for instance, when they waited so long to bombard the Goethe Hof that the bombardment, when it did occur, was useless; the building except for stragglers was empty. The bombardment lasted six hours and badly damaged the façade of the structure and mangled the wretched unemployed workers' quarters within. The attackers were a regular army with artillery. And inside the building were found exactly two machine-guns. The residents told us when we entered that these were operated by strange Schutzbunders who insisted on fighting against the

will of the people in the house. I shall never forget the officer who talked with the residents on entering. They, decent souls, greeted him not as a conqueror but as a father—literally—come to protect them, and he patted their backs, fondled their children, with tears in his eyes.

I remember a scene in the Goethe Hof. We had been with the army on the bridge at zero hour; now we were poking through the shattered building. Life was returning to the building. An airplane floated above, dropping leaflets telling the workers that their leaders had betrayed them; mournful women and frightened children told the police how *they* hadn't fought. The simple, clean little flats were torn

to bits by shell fire. Husbands and fathers were out of work, or prisoners, or fugitives; and the moral damage was irreparable.

I walked through the kindergarten. The little desks were ripped apart by shells; beams and plaster and smashed blackboards and heaps of school books and paintboxes and shattered toys littered the broken floor. On one wall stood a cut-out colored-paper picture proudly inscribed with the name of its designer, aged six. A bullet had crashed through it. Opposite, in this Marxist, "atheist" cathedral, was a cheap lithograph of the crucifixion. The glass was shattered—by a Christian Social shell.

Washington Side Shows

By PAUL Y. ANDERSON

Washington, March 12

CAN it be that retribution finally is overtaking the only Secretary of the Treasury who ever enjoyed the distinction of having three Presidents serve under him? The portents are ominous. Unless the Department of Justice stubs its toe, Andrew William Mellon presently will be placed on trial before a jury of common mortals on the charge of evading payment of his just taxes to the government which he dominated for ten long years. As if this act of *lèse majesté* were not outrage enough, Attorney-General Cummings announces that the Aluminum Company of America is being investigated for suspected violations of the anti-trust laws. Thus far Old Andy has got away with it just about as he pleased, and he may succeed in beating this rap, but the necessity of condescending to self-defense will be a bitter pill. Upon the battlements of yonder heaven, methinks I see a grim face slightly smiling. What a comfort it would be to know that "the good gray Senator" from Montana did not labor in vain!

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ALAS, the air-mail thieves are to be permitted to resume operations at the same old stand, provided they conform to custom by wearing masks. Surely that will cause them no embarrassment. Bad luck, rotten judgment, dirty politics, and unrestrained greed have contributed to this inglorious end. A succession of tragic deaths among army mail pilots, resulting from poor equipment, incompetent staff work, and the worst stretch of flying weather since the invention of the airplane, supplied the pretext for a barrage of propaganda sufficiently effective to batter down the President's resolve to withhold government subsidies from the interests which have rooked the Treasury out of millions in the last eight years. In yielding to this pressure, Mr. Roosevelt is taking a step which he will inevitably regret. The shocking facts revealed by the Black investigation are unchanged. The bankers and stock jobbers who reaped huge fortunes by exploiting air-mail contracts and selling equipment to the army and navy are still in control of commercial aviation, and will remain in control. The President's ultimatum requiring a change in executive personnel of the companies merely compels them to employ dummy officers. The theory that a crook can be reformed by ordering him to don a false face leaves

me skeptical. Their ghoulish gloating over the army air fatalities was not even interrupted when a commercial plane crashed with even more appalling loss of life. What puzzles me is that someone high in authority has not taken the trouble to point out that the deficient ships in which the army pilots went to their deaths were mostly, if not all, purchased from the same interests which have united in holding them up to scorn. These were the companies in which an investment of \$500 culminated, within five years or less, in profits of \$10,000,000 derived mainly from the sale of motors and equipment to the army. Is it any wonder that those motors sputtered and quit? The brave men who went down in these flaming coffins have not died for nothing if their sacrifice serves to rivet attention on the condition of our air forces. If, as the *New York Daily News* so aptly remarks, our army planes are unable to fly from one given place to another over lighted courses, it is high time the fact were known. Aside from moral considerations, there is all the more reason that the Post Office Department should have a large reserve of trained pilots and properly equipped planes. Neither national defense nor public service is a proper function of private corporations.

* * * * *

FOR the neatest trick of the year give credit to General Hugh Johnson; and the most excruciating fact about it is that every metropolitan newspaper in the country—at least, every one that I have seen—missed the play entirely, and does not yet know what was pulled off, nor how, nor why. The gentlemen against whom it was directed are fully awake, however. I am alluding to the adroit maneuver whereby the General availed himself of the assistance of his severest critics—including the Communists—in wringing from industry certain concessions which he desired. This is how he did it: He had summoned all code authorities to assemble in Washington on March 5 for the purpose of shortening work hours and increasing pay schedules. Realizing that the representatives of industry would resist this program to the last ditch with the argument that "things are coming along all right" and that "business should be let alone," the crafty cavalryman anticipated them by calling another meeting a week in advance and inviting all critics to appear and tell just what was wrong with the NRA. Guilelessly

they responded with a rush, and for a week the air was blue with charges of cheating and chiseling against employers, with demands for higher pay and shorter hours, and with accusations of collusion and indifference against the administration. It is true that some of the more irresponsible and uninformed critics overreached themselves, as when Mrs. Cornelia Pinchot charged Johnson with "betraying the President" by failing to get quicker action from the National Labor Board (apparently unaware that the board is appointed by, and solely responsible to, the President). But on the whole it was a highly charged and distinctly hostile atmosphere into which the captains of industry marched the following Monday morning, to look and listen with rueful faces as Roosevelt ascended the rostrum, spit on his hands, and declared that he would temporize with them no longer. If anyone has done a better job of laying down the law, your venerable correspondent has not heard of it. And if anyone has outdone Johnson in setting the stage, that also is a secret. Yet the trained seals and the high-powered "specials" of the corps of correspondents muffed it completely; the anonymous toilers for the lowly press associations had a much clearer idea of what was going on. In interpreting news events, it sometimes pays to know something about the subject—a heresy for which I shall be roundly damned. In a contest where every inch of gain is met with bellows of rage and pain, Johnson may not be expected—nor does he expect—to achieve all his objectives in one drive, but substantial advances have been made, and others are sure to follow. The job of organization is practically ended; the job of administration and enforcement is beginning in earnest. Gentlemen who have fallen into the habit of joking about the phrase "cracking down" may soon find themselves under the painful necessity of giving bond and hiring counsel. It is high time. I note that Senator Nye has suspended his campaign against the NRA temporarily, while he launches one to make that other flaming progressive, Jim Watson, chairman of the Republican National Committee. How did he overlook Joe Grundy?

* * * *

THINGS that happened—and some that didn't—when the Copeland committee reopened hearings on the Tugwell bill recently do not augur well for the future of that measure. It is bad enough, in all conscience, to have the measure intrusted to a Senator who is being paid to broadcast on a program sponsored by one of the bill's bitterest enemies. How anyone with the slightest sense of propriety could willingly place himself in such a position is a question which only the Honorable Royal S. Copeland can answer. His failure to do so acquires added significance from the list of witnesses called to testify on the merits of the bill. Lobbyists for the patent-medicine industry, the prepared-foods industry, and the cosmetics industry formed a steady procession to and from the witness stand. One of them distinguished himself by asserting that the medical profession "knows no more about the causes of epilepsy than did Hippocrates"! Not possessing a medical degree, this "expert" may be excused for never having heard about the effects of brain tumor, but he cannot be excused for parading his ignorance, any more than Dr. Copeland may be excused for listening to it. The Doctor may not be the greatest living authority on medicine, but some of the living authorities must be known to him by reputation. Why didn't he avail himself and the committee of

the knowledge of such men as Hunt of Harvard, MacNider of the University of North Carolina, Geiling of Johns Hopkins, and Sollmann of Western Reserve? Some, if not all, of these eminent pharmacologists were ready and willing to appear, and Copeland was so informed, yet he elected to call known lobbyists. Meantime, the business of advertising and selling poisonous rubbish continues to grow and prosper at the expense of the sick and afflicted. Only last week inspectors of the Food and Drug Administration seized 900 packages of a product labeled "Warm Springs Crystal Compound," recommended for the treatment of gastric disturbances. Investigation had shown that it consisted solely of a familiar horse physic, purchased in barrel lots from an Atlanta chemical company and shipped to Warm Springs, Georgia, where it was wrapped in fancy packages and distributed over the country. A woman who paid \$2,000 for the Oklahoma agency testified that a retail druggist told her: "You can sell sand at a dollar a package if it bears the name of Warm Springs."

In the Driftway

IN the late King of the Belgians nobody has any holes to pick. . . . A quarter of a century ago there was a crook on the throne in Brussels, surrounded by crooks, and the Congo scandals had made Belgium a stink in the nostrils of the world." The foregoing sentences, with whose sentiments the Drifter has no particular quarrel, appeared not in one of the more serious-minded American tabloids, but in the revered, dignified, and highly respectable *New Statesman and Nation*. They appeared, moreover, not on some obscure back page, but in the upper half of the first editorial paragraph of the issue of February 24. And when he saw them, the Drifter sadly bade farewell to one of his most cherished illusions, which was that, no matter how dull, uninspired, or immaterial his ideas might be, the British journalists, and most confidently the editorial writers for the weekly journals, all wrote the English language with felicity, dignity, and urbanity.

* * * *

THIS is doubtless not true, and it perhaps never was true. Neither may be his notion that English journalists know everybody, have been present at every event worth mentioning for the last fifty years, and can tell the inside story of these same events as well as the accounts that appear in the newspapers. But the Drifter derived his romantic notion not only from some acquaintance with the gentlemen in question, but from years of faithful reading of the *Manchester Guardian*, the *Times*, the *Morning Post*, and the weeklies, with particular emphasis on what used to be the *London Nation*, which has gradually accumulated the *Athenaeum*, the *New Statesman*, and the *Week-End Review*. It may be the amalgamation which has weakened the old *Nation's* confident precision of speech. Or perhaps when it came time to make up the issue of February 24 the office boy, an American who used to shine shoes in City Hall Park, was delegated to write the first paragraph, out of an enthusiasm, perhaps, for a king six and a half feet tall. He wrote the first sentence which the Drifter has quoted to

express that enthusiastic admiration. Being an untutored lad, he did not of course realize how grotesque, how macabre even, it would sound. He then wished to describe the old King Leopold, and the stench of his operations in the Congo. Leopold was evidently a bad king, ergo a "crook"; a stench would be known to a former bootblack by its more homely name. This explanation the Drifter thinks very ingenious and exceedingly probable. But the fact remains that in the *New Statesman and Nation* the sentences do look odd.

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IT may be, of course, that it was not the office boy at all, but an uneasy desire to emulate certain features of American journalism. We have in the United States a good many journalists who write swiftly, biting, who do not hesitate to employ homely words, who do not, indeed, hesitate at all, but who by some kind of luck find the *mot juste* without seeming to look for it. Of these H. L. Mencken is the example par excellence. Writing easily in the bright-colored tradition of Mark Twain, Mr. Mencken's prose has attained a splendor, if not a dignity, that makes it worthy to stand beside the best. But our English contemporaries may as well learn that to write this way is not easy; or if it is easy, as with Mr. Mencken it may be, it is a power derived straight from heaven. It is not a trick to write with a brisk, full, sharp style. It may well be the result of the American temper, the American inheritance, where the earth has been so abundant and men have so triumphantly conquered it. If this is so, then all the more English writers should not try to imitate the American journalistic tone. England is a tight little island that has created an empire; let its literary style remain accomplished, closely woven, distinguished by elegant scrupulosity. When it expands, let it expand imperially, with an orderly precision. Then the Drifter will not feel that his years of reading British periodicals have been in vain.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

It Does Seem Inconsistent

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

What sort of farce is the present Administration engaged in? This morning President Roosevelt in a nation-wide broadcast stated that wages must be raised. This afternoon Postmaster James Farley issued an order stating that substitute post-office clerks shall work only one and a half hours per day, which means a grand salary of \$5.13 per week.

Are we substitute post-office clerks not entitled to the same treatment as the President desires for those employed by private persons and corporations? If, as the order states, the Postmaster-General finds that the Post Office Department's expenses are running behind the appropriations for the year, don't we deserve to be included in the relief funds being so generously granted by the government for private projects?

The amount of time we worked was the first thing curtailed, then the 15 per cent cut was foisted upon us, and now the benevolent "Jim" Farley further curtails our working hours. Is this the example that the government is setting for the rest of the country to follow?

New York, March 5 SUBSTITUTE POST-OFFICE CLERK

A Protest from a Teacher

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

As a reader of *The Nation* I have been shocked by the partisanship and ignorance displayed by your editorials on the economy bill. I ignored the first editorial as an unfortunate accident or a form of mental aberration to which even a high-class organ of liberalism might be subject. Your editorial in the issue of February 28 contains a statement I cannot ignore. The statement is as follows: "Second, the lobby that has formed in opposition to the bill, including in some measure the spokesmen for the school teachers, is obviously political in character and entirely selfish in aim." May I, as a member of the Joint Committee of Teachers' Organization and as the leader of the opposition at the public hearing at Albany, state emphatically that this statement, in so far as it refers to teachers, is without the slightest foundation?

Aside from the fact that we object to government by dictatorship or legislative abdication, the economy bill met with the united opposition of the teachers for the following reasons:

1. It undermined education as a State function and would have brought back the political manipulation of the schools, which could only end in a shattered morale.
2. It destroyed so basic a measure as the civil-service law.
3. It made possible a unification of our sound pension systems with the unsound ones.
4. It proposed another salary cut for teachers and municipal employees in the form of a furlough which would have made our salary cuts vary from 14½ per cent to 28½ per cent and this in the face of a period of inflation and the fact that we suffered from wage lags to the year 1929 and have had other indirect cuts which space prevents my discussing. The recent amendments make the bill less indefensible, but it is still basically wrong and wholly unnecessary to meet the financial crisis.

Moreover, just why should teachers be so completely "unselfish" as to undertake to balance the budget by another special tax upon themselves in the shape of a furlough for the benefit of the bankers and their outrageous banker contract? Why should municipal employees, 90 per cent of whom earn under \$3,000 yearly and 46 per cent under \$2,000 yearly, deprive their dependents of necessities to guarantee exorbitant interest rates for the bankers who helped precipitate the present crisis? Why should we cut our salaries again for the benefit of the Chase National and the National City when their leaders, Charles E. Mitchell and Albert H. Wiggin, inaugurated these cuts at the same time that they increased their own earnings by \$4,000,000?

New York, March 6

ABRAHAM LEFKOWITZ

A Chinese Labor Paper

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

An appeal is being made for funds to assist in the maintenance of the *China Forum*, edited by Harold Isaacs at Shanghai. The *China Forum* now appears as an English-Chinese weekly with a circulation of approximately 5,000 copies, more than 95 per cent of which is among Chinese in the Nanking area. Since this circulation is largely unpaid, the paper exists on the generosity of a few devoted supporters at Shanghai. As the only radical labor journal in China, its continued publication is of paramount importance. Contributions may be sent to the undersigned at 136 Claremont Avenue, Mt. Vernon, New York.

New York, February 10

T. A. BISSON

“Slavocracy”

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

Louis M. Hacker, in his thoughtful review of Matthew Josephson's "The Robber Barons," lugged in quite unnecessarily, it seemed to me, the word "slavocracy." This is a form of verbal devaluation which should be reprimanded. I do not mean to compare it to bimetallism or symmetallism, nor is it a hybrid like "bureaucracy." The objection to it is that it doesn't mean what Mr. Hacker—and the others who employ it—intend that it should say. There was never a "slavocracy" in the South, such as Mr. Hacker speaks of, because the slaves never got control of the government, even during the Reconstruction. Anyhow, "slavocracy" is a hideous word, even when used with the apology of quotation marks—which Mr. Hacker neglected—and it should be lynched.

Perhaps some of your other readers have pet verbal abominations they would like to discuss with you.

Old Greenwich, Conn., March 5 SILAS BENT

The Intelligent Traveler
What Will a Dollar Buy?

AMERICANS who have been living in "a little town in the south of France" for a fraction of the cost of living at home are said to be flocking back this year. The changed value of the dollar has diminished or entirely wiped out the advantages that expatriates formerly enjoyed. This change has given rise to a general feeling, even among experienced travelers, that travel costs this summer will be out of reach.

The expatriate must have a bargain—it usually is the most important factor in his preference for living abroad. The traveler's budget in his own or a foreign land is of a different character. He does not expect to travel as cheaply as he can live at home. An increase in vacation costs may affect his plans but not negate them. The question for the traveler looking toward Europe is this: How much less does my dollar buy now than it bought in better times? To obtain an answer a comparative study has been made of prices in 1929 and in 1933-34 for the three main items of travel cost—board and lodging, railroad transportation, and steamship passage. Data have been gathered from reliable tourist and government sources and checked against personal experience. The conclusions reached will not hold, of course, for every hotel in every European city, but may be taken as a fair indication.

FRANCE

A survey of hotel prices in Paris shows that the drop in the value of the dollar has been offset somewhat by a decrease in prices since 1929. The hotels chosen for comparison are second and third class, selected as typical; there are, of course, many others, equally desirable, with about the same variation in rates. In more expensive hotels the reductions since 1929 are likely to be larger; for less expensive accommodations the reductions are smaller.

Hotel	Accommodation	1929	1933-34
Hotel du Louvre...	Room	\$2.14.....	\$2.53
Majestic	Room	\$2.34.....	\$3.16
Terminus	Room	\$1.17.....	\$1.89
Liberia	Room and breakfast..	\$1.26.....	\$1.51
Saints-Pères	Room and breakfast..	\$1.56.....	\$1.96
Sèvres Vaneau ...	Room and breakfast..	\$1.36.....	\$1.96
Rhône	Room—three meals...	\$2.26.....	\$3.48
Lutetia	Room—three meals...	\$4.68.....	\$6.01

Railroad fares in France have not been changed in francs, and therefore cost more in dollars. For the journey from Paris to Geneva, for instance, the second-class fare was \$7.16 in 1929 and is \$11.63 today.

ITALY

Italy is one of the cheaper countries. A strong bid for tourists has been made by Mussolini, "who made the trains run on time" to the admiration of American business men. The appeal consists in improvements and standardization of services plus substantial price discounts. All hotel prices have been decreased from 10 to 30 per cent since 1929, although not quite far enough to wipe out the disadvantageous exchange of dollars into lire. Comfortable accommodations in Rome cost from \$2.50 to \$3 a day for three meals and room without bath. These are not in the swanky hotels, but in good second- and third-class hotels.

The standard rail fare has increased with the exchange although it remains the same in lire. A second-class journey of 500 kilometers cost \$7.69 in 1929 and now costs \$12.43. However, the visitor may actually make the journey for \$3.73—less than half the 1929 rate—if he is able to take advantage of the maximum excursion reductions, which range from 25 to 70 per cent. These are available for fairs and festivals, of which there is such an extensive network that it is possible to work one of them into almost any journey. The Italian State Railways, 545 Fifth Avenue, New York, supplies detailed information.

GERMANY

Visitors to Germany may reduce expenses there materially by purchasing registered marks before entering the country. This effects a saving of about 15 per cent. Registered marks may be bought at large banks in America or in Europe and from steamship companies and travel agencies. They are issued in lots of 50 and 100 marks, and each traveler is limited to 3,000 a month.

According to good authority German hotel rates are from 30 to 40 per cent lower than they were in 1929. This means that the traveler who pays in registered marks pays in 1934 about what he paid in 1929. Railroad fares have almost doubled in dollars, but special rates for tourists bring them close to the 1929 level. The journey from Berlin to Cologne, a distance of 570 kilometers, cost in 1929, second class express, 32.40 marks, or \$7.74. This year the same journey is quoted at 38.60 marks, or \$12.53 if bought with registered marks. But if the traveler visits the Passion Play at Oberammergau while in Germany, he receives a reduction of one-third on all his rail fares, and his trip between Berlin and Cologne would then cost \$8.31 (registered marks) or less than a dollar more than it would have cost in the prosperous year of 1929. It is possible that Germany will give a reduction of 25 per cent on rail fares for travelers who remain in the country more than seven days. Such a regulation is in effect until May 31, and may well be extended through the tourist season. In that case the fare from Berlin to Cologne will be \$9.32 (registered marks) if the traveler spends a week in Germany.

ENGLAND

England is advantageous for the American traveler with dollars in his pocket, for pounds and dollars stand in about the same relation to each other as in 1929. Hotel prices in London remain the same as in 1929, with a variation of only a few pence. One can live in a comfortable double room with breakfast furnished for well under three dollars a day. Rail fares this year will be reduced to a penny (two cents) a mile for round-trip tickets, according to announcements just issued by the four principal railway companies of Great Britain. A

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round-trip journey of a hundred miles which cost \$3 in 1929 will cost \$2.05 this summer. On "circular tours"—longer journeys allowing stopovers—the basic rate is a penny ha'penny a mile, and reductions of 25 per cent are allowed. The Associated British Railways, 551 Fifth Avenue, New York, gives specific information.

RAIL FARES, EUROPE VS. AMERICA

Thanks to the well-known French travel bureau, Exprinter, we have an elaborate analytical comparison of present standard rail rates in Europe and the United States. It shows that second-class rail travel in certain countries is less expensive than rail travel here at home. In order of cheapness (low to high) the countries where the American dollar can buy more mileage than at home are Spain, Italy, Great Britain (third class), Czecho-Slovakia, Belgium, France, Germany, Norway, Sweden. Only in Holland, Switzerland, and Austria (in order of cheapness) are standard rail fares higher than at home.

TRANSATLANTIC FARES

The cost of steamship passage varies according to the type of boat. Passage on simpler or slower boats is cheaper than on finer and faster boats. The following comparison of summer rates for the years 1929 and 1934 between New York and English ports applies to the North German Lloyd. Rates of other lines correspond very closely.

Steamships	1929	1934
Third Class—Round Trip		
Slowest	\$175.....	\$161
Fastest	\$184.....	\$180
Tourist Class—Round Trip		
Slowest	\$210.....	\$210
Fastest	\$222.50	\$237
Cabin Class—One Way		
Slowest	\$155.....	\$143
Fastest	\$167.....	\$159
First Class—One Way		
Slowest	\$268.....	\$204
Fastest	\$305.....	\$252

JOHN ROTHSCHILD

[An article by Mr. Rothschild on the cost of travel in other countries where rates are still very low will follow shortly.]

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Contributors to This Issue

JAMES RORTY will soon publish a new book on advertising, entitled "Advertising—Not to Praise."

JOHANNES STEEL is the pseudonym of a German Social Democrat who was for several years economic observer attached to the German Department of Commerce.

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MIRIAM ALLEN DEFORD is a California newspaperwoman.

FRANK D. GRAHAM is professor of economics at Princeton University.

Books, Drama, Films

Death's-Head

By DWIGHT DURLING

No clamorous processional swarm
The crumbled city of the fallen brow.
Desolated and uninvaded,
Only time assails it now.

The river-beds of the eyes, deserted
By the river-god, are wells of stone,
Light's enchanted watercourses
Dried, the starry fountains gone.

Strange aerial voices never
Congregate to move again
Chanting exultant choral changes
Upon the porches of the brain.

Augury sleeps. The orifice
Of the sybil-serpent, whose flame
Coiled to strike, is emptiness.
Here a plague came.

Here lies Meaning (Requiescat!),
Memory (Deeper than lost Atlantis!),
Poetry (Peace at last to such ashes!),
Love (Sic semper tyrannis!).

Any handful's measure may
This void prism comprehend
Where again since it first began
The world came to an end.

In Praise of Chaucer

Geoffrey Chaucer. By John Livingston Lowes. Houghton Mifflin Company. \$2.50.

PROFESSOR LOWES'S new book is a compact but comprehensive introduction to Chaucer. Of late years the "father of English poetry" has enjoyed a continuously increasing popularity, and a great deal has been written on almost all phases of his life and works. Professor Lowes has made no attempt to add to these facts, but instead has given a lucid and helpful résumé of the poet's life, literary predecessors, and development. Added to this, and fused through the whole book, is an extraordinarily enthusiastic and affectionate appreciation. This pervasive delight in Chaucer's work and personality is one of the outstanding features of the book. The animated, simple prose of the lectures (for the book was originally written as a series of six lectures, delivered on the William J. Cooper Foundation at Swarthmore College, a year ago) shows clearly with what affection and pleasure Professor Lowes has taken to his subject. And, indeed, no poet more readily lends himself to praise than Chaucer; none is closer to the heart, and none more personally satisfying. His playfulness is perhaps his most engaging characteristic; but his interest in human nature, his perfect balance, the subtly varied rhythms of his verse, and his peace with the world make him, in these days of unpleasant difficulties, one of the most enjoyable of poetic retreats.

It will be noticed that all the qualities mentioned above are the qualities of Chaucer, not of the period; that is, he is popular in spite of the conventions of the time, not because of them. And so some might question the need for any analysis of Chaucer's predecessors and the forms he copied from them. Actually, he owed an enormous amount to the later medieval French and Italian poets; both schools were essential to his development, and neither one can be called more important than the other. From the French, and of course from his own character, he got the lightness of touch and humorous, easy playfulness that is his special charm; and yet he never overdid this cleverness as, by our own standards, the artificial and shallow French writers were inclined to do. Perhaps in the first early poems—"The Book of the Duchess," and the translation of the "Roman de la Rose," he came as near to a jingly hollowness as anywhere. Take as an example the first lines of the poem to the "Book of the Duchess":

I have gret wonder, by this lighte,
How that I live, for day ne nighte
I may not slepe wel nigh nought;
I have so many an ydel thought
Purely for defaute of slepe
That, by my trouthe, I take kepe
Of no-thing, how it cometh or goth . . .

Now compare with this the first stanza of the "Troilus and Criseyde":

The double sorwe of Troilus to tellen,
That was the king Priamus sone of Troye,
In lovinge, how his aventures fellen
Fro wo to wele, and after out of joye,
My purpos is, er that I parte fro ye.
Thesiphone, thou help me for t'endyte
Thise woful vers, that wepen as I wryte!

The difference is striking; in the latter example the structure is far more tight and solid; there are none of the verse-fillers "by this lighte," and "by my trouthe"; the rhythm is broader, and the line, significantly enough, is five-stress, not four. While a great deal of this change was without doubt due to Chaucer's own development and maturing, yet much credit must also be given Dante, Boccaccio, and Petrarch, from whom he probably received the impulse for the development of the tight style.

And yet, as Professor Lowes brings out, had these been Chaucer's only sources, he could never have imagined the "Wyf of Bath," the conversations in the "Troilus and Criseyde," or the bit of solemn foolishness spoken by Chauntecleer:

For al so siker as "In principio,
Mulier est hominis confusio,"
Madame, the sentence of this Latin is—
Womman is mannes joye and al his blis.

Just as Shakespeare and Milton, and many other English poets, were to do, he infused into sources which were alien to the English tongue—the French and Italian—the *tertium quid* which is the essence of Chaucer and the beginning of the English tradition.

And I imagine that one of the purposes of Professor Lowes's book is to pick out and define this Chaucerian essence; not only by sorting out, as far as possible, the ideas which were not originally Chaucer's, but by showing what he did with those ideas he took over from other sources. It is a fascinating amusement to look over Boccaccio's "Filostrato" together with the "Troilus and Criseyde" and see the little touches of naturalness and realism that Chaucer put into his story. Pandar is the classic example of Chaucerian transfiguration; but every character and scene in the "Troilus" bears the mark of his personality.

This ability of Chaucer's to mingle completely his own and

others' materials makes his literary development peculiarly complicated. For example, in the "Hous of Fame," the first book is within fifteen lines of its close when suddenly the lines become strongly colored by Dante. The sighting and arrival of the eagle are told not only in a sharper, clearer style, but with actual lines lifted straight from the "Divine Comedy." This could be explained by the fact that Chaucer had just come on Dante, and wrote these lines while directly under his influence; but there are recollections of Dante in the "Troilus and Criseyde," which was written four years before the "Hous of Fame." Besides this, the eagle, which is practically a counterpart of Vergil in the "Divine Comedy," is one of the most Chaucerian of Chaucer's characters; it is almost certain that Dante had no hand in the making of this loquacious fowl. So there it is; why are thirty or so lines directly influenced by Dante set right in the middle of a perfectly Chaucerian poem? There seems no way of answering this with any certainty.

But whatever the answers to these various critical questions, it is certain that Professor Lowes has stated them in very entertaining and authoritative form. Not only this, but he has provided an alluring introduction for those who have not yet read the works of Chaucer; and to those who know the poems he has given a glowing appreciation that will send them back to read once more their favorite pieces. Which, after all, is very likely the final test of the book.

Very incidentally, "publisshed" for "punysshed," line 1, page 189, should be added to the list of errata.

GEORGE P. KRAPP

Rebel America

Rebel America. By Lillian Symes and Travers Clement. Harper and Brothers. \$3.

IT seems incredible that this is the first time a history has been written of the various phases and factions of revolutionary thought and activity in the United States of America. Harry W. Laidler's "History of Socialist Thought" has its American section, but in so inclusive a work what he has to say must necessarily be sketchy, besides being seven years out-dated in a swiftly moving era. What was needed was an impersonal and objective account of the workings of the social revolution in the United States, from the earliest days to the date of publication; and to be truly valuable it had to be written by someone who was thoroughly conversant with the revolutionary movement, well acquainted with its ramifications and its personalities, and yet not affiliated with any faction, so that partisan propaganda or animadversion might not creep in even against the writer's conscious will. Miraculously, that is just what "Rebel America" is. The book is so objectively written, in fact, that it would be difficult for a stranger to the authors to guess with what groups they have been affiliated in the past, though on every page it bears witness to their long experience and inside knowledge and their basic sympathy with the world revolutionary movement. If it departs in any respect from a valuable impersonality, it is in a sort of personal tenderness for individual aspects of anarchism and the I. W. W.—with neither of which movements the writers have ever been connected.

"In almost any other nation," says the Foreword, "such a history would be practically synonymous with the history of its labor movement. . . . The American tradition of rebellion has found expression more frequently outside than inside the labor movement. Much of the history of radical activity in the United States has consisted of the struggles of contending groups of radical intellectuals for the soul of labor."

It is this unique peculiarity of radicalism in America that gives to a detailed account of its career so much interest and

importance for every student of social history. The United States, contrary to the belief of most uninformed observers—and in a very different way from that described in the horror stories of the red-baiters—has always been a clear mirror of the revolutionary movements and developments of Europe; it has also had its indigenous radical groups of course, but for the most part, until rather recent times, the main body of revolutionary thought in this country has taken its genesis from similar developments abroad. This does not mean, however, that native-born Americans have not been the outstanding leaders—they have been, nearly always, as witness, for mere example, Debs, Haywood, and Foster—or that the conditions here have not profoundly modified the reflected movements, sometimes almost out of recognition of their originators. In the sense that most modern revolutionary thought stems from Karl Marx, the world-wide revolutionary movement, including the American, goes back, of course, to his colossal work; and no economic or social movement anywhere in the world can fail today to be profoundly affected by the mighty example of Russia.

"Rebel America" deals not with every rebellious uprising in the history of this country since its colonial days, but specifically with "the activities of those groups which have aimed at the complete transformation—by whatever means—of the whole social order." Such groups are primarily children of the Industrial Age, since the desire to eliminate capitalism and substitute a different social order for it presupposes the evolution and solidification of capitalism itself. The first stirrings in this country took the form of colonies practicing a rather primitive form of communism—sometimes religious in aspect. The data for this period, outside of the famous Brook Farm episode, are drawn largely from the sixty-year-old contemporary records of Nordhoff and Noyes; but since both these engrossing books are out of print, the authors have done a valuable service in retelling their story. A similar service is the resurrection of the career of that pioneer feminist Frances Wright—born subject for a novel or a play.

Here is a book as fascinating as fiction, as well documented as a doctor's thesis, and, to a large part of our population, as absorbing as an autobiography. Moreover, it will do no harm to the younger intellectuals who have "come into the movement" in the past few years—usually without much acquaintance with its history—to learn what went before them. Even some of the older generation—how grotesque that sounds to us who make it up and were once "the younger generation"!—might profit by its reading. For example, Floyd Dell in "Homecoming" makes the bald assertion: "Nearly all the American Socialist leaders . . . had joined in the pro-war hysteria. Eugene V. Debs alone among familiar Socialist names stood for Socialist principles." I have heard the same statement uttered without contradiction elsewhere. I certainly hold no brief for the Socialist Party, either past or present—rather the opposite, if anything—but this statement happens simply not to be true. The little group of well-advertised—and mostly recent—party members who walked out when the war started constituted anything but the real leaders. With respect only to their attitude toward the war, was not Berger's a familiar Socialist name, or Hillquit's, or Ruthenberg's, or Kate O'Hare's? The St. Louis anti-war resolution, a drastic and dangerous one in its terms, passed that war-time convention almost unanimously and on referendum was carried overwhelmingly. I happened at that time to be closely in touch with three radical groups—the Socialist Party, the Socialist Labor Party, and the I. W. W.—and I can testify of all of them that an enormous majority of the plain rank and file, as well as practically all the real leaders, stood firmly against the war, and that many of them paid with their liberty for their adherence to their principles. Floyd Dell knows better; his subconscious mind perhaps played him a trick, since he himself capitulated to the war. But there is a whole

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group of young contemporary radicals who have no idea of what the radical movement was like in America during and just after the war, and who will be genuinely astonished to find that it was not made up entirely of renegades.

"Rebel America" is a fine, impressive, and valuable book—though it will undoubtedly fail to please that type of radical who brands as "social fascism" and "counter-revolutionary activity" every critical approach to the history of his particular faction.

MIRIAM ALLEN DEFORD

Explaining Money

The Dollar, the Franc, and Inflation. By Eleanor Lansing Dulles. The Macmillan Company. \$1.25.

The Sterling-Dollar-Franc Tangle. By Paul Einzig. The Macmillan Company. \$1.75.

Current Monetary Issues. By Leo Pasvolosky. Brookings Institution. \$1.50.

What Everybody Wants to Know About Money. By Nine Oxford Economists. Edited by G. D. H. Cole. Alfred A. Knopf. \$3.

WHETHER the fate of Cassandra is to be regarded as a monument to human folly or as a triumph of reason we can never know. Cassandra might have been inspired from on high, but the probability is that she was a mere fanatic uttering doleful jeremiads, deservedly scorned, even though justified by the events. Miss Dulles, in her book "The Dollar, the Franc, and Inflation," essays the same role, in the same manner, but, let us hope, not with the same results. Parading the real and alleged horrors of French inflation as a warning to the United States, she is eventually led to express the belief that, as a result of currency depreciation, there was a *net* loss of real wealth in France of well above fifty billions of (old) dollars. Since, on the best estimates, this was not far short of the total real wealth of the country at the beginning of inflation, it is somewhat surprising to note that most Frenchmen still have their shirts. Currency depreciation does not destroy any *existing* real wealth—it merely redistributes it—and since, on Miss Dulles's own admission, French production rose during the inflationary episode, though less than, in her opinion, it would otherwise have done, the French wealth, if she is right, must have possessed a magic volatility more in keeping with foreign estimates of Gallic qualities than with the facts. Miss Dulles's absurd estimate of the loss of real wealth is but one of many grave lapses from scientific standards. At several places she intimates, for instance, that the French alone have ever succeeded in staying the course of sharp inflation short of a complete collapse. Without laying any stress on European and North American cases to the contrary, even a superficial knowledge of South American monetary history would have made such statements impossible.

On the other hand, Miss Dulles seems to imagine that it is at times difficult to hold down, or force down, the gold-exchange value of a paper currency. Provided such a currency is freely issuable, it can be offered in unlimited quantities against gold at the desired rate. If, under these circumstances, the rate is temporarily buoyant, it is a certainty that the sellers of gold will be exhausted long before paper, ink, and printing presses give out.

From what has just been said it will be clear that the reviewer is far from denying the dangers of depreciation, but Miss Dulles's book, on the anti-inflation side, is on all fours with the utterances of Father Coughlin from the opposite camp. It may be magnificent propaganda but it is not science.

Without any indulgence in unmerited praise it may be said that "The Sterling-Dollar-Franc Tangle" is the best of Einzig's

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frequent, and dubious, contributions to currency discussions. In contrast with Miss Dulles, he asserts that inflation and the undervaluation of the franc became the source of immense financial strength and economic prosperity. There is here a failure to distinguish between solvency and income, which are by no means the same thing, but Einzig nevertheless makes a stronger case for his contention than Miss Dulles does for hers. When the doctors disagree so diametrically, however, the conclusion, in this case at least, is that neither is a very competent physician.

A sharp and pleasing contrast to such sloppy work appears in Pasvolsky's "Current Monetary Issues." Dealing with the preliminaries to the London Monetary and Economic Conference, with the conference itself, and with following events, Mr. Pasvolsky gives a masterly presentation of the many aspects of a complex issue in which all the arguments do not lie on one side. The incongruent attitudes of the several Powers at the conference are so forcibly set forth, and the clash of policies is made so clearly evident, that there is small room for anything but despair of an international agreement on monetary matters. Pasvolsky seems to believe, however, that *national* attempts at stable price levels would lead to a disruption of international trade and finance and that an independent currency system is inextricably bound up with economic nationalism. It may be at once admitted that international finance cannot remain free if international trade is more and more to be put in fetters, but a stable national price level would do no harm to international trade even if it meant fluctuating rates of exchange. The assertion that stable conditions in any country are more likely to be achieved when the value of its money moves in unison with other currencies than when it remains unchanged is surely open to question, and on this point Pasvolsky is, in my judgment, on untenable ground.

"What Everybody Wants to Know About Money" is a symposium by a group of Oxford economists under the editorship of G. D. H. Cole. Like all symposia it is spotty, but covers most phases of monetary and financial problems in a satisfactory and occasionally excellent manner. Professor Cole contributes four chapters out of twelve and argues for the socialization of banking as essential to a planned economy. The argument, whether sound or not, will seem irrelevant to those who are skeptical of planning as Cole understands the term. It is somewhat unfortunate that emphasis should have been laid on this point rather than on governmental issuance of the supply of all circulating media. If short-term bank credit were extended, as is long-term credit, *within the existing supply of circulating medium as a datum* and did not constitute an addition thereto, it might well be that governmental control of banks would be unnecessary either for a comprehensively planned economy or for the more or less modified *laissez faire* under which most economies will probably continue to operate.

FRANK D. GRAHAM

Objectivist Verse

Jerusalem the Golden. By Charles Reznikoff. The Objectivist Press. \$1.

THE objectivist poets are a one-line development of the imagists. To present emotion objectively, in an image, and so far as possible without any direct statement of its significance to the poet, save as the drawing (in words) must convey it—that is the imagist creed. The objectivists carry this purpose one step farther by allowing the image to be either that actually existing in the world of objects or that existing only in the subconscious mind. The result, in poetry, is, curiously enough, always poetry of statement, expository of

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feeling but denied the direct conveyance of feeling. Most good poetry, relying on a fusion of the outer, or seen, image with the inner vision, presents its convictions directly or immediately. Imagist or objectivist poetry requires that the reader first recall the object described and then interpret that object, as the poet himself does.

Charles Reznikoff is one of the most capable poets in the objectivist group. He is a lawyer, and perhaps this accounts for his desire to present his facts and to allow conclusions to be drawn. The conclusions are to be drawn, of course, from the poet's own peculiar use of language as well as from his choice of an image to portray his feeling. Mr. Reznikoff's use of language is often Biblical, and Biblical imagery has inevitably a rich association. For the rest, Mr. Reznikoff has proceeded through a scholarly perusal of the philosophers to a final acceptance of Marx. His is the modern skeptical mind looking for a new faith. Therefore although the first poems in this volume are similar to earlier work or to the lines,

This smoky winter morning—
do not despise the green jewel shining among the twigs
because it is a traffic light,

the last poems denounce materialism and economic competition, and lift a banner for Marx:

Wheels of steel and pistons of steel
shall fetch us water and hew us wood;
we shall call nothing mine—nothing for ourselves only.

This poet's mind is interesting, his choice of materials is interesting. He is modern, urbane, and in whatever he attempts he is sincere. Nevertheless, many of his poems are not poems so much as an intellectual attempt to present a mood.

EDA LOU WALTON

Notes on Fiction

Come in at the Door. By William March. Harrison Smith and Robert Haas. \$2.50.

To Messrs. Faulkner and Caldwell's gallery of hysterical and libidinous Southerners William March in his second book has added three full-length portraits worthy of note: Bush, an amiable white man, deserted now and then by his prostitute wife, who finds escape by having the symbols of his frustration tattooed over his body; Mitty, the hero's Negro nurse and mistress to his father, who practices voodoo with exquisite horror; and Baptiste, a mulatto from New Orleans, the subject of Mitty's curse. Compared to these the hero, Chester, is secondary. Chester starts out well enough, and the story of the childish blood-guilt which pursues him all his days begins to grow into a likely motif for the history of his life, but halfway through the book the author lets the motif wither, with the result that Chester and his story have a weak and confused ending. Mr. March has none of Faulkner's melodramatic and strained style, nor has he Caldwell's brutal humor. His style is less individualistic and has a natural conventionality that makes the parables interrupting the narrative seem senseless affectations. His prose is ready, and besides the feats of characterization he displays a sentiment, a toleration for his characters in marked contrast to the eternal struggle so many contemporary novelists wage with the figments of their imaginations.

Twice Shy. By D. M. Low. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$2.50.

Mr. Low's novel is expressive in certain parts rather than articulate as a whole. This is possibly due to the absence of a protagonist, unless one may apply the term to the Austrian woman who is smuggled into the book in the opening pages

and has her cramped moment of pathos and human expressiveness when she reappears somewhat fugitively toward the end. For the most part the novel is taken up with exhibiting parasitic expatriates of the type that in Huxley and Hemingway is habitually revealed sipping absinthe in Mediterranean resorts and cosmopolitan capitals and pursuing perennial courtships. Norman Douglas was the first and perhaps the most genial modern exponent of the light-hearted attitude toward love, which in the hands of many of his successors has become a weariness of the flesh. Henry James's cosmopolites were something quite different again, since their loves and their dreams of magnificence were still earnest and passionate. But what can one say of characters like these in "Twice Shy," in whom every appetite has become so impoverished that their spiritual strife is only the ghost of a conflict and the shadow of an illusion? These exiguous lives are a half-hearted plot to cheat destiny, and it does not work out very well—a conclusion of which the "sophisticated" novelists are becoming increasingly, if still rather fumblingly, conscious. Witness Hemingway's incoherent effort in "A Farewell to Arms" to manipulate a new kind of heroine. Meanwhile, the more sophisticated novels one reads, the more one is able to appreciate an author who has been constantly reproached for his want of sophistication. When people stop talking about D. H. Lawrence's morbidity, it may possibly become plain that his highest originality and most precious distinction lie in his having given us some few characters, like his *Lost Girl* and *Lady Chatterley*, who at least did what they did without keeping their fingers crossed.

Mostly Canallers. Collected Stories by Walter D. Edmonds. Little, Brown and Company. \$2.50.

Mr. Edmonds has staked out as his fictional homestead the country of the Erie Canal in the old days when it was a route for horse-drawn boats through a pioneer region, before it became the modern, industrialized barge waterway. He has saturated himself in the history of the country and has revived with what seems to be exceptional fidelity the men and women who made the Erie Canal the rough, romantic segment of American civilization which it was. Mr. Edmonds, only just turned thirty years of age, now collects twenty-four short stories which he has finished, along with three novels—"Rome Haul," "The Big Barn," and "Erie Water"—since first he became seriously interested in writing in Harvard University. He introduces a motley array of individuals into "Mostly Canallers," but they are veracious characters, not conventional types, and his narratives present atmosphere, drama, and human nature. Of the twenty-four selections in the present volume twenty have been published previously in magazines and eighteen have been included in Edward J. O'Brien's compilations of "best short stories." That is a remarkable record, but will not seem undeserved to the discriminating reader who delves into this collection.

Drama Chronicle Play

EMOTIONS need an outlet and most persons respond in some habitual way to any new-found enthusiasm. Some write a letter to the *Times* (or *The Nation*), others instinctively compose a sonnet, and still others organize a meeting of protest against the outrage they are sure to discover somewhere in the background. Sidney Howard, on the other hand, happens to be a man who thinks naturally in terms of the stage. Whenever the temperature of his interest rises above a certain point he writes a play, and if the subject sometimes happens to

be one a bit rebellious to such treatment, it can nearly always be said, at least, that he made a better play out of that particular material than anyone else could have done.

All this being the case, it is easy to imagine the genesis of "Yellow Jack" (Martin Beck Theater). Mr. Howard read Paul de Kruif on Walter Reed and yellow fever, he was seized with a generous enthusiasm for the heroes of science, and he could no more resist writing a play about it all than you or I could resist doing whatever lesser thing it is we usually do when we discover a new enthusiasm. The result is a tour de force consisting of a continuous, multi-scened chronicle in which the whole history of this particular scientific achievement is presented in vivid, perspicuous terms. There is the drama of the laboratory, the more "human" heroic comedy of the four volunteer guinea pigs, and there is also a running lecture on the technique of bacteriology. Few other writers could have given any sort of unity or even any tolerable degree of continuity to a play composed of such elements, but the very least that can be said of Mr. Howard is that he has somehow succeeded in holding "Yellow Jack" together, and that it is frequently very interesting indeed.

To me a comparison with "Men in White"—a far less original and more conventional play—seems inevitable. At first glance everything might appear to be in favor of Mr. Howard's piece, the intellectual content of which is obviously incomparably richer. It presents important, relatively little-known facts. It deals less with the picturesque surface of medical technique, more with the scientific significance of what is being done. In a word it actually conveys to the audience solid, highly relevant information. And yet I am not sure that all this is not really an indication of the weakness of "Yellow Jack" and of the strength—as a play—of "Men in White." The latter is conveying an emotional attitude toward the work of the medical profession; the former is, primarily, conveying information about it. The point is not that emotional attitudes are more important than information. The point is that information can be conveyed in various ways and that, all things considered, a work of art is not the best way of conveying it; whereas a work of art is not only the best way of creating an emotional attitude, but actually the only way in which such an attitude, with all its intangible subtlety, can be communicated. Mr. Howard introduces a good deal of drama and a good deal of comedy. Both are, nevertheless, in the nature of excrescences upon his work, or, if that is too severe, then, at best, incidental "relief"—lollipops offered to the members of the audience as a reward for being good children and attending to their lesson. What Mr. Howard is really most interested in saying has already been said in the de Kruif essay. What "Men in White" is trying to say could not be said except in fiction of some sort.

"Yellow Jack" is actually most engaging when it is least informative—except about human nature. By far the best characters are the four sharply individualized soldiers, and I am sure that I, for one, will remember longer than anything else the sentence which one of them quotes as the traditional formula for getting along in the army: "Keep your mouth shut, your bowels open, and don't volunteer." What a philosophy that is! The more I think about it the more capable it seems of profound general application, and the more deeply I am convinced that I have never heard a more complete philosophy of life compressed into a sentence. Seriously, moreover, the phrase illuminates the whole question at issue. It is unmistakably literature because it includes implications and overtones and echoes which no simple expository phrase could possibly manage to include within itself, and which would evaporate if any attempt were made to explain them one by one in an essay. It is literature because it conveys, as an integrated whole, an idea, a judgment, and a temperament.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

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Films

"Death Takes a Holiday"

NOT having seen the play on which it is based, this reviewer is unable to say how faithful the picture "Death Takes a Holiday" may be to its original source. But there is such a striking disparity between the manner in which the principal characters are made to act throughout and the statements that they are made to utter at the end that one is justified in the suspicion that the sensibilities of the American public have once again been spared at the expense of consistency. Everything in this story by a modern Italian dramatist, who has undoubtedly been much influenced by Pirandello, is quite clearly a working out of the idea that love is an identification with death, that love is death. From the very first moment the young Italian girl is shown to be less interested in her earthly lover than in the mysterious shadow which beckons to her from the garden. When Death arrives at the villa for his three-day holiday, disguised of course as a handsome young prince from some vaguely foreign land, she is already ripe for annihilation. Her infatuation is immediate and complete. And, at the end, despite the appeals of her family and unfortunate fiance, she vanishes with him into darkness. She does not depart, however, without expressing some muddled and wholly unexpected sentiments concerning the conquest of death by love, without introducing, in other words, a motivation for her action that is altogether new and quite unrelated to the theme of the play as a whole. The reason for this sudden injection of the love-is-greater-than-death motif is easily enough understood; the conception of love as annihilation, while it may be a fireplace motto for readers of Proust and Mann, is still a bit strong for the healthy American palate. Such a melancholy foreign notion must therefore be eradicated from any film that hopes to reach the great American public even if, as happens to be the case here, the whole structure and meaning of the film depend on such an idea.

This final cancelation of the theme in "Death Takes a Holiday" would be less regrettable if the film did not include so many excellent qualities of Hollywood production at its best. The acting is much above the average: Evelyn Venable is altogether perfect as the young girl and Fredric March does remarkably well with the difficult title role. The picture illustrates, among other things, the considerable progress that Hollywood has made within the last year in the use of special lighting effects for securing or reinforcing emotional moods. Also responsible for its total effectiveness is the constant exploitation of the symbolical values of the setting, a magnificent Italian villa of the baroque period. The magnificence of the great stone staircase, the marble statuary, and the ornate furnishings is made to seem terrible and depressing, the formality of the garden even sinister, in the light of the situation. In the last scene a memorable bit of pictorial symbolism is achieved: Death, again garbed in a flowing black robe, stands at the top of some steps in the garden; the girl, also dressed in black, ascends to meet him; then, gradually, the two black figures melt into one and dissolve into the night. This is a kind of effect which we get only on the screen; and because "Death Takes a Holiday" is full of such effects it deserves the attention of anyone interested in the current screen.

In "Spitfire" (Radio City Music Hall) Miss Katharine Hepburn has been supplied with what is usually termed, in a not very complimentary tone, a vehicle. As a vehicle for Miss Hepburn, however, it has the disadvantage of emphasizing what is her chief limitation as an actress, an insufficient variety in the

use of voice and gesture. Her role of hoydenish mountain girl given to alternate fits of physical violence and fanatical praying, is too simple in itself, and too simply written, to force any extension of the rather limited range which she has so far exhibited on the stage and screen. More than anything else at this point in her career Miss Hepburn is in need of the discipline which a really difficult role under the direction of some very exacting director would require of her.

"Ariane" (55th Street Playhouse) is a poorly assembled product from the British studios, with Elizabeth Bergner and Percy Marmont in the leading roles. What it would seem to prove is that the films are not a good medium for the elaboration of psychological relationships of the more tortured modern variety. Undoubtedly, there must have been much delicate analysis on the part of Claude Anet, who wrote the novel on which this picture was founded, to indicate the precise development of the incredibly one-sided love affair that is represented as taking place between a middle-aged English globe-trotter and a very young Russian emigrée in Paris. But so far the screen has not discovered the visual equivalent for intellectual analysis, and the result of its attempting to reproduce novels and plays in which this element is paramount can only be a mistake. It is pleasant to see Elizabeth Bergner without so much make-up as she is required to use in "Catherine the Great" and to watch her triumph in another of those scenes in which she inspires male jealousy by telling lies. Perhaps the essence of our pleasure in watching these scenes consists in our knowledge that the actress is acting *inside* the role that she is acting in the play. And it is no wonder, in view of the rarity of even good straight acting on the screen, that this kind of acting-within-acting seems such a feat in Miss Bergner's two pictures.

WILLIAM TROY

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MARY OF SCOTLAND. Alvin Theater. Helen Hayes and Philip Merivale give fine performances in Maxwell Anderson's play. The biggest dramatic hit of the moment but one which left me a little cold.

MEN IN WHITE. Broadhurst Theater. Fine teamwork on the part of the members of the Group Theater helps to make this play about a young doctor one of the things which must not be missed.

PEACE ON EARTH. Civic Repertory Theater. Propaganda play about the next war, in which the workers strike and a young college professor gets framed for murder. Drawing special but enthusiastic audiences which evidently do not agree with me that the play is quite uninspired.

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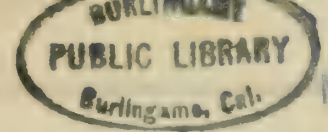
THEY SHALL NOT DIE. Royale Theater. Vivid summary of the Scottsboro case. Brilliantly done but as painful as it is powerful.

YELLOW JACK. Martin Beck Theater. Reviewed in this issue.



The Nation

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Contents

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS	343
EDITORIALS:	
Not Back to Hoover, Please!	346
Auto Workers in Revolt	347
A New Triple Alliance	347
Save the Grown-ups!	348
ISSUES AND MEN. THE PLIGHT OF HIGHER EDUCATION. By Oswald Garrison Villard	349
CARTOON: MICKEY MOUSE SEEKS PROTECTION. By Low	350
THE CONSUMER VS. THE NRA. III. WHAT SHALL WE DO ABOUT IT? By James Rorty	351
CUBA'S TROUBLED WATERS. By Clara Porset	353
EUROPE MOVES TOWARD WAR. III. FRANCO-ITALIAN RIVALRIES. By Johannes Steel	354
SENATOR WAGNER'S NEW LABOR BILL. By Herbert Rabinowitz	356
"MAY-MENGKUO"—A NEW CREATION. By Crispian Corcoran	358
IN THE DRIFTWAY. By The Drifter	359
CORRESPONDENCE	360
CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE	361
BOOKS, ART, DRAMA:	
The "Odyssey" of Disney. By James Thurber	363
Crying in the Wilderness. By Joseph Wood Krutch	363
The Oppermanns. By Isidore Abramowitz	364
William Carlos Williams. By Philip Blair Rice	365
Why Some Americans are Communists. By Florence Codman	366
Soldiers and Pensions. By Marcus Duffield	366
Shorter Notices	367
Art: Frontiers of Machine Art. By Anita Brenner	368
Drama: Moral Holiday. By Joseph Wood Krutch	370

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IF THE FIRST ELECTION among workers at the Budd automobile-body manufacturing plant in Philadelphia to determine their union preferences was an obvious sham, the second one, held on March 20 as this issue goes to press, must take the prize for hollow farce. William H. Davis, National Compliance Director, made a sorry mess of the first election when he barred 800 striking employees—whom the company had promised to take back but never had "found room" for—from voting for their own federal union, an affiliate of the American Federation of Labor. The company union won by a three-to-two vote among 5,800 of the 6,300 Budd workers, but if the strikers had been permitted to vote, and the strike-breakers forbidden to do so—as has been usual at National Labor Board elections—the poll would have favored the independent union. General Johnson outlawed that first election and ordered another. This time he permitted the 800 strikers to vote, but granted the same privilege to the 800 strike-breakers who had taken their places, thus canceling his "liberality." He also laid down the inexplicable rule that while it was not necessary for all Budd workers to vote, the independent union, in order to win the right of representation, must have a majority not of the voters but of the total number of employees in the plant. In other words, an uncast vote was a vote for the company organization. Still more strangely, General Johnson or-

dered that all ballots be signed with the name and badge number of the voter. In swift retaliation more than 1,000 employees, both actual workers and strikers, decided not to take part in the second election and threatened a new strike. This action weakened their cause, but obviously there was nothing else for them to do, since in either case they were lost. If we are to have a wave of strikes, as has been predicted, if the whole NRA structure breaks down, it should be easy to place a finger on one cause of the trouble.

ELSEWHERE in this issue we print a careful analysis by Herbert Rabinowitz of the bill which Senator Wagner has introduced into Congress as a means of fortifying the position of labor under Section 7-a of the National Industrial Recovery Act. In an earlier article Mr. Rabinowitz pointed out the serious deficiencies in Section 7-a and showed that by its provisions labor actually found itself in a weaker position than it enjoyed before the days of the New Deal. Senator Wagner, fully recognizing this difficulty, has attempted by his proposed amendments to stop the serious gaps in "labor's bill of rights." With this attempt the editors of *The Nation* are entirely in sympathy, and they print Mr. Rabinowitz's criticism only to the end that the new legislation may be strengthened to do what it is intended to do. The right to strike, to organize in labor unions, to bargain collectively, not only must not be denied to labor but must be clearly and actively affirmed. In so far as Senator Wagner's new bill gives equal privileges to company-controlled unions and outside unions, it should be amended. The company-controlled union has never safeguarded and will never safeguard for labor the rights which it has with difficulty established through court decisions and otherwise. And labor organizations should be given additional powers of enforcement through direct appeal to the courts in case the Labor Board, in exercising its discretion in this matter, fails to protect labor's interests. With certain modifications to block such loopholes as Mr. Rabinowitz has discovered, the Wagner bill should be speedily enacted. The mass resistance to its provisions on the part of the Steel Institute and the National Association of Manufacturers, and the reckless defiance of the automobile makers, are sufficient evidence of the need of such legislation.

AFTER SEVERAL MONTHS of comparative quiet in the Illinois coal fields, where the anti-John L. Lewis union of the Progressive Miners of America is more than halfway through its second year of struggle with the United Mine Workers of America, the situation is looking ominous again. The recent surface calm has been due to inactivity on the part of the Progressives, who have been waiting patiently to see whether their claim to recognition would receive favorable attention from the National Labor Board. The immediate prospect is forbidding, because that body, after much delay in facing the issue, has at last refused the request of the Progressives that it sponsor an impartial referendum at which Illinois miners could make their union preferences known. At the time it ruled against such a pool the Na-

tional Labor Board supported the National Bituminous Coal Labor Board in upholding the Peabody Coal Company's contract with the U. M. W. in Saline County, a stronghold of Progressive Miners with American antecedents. As a last resort, the Progressives have now taken their case before Federal Judge Wham in East St. Louis, seeking an injunction against the carrying out of the contract on the ground that it violates both Section 7-a of the National Industrial Recovery Act and the coal code. If the violence and bloodshed, which have already taken more than a score of lives and damaged thousands of dollars' worth of miners' dwellings, break out again, the responsibility will be the National Labor Board's. There is just as much reason, under Section 7-a, for it to guarantee freedom of union choice in this case as in the case of employer-imposed company unions. Its explanation that it is of the same rank as the Coal Labor Board, and hence cannot review that body's rulings, becomes so many words when it is remembered that two of the National Labor Board's members are John L. Lewis and William Green, presidents, respectively, of the United Mine Workers of America and the American Federation of Labor, both of which have high stakes in the strife-torn Illinois mining towns.

MARCH 25 marks the third anniversary of the arrest of the nine Negro youths accused of rape in the famous Scottsboro case. In the three years which have passed since that March day all nine of the defendants have been tried once and eight of them sentenced to the electric chair, a mistrial having been declared in the case of the ninth boy, Roy Wright. The two youngest boys have by now been turned over to the jurisdiction of the juvenile court. Of the remaining seven, Clarence Norris has been tried and found guilty twice, and Heywood Patterson three times. The defendants are confined in the death house in Birmingham prison, and on March 17 it was reported that four of them had been put in solitary confinement for fighting with a Negro stool pigeon. Heywood Patterson's third trial took place last December, and on the last day of the trial Samuel Leibowitz, the lawyer for the defense, asked for thirty days from the typing of the minutes in which to file a motion for a new trial. Judge Callahan, the presiding judge, refused, but granted thirty days from that day, December 6. Within twenty-eight days Osmund K. Fraenkel, defense attorney, filed the motion, but he was told by Attorney-General Knight that the motion should have been filed during the December term of court. When Judge Callahan was reminded of his thirty-day permission, he declared that if he had given such permission, he had no right to do so under the Alabama law. He accordingly denied the motion for a new trial and the defense was thereupon left only about ten days to file, within the proper time, the bill of exceptions, which involved a reworking of some 3,500 pages of the court record. However, Mr. Fraenkel did file the bill of exceptions on March 5. Judge Callahan has sixty days in which to sign it; after it is signed it goes to the Supreme Court of Alabama.

IT IS EVIDENT that the Alabama Supreme Court will not reverse the decision of the lower court unless it is convinced that the United States Supreme Court would do the same thing. Alabama is thoroughly sick of its *cause célèbre* and would prefer to keep it within State limits if possible. Judge Callahan, moreover, during the trial—with

a prospect of an appeal to a higher court constantly before him—attempted at every point to establish disputed points as questions of fact and not of law. Thus he ruled that names of Negro jurors did in fact appear on the jury rolls, not admitting the question raised by the defense of how they got there. It remains for the defense lawyers to find a way of forcing the admission of these disputed facts to the jurisdiction of the higher court. From the conduct of the case so far, the public which is following the fortunes of the Scottsboro boys with sympathetic interest may have confidence that everything that law and able and courageous lawyers can do for the defendants will be done. One may agree or not with the mass-protest tactics of the International Labor Defense, which has defended the Negroes from the end of the first trial; but one cannot fail to give it all credit for devotion to the legal aspects of the case. And by contrary, the courts of Alabama, with the honorable exception of Judge Horton, may feel proud only of the fact that every possible attempt has been made to railroad to the electric chair a group of Negro youths against whom no crime has ever been satisfactorily proved.

THE COPELAND BILL has emerged from the Senate Commerce Committee, and look at the poor thing now! Section 9-c, which prohibited the medicine men from advertising that their nostrums had any effect in the treatment of a list of diseases starting with albuminuria, appendicitis, and arteriosclerosis, and ending with venereal diseases and whooping cough, is deleted in toto. Couple this with the earlier deletion of the "inference and ambiguity" advertising clause, of the declaration of formulas on labels, and of the standards clause, and you wonder why the drug lobby is still yelling for more blood, as it is. The latest activity of Lee Bristol's ineffable Joint Committee for Sound and Democratic Consumer Legislation is to put pressure not only on newspaper editors but on columnists and cartoonists to defeat the bill. As a physician sincerely interested in protecting the public health and the public pocket-book, Senator Copeland—who has publicly approved the emasculated bill—must know that his bill is badly damaged. As a politician, he should be informed that if he fails to denounce the emasculation of his bill on the floor of the Senate, he will hear from his constituency on next election day. And he had better not try appealing to them on radio time sponsored by patent-medicine manufacturers!

THE ILLOGICAL CHARACTER of public action is well illustrated by the defeat in the Senate of the proposed treaty with Canada for the joint construction of the Great Lakes-St. Lawrence waterway. In order to relieve unemployment we are seeking high and low for useful public works that can be undertaken by the federal, State, or municipal governments. We do not wish to economize in this field but to increase expenditures. To this end we are beginning various projects which admittedly are based on future rather than present needs and some which probably will never be needed at all. In addition, we are paying millions of dollars to men for merely twiddling their thumbs. Yet the waterway project was opposed largely on the ostensible ground of expense. Of course there were other probably more cogent reasons of which less was publicly said. The power interests, fearful that they would not be able to control the

proposed electric development of the St. Lawrence River, brought powerful opposition to bear against the treaty. The railroads, mistakenly we think, believed that the waterway would hurt their traffic, while Atlantic seaports from New York to Maine decided, possibly correctly, that the new route would injure them. Inevitably the project will be revived, and sooner or later, if the United States does not join with Canada in building the waterway, the Canadians will undertake it by themselves for their exclusive benefit.

THE nationalist and isolationist aspects of the New Deal have inevitably called forth a host of new proposals to shut our gates entirely to alien workers. Six exclusion bills are now pending before the House Immigration Committee. These measures range all the way from the Dies bill, which would reduce existing quotas under the 1924 law 60 per cent, to the Blanton bill, which would exclude immigration altogether for at least ten years. As usual, the American Legion and other patriotic societies are the chief supporters of the proposed exclusion legislation. And, also as usual, the House committee is clearly disposed to sympathize openly with these super-patriots and to give short shrift to the arguments of those opposed to the exclusion bills. Representative Blanton of Texas revealed precisely the sort of temper and intelligence that stands behind these measures when, during one of the committee hearings, he shouted that if the present alien "scum of the earth, eating under the structural bulwarks of our government, are not stopped, civil war will result." Consistency would seem to require the Roosevelt Administration to support one or another of these measures in order to protect more completely the advantages and safeguards which the recovery program is supposedly creating for American labor. Yet it is to be hoped that the Administration will see, as it has seen in the case of the tariff, that all these attempts to erect still higher national barriers are serving and can only serve to contribute further to our ills by keeping the world divided against itself.

IF PROHIBITION did nothing else, it made the liquor traffic respectable in this country. A decade ago anybody who had suggested that the United States government should conduct a distillery would have been blasted from Portland, Maine, to Portland, Oregon. But in the year 1934 the Administration announces its intention of going into rum-making in the Virgin Islands, and there isn't a murmur. Economically these little patches of land in the Caribbean are in ruin—without industry, without capital, without initiative. Mr. Hoover called them an "effective poorhouse," probably meaning to say that they were in effect a poorhouse. They offer excellent ground for a paternalistic experiment. The Public Works Administration will advance \$1,000,000 to revive the once famous sugar and rum industries by buying 6,000 acres of land and building a factory for handling cane. The whole will be a cooperative enterprise, with a distribution of profits to cane growers and factory workers. Two-room houses will be built instead of the present one-room shacks, and will be sold on terms as easy as existing rentals. The sugar-and-rum project is for St. Croix—the largest of the three islands. On the mountain island of St. Thomas—there is no more beautiful spot or more gracious climate in the West Indies—the government plans to build a hotel and develop tourist traffic. The whole scheme sounds as lovely

as a wedding march in June, and if it proves to be half as good as it sounds, it will be twice as satisfactory as the present plight of the islands.

SOME two hundred years ago Joseph Addison informed his readers that at Coverley Hall the chaplain was more conspicuous for his mellifluous voice than for his inventive mind, and that, accordingly, he read to his parishioners the best sermons by various other persons instead of composing inferior ones for himself. This was supposed to be absurd, though we have never understood exactly why, but the same scheme—with modern improvements—is being projected by the Congregational church. Phonograph records containing thirty minutes of church service and a sermon by a leading theologian are to be distributed to minor parishes, and thus S. Parkes Cadman will be as ubiquitous as Amos and Andy. We have only two suggestions. The first is that the church should finance the scheme in the fashion invented by the radio and get "sponsors" for all the big names—say, Postum for Billy Sunday and Ex-Lax for Bishop Manning. The other is that no record be made of the speech delivered by William S. Sadler before the International Council of Religious Education held recently in Chicago. Dr. Sadler urged that those persons too dull to be saved by the Gospel should be sterilized.

WE WERE AWARE that liberals were in disrepute, but we had no idea how violent a term of reproach "liberal" had become until we saw the telegram from Lillian Symes (to her publishers) repudiating the blurb on the jacket of her volume "Rebel America," which referred to Mrs. Symes as a "one-time radical and an all-time liberal": "Please make any possible corrections immediately of statement on book jacket that I am ex-radical and present liberal. I am not a liberal and object vigorously to the label." In a letter to a friend, which we have seen, Mrs. Symes objects even more vigorously: "I am not, never have been, and never will be a liberal and can think of no worse insult that could be hurled at anyone's mentality in a time like this." "That I should live to be called a liberal," Mrs. Symes concludes in a tone of outrage that a liberal might envy, "is more than I can bear." Well, well! We sympathize with Mrs. Symes and are glad to proclaim that she is not, never has been, and never will be a liberal. But with the irrepressible optimism of liberals we see a note of hope in the sad story. Mrs. Symes is the first author, so far as we remember, to speak out publicly against a blurb. Is it too much to hope that the whole system of blurbs may be eliminated?

AS our readers know, we frequently draw both information and inspiration from what we can decipher of that esoteric journal *Variety*. The latest thing we have discovered is a bit of exhilarating evidence illustrating the progress of Progress and the spread of a purely international culture. We present five items of news emanating from a single city, and we ask our readers to guess where the news is from: "Clint Boyd and orchestra back at the Casanova. . . . Rose Room, Plaza Hotel, which was open for the holidays is closed again. . . . Woth Sisters closed at the Cathay Hotel. . . . Black and White at Paramount Ball Room, headlining a bill that is clicking. . . . John Farren is installed as the new manager at the Paramount." The answer is, Shanghai.

Not Back to Hoover, Please!

MR. ROOSEVELT'S attempt to wind up the relief program of the Civil Works Administration at the end of March is the most ill-advised step he has taken since his inauguration. When several weeks ago the President announced his intention to terminate the work of the CWA on May 1, it was not taken seriously. The general feeling was that it was a political statement, intended to curb excesses and lead States and municipalities to assume a larger share of the burden. It was predicted that as May 1 approached, a way would be found to continue federal relief for the unemployed. Instead, Mr. Roosevelt advanced the date for ending the CWA expenditures, and a cruel demobilization and disorganization of the system has ensued.

Yet Mr. Roosevelt cannot possibly believe that the need for direct relief of the unemployed by the federal government has passed. While the ranks of jobless have been reduced somewhat since this time last year, the number of unemployed is appallingly greater than at any period in the country's history, and there is not the slightest indication of a change in this prospect at any time in the discernible future. So far as factories go, the index of employment, which in March, last, reached a low of 55, had risen only to 69 in January, with the year 1926 as 100. Factory pay rolls, which touched bottom in March, last, at 33, had risen only to 49 in January. The returns of the American Federation of Labor indicate that there are still from 10,000,000 to 12,000,000 unemployed in the United States, a fifth of its normal wage-earning population.

The country has been appalled by the sudden dislocation of an organization which was caring for some 4,000,000 persons, and serious disturbances, not to say riots, are inevitable. It must be understood that men and women will not starve or go homeless in an era of material overabundance with the same stolidity that they may be expected to exhibit in a period of scarcity. Americans will not, and should not, allow themselves to be pushed to the wall by an Administration which has destroyed hogs and cotton because of unmarketable surpluses. Moreover, the demobilization of the CWA endangers everything so far achieved or projected in the recovery program. As the *New York Evening Post* puts it:

CWA demobilization means lowered mass purchasing power, a glutted labor market pulling down the wage standards set in the NRA codes, a slackening of business activity. How can business, on that basis, be expected to shorten hours and raise wages even farther? The federal government must do its part by increasing rather than decreasing its expenditures for revival and relief.

Speaking for the business community, the *New York Journal of Commerce* says:

The increased purchasing power that would be released through shorter hour and higher wage provisions in the codes would be largely offset by the reduction in buying power caused by CWA curtailment, leaving industry holding the bag at a time when many enterprises may prove financially unable to do so.

Although *The Nation* has questioned the probability that in the long run it would be possible to save an industrial system driven by the incentive of profits, it has regarded the Roosevelt program in general as the most intelligent means that could be taken toward that end. The demobilization of the CWA seems to be a deviation from the previous course. It betrays an absence of the political sense displayed by Mr. Roosevelt in his other major decisions.

Of course there have been graft and red tape and lack of coordination in the CWA. This was inevitable in an organization hastily developed to handle a vast and complex problem, but a pressing need was met. That need still continues, and the CWA should be maintained until something better is devised to replace it. Even with a more magical and complete industrial recovery than there is any reason to hope for, the country faces an indefinite unemployment problem due to the growing mechanization of industry. The way to deal with it appears to be a frank establishment of a dole based on European experience and practice. The CWA should not be abolished, but should be used as a transition toward a more scientific scheme.

Unfortunately Mr. Roosevelt seems to have been frightened suddenly by the bugaboo of an unbalanced budget. He is seeing the same specters at night that Mr. Hoover saw. The President should abandon his hope of balancing the federal accounts in 1935. The country is confronted with a vastly greater crisis than it had to meet in the World War but has not yet extended itself financially as it did at that time. The premature effort to make both ends meet is responsible not only for the demobilization of the CWA but for a return to the folly of last spring—starvation of federal departments in order to economize. *The Nation* protested then against the insane policy of discharging regular government employees by one door in order to save money to hire unemployed at another entrance. Fortunately this absurdity was stopped after a time, but at the very moment when Mr. Roosevelt is calling upon private industry further to reduce hours and raise wages, Postmaster-General Farley starts a counter-offensive by increasing the hours and reducing the earnings of postal employees. The policy bears especially heavily on the substitutes in the department. Their earnings, long precarious, have been reduced to as little, it is said, as \$5 a week, and yet because they are nominally at work, they can get no assistance for themselves or their families from relief organizations.

Although the budget must be balanced sometime, the necessity is by no means immediate, and the way to do it is not to hamstring recovery by undue economies but to devise a new system of taxation which will draw heavily from the resources of the well-to-do. We have had enough of inflation and sales taxes—both levies on the poor. We need higher income taxes in the upper brackets and a new set of special imposts upon wealth. Meanwhile we hope Mr. Roosevelt will get over his ambition to balance the national accounts prematurely and will stop seeing things at night. His course in regard to the CWA is a Back-to-Hoover movement. The country will stand anything rather than that.

Auto Workers in Revolt

MUST automobile workers go out on strike for want of sufficient will-power in the Administration to enforce its own laws? This is the issue behind the dispute in the Detroit industrial area, which threatens, as this issue of *The Nation* goes to press, to lead to the most disastrous labor warfare that has developed under the New Deal. The various locals of the United Automobile Workers are demanding: (1) that a referendum be held to determine whether they are the duly authorized representatives of the employees, with whom the manufacturers must bargain collectively concerning hours, wages, and working conditions; (2) that the manufacturers cease foisting company unions, without meetings or dues, and with officials paid by the management, upon reluctant employees who prefer to be represented by genuine trade unions; (3) that the manufacturers reinstate hundreds of employees who have been discharged because they were innocent enough to take Section 7-a at its face value, and accordingly became active in promoting and organizing an American Federation of Labor union.

These demands are modest; they represent a simple request that the New Deal be made more than a scrap of paper. But the automobile manufacturers persist in clinging to the *mores* of the old order. Their point of view was expressed by W. S. Knudsen, executive vice-president of the General Motors Corporation, in his statement before the National Labor Board. The position may be summarized thus: (1) The manufacturers see no necessity for conducting a referendum among their employees, since the latter already possess adequate machinery for collective bargaining in the shape of company unions which their bosses have kindly devised for them. (2) Even if it should chance that the employees, by a perverse twist of the inward Adam, desire to be represented by the United Automobile Workers, the manufacturers will never "recognize" the A. F. of L., though they would be willing to "deal with" the unions if the latter would first obligingly make public their membership rolls (to facilitate the drafting of blacklists). (3) It is not a point at issue that the manufacturers may have been discharging and laying off A. F. of L. workers for their union activities; the true point is that the A. F. of L. is up to its old monopolistic tricks of trying to force hundreds of thousands of workers into a closed-shop strait-jacket.

It became evident last summer, when the automobile manufacturers were extorting the "individual merit" clause to adorn their code of fair competition, that the industry was seeking to provide itself with ways of rendering Section 7-a nugatory. But the National Automobile Chamber of Commerce did not pin its entire faith on the merit clause. On the contrary, its individual members embarked in late August and early September on a simultaneous campaign of organizing company unions in order to "beat the gun" on the trade unions. Somewhat creakingly and tentatively, at first, the American Federation of Labor also busied itself with promotion work among the robots of the Michigan assembly lines. Any early head-on collision, however, was averted by the timely occurrence of the seasonal let-down in the early winter months—while the models were being changed.

It was during this lay-off period and the rehiring period

which presently ensued that the potential conflict was brought to a head. In laying off workers the manufacturers—by chance—almost invariably picked those who had been active in the locals of the United Automobile Workers, regardless of years of service, seniority rights, or degree of skill. In rehiring workers the manufacturers—by equally fortuitous circumstance—excluded the same leading spirits of the A. F. of L. unions, despite the fact that simultaneously thousands of young, fresh, and unskilled recruits to the industry were being imported from other parts of the country to add to the stagnant pools of unemployment in Flint, Pontiac, and Detroit. Thus the United Automobile Workers' union was compelled to resort to the threat of a strike for survival; else its membership and its morale would have been destroyed through attrition. Whether, for strategic reasons, the union would have done better to call the men out and confront the manufacturers and the Administration with a *fait accompli* is another question.

Naturally, the situation is complicated by other factors besides the drive by the A. F. of L. to unionize the automobile industry. Basically, however, the dispute rests on a single factor. The Recovery Act calls upon all employers to cease resistance to the organization of trade unions among their employees. The government, if it cares to do so, can enforce this law of its own making. If it does not do so, the trade unions must fall back upon their traditional weapon of last resort—the strike. The principal danger is that the government may succeed, by some compromise, in averting the strike but fail to correct the union phobia of the automobile manufacturers. It is this phobia which has made inevitable almost all the strikes under the New Deal.

A New Triple Alliance

FOR the moment Austria's territorial integrity is assured. On March 17 Premiers Mussolini of Italy, Dollfuss of Austria, and Gömbös of Hungary signed a pact which pledged their governments to consult on all international issues and thus laid the basis for common action. Through this pact Italy becomes more than ever the determining factor in Austria's affairs. Hungary, having little or nothing to gain from the alliance with Austria *per se*, will be found on the side of its Italian ally in every important question. The new alliance makes Austria, temporarily at least, a toy in the hands of the Duce.

During the days of the Rome negotiations France announced through its semi-official press that it would agree to anything that would guarantee Austria's security. France's declarations left nothing to be desired. Indeed, all Austria's well-wishers—the British, the French, and the Italians—outdid one another in their praise of the "calm firmness" with which Chancellor Dollfuss had "averted the great danger that threatened the Austrian republic" in February. But when the question of concrete assistance for bankrupt Austria arose, the "strong man" of Italy was the only statesman in Europe to take the initiative.

The Rome conference showed Il Duce as a master-diplomat. By shrewd manipulation he impaired Austria's power to make its own international decisions, forestalling the possibility of its casting its lot later on with Great Britain

or France in a Balkan federation controlled not by Italy but by one of the other great continental Powers. He knows that an alliance of the Danubian states without Austria and Hungary is impossible. By a cunning maneuver the Italian Prime Minister has effectually blocked any action to form such a federation without Italian cooperation and consent.

What have his allies received in return? The two protocols of the pact which deal exclusively with economic affairs outline the price that Italy is prepared to pay, although details will not be forthcoming until April and May, when further discussions are to take place. Both agreements—the one among Italy, Austria, and Hungary, and the other between Italy and Austria only—pledge the signatories to foster their mutual commercial interests by granting preferential treatment to exports. To Hungary Italy promises the purchase of larger quantities of farm products, to Austria greater consideration in the importation of manufactured goods. Gratefully Dollfuss and Gömbös accepted the offer of free port privileges in Trieste and Fiume, an arrangement by which Mussolini gets much more than he gives since it encourages the development of Italy's Adriatic harbors at the expense of Hamburg and Bremen, the ports which have hitherto handled most of the Austrian and Hungarian trade.

That the Dollfuss Government is fully conscious of the limitations these contracts impose upon it can hardly be doubted. It accepts them as a last means of defense against the coming Nazi attack—too late, however, to be really effective. The Chancellor's supporters at home are rapidly evaporating. On the day Dollfuss departed from Rome the leaders of the Heimwehr met in a conference which refused to consent to the incorporation of the Heimwehr in the "Dollfuss Front" and announced its establishment as a sort of superstructure for the new Austrian state. Between the agrarian Landbund, officially still a part of the Dollfuss coalition, and the Heimwehr there has broken out a bitter feud, in which several of the peasant leaders have been arrested. The Austrian peasant movement has always inclined strongly toward the National Socialist point of view, and the Landbund, though numerically not strong, has established its influence over the Christian Social peasant population. In recognition of its growing power Chancellor Dollfuss intimated just before he left for Rome that he would appoint Bachinger, Landbund leader of Upper Austria, Minister of the Interior in his Cabinet. This the passage at arms between the Landbund peasants and the Heimwehr has made impossible.

In the existing situation the Chancellor will find himself obliged to give the Heimwehr a Cabinet majority. This will ultimately mean the elimination of the Christian Social Party from the government and an open rupture between this powerful party and the Dollfuss regime. Austria is overwhelmingly Roman Catholic, and the influence of the church party there is incomparably greater than that of the Catholic center in Germany. The Heimwehr may succeed in driving out Christian Social politicians by terrorism and force of arms. It will find that uprooting the church from its entrenched position is another matter.

In Austria's internal situation the Rome conference has made no change. Dollfuss has no support among the masses. The political trickery which has held him in office so long is losing its effectiveness. The Dollfuss house of cards is ready to collapse.

Save the Grown-ups!

IT has recently been announced that Mrs. August Belmont will devote much of her time to the Motion Picture Research Council, now engaged in making a survey of the influence of moving pictures on children. The council has already established that the young are devotedly fond of the movies and that gangster films do not induce quiet sleep. Neither of these facts is particularly surprising, but it is doubtless good to know them authoritatively. There is, however, one thing which worries us: granted that harm is done to children by movies which would be more suitable for adults, what about the harm done to adults by movies more suitable to children? This is an aspect of the subject to which no one seems to have paid much attention and which we hope Mrs. Belmont will consider. After all, the young do grow up. If they learn some things they are not old enough to know, at least the time will come when they are old enough to know what they have already learned. But the state of the adult who lives perpetually in a childish world is more serious for himself and others. He votes. He writes letters to the newspapers. He dominates censorship boards. If the reformers have their way and make all public entertainment safe for children, then who is going to protect the minds of men and women? We are ready to stake a life subscription to *The Nation* against a bound volume of *Babies—Just Babies* that for every child who knows more than he should there are ten grown-ups more innocent than they ought to be.

Offhand the best way of dealing with the problem would seem to be to apply in reverse the various devices invented for the protection of children. To begin with, there would be, of course, a Board of Adult Censorship whose business it would be to examine all films from the standpoint of their intellectual maturity and forbid the showing of those plainly contrary to adult common sense or tending to encourage an infantile attitude toward the problems of government or sex. Doubtless some would need only to be modified. Of course the board would have the same power of suggesting changes possessed by the Hays organization. Thus it might, for example, insist upon the removal of the suggestion that the heroine who works the badger game as a profession is really a good girl at heart, and it might issue some such order as, "Make it perfectly clear that the erring wife was not saved from herself on four separate occasions by the miraculous intervention of chance."

All the other devices invented for the protection of children could be similarly adapted to the protection of adults. Thus the Chicago "pink ticket" could be supplemented with a blue one meaning, "For persons under sixteen years of age only"; and other pictures nearer the border line could be exhibited in theaters posting the sign: "Parents admitted only when in the company of children." Of course some additional provision would have to be made for the needs of those who have demonstrated their inability ever to rise above the childish level. Cards could be issued giving them the right to attend children's entertainments. Moreover, and in order to protect the feelings of such persons, we have already thought up a nice euphonious name for these cards. They could be called "Peter Pan Certificates."

Issues and Men

The Plight of Higher Education

Portland, Oregon, March 14

I HAVE just spent twenty-four hours within the precincts of a university with whose activities I have been more or less familiar for so long that I am afraid to say when that acquaintance began. I found it enormously improved since my last visit. New and attractive buildings have added tremendously to the development of a campus whose glorious trees and wonderful lawns are not surpassed, I am sure, by those of any other. But what I heard about the plight of education in this State filled me with dismay. The student body has decreased from about 3,300 to 2,000. Many of the present students are continuing with the greatest difficulty, and there are cases of real undernourishment. I heard of one student whose work improved enormously when it was arranged that he could get one square meal a day, and of another who was trying to live by an expenditure of only \$1.35 a month. It seems to me that as long as there is one such student attending a university its existence is justified.

But the students are not the only ones who are suffering. The university itself is in straits as a result of the tremendous decrease in its revenues. The instructors and professors look with envy upon teachers in other States who have taken only a 10 per cent cut in their salaries. Some of those here have had to accept a decrease of more than 50 per cent. The library has only the slenderest means, chiefly an endowment fund established by my father some fifty years ago. Some of the most important books can therefore not be purchased. It is hard to see how the university can keep up with the newest developments of knowledge in any field.

Again, the teachers are appalled by the fact that many Oregon schools were actually closed for the rest of the school year at Christmas time—I mean small, rural public schools. They ask themselves whether, if this continues long, there will be enough students sufficiently trained to take a university course. But while they are suffering, the United States government continues to waste money upon military training, and compulsory drill is still enforced, although the faculty upheld it by only four votes when they voted on it a few weeks ago after a vigorous undergraduate campaign against it—a campaign that ought to have succeeded if only because from the point of view of modern warfare every cent spent upon the old-fashioned drill in our colleges is absolutely wasted. If the government wanted to help where help is needed it would turn these wasted funds over to the underpaid faculty.

The picture I have presented varies only in degree from what I have seen on other campuses on this trip through the West. It has set me to wondering whether the teachers in our higher educational institutions ought not to come together and demand, in this hour of codes, a code for universities. If the President thinks it necessary to fix a minimum wage for mine workers and factory workers and laborers in the oil industry, why not a living minimum wage for college professors? Why not establish an ethical code for the conduct of boards of trustees of universities in their relations

with both students and teachers? Above all, college teachers in a State like this—yes, in every State—ought now to organize in unions, following the example of editorial writers and reporters. Is not this hour of revolution the time for them to demand representation upon the boards of trustees, to acquire some voice in how much freedom there shall be upon the university campuses and what shall be taught and not taught? Mr. Roosevelt declares that he is freeing industry from innumerable shackles. Why not strike a few from the wrists of university professors?

I have something further to suggest. I think that the entire life of the university should be built around the existing economic crisis; that the first function of such an institution should be to keep the students and the faculty currently aware of the momentous changes that are going on in our economic, social, and political life. Does that sound ridiculous? Well, if we think back to the year 1917 it was not considered ridiculous then to rebuild the whole life of the universities and colleges around the business of teaching youth to go overseas and slaughter fellow human beings. Schools were made merely institutions of hate and misrepresentation. Every scholarly protest was abandoned or subordinated to the great task of making the world safe for democracy, and professors were drafted in large numbers for service in Washington or abroad. The crisis is pregnant now with far greater consequences for the future of American life. Is it really foolish to suggest, therefore, that the universities busy themselves primarily with what is happening in Washington? Dean Russell of Teachers College has admirably pointed out that if the electorate is to have any hope of saving America from a permanent dictatorship, it must become sufficiently well informed as to what its rulers are doing to be able at least to criticize and control them. He thinks, and I with him, that the colleges and universities of the country have a special call to furnish the public with the necessary knowledge to keep its rulers in check. He believes that our entire education must be reoriented for this purpose.

At least somebody ought to call President Roosevelt's attention to the dire distress of so many of our schools of higher learning, which ought to be the most cherished institutions in our entire national life. It is all very well to build concrete roads and dams and put young men into the forests, but it is an infernal outrage in this national emergency to approve a bill for the expenditure of \$500,000,000 for warships when the price of even two battleships expended upon our universities would bring hope and cheer, yes, decent sustenance, to students and teachers on a thousand campuses. Can there be any question which expenditure would really make for the true preparedness of this country for the tasks and dangers and infinitely difficult problems of the future?

Arnold Garrison Villard

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MICKY MOUSE SEEKS PROTECTION.

The Consumer vs. the NRA

III. What Shall We Do About It?

By JAMES RORTY

THE question in my title is more or less rhetorical. It is probably not in the nature of Mr. Throttlebottom, the ultimate consumer whom nobody knows, to do anything about it, except to stop consuming. That hurts business, but it hurts Throttlebottom even more—the poor fellow wants to eat.

The difficulty would appear to be that Mr. Throttlebottom, when finger-printed, may turn out to be anything from a coal miner to a white-collar worker, to a farmer, to a retail grocer, to a chain-store or department-store buyer, to a government purchasing agent. The line-up under the NRA is a struggle for power between buyers and sellers, or, more accurately, between racketeers and suckers, between big fish and little fish; and the roles are constantly shifting. Theoretically, the Throttlebottoms, the ultimate suckers, are represented at Washington by two guardians, the Consumers' Advisory Board of the NRA and the Consumers' Council of the AAA. But for various reasons, chief of which is perhaps the fact that our daily and periodical press functions in the interest of its advertisers rather than of its readers—of sellers as against buyers—the guardians of the Throttlebottoms have had little success thus far in locating, organizing, and inspiring to action their constituencies. Nor have the Throttlebottoms been any more successful in locating, organizing, and inspiring themselves.

Let us start with the Adventures of the Consumers' Advisory Board of the NRA and the Consumers' Council of the AAA in Search of Their Constituencies. Right from the beginning they had plenty of hot news to tell. But that news, embodied in briefs and press releases protesting against monopolistic price-fixing and open-price clauses in the codes and agreements, against the failure to develop consumer standards, and so on, had to get past General Johnson and also Charles Michelson, press director of the NRA. And if it successfully ran that gauntlet, there was always the possibility that the papers wouldn't consider it fit to print.

The guardians had to stomach that because they had no power; they were merely "advisers." It may be alleged that the net effect of their advice was in a few cases to induce the big industrialists who were writing the codes to take it easy—to cut Throttlebottom's throat, and ultimately their own throats, gradually and scientifically rather than hastily and crudely. Not that the guardians were not entirely sincere and often courageous and resourceful in their attempts to protect the consumers. It was merely that the NRA "operation" did not envisage any fundamental economic reorganization; instead, it undertook, in effect, to humanize and rationalize the era of mutual throat-cutting which American capitalism had entered. The guardians of the consumer, while violently protesting against this process and rather freely characterizing it as a repetition of German cartelization, were, in the nature of the case, assisting in bringing it about by checking and correcting the price-raising and standards-debauching excesses of the industrialists.

They worked hard and nobody thanked them for their pains. Alvin Brown, executive officer of the NRA, suggested in a press interview that the Consumers' Advisory Board was very naughty and uncooperative, and might have to be abolished. To balance this, when last September the long-sought constituency of the Consumers' Advisory Board showed up in Washington, the first thing they did was to demand that the board resign in a body in protest against the betrayal of the consumer which was being written into the codes!

It was a slim constituency, centering in New York and calling itself the Emergency Conference of Consumer Organizations. Among those invited to belong to it were the Cooperative League of the United States, Consumers' Cooperative Services, Inc., Community Councils, the Consumers' League, the Consolidated Home Owners' Committee, various representatives of purchasing-agent and standards organizations, and Consumers' Research.

In the showdown it was only the last-named organization that came through with consistent moral and financial support for the energetic if limited activities of the Emergency Conference spokesmen—J. Charles Laue, Meyer Parodneck, Frederick Hoisington, and others. James Warbasse, founder of the Cooperative League, was on the Consumers' Advisory Board, and had succeeded in getting Presidential intervention to prevent the extinction of the farmers' oil cooperatives in the Middle West, which were threatened by the original version of the oil code. He didn't want to resign, although resignations and threats of resignation have been pretty much the order of the day since the Consumers' Advisory Board was first set up. Moreover, the board was making some progress, and playing for time. Robert Lynd's report urging the creation of a consumers' standards board got past the censor, and even drew some grudging attention in the press. And when Mr. Laue, secretary of the Emergency Conference and perhaps the most impassioned impersonator of Throttlebottom who has appeared to date, induced Senator Nye to make a documented criticism of the NRA on the floor of the Senate, it was a report of the Consumers' Advisory Board that supplied the dynamite.

It is interesting to compare Senator Nye's speech as delivered with the highly condensed and edited versions which appeared in the newspapers. You who have not read your *Congressional Record* got the impression doubtless that what the Senator was exercised about was the plight of the "little man"—the small manufacturer and retailer. As a matter of fact, the Consumers' Advisory Board report spilled the beans pretty completely, and the Senator used most of it, showing that not merely the small manufacturer and retailer but also the ultimate consumer was on the rack. But Throttlebottom doesn't advertise, whereas small manufacturers and retailers do. So the "little man"—the little seller—got a break in the news, whereas Throttlebottom, the little buyer, got no break at all.

Meanwhile the Consumers' Advisory Board and the Consumers' Council, still trying to organize their constituencies, called a Consumer Conference at Washington on December 15, at which over twenty national and local consumer and quasi-consumer organizations were represented. The conference elected Leon Henderson, director of the Remedial Loan Department of the Russell Sage Foundation, chairman; Father John A. Ryan, of the National Catholic Welfare Conference, vice-chairman; Mrs. John A. Boyle, of the Consumers' Council of Washington, D. C., treasurer; and Miss Alice A. Edwards, of the American Home Economics Association, secretary. The conference sent out ten rather lively and well-edited information bulletins, which reached a circulation of 400 and then died for lack of funds.

Foiled again! But Throttlebottom's guardians in Washington were determined to dig up their constituencies. If Throttlebottom didn't exist, it would be necessary to create him, and Professor Paul A. Douglas, of the University of Chicago, was the Pygmalion assigned to the job. His first proposal was to set up Consumer County Councils in every county in the United States. What kind of councils? Who would run them? What would they be supposed to do, and what would they actually do?

Professor Douglas's published writings indicate a clear awareness of the striking resemblance of the NRA operation to the cartelization job done so much more efficiently by the Reichsverband der Deutschen Industrie, and presumably he didn't like the ambiguous role played by the Consumers' Advisory Board and the Consumers' Council any more than did other guardians of Throttlebottom in Washington. But he saw too, as did the others, that these more or less hamstrung boards were able to keep important issues alive, and he hoped, with some reason, that the movement of events would throw some actual power into their hands. The county councils, he thought, might be a means to this end, if they could possibly be kept out of the hands of the realtors, the Rotarians, the chambers of commerce, and the like. I cannot quote Mr. Douglas directly, but it is reasonable to suppose that he hoped to create county councils composed of genuine Throttlebottoms, of angry, alert, and determined suckers, opposed to the already well-organized county racketeers.

To this end Mr. Douglas consulted membership lists of Consumers' Research and other sources that might yield authentic Throttlebottoms. He labored enormously, both to secure a suitable personnel for the councils and to obtain authorization for the functions which he wanted them to fulfil. These proposed functions originally included the right of the county councils to express themselves in matters of public policy and their right to devise and put into effect improved means for the distribution of commodities and services. Obviously, plenty of dynamite was concealed under these euphemisms, and they were ruled out. At the end of two months, Professor Douglas emerged with a pale shadow of his grandiose scheme in the form of authorization to set up, experimentally, 200 councils, whose functions were limited to investigating, and if possible adjusting, undue price increases, and to acting as channels of information to the consumer. (For some reason Mr. Douglas seemed to feel that the ordinary press channels were inadequate.)

The membership of the councils was to be composed of laborers, housewives of moderate means, professional people, dirt farmers, and home economists. The members were to

serve without salary and without any allowance for secretarial assistance.

Professor Douglas's period of service with the Consumers' Advisory Board ends April 1. As to what will happen after that to the 200 councils, anybody's guess is good.

The Emergency Conference of Consumer Organizations continues to function aggressively, but without funds and without representing anybody except Consumers' Research and the small group of cooperators, economists, and statisticians who do the work. Meanwhile, a newly organized group, the New York Metropolitan Consumer Conference, has been set up with the initial object of resuming publication of a consumer bulletin like the discontinued publication of the extinct Consumers' National Conference. The organizing committee of the new group includes Professor Arthur Robert Burns, Professor Eveline Burns, and Professor Schuyler Wallace, of Columbia University, Paul Kellogg and Mary Ross of the *Survey*, Professor Leroy Bowman, L. E. Woodcock of the Eastern States Cooperative League, Mrs. Idella Swisher of the League of Women Voters, and Mary Arnold and Dorothy Kenyon of Consumers' Cooperative Services, Inc.

In the foregoing cursory survey of what has been done to organize a consumer-pressure group, much has been omitted for lack of space. I think, however, it answers fairly enough the question as to what Throttlebottom has done about it to date. As to what he might do about it, the writer has a few tactical suggestions, which, however, are more or less based on the organization of a much larger and more representative pressure group than is at present in existence. It should be remembered that the consumer can, as a last resort, crack the whip of a more or less organized buyers' strike. With this threat in reserve I suggest the following:

1. A demand upon the National Publishers' Association and all the other numerous official organizations of the daily and periodical press, including the newly organized Newspaper Workers' Guild (Heywood Broun attention), for an investigation of what would, I believe, be disclosed as the most outrageous campaign of coercion, suppression, distortion, and misrepresentation in the history of American journalism. This campaign has been directed specifically at the Tugwell bill but also at every other NRA development threatening the advertising business. I think Mr. Broun and Mr. Marlin Pew, editor of *Editor and Publisher*, would be excellent people to head such an investigation.

2. An investigation, initiated by militant labor groups and directed at the A. F. of L. bureaucracy, to determine why organized labor, through its official spokesmen at Washington and elsewhere, has failed to give active support to the Tugwell bill and to the standards movement in general. In this connection special attention should be given to Chester W. Wright's International Labor News Service.

3. A coincident demand for a Congressional investigation of the NRA with respect to its failure to protect the consumer interest; this investigation to include a thorough housecleaning of the lobby against the Tugwell bill and the performance of the press in this connection.

That may seem to be a large order, but Throttlebottom, unless he really likes his present sucker role, might well be interested. He is the consumer, and he wants to consume something more edible than inflated dollars. To this end, it is high time he began to act in his own interest.

Cuba's Troubled Waters

By CLARA PORSET

Havana, March 14

ALTHOUGH the present state of unrest in Cuba, which has reached a new degree of intensity in the last two or three weeks, must be considered part of the universal class struggle, it is greatly aggravated by local factors which give it a peculiar aspect. Cuba is typical of all countries where the privileged classes exercise unlimited control for their own exclusive benefit, and in pursuance of their aims suppress labor organizations and without scruple employ armed forces. The conflict under these circumstances reaches a pre-revolutionary temperature; it is marked by accumulated injustices and persecutions from those who consider themselves owners of the country and by discontent and agitation on the part of the oppressed classes. What makes Cuba's situation different and intensifies the antagonisms is that the struggle of our working classes does not develop solely within national limits but is obliged also to cope with the more powerful forces of foreign imperialism, in which, of course, the North American is predominant. Capital in Cuban counts at present—as it always has counted—on the support and guidance of North American diplomacy and on the consequent support of the Cuban army and government. The promotion of Colonel Batista from the ranks to the highest post in the army as a result of the coup of September 4, which was one of the obstacles to recognition by Washington of the Grau administration, prevented also the collaboration of other parties with President Grau. Now, Batista is a sort of handy man of Ambassador Caffery and the chief support of the Mendieta Government, which was formed precisely by those parties which had previously refused to cooperate with Grau. The government of President Mendieta is an obstacle to the revolutionary progress of Cuba. Its different factions block every attempt at constructive measures. However, there seems to be one point of agreement—a respect for the wishes of foreign capital.

A few hours after the inauguration of President Mendieta, electricians from the U. S. S. Wyoming, anchored in Havana harbor, took control, under the protection of the army, of the local light and power plant in order to break the strike then in progress. This was hotly resented by the workers, and distrust and discontent grew. Subsequent acts of violence committed by the army caused the labor unions to be aware of their danger. A number of strikes resulted.

The sugar crop, the backbone of Cuban economic life, is under the control of the large estates. February 15 was set this year as the date for starting the grinding of sugar cane. Before the grinding began it was necessary to take steps to insure an uninterrupted process. The chief point at issue was the profit to be obtained by the owning companies. The matter of wages was a minor consideration. Wages now average fifty cents for a fifty-six-hour week and are paid in the majority of cases not in cash but in credit for food and clothing sold at the plantation-owned store at prices not subject to competition. If protests arise among the workers, the army can always be called in by the managers to check them "peacefully." A telegram from the chief of the rural

military guard with headquarters in Havana, published recently in the press, indicates how these conflicts are generally settled. It read: "Some workers fled. Others are hidden. The rest arrested. All is quiet."

With the difficulty of the sugar-cane crop season in mind and to prevent possible demands from the workers, the government issued its Decree Number 3. Of frank fascist inspiration, the decree was concocted by the A. B. C. While pretending to regulate the rights of strikers, it in reality deprives them of all rights and leaves them bound and helpless. Decree Number 3 provides that eight days in advance of a proposed strike the union demands shall be submitted to one of the committees created for that purpose by the Department of Labor. The committees are local and national. Local committees are composed of three representatives of the union or syndicate intending to go on strike, three representatives of the owners of the company, and one representative of the Department of Labor—four against three. From the decision of the local committee the litigating parties can make an appeal to the superior national committee. This committee is formed of three men from the union or syndicate, three from the owning company, one from the Department of Interior, one from the Department of Commerce and Industry, and one from the Department of Labor. The Secretary of Labor is the presiding officer. In this case the scales may be weighed against the workers seven to three. The minority position of the workers in both cases is an indication of the partiality of the government for the owning class. In all disputes the laborers are eventually deprived of their rights. The present strike against the Cuban Telephone Company is a case in point. The workers accepted the arbitration of the local committee, whose decision was favorable to them. The Cuban Telephone Company then appealed to the national committee and accompanied this appeal by notes from Ambassador Caffery expressing his keen displeasure at the first decision and asking that more capable and unbiased men be appointed as representatives of the government on the national committee, which is to give the final decision!

The decree completely outlaws all general strikes designed to show the solidarity of the workers and "all strikes that may place the inhabitants of the island in a state of danger for lack of light, water, telephone, telegraph, medical or pharmaceutical assistance, and of all fire-fighting and transport services." Penalties are drastic for unions or individuals that violate the decree or refuse to submit to it or make propaganda against it. Labor organizations violating the provisions of the decree are to be dissolved. Individual violators will be imprisoned or severely fined; bail is not admitted; foreigners are liable to be expelled from the island merely for participating in strikes.

The attempt to apply Decree Number 3 brought such disturbances that the government felt it necessary to issue a new one to reinforce it. Decree Number 51 appeared. This is pompously called "for the defense of the republic." It goes, of course, a step farther than Decree Number 3. Any

infracture of the latter is now classed by Decree Number 51 as "an offense against the republic," as is the presentation of new demands by any union or member of a union within six months after the presentation of a previous demand, whether the first was granted or not. Propaganda which may endanger the provisional government will also be considered an offense against the republic. Penalties for violation are even more severe. General Machado was never able to put through such a useful and elastic instrument of repression as Decree 51.

Decree 61, issued on March 9, definitely dissolves all unions and syndicates violating Decree 3. It has already been applied in the case of the Federation of Port Syndicates, which are now without legal existence. Objections to such arbitrary decrees as well as the need for improving the economic status of the workers have been at the bottom of the majority of the recent strikes. Clashes at the plantations of Baguanos, Preston, and Tacajo, and at the Daiquiri mines, in which workers have been injured or killed, are merely incidents in the army's ruthless suppression of proletarian movements demanding economic and social justice. Thus it is evident that the army assumes functions which pertain wholly to the civil authorities. In certain cases it not only assumes these functions but ignores the civil authorities completely. It does not limit itself to suppressing disorder but attempts to prevent even a discussion of possible strikes. This disregard of civil authority has gone to such extremes that it was one of the chief causes for the resignation of former Secretary of Labor Juan Antiga, who held office only twenty days. Dr. Antiga, who was fully aware of social trends in Cuba, accepted his appointment as head of the Department of Labor because of his long friendship with President

Mendieta, but he was well aware of his lack of agreement with the otherwise reactionary Cabinet. As soon as he took office he began the task of relieving starvation among the workers. The matter appeared to him so pressing, as in truth it is, that he put aside other problems of the department. This procedure widened the gulf already existing between himself and the other members of the Cabinet.

The bland tolerance shown by the government to the *Compañía Cubana Electricidad*, a monopoly created by Machado in collaboration with the Electric Bond and Share Company, was put forward by Dr. Antiga in the press as the formal reason for his resignation. His withdrawal from the Cabinet is of the utmost significance. He was the only man in it who was aware of the needs of the workers and consequently able to respond fairly to their demands. His opposition to Decree 3 was so strong that he refused to sign it. He was in fact the only bond between the Cuban government and the Cuban masses.

President Mendieta's government is unfitted to solve or even ameliorate the problems of the Cubans. Reactionary and traditionalist, it respects too much the wishes of foreign exploiters. Its policy of iron suppression will only aggravate popular unrest. The strikes have failed at this point, but the unsatisfied demands of the Cuban masses will reappear. The party of the left, composed chiefly of the students who supported Grau San Martín, denies the government its cooperation. There is every indication that Mendieta will eventually be deposed unless Washington goes even farther in supporting him and, contrary to all declarations of a non-interventionist policy in Latin America, lands armed forces—an act that would of course meet with the most radical opposition from the Cuban people.

Europe Moves Toward War

III. Franco-Italian Rivalries

By JOHANNES STEEL

THE ties between the French and German steel and armament industries have existed for three decades now; not even the World War was able to loose them. The *Société Lorraine Minière et Métallurgique*, for example, is a leading French steel firm which in 1919 bought its plants from the German iron magnate Röchling, today an ardent National Socialist. The *Société Lorraine* is controlled by M. Alexandre Dreux, the prominent French nationalist, who in many important enterprises is a partner of Röchling. Röchling owns the big steel and iron works at Völklingen Saar. These works sell their products through the *Société Française des Forges et Acières de la Sarre*, which is controlled in equal parts by Röchling and Dreux. For many years now Röchling has been stumping up and down the Saar valley denouncing France, while Dreux in the same way has been assailing Germany and Hitler. In spite of this difference, these two influential representatives of French and German capitalism are great friends, and on October 2, 1932, the French Lorraine Minière of M. Dreux openly amalgamated with the *Société des Forges et Acières de la Saare*, Röchling's German group. The merged French and

German firms continue to operate under the name Lorsar. This new company has a virtual monopoly of the Saar iron and steel output. Thus German and French capitalist groups control jointly an industry which is one of the main sources of the raw material for armaments.

In the light of these facts, French demand for security and German belligerence might seem to portend no immediate danger of war in Europe. It must be remembered, however, that even while the World War was going on cooperation between the French and German basic industries did not stop. In 1914, for example, Thyssen controlled the mines in the Briey basin and Röchling was a partner in the Valleroy mines. The products of these mines have always been one of the chief sources of supply for the French steel industry. During the war Thyssen and Röchling continued their partnership in these enterprises, and in order that the profits which accrued during the war years might be safeguarded for them, a special trust fund was established which after the close of the war automatically reverted to the German interests. A similar case was and is that of the de Wendel and Schneider-Creusot interests, which during the whole

period of the war held mining concessions in Germany yielding some 2,500,000 tons of iron ore annually. It is certain that a new war would not disturb Franco-German industrial combinations.

It must, however, be realized that although the French steel industry may have a decided influence in French affairs, and Franco-German industrial relations are a factor to be reckoned with, there are other important elements in the complicated problems which confront France today. The seriousness of these problems may be summed up by saying that in the probable coming conflict France has nothing to gain and Italy and Germany have nothing to lose.

France is not merely a nation; in a larger sense it represents a distinct and very specific concept of civilization. Today it is the last stronghold of democracy on the continent of Europe. It has been able to impose its concept of civilization upon its colonial empire to such an extent that it is no matter for surprise to hear, as I have heard, a Negro deputy from one of the French possessions speak in the French Chamber about the Teutonic menace in Alsace-Lorraine. And France has been able to impose its culture not only on its colonial empire; it has also been able to establish an absolute cultural hegemony in Central and Southeastern Europe, in the Balkans, and in the Near East generally. In the years since the war France has cemented this supremacy with an economic penetration into all the countries over which its cultural influence extends. It has actively supported all those countries which are members of the Little Entente, not only by a close cooperation with their respective general staffs, but by loans and bilateral tariff agreements.

Today this economic and cultural hegemony is challenged, and the threat comes not so much from Germany as from Italy. Germany's challenge is relatively simple, while Italy's threat has many implications. Italy threatens not only the economic stranglehold of France on the whole of Central Europe but also French cultural supremacy in Europe and in many parts of the Near East. It is a struggle between two conceptions of society, democracy and fascism, both of which want to dominate Europe. And not only Europe, for during the last ten years Italian prestige has grown continuously in Syria, Tripoli, Algiers, and even Egypt. The Italian birth-rate, thanks to government bounties and encouragement, has risen to such an extent that territorial expansion will soon become a necessity. For years Italy has been dumping its surplus population into the Near Eastern possessions of France, where the Italians have grown into influential and troublesome minorities which have diverted to Italy much of the French export trade. The French silk and rayon industries have suffered particularly. In the last four years Lyons has lost 30 per cent of its trade with Tripoli, Algiers, and Egypt to Milan, whose industries are largely subsidized by the Italian government. Generally, in the whole of the Near East France has been on the retreat commercially. Italy has penetrated into all markets as far as Abyssinia, where early in this year it outbid France for important highway and water-power projects. At Constantinople, Athens, Salonika, Tirana, and, indeed, everywhere in the Balkans, French and Italian interests are clashing daily.

The governments of the two countries are doing their utmost to strengthen their respective allies. During the last six years Jugoslavia, for example, received from Czecho-Slo-

vakia—through Austria, paid for by France—750 cannon of different calibers, 175,000 rifles, 1,500,000 shells, 3,200 machine-guns, 80,000,000 rifle cartridges, 85,000 kilograms of gunpowder, 250,000 kilograms of explosives, and 1,200 airplane bombs. This material was transported in 2,457 railway wagons, 635 of which were sent in 1932. During the last six months of 1931 France supplied Jugoslavia with 25 tanks and 23 heavy guns. Rumania received, in 1931 and 1932, 62 wagon-loads of various kinds of ammunition, 38 pieces of anti-aircraft artillery from Czecho-Slovakia, 20 anti-aircraft machine-guns from France, and 17 fighting airplanes from Poland. All these purchases were paid for by loans placed in France and were invariably financed by the Banque Union Parisienne and its various subsidiaries in Czecho-Slovakia and Poland. On the other hand Italy has not been idle, but has done its utmost to drive a wedge into the French "ring of security." Hungary, for example, has received the same measure of support from Italy that Jugoslavia has from France.

It is therefore no matter for surprise that the Austro-Italo-Hungarian conversations of last week had so little result, at least as far as Austria's interests were concerned. Austria controls most of the armament traffic of Central Europe. France will see to it that no Czecho-Slovakian arms are sent to Hungary, and will also prevent the transport of Italian arms through Jugoslavia and Rumania to Hungary. There remains only Austria, and this is the real reason that Italy will make every attempt to dominate Austria. In case of a conflict Mussolini counts on a Hungary which Italy has armed to threaten the northern frontiers of Jugoslavia.

There is one serious break in the French "chain on Europe"—Rumania. Rumania is officially a member of the Little Entente and for the last ten years has been economically dependent upon its great ally and protector, but there is today in Rumania a faction violently opposed to France. The fascist party of Rumania, led by the youthful and romantic Celea Codreanu, is anti-French and promises its followers that it will rid the country of the "corrupt" French influence. This so-called corrupt French influence is personified by Mme Lupescu, the mistress of King Carol, who with the court camarilla is pro-French. In the days when Carol and Mme Lupescu lived in France the French Foreign Office astutely succeeded in "obligating" Mme Lupescu, the only person who has any real influence over the moody Carol. Furthermore, Mme Lupescu, being Jewish, has no sympathies with the rabidly anti-Semitic Rumanian Iron Guards. This fascist organization is now actively supported by Italy as well as by the Hitlerites, who have financed Codreanu's newspaper, *Calendarul*, and have delegated a number of Nazi storm troopers to be instructors to the Iron Guards.

These are some of the moves and counter-moves made by European nations jockeying for position. There are of course, in addition, a great many imponderable factors which will sooner or later become important in the determination of the future of Europe. The most important of these from the French point of view is the steadily declining birth-rate of France and the rapidly rising birth-rates of Italy and Germany. The population policies of the latter countries, which force all civil servants to marry, levy special taxes on single persons, and give marriage loans to young couples, are as great a threat to France as is their active rearmament.

Senator Wagner's New Labor Bill

By HERBERT RABINOWITZ

AFTER a long period of anxious waiting, the promised bill to put teeth in Section 7-a of the National Industrial Recovery Act and to give a firm basis to the National Labor Board has finally appeared. It was introduced by Senator Wagner, is backed by William Green and the American Federation of Labor, and is not without a certain aura of tacit Administration approval. The act, to be known as the Labor Disputes Act, confers much the same rights upon labor—to organize freely and to bargain collectively—as Section 7-a, but these rights, especially the various kinds of interference forbidden to employers, are more minutely particularized. The latter are termed “unfair labor practices,” and the courts are given jurisdiction to enjoin them. The National Labor Board is set up as a permanent statutory body with wide powers of investigation and enforcement of the substantive provisions of the act, and it may enlist the aid of the courts in the enforcement of its orders. Its rulings on questions of fact are final, if sustained by evidence. It has powers of mediation and conciliation, and may act as a board of arbitration in controversies submitted to it. In such controversies its awards may be challenged, on certain grounds, in the courts. The act overrides Section 7-a only in so far as there may be inconsistencies between them.

This is, on its face, a most far-reaching measure, and if it is enacted into law, it will undoubtedly mark an event of first importance in the history of the New Deal. That the situation cries aloud for legislative rectification is scarcely any longer disputed in view of the widespread violation of the guaranties of Section 7-a, the amazing growth of company unionism, and the almost total breakdown of the Labor Board's prestige and authority in the Weir, Budd, and other conspicuous controversies. That Senator Wagner's bill is offered with the best of intentions, and that it would, if sympathetically administered, be of great assistance to labor in dealing with company unionism and other problems, is equally unquestionable. There are, however, a number of features in the bill as drafted which give one pause and seem to require important amendment.

In the first place, one notes that although the right to organize and bargain collectively is absolute in form, and although the prohibition of unfair labor practices is also absolute in form, nevertheless, the *enforcement* of these rights and prohibitions is in each case apparently left exclusively to the discretion of the Labor Board. Section 6 of the proposed law, which confers jurisdiction upon the district courts to restrain violations, provides that it shall be the duty of the several United States district attorneys to institute proceedings for such purpose, “but solely at the request of the National Labor Board.” This specifically prescribed method of proceeding would certainly be held, according to the established precedents, to be the exclusive method of proceeding under this section, and individual employees or labor organizations would have no standing whatever in the courts to bring suit to enforce the act. The Supreme Court, interpreting very similar provisions in the Sherman Act, held:

“Taking all the sections of that act together, we think that its intention was to limit direct proceedings in equity to prevent and restrain such violations . . . to those instituted in the name of the United States, acting under the direction of the Attorney-General. . . . It is a safe and conservative interpretation, in view . . . of the fact that . . . Congress has prescribed a specific mode for preventing restraints upon it, namely, suits in equity under the direction of the Attorney-General” (*Minnesota v. Northern Securities Company*, 194 U. S. 48, 71). Other sections of the law provide that the board *in its discretion* may institute hearings upon any alleged unfair labor practice, and it “is empowered” to prevent any person from engaging in such. But nowhere is the board required to take jurisdiction, or to make any order terminating unfair practices, or to request any federal district attorney to take action. In front of each of the fundamental rights granted to the workers by this revised Magna Charta, therefore, must be written a large “if”—if, that is, the National Labor Board sees fit!

It would surely be more in keeping with the spirit of the act, and a more cautious plan generally, to confer upon all interested parties, and not merely upon the board, the power to enforce the act. The anti-trust laws are not enforceable solely by the Federal Trade Commission; anyone injured not only can sue for triple damages—this was so even under the Sherman law—but, by specific language in Section 16 of the Clayton Act, is entitled to injunctive relief. The Railway Labor Act of 1926, upon which the present bill is said to be based, was held by the Supreme Court to be enforceable in equity by a labor union affected. Why should the rights of employees and unions be less in the present case? There is no assurance that the board will not, at some future time if not here and now, fall under the control of hostile forces or be paralyzed by internal dissension. No one can know that the board, even under reformed conditions, will fulfil every need of the working class and qualify itself as an impeccable and completely efficient trustee. Certainly, nothing in its difficult career to date justifies Congress in handing over to its keeping, in this blanket fashion, the rights of labor. Perhaps no such result is intended, but in that case the language should certainly be clarified beyond controversy, and the right of the individual employee or labor organization to seek relief should be affirmatively and expressly granted, as it is in the Clayton Act.

Another feature of the bill that arouses thoughtfulness is the scope of judicial review. There is, indeed, a very wide field left for judicial discretion. The court's jurisdiction (and the board's) obtains not in every case of a dispute or unfair labor practice but only where such dispute or practice “burdens or affects commerce or obstructs the free flow of commerce, or has led or tends to lead to a labor dispute that might affect or burden commerce or obstruct the free flow of commerce.” This phrasing is intended to cope with constitutional difficulties respecting the scope of federal power, but as it now stands it is an invitation to the court to examine each individual case and see whether, in its judgment, the free

flow of commerce is likely to be "obstructed" within the meaning of the act. This obviously leaves great latitude to the court, and may well be used to prevent action precisely in those cases where labor organization is absent or still in the formative stages and groping for a foothold—in other words, precisely where legal protection is most needed. The dismissal of a few men for agitation in a plant employing thousands, and able to call upon thousands of unemployed—how can that be said to obstruct commerce? Or, at least, what is the probability that the court will so declare? Even a strike of relatively large proportions would not necessarily give jurisdiction if the management were successful in finding sufficient strike-breakers to continue production substantially unimpaired; for the words "obstruct" or "burden" commerce could undoubtedly be interpreted to mean "substantially obstruct or burden." In a word, the weaker the labor power and the stronger the employer, the less the jurisdiction of the court to intervene! Would it not be preferable to confer jurisdiction, where the labor dispute or unfair labor practice occurs in what is clearly interstate commerce and therefore clearly within the federal power, over this whole class of cases broadly—as was done, for example, for the railroads in the 1926 act?

The power of the court is equally great, if not more so, in the matter of the review of the board's arbitration awards. It may vacate an award that fails, in its opinion, to be definite or "mutual" (whatever that may mean here), and it may correct an award "so as to effect the intention thereof and promote justice between the parties." No provisions such as these were contained in the Railway Labor Act of 1926, where court review was strictly and narrowly limited and indefinite awards were sent back to the arbitrators themselves for further explanation. These broad phrases in the present act are no doubt quite susceptible of innocuous interpretation, but they might be quite the reverse. One does not like to think what the power to correct an award so as "to promote justice between the parties" might mean in the hands of an unfriendly court, and after fifty years' experience of judicial nullification of administrative regulation in this country we may well be wary of such vague and sweeping language. It is the Labor Board and not the court that is to arbitrate.

It is also by no means clear what is the situation of minorities and dissenting individuals under the new bill. The act simply says that the board may hold elections—or "utilize any other appropriate method"—in case of disputes as to who are the representatives of the employees, that it may determine the unit of election, whether employer, craft, or plant, and that it may certify the "name or names of the individuals or labor organizations" designated to represent the employees. The form is the plural, and whatever the intention, there is nothing in the act that requires the board or the court to recognize the right of the representatives of the majority to speak for the whole body of employees. This possible perpetuation of the confusion resulting from dissenting minority groups with separate representation would seem to be inconsistent with the board's recent ruling in the Denver Tramway case and with Senator Wagner's announced opinion.

Turning to substantive provisions, we find the act widely heralded as restoring the legality of the closed shop. It was, of course, a scandal in the first place that Section 7-a, intended as a charter of new rights for labor, should have been

subverted into a denial of the legality of the closed shop. As Senator Wagner says, "Congress never intended to place employees in a worse position than they were before the Recovery Act was passed." Nevertheless, even the new bill does not quite restore the worker to his pre-NRA status in this respect. Closed-shop agreements between employer and union are still forbidden except where a majority of the employees of the particular employer concerned are members of the contracting union, in which event these agreements may be entered into for a period not to exceed a year. This is, perhaps, not a very serious practical limitation, but what is more serious is the fact that the new bill likewise permits similar contracts between an employer and a company union. In other words, as the price of the partial restoration of the legality of the closed-shop contract, the prohibition contained in Section 7-a, forbidding employers to make membership in a company union a condition of employment, is now to be wiped out. The bill merely says "any labor organization" and holds the scales impartially between company union and non-company union. True, employers are no longer supposed to resort to improper means in setting up or dominating company unions, but the practical efficacy of these provisions has not yet been tested, and it is already charged that the failure to outlaw so-called "company welfare associations" will enable the employers to perpetuate the old evil. Moreover, company unions are already a fact, and a very prominent fact, in the field of industry, and it would be optimistic to suppose that even the most stringently worded bill would reduce them to insignificance. Something more than statutory or executive fiat is necessary, as experience under Section 7-a itself has taught, to overcome the mass resistance of big business to such provisions as these. At the best, the struggle will be long and bitter, and will be waged with every resource of economic power and legal obstruction. It has yet to be demonstrated that the Administration has either the will or the power to carry on such a struggle with the tenacity and severity essential to victory. In the meantime employers are free under the terms of the bill to enter into contracts with existing company organizations already dominated by the employer which will fasten them upon the plant irrevocably for a year, and are thereupon presumably entitled to an injunction against "interference by outsiders" for that period. Bad as is the current interpretation of Section 7-a, this prospect may be even more dangerous.

This brings us, finally, to the all-important question of the right to strike. The act declares that "nothing in this act shall be construed so as to interfere with or impede or diminish in any way the right to strike." The layman might think that here is a grant of the right to strike, but of course the language is purely negative; it confers no new rights, changes no prior rules, and certainly would not be construed as legalizing strikes called in contravention of contract. The layman is apt to forget, or does not know, that the right to strike is neither absolute nor constitutionally guaranteed. It became recognized in America mainly by virtue of judicial decisions, and exists only within the confines of such decisions. Strikes interfering with contract relations, sympathetic strikes, secondary boycotts, have all been declared illegal in the past by the Supreme Court, and would still be illegal unless the law were changed.

True, the worst effects of these rulings were removed by the Norris-LaGuardia anti-injunction bill of 1932,

but the new act supersedes the Norris bill whenever the application of the latter's provisions "conflicts with the application of the provisions of this Act"—and it is a matter of statutory interpretation for the courts to construe and apply this language and to determine what constitutes such a "conflict." With the present express legalization of contracts between an employer and a "labor organization"—which, as we have seen, includes company unions—to employ only members of that union, the danger is that the court would permit injunctions against strikes called in contravention of such agreements, notwithstanding the Norris bill. It would be argued—probably successfully—that when the new law specifically legalized such contracts it meant them to have full practical efficacy, not mere theoretical validity; that such efficacy requires injunctive relief; and that the Norris bill is therefore *pro tanto* superseded. The disastrous implications of such a holding are apparent, and the bill should certainly be amended so as to bar them. Besides, broad as the Norris

bill was, it did not reach all situations, and it left untouched the potentially grave penalty of damages. Surely, a bill of rights for labor should have written into it the rules enunciated by Mr. Justice Brandeis in his famous dissents in the Hitchman and Duplex cases, and the right to strike should be put upon less dubious ground than changing judicial discretion. It would be small comfort to future strikers to be told that their strike was illegal not because of the Labor Disputes Act of 1934 but because of the common law, the Clayton Act, or some preexisting federal enactment.

While the board's functions as an arbitrator are not compulsory in form, its authority is so wide and its discretion to intervene or not to intervene so unlimited that it is bound to exercise enormous sway in industry. So vital an enactment is entitled to and requires the closest scrutiny. As it stands, the new bill, with all its merits, is a bill primarily framed to confer rights and powers not upon American labor, but upon the National Labor Board itself.

"Man-Mengkuo"—a New Creation

By CRISPIAN CORCORAN

Tientsin, China, February 25

DESPITE censorship and all other known methods of hushing up the news, it has now become clear that "great" things are brewing in the fledgling state of Manchukuo. The Manchurian puppet government is to have a new constitution, a new emperor, and a new name—to say nothing of a new capital and much new territory. According to the most authoritative reports, the new constitution is to be a pocket edition of the Japanese constitution, with certain modifications, while the puppet "Chief Executive," Pu Yi, will resume the imperial purple to which he was born and perpetuate the glorious line of the Ch'ing dynasty. The name of Manchukuo, too, is considered too parochial a designation for a young and ambitious empire. The substitute suggested is "Man-Mengkuo," the Manchu-Mongol Federated State. This is an evident play for the adhesion of the marginal Inner Mongolian banners still under Chinese sovereignty and the disgruntled elements in sovietized Outer Mongolia. There is a school in Changchun which considers that even Man-Mengkuo will not be a durable name. They aim at a restoration of the old name for China, "Ta-Ch'ingkuo," the Dominion of the Great Ch'ing Dynasty. Such a label will obviously stand the utmost strain of territorial expansion.

However, we cannot concern ourselves too seriously with names. Much more necessary and cogent is an examination of the motives which have prompted the reorganization of the Manchukuoan paradise (which, one remembers, was to enjoy peace and tranquillity for millenniums).

The constitution of the new "empire," as stated above, will be modeled on that of Japan. In other words, the Emperor, while delegating a large part of his power to representative institutions and a ponderous civil service, will remain the supreme autocrat and last court of appeal in the realm. The Imperial Rescript will enjoy an eminence higher than any legislative enactment, and the whole territory and its people will be, in the last analysis, the chattels of the

All-Highest, which he can dispose of in any way he wishes.

The Chinese press sees in this, in my opinion rightly, the foundation for a perfectly legal transfer of all the Manchukuoan dominions to Japan. Great is the acumen of the Tokio General Staff. Manchukuo is technically independent, and a violent laying on of hands might have awkward repercussions. But observe how conveniently an emperor can die childless and leave his realm to his beloved brother in Tokio. Or if not die childless, then at least retire to a monastery, following in the footsteps of his august ancestors. It is all so exquisitely legal, constitutional, and aboveboard.

Bazaar rumor has it, and the bazaars ought to know, for they are driving a fine trade in Manchu court gowns and moldy mandarin robes, that Pu Yi's new capital will be located in Jehol. Jehol, the "City of Emperors," of Sven Hedin, and of the Golden Pavilion at the Chicago Fair. But, the reader will exclaim, Jehol is situated in the remotest marches of Manchukuo, there is nothing to fit it for such eminence except moth-eaten Mongol tradition, and it is within a hundred miles of the Chinese frontier. That is true. One might add that Jehol has no drainage, no housing accommodation for even the most modest of parochial councils, no railways, no electricity, and no running water, not even a standard foreign spelling or pronunciation. Of course not. But it was once the summer seat of the Manchu dynasty, the Simla to Peking's Delhi. And what about Peking? I have put the question to many Japanese officers. They are apt to change the topic at this point, but their attitude says plainly, "Elementary, my dear Watson."

Meanwhile Japanese troops have crossed the boundary of Jehol province into Chahar and Hoper and are slowly absorbing villages and towns along the road to Peking. There are occasional Chinese protests but they die down, the Japanese explanation that they are following the "spirit" of the Tangku truce being invariably accepted.

Of course Pu Yi, when he is crowned on March 1, will graciously please to sign a new treaty with Tokio, confirming

the status of the commander-in-chief of the Kwantung army as Japanese resident attached to the court. He will engage a Japanese "tutor," probably the septuagenarian Count Hayashi, veteran diplomat and statesman. After this he will honor Tokio with his presence and be sumptuously entertained by his august cousin Hirohito. This, too, is part of the plan.

Meanwhile, in territories already "consolidated" the Kwantung army is strengthening its control over the great South Manchuria Railway and over the new lines being built parallel to the Chinese Eastern Railway, spearheads pointing at the rich regions of the Soviet Far East. There is the front. China constitutes the rear. But every elementary military textbook mouths the age-old principle that one must safeguard one's rear and lines of communication before proceeding to the attack. The Japanese are ardent followers of orthodox texts, military and otherwise.

The next aim of the Kwantung army is to create a gigantic buffer state, effectively isolating Soviet Russia from China, which will comprise Manchuria, both Mongolias, the rich regions of Suiyuan, northern Shensi, Kansu, and possibly Chinese Turkestan, and, on the extreme east, a good part of the North China coast line. It is not so difficult as it sounds. As one military gentleman put it, "We must do only what Columbus did. Reach our objective and plant the flag there. I do not believe we shall encounter resistance."

Intervention in Fukien, in Shantung, or even in Canton may be resorted to to speed up this process. But one thing is certain. Once the rear is occupied and consolidated, the spearheads pointing at the Soviet frontier will advance "as trees walking," and the Samurai sword of General Araki will encounter the bayonets of the Red Army in the plains of the North.

In the Driftway

IN the spring the Drifter's fancy often turns to thoughts of retiring to the country and making a living off the land. And when he expresses his fancy some brisk young man with a knowing air always speaks up: "Why don't you go into the chicken business? I understand there's a great deal of money in it." And the Drifter is always tempted to reply: "Young man, there is a great deal of money in it. And the reason for that is that very little of it ever gets out." It is not for nothing that poultry-raising has furnished us with our most ominous proverb, which has to do with the hatchability of chickens.

* * * * *

A FAINT idea of the hazards of the profession may be obtained by opening at random any farmers' journal. Two or three issues are enough to convince the casual reader that the whole thing ought to be dropped quietly and forthwith. Chicken-raisers as a class are nervous and fearful, while the chickens themselves, aside from being silly-looking, must be anything but happy considering the variety and perverseness of the ills that chicken flesh is heir to. Here are just a few samples of the letters of chicken-raisers and the answers of editors culled from recent issues of the *Rural New Yorker* and the *New England Homestead*:

THE CHICKEN-RAISER: I have a disease in my flock. . . . I got them last year and around this time they went down with leg trouble, such as I would call paralysis.

THE EDITOR: Chronic coccidiosis and some obscure nervous disorders are believed to be causes of paralysis. . . . There is no cure . . . it is likely that complete disposal of the birds . . . will prove the most satisfactory procedure.

THE CHICKEN-RAISER: For the past five years I have been vaccinating my pullets against fowl pox, usually when they are about nine weeks old. But it seems to hurt them. Many die and I get in a bunch of trouble. . . . How early in a chick's life can I give safely linseed oil and turpentine?

THE EDITOR: Vaccination against fowl pox is usually done at from three to four months of age. . . . [Before giving linseed oil and turpentine] it would be well to wait until the presence of intestinal worms is evident either through droppings or after an autopsy [!] . . . It should be borne in mind that the mere giving of a dose or two is not ridding a flock of round or other worms. They are easily picked up again . . . and more thorough measures are required. ["Complete disposal" perhaps?]

THE CHICKEN-RAISER: I have a flock of 250 April-hatched pullets which seem to do nothing but neck molt. . . . I have all the skim milk the chickens will drink. . . . I also keep laying mash before them at all times, and have had the lights on them since October for two and a half hours in the morning.

THE EDITOR [after advising with not too much confidence a change of ration]: Make all changes somewhat gradually, however, thus avoiding a too sudden disturbance of the pullets' nutrition and notions. [Italics and amazement ours.]

THE CHICKEN-RAISER: It is now three times consecutively that I am operating my incubator and about one-third of the eggs do not hatch.

THE EDITOR: If you are now getting a two-thirds' hatch you have little to complain of.

* * * * *

IF any reader still contemplates going into the chicken business, let him look at the Drifter's last exhibit. The *Homestead* for March 3 printed an article on Controlling Vice Losses: Suggested Remedies for Cannibalism, Pickouts, and Prolapsus. "Because these troubles cause an enormous loss to poultrymen," the introduction points out, "Dr. R. C. Bradley . . . has issued a sixteen-point summary of suggested remedies." The Drifter presents only a few:

1. Watch birds constantly and market each individual offender.
3. Use for meat purposes birds showing signs of prolapsus as "they seldom recover sufficiently to warrant keeping."
6. "Tinker around" in the pens as many times a day as possible to take the attention of the birds away from themselves.
10. Place pine boughs in the pens for hens to pick on.

Even if the AAA should guarantee to pay the Drifter a handsome profit for every fowl he had to plow under, he would still refuse to go into the chicken business. He's damned if he'd be psychoanalyst to an introspective hen.

THE DRIFTER



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Correspondence *Progress at Oberlin*

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

During this school year Oberlin College celebrated one hundred years of liberal tradition. Oberlin's history began with Abolitionist agitation, the establishment of a terminus of the underground railroad, and an escapade known as the Wellington rescue (a group of students traveled nine miles to a neighboring town and forcefully took a fugitive slave from a sheriff). Oberlin College was the first educational institution in America to open its doors to women and Negroes. It now has on the campus a Peace Society and a Cosmopolitan Club. Its administrators and faculty are constantly stressing the need for maintaining a plastic and objective attitude.

As Oberlin enters its second century, one of the first examples of this "plasticity and objectivity" is the official suppression of *Progress*, a student publication. *Progress* was published during the first semester of this year by the Oberlin Radical Club. The aim of the paper was to provide a medium for the expression of controversial opinion. This organ alone made it possible to present the "other side" of all pertinent issues. It was often critical of administrative action and of some of the more antiquated rules of the college, and of the capitalistic social scheme in general; but conservative opinion was invited and published. The organization has been dubbed "red" and "Bolshevik," but so far the "reddest" of its activities have been the circulation of handbills advocating the abolition of compulsory attendance at chapel and attempts to organize a cooperative bookstore and to hold meetings for the discussion of discrimination against Negroes. When recognition of the publication for the second semester was asked, the authorities denied the request.

We have heard many diatribes in Oberlin against European fascism and its policy of suppression of a free press. We have also been given constant assurance that in America none of these crimes against liberty would or could be committed. We should like to believe this. But in the face of the facts, how can we?

Oberlin, Ohio, March 7

ROBERT FRITZMEIER
HOMER HARTZELL
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Unanimity and the League

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

Robert Dell, in his article *Can the League Be Saved?* which appeared in your issue of February 21, makes several misleading statements in respect to the unanimity rule. He states that "except for a few cases such as that of an inquiry into German armaments, unanimity is required for all decisions of the Council or of the Assembly of the League," and that "it is the rule of unanimity that paralyzes the League and is the fundamental cause of its failure." This is followed by the suggestion that "so long as decisions have to be unanimous Costa Rica or Panama can, at any rate theoretically, hold up the whole League."

Mr. Dell's first statement needs qualification. True enough, decisions of both Council and Assembly must be taken by unanimous vote, except where the Covenant or the terms of the treaties of which the Covenant forms a part specify the contrary. But the Assembly, at least, has found many devices for escap-

ing the rigors of the unanimity rule. For example, the Assembly has held that the word "decision" refers only to the adoption of a resolution in which it is the intention to impose a definite legal obligation. Where it is only the intention to suggest, advise, or recommend, a "decision" is not taken and, consequently, unanimity is not required. It will be appreciated that a large and important part of Assembly action falls into this latter category. In fact, unanimity is only insisted upon in the Assembly for three types of resolutions: budgetary resolutions, resolutions purporting to interpret the Covenant, and resolutions inaugurating international conventions. In regard to budgetary resolutions it has become so much the custom of the minority to give way to the majority that on one occasion the Assembly President declared the budget adopted even though twelve states, including Great Britain, voted against it! Although unanimity is essential for the formal adoption of resolutions interpreting the Covenant, "defeat" by a minority made up of the smaller Powers does not prevent the interpretation from being accepted. Who doubts that the interpretation of Article 10 proposed by Canada is the interpretation accepted today in spite of its "defeat" by the negative vote of Persia? Only in the proposal of conventions has the unanimity rule proved an obstacle in the Assembly, and a study of the records will reveal that the chief offenders have not been states the size of Costa Rica and Panama but rather the Great Powers.

Although unanimity is much more generally insisted upon in the Council than in the Assembly, the probability of the *liberum veto* being exercised by a small state has been greatly reduced since 1926. It will be recalled that in that year, after obstruction by Brazil, Article IV of the Covenant was amended to permit the Assembly to fix by two-thirds' majority the rules dealing with the election of the non-permanent members of the Council. One of the rules adopted in accordance with the terms

of this amendment permits the Assembly acting by two-thirds' vote to proceed at *any time* to a new election of all the non-permanent members of the Council. This rule, adopted deliberately for the purpose, virtually arms two-thirds of the Assembly with the power of recall. It would seem, therefore, that the unfettered right to obstruct the action of the Council by use of the *liberum veto* remains only for those few states which enjoy the favored status accorded to the Great Powers.

Baltimore, February 24 CROMWELL A. RICHES

Contributors to This Issue

- JAMES RORTY is preparing a book on advertising to be entitled "Advertising—Not to Praise."
- CLARA PORSET is a Cuban teacher who was active in the anti-Machado movement.
- JOHANNES STEEL is the pseudonym of a German Social Democrat now a refugee in the United States. Mr. Steel was for several years economic observer attached to the German Department of Commerce.
- HERBERT RABINOWITZ is a New York lawyer.
- CRISPIAN CORCORAN is the pseudonym of a newspaperman who has lived in China for many years.
- JAMES THURBER is the author of "Life and Hard Times of James Thurber."
- ISIDORE ABRAMOWITZ has contributed a series of critical essays in biography to *Opinion*.
- PHILIP BLAIR RICE has contributed reviews and critical articles to the *Symposium*.
- MARCUS DUFFIELD is the author of "King Legion."

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Foreword by Gerard L. Moench, M.D.

Associate Professor of Gynecology, New York Post-graduate Hospital, Columbia University

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- VALUE OF REGULAR SEX INTERCOURSE
- SEX HYGIENE (Precautions, Directions)
- THE SEX IMPULSE (Contrasted: in Men, in Women)
- SEX VARIATION (Physical, Psychological)
- VARYING SEX PRACTICES
- SEXUAL SHORTCOMINGS (Impotence, Frigidity, Sterility, etc.)
- SEX DANGERS (Coitus Interruptus, reservatus; etc.)
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Books, Art, Drama

The "Odyssey" of Disney

I HAVE never particularly cared for the "Odyssey" of Homer. The edition we used in high school—I forget the editors' names, but let us call it Bwumba and Bwam's edition—was too small to hide a livelier book behind, and it was cold and gray in style and in content. All the amorous goings on of the story were judiciously left out. We pupils might, at that age, have taken a greater interest in T. E. Shaw's recent rendering, the twenty-eighth, by his count, in English; for bang-off in Book I the third sentence reads: "She craved him for her bed-mate: while he was longing for his house and wife." But there wasn't any such sentence in old Bwumba and Bwam. It was a pretty dull book to read. No matter how thin Mr. Shaw has sliced it, it is still, it seems to me, a pretty dull book to read.

The fact that the "Odyssey" is the "oldest book worth reading for its story and the first novel of modern Europe" makes it no more lively—to me, anyway—than does the turning of it into what Mr. Shaw's publishers call "vital, modern, poetic prose." There are too many dreary hours between this rosy-fingered dawn and that rosy-fingered dawn. The menaces in ancient Jeopardy were too far apart, the hazards prowled at too great distances, the gods maundered and were repetitious. Ulysses himself is not a hero to whom a young man's fancy turns in any season. The comedy of the "Odyssey" is thought by some students to be unintentional and by others to be intentional, and there must not be any uncertainty about comedy. But whatever may be said about it, the "Odyssey" will always keep bobbing up, in our years and in the years to follow them. The brazen entry into the United States of Mr. Joyce's "Ulysses" has most recently brought the "Odyssey" again into view; as the magazine *Time* points out to its surprised readers, "almost every detail of the 'Odyssey's' action can be found in disguised form in 'Ulysses.'" So, many a reader might naturally enough ask, what? So nothing—that is, nothing of real importance in so far as the "Odyssey" or "Ulysses" itself is concerned. The ancient story just happened to make a point of departure for Mr. Joyce. He might equally well have taken for a pattern Sherman's campaign in Georgia. Nevertheless, here is the old tale before us again not quite two years after Mr. Shaw went over the whole ground for the twenty-eighth time in English.

My purpose in this essay is no such meager and footless one as to suggest that it is high time for some other ancient tale to be brought up in place of the "Odyssey"—although, if urged, I would say the "Morte d'Arthur." My purpose is to put forward in all sincerity and all arrogance the conviction that the right "Odyssey" has yet to be done, and to name as the man to do it no less a genius than Walt Disney. A year or two ago Mr. Disney made a Silly Symphony, as he too lightly called this masterpiece, entitled "Neptune." Those who missed seeing it missed a lusty, fearsome, beautiful thing. Here was a god and here were sea adventures in the ancient manner as nobody else has given them to us. The thing cannot be described; it can be rendered into no Eng-

lish. But it was only a hint of what Mr. Disney, let loose in the "Odyssey," could make of it.

The dark magic of Circe's isle, the crossing between Scylla and Charybdis, the slaying of the suitors are just by the way; and so are dozens of other transfigurations, mythical feats of strength, and godly interventions. Mr. Disney could toss these away by the dozen and keep only a select few. For one: Ulysses and his men in the cave of the Cyclops. That would be that scene as I should like my daughter to know it first, when she gets ready for the "Odyssey," or when she is grimly made ready for it—I presume one still has to read it in school as I did, along with "The Talisman" and "Julius Caesar." Picture Mr. Disney's version of the overcoming of the giant, the escape tied to the sheep, the rage of Polyphemus as he hurls the tops of mountains at the fleeing ship of Ulysses and his men!

But I think my favorite scene will be (I'm sure Mr. Disney will do the "Odyssey" if we all ask him please) that scene wherein Menelaus and his followers wrestle with the wily Proteus on the island of Pharos. You know: the Old Man of the Sea comes up out of the dark waters at noon to count his droves of precious seals all stretched out on the beach. In his innocence of treachery or of any change in the daily routine, he unwittingly counts Menelaus and his three men, who are curled up among the seals trying to look as much like seals as possible. It doesn't come out, by the way, in any rendering I've read, and I've read two, just what the Old Man thought when he found he had four seals too many. Anyway, at the proper moment Menelaus and his followers jump upon Proteus. In the terrific struggle that ensues the Old Man changes into—here I follow the Shaw version—"a hairy lion: then a dragon: then a leopard: then a mighty boar. He became a film of water, and afterwards a high-branched tree."

How only for Walt Disney's hand and his peculiar medium was that battle fought! His "Odyssey" can be, I am sure, a far, far greater thing than even his epic of the three little pigs. Let's all write to him about it, or to Roosevelt.

JAMES THURBER

Crying in the Wilderness

A Journal of These Days. June, 1932–December, 1933. By Albert Jay Nock. William Morrow and Company. \$2.75.

AGE has not withered and custom has not staled the former editor of *The Freeman*. Neither—be it hastily added—are there any signs of mellowing in this scornful and cantankerous diary. Every day for a year and a half Mr. Nock finds something new to hate, and one closes the volume with the conviction that the author has never been surpassed in the range and variety of his dislikes. One is also tempted to say that there is nothing human which is *not* alien to him, and that if his pessimism has ever been exceeded by anyone it is only by Max Beerbohm's Kolinyatsch, who, it will be remembered, scorned to rail merely at himself, women, or things in general after the fashion of his tame forerunners, but lavished an equally fierce scorn on children, trees, flowers, and the moon. Mr. Nock, for example, is particularly bitter against vitamins.

The casual dipper into the "Journal" may possibly come away with the impression that Mr. Nock's bile is stirred chiefly

by American people, institutions, and government. Thus most statesmen of our recent past should be "boiled in oil." Thus also General Johnson's picture gives him a face "such as one attributes instinctively to a plug-ugly or a Bowery bouncer of the old days," while the only thing to be hoped for from Roosevelt is that he will proclaim himself king immediately in order that we may have the opportunity to behead him—the execution of Presidents being, unfortunately, not a custom. As for ourselves and the general atmosphere of our lives, words fail him and he is compelled to fall back upon others, quoting with approval the French journalist who called us "the only people who have passed directly from barbarism to decadence without knowing civilization," but finding a deeper satisfaction in the simpler exclamation of a Canadian who remarked, apropos the Lindbergh affair, "What newspapers! What a police! What a country!"

Nevertheless, one would be wrong in supposing that most other peoples—except the more than human inhabitants of Belgium—are, at most, more than unsatisfactorily better. Informed that his ship touches at London and that one may go ashore if one likes, Mr. Nock replies, "Not unless and until I could go at the head of 300,000 men"; meditating upon France he exclaims, "I am heartily in accord with Andrew Jackson, who roared, 'I know them French.'" One would also be wrong in supposing that anything is to be hoped for from a revolution either to the right or to the left. Mr. Nock hates Bolshevism as much as he does democracy, because, as one gradually discovers, the real trouble with the world is the people in it. "Not everyone who answers to *Homo sapiens* is human; relatively few are. . . . There is a greater difference between Socrates, Marcus Aurelius, Sophocles, and the man of the crowd than there is between the man of the crowd and the higher anthropoids; but in our institutional view, Socrates and the man of the crowd alike count as one." Even single tax—his old love—is a futile doctrine. It is "the best start toward civilization; but I have never propagandized for it, because our people would not know what to do with it if they got it."

So vigorous and entertaining a Jeremiah ought not, perhaps, ever to let us into his secret by confessing any of the things he does admire, and in Mr. Nock's defense it must be added that he neither mentions them often nor dwells upon them long. It is plain, nevertheless, that he likes "civilization" and even—or rather especially—some Americans. But one wonders why, with the tastes he has, he ever permitted himself that preparation for disappointment and bitterness which consists in looking for aristocratic tastes and aristocratic virtues in the mass of any people. There is much to be said for loving nothing but excellence and for despising with all heartiness anything that is not excellent. But there is nothing to be said for choosing the rare and then expressing enraged surprise that it is not found to be common. To live happily with Mr. Nock's opinions one needs to carry them farther or, at least, keep them purer than Mr. Nock, with the despised but still lingering virus of the reformer in his veins, is able to do. One needs to say firmly that intelligence, disinterestedness, taste, and charm—to say nothing of simple honesty—are uncommon qualities. One must add that since the world never was and probably never will be run by men possessing this combination of qualities, there probably never will be a time when they can be found very often or held in great general esteem. One must realize that excellence is something whose appearance is improbable, and one must take one's satisfaction in what one can find of it. But if, like Mr. Nock, one cannot help worrying because the world is not intelligent and decent and just, then one must either get a new philosophy or become, like him, more and more cantankerous and disgruntled.

A book so amusing to read as his "Journal" must have been some fun to write, but Mr. Nock has not the bounce of Mr. Mencken, whose opinions he shares. His tragedy is that

he has never achieved Mr. Mencken's art of finding men entertaining *because* they are stupid. To the sage of Baltimore every new evidence of human depravity is—to use one of his favorite words—"exhilarating." Mr. Nock gets angry and then, when the anger is passed, he is only a little depressed. Perhaps he will some day get more faith in humanity; perhaps he will lose the very little he has. But he is not likely to be at peace unless he does one or the other.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

The Oppermanns

The Oppermanns. By Lion Feuchtwanger. The Viking Press. \$2.50.

THE objectivity which Feuchtwanger has practiced on remoter historical events he has now turned on Hitler's Germany. The matter aspires as much to the effect of the "Brown Book" as to the Book of Job, but it achieves more of the moving spirit of the document than of the poem. The author's present biographical center is the Jewish Oppermann family and all the tangents of its world; his polemic is the wounded dignity of man as a middle-class protagonist; his method is the assiduous, melancholy brushwork of an honest Dutch painter. This combination of the family as a cohesive unit, middle-class sensibility as a stage for action, and the metronome for a literary style, while it stirs us deeply, does not produce the right alliance of art and indictment for a work of great stature.

We have met the Oppermanns in literature before—the preoccupation of Jean-Richard Bloch, of Sholom Asch, of G. B. Stern, and of others—that family of numerous facets reflecting essentially the same inner light, deriving from a common lineage their talent, geniality, vanity, common sense, skepticism, vices, good-heartedness, and protective cunning. It is not as happy a pattern as it looks, for its use is paid for by some abstraction in character and stylization in form. Perhaps there is but one contemporary full and magnificent success of its kind, and that not about a Jewish family.

We come upon Feuchtwanger's Oppermanns in a moment of calm before the storm, a moment of security, material accomplishment, and spiritual assimilation. Before we are done this house is utterly in ruins. Slowly, artfully, the presentiments of trouble seep through the comfortable inclosure like tidal water through the holes of a defective dike. Three times we see the Oppermanns together, first at Gustav's fiftieth birthday, then in counsel over the impending disaster to their vast Berlin furniture business, finally, destroyed, dispersed, for but a moment, at a Passover dinner, in exile. On the way to the full debacle, however, we witness each individual Oppermann in the grip of an opposing force coming out of this newly hostile Germany. It is these individual wrestling matches between single Oppermanns and their fate that give the book energy and continuity. Dignified Martin Oppermann, with his non-Jewish wife, against Wels, the troop leader and manufacturer; the subtler defeat of Gustav, a lover of Lessing, women, and good living, whose literary protegee, Gutwetter, rises from Jewish patronage to Nazi honors; Edgar, whose surgical experiments are monstrously perverted as ritual murder—these make up the Oppermann disaster in all its various phases. By contrast we see Martin's employee, Wolfsohn, a rung lower in the Jewish social and ethnic ladder, a man whose day is a chain of petty victories in the salesroom and a succession of his radio, his beer, his newspapers, his meals, and his armchair; a man lifted from his sordid, innocent indulgence into the bewildering farce of the Reichstag fire. But it is, finally, the chronicle of the young Oppermanns which touches moments of imagination, particularly that of Berthold, the student, who rather than publicly recant his humanistic leanings chooses to take his own life.

We move from event to event with the facility of a movie camera bringing its focus on this or that moral center. The characters are projected symphonically through a kind of interior monologue and minute, intimate pantomime. Unwittingly, the author's protective irony in his preface, to the effect that he had to forgo photographic representation of individuals for a collective whole, has the truth of a critical statement. For we witness the losing fight of the Oppermanns as a unit, as if that unit had six fighting limbs and six simultaneous adversaries.

We ask ourselves what is the moral tissue of the Oppermann world that Germany is destroying? In Feuchtwanger's hands there is a light cynical admission of some middle-class corruption, perhaps the corruption of self-assurance, and the pervasive sentimentality of professional talent highly and blindly dedicated. There seems to be no escape for the Oppermanns, caught between a struggle for cultural self-intrenchment and their disinterested creative labor, except escape by the vicious blow of their enemies. Gustav alone (and rather late in the scheme of the book), by giving himself up voluntarily to the bestialities of the concentration camp, attempts the salvation of the Oppermanns. It is futile: "He merely saw things as they were and could not devise a way in which he could be constructively helpful. He ran a Marathon and delivered a dispatch case, but, alas, the case contained no message." Feuchtwanger quotes from the Talmud in extenuation of this Oppermann: "It is upon us to begin the work. It is not upon us to complete it." There seems no hope that the Oppermanns will complete it.

ISIDORE ABRAMOWITZ

William Carlos Williams

Collected Poems (1921-1931). By William Carlos Williams. With a Preface by Wallace Stevens. The Objectivist Press. \$2.

OF Poe's critical theory Dr. Williams has written: "It is a movement, first and last, to clear the ground." This is a concise statement of the direction of his own verse. For the better part of his life as a writer he has been hacking away at all sorts of dead timber. Probably no one but Ezra Pound has done so much to remove the tangle of withered words, stock responses, overripe images, and decayed rhythms that encumbered English and American poetry twenty years ago. Except for one brief excursion from his clearing, Dr. Williams has stuck to the ax with a single-mindedness amounting almost to fanaticism.

While he thus carried on the work of early imagism, in the period represented by the present collection he brought something new: he shaped the fluid impressions of the imagists into the solidity and organization of his favorite contemporary paintings. The result is poetry that is clean and spare and that transmits all the light. If a single poem of his should cling to the mind as typical, it might well be the plain statement about Gay Wallpaper, beginning:

The green-blue ground
is ruled with silver lines
to say the sun is shining

And on this moral sea
of grass or dreams lie flowers
or baskets of desires . . .

But he does other things besides interiors and still-life; there is the drowsy stir of mean streets and the headlong movement of The Winds:

flowing edge to edge
their clear edges meeting—
the winds of this northern March—

blow the bark from the trees
the soil from the field
the hair from the heads of
girls, the shirts from the backs
of the men, roofs from the
houses, the cross from the
church, the clouds from the sky
the fur from the faces of
wild animals, crusts
from scabby eyes, scales from
the mind and husbands from wives

This poetry springs from more than a technique of looking: there is an ethos behind it. Dr. Williams conceives himself to be giving utterance to an American tradition which has not before found adequate expression in verse, the tradition of the Indians and of the pioneers at their best. He has praised the feeling for life of the early Americans for "its immediacy, its sensual quality, a pure observation, its lack of irritation, its lack of pretense, its playful exaggeration, its repose, its sense of design, its openness, its gaiety, its unconstraint. It frees, it creates relief." These are the qualities that the post-impressionists sought in primitive art, and Lawrence in his peasants—qualities, among others, for which some classicists love the Greeks. They are, furthermore, traits conspicuously lacking both in modern life and, until recently, in the modern arts. Dr. Williams believes that we do not need to hunt far afield when we can find them in our own background. For this reason he did not go with his fellow-poets into exile, but kept at his medical practice in a New Jersey town, with an obstinate conviction, doubtless, that some embers of the tradition remained to warm him who could seek them out.

Like all attempts to revive traditions, like all returns to "ancient springs of purity and plenty," this one has its pitfalls. Along with their now almost extinct virtues, the pioneers possessed certain less admirable traits which have been harder: a suspicion of the intellect, a bluntness of psychological and moral perception, and a submergence of the imagination in present fact. (It may or may not be beside the point here to add that they had no need of economics.) We know that the exigencies of their way of living, together with their heritage, made these defects inevitable, and so we do not cavil at them. But we are more likely to be sensitive to such shortcomings in a contemporary. Whether it be because he has followed his tradition too slavishly, or because he has confused the functions of poetry and painting, or merely that an aesthetic theory has been pushed to the extreme, Dr. Williams has excluded more from his verse than any other important poet of his generation—and not all that he has excluded is bad.

His search for the immediate presentation, his passion for "objectivity" (the word has become the slogan of a school), has led him to eschew not only a great many useful poetic tools—even, usually, metaphor—but also the "subjective" facts about human nature. He gives us the interiors of houses, but rarely more than the outsides of people. The Waitress, one of his best poems, and a very good poem indeed, is a case in point. We have a compelling sense of the woman's presence, and her looks, gestures, and setting are sketched with a poignant delicacy; we also feel the pity that the poet has for her roughened hands, but of true sympathy there is none: we know nothing of what she is feeling, she remains an exterior which arouses in the poet a flare of "momentary beauty." Or consider this passage from The Descent of Winter:

What chance have the old?
There are no duties for them
no places where they may sit.
Their knowledge is laughed at
they cannot see, they cannot hear.

Their feet hurt, they are weak . . .

Such facts about the old as force themselves on the young are stated very movingly. But if this poem is compared with Eliot's *Gerontion*, the limitations of the former are obvious. Eliot, too, makes us see the uselessness and corrosion of old age; but these serve further as a framework to throw into relief the less obvious and more essential facts of senility—for the old have also a history, a tepid inner drama of reminiscence, and an intellectual recognition of their phase; and these more "subjective" facts, together

with a thousand small deliberations,
Protract the profit of their chilled delirium,
Excite the membrane, when the sense has cooled,
With pungent sauces, multiply variety
In a wilderness of mirrors. . . .

For all the integrity of his writing, Williams has been ruthless, as the pioneers were ruthless. Cleared ground has a neat beauty of its own, but when every one of the trees has been felled, the landscape tends to have a touch of monotony. The poet is fifty, yet there is still time for reforestation.

Meanwhile, the lover of poetry will find Dr. Williams's clearing a welcome spot of refuge. There are not many such bright places.

PHILIP BLAIR RICE

Why Some Americans Are Communists

I Went to Pit College. By Lauren Gilfillan. The Viking Press. \$2.50.

THE slight tinge in this book of the adolescent inclination to regard any experience as a lark is something that only those readers with very touchy social consciences will insist upon. The miners of Avelonia, fighting for the right to work and to live, accepted Miss Gilfillan's hungry curiosity and youthful good-will as she intended them, until the young man who was going with the union organizer decided he preferred the author from New York, and another organizer spread word that anyone not for was against. In this case he was mistaken, but by the time the suspicion spread Miss Gilfillan was beginning to realize that her efforts to be one with the miners were not succeeding. She left, taking with her a very good story.

In Avelonia, Pennsylvania, when a boy is fifteen he enters the mines. He calls it going to Pit College. A few years ago he might, if he chose, have left and gone to Detroit to look for different work or moved on to another mine, but payment in scrip has closed those ways to change and his life has become one of work when the mine is open, scabbing or strikes and living off relief when trouble comes. Miss Gilfillan, weary of fruitless job-hunting in the months following her graduation from Smith, arrived at the "patch" during a strike by the Communist National Miners' Union. She joined the picket line, helped the Young Communists' League to solicit funds on the streets of Pittsburgh, watched the slow farce of justice as performed by law and prejudice in county courts, lived in the strikers' homes, helped to bum food with hungry strikers from mortgage-laden farmers, learned to know the reasons for the savage onslaught of women and children when the scant and ridiculous relief arrived.

In place of the dubious authority of statistics and concluding generalizations, Miss Gilfillan offers a social study depending for its worth upon her ability to recapture and read aright the sound and meaning of the miner's speech, his laughter, fears, and hopes, his silences and oaths, his humanity. In unlabeled but unmistakable contrast she describes his lot as a worker—the dust-gray limbo of the "patch," the unvaried round of fat-back, bread, and coffee, the women's perennial child-bearing,

the destitution, the company's strangle-hold, the degrading reality of an existence in which bare necessities are never attained, and the slow, determined will of the miner to make a basic change.

"I don't approve," Miss Gilfillan tells one organizer, "of the Communists I've seen. Your browbeating, violent, impolitic methods of spreading your creed are antagonistic to any civilized being." But her point of view never biases her descriptions. Her reporting is sound, not set down by a trained investigator, but by a young woman fresh from the classroom, with an open mind, who has a natural gift for transforming her alert observations into animated narrative. She writes with sympathy and humor, and by all evidence accurately, and whatever else her purpose, she has prepared a document of the plight of one group of workers in this country which again attests that many things besides the leaves of the old capitalistic oak have withered.

FLORENCE CODMAN

Soldiers and Pensions

Soldiers What Next! By Katherine Mayo. Houghton Mifflin Company. \$3.50.

IN Italy half of the injured World War veterans refused pensions to which they were entitled because they were too proud to accept money from the government. American veterans, unhampered by pride, demand pensions to which they are not entitled. In England the British Legion "refrains from approaching any Member of Parliament to advocate legislation in its behalf." The American Legion not only approaches but bludgeons Congressmen.

This contrast between the honorable behavior of ex-soldiers abroad and the unblushing greed of ex-soldiers in the United States emerges from the 568 pages of Miss Mayo's book as her chief contribution to the accumulating lore of veterans' affairs. In approaching her latest subject the author of "Mother India" lays down a barrage of sobs about how the Pure-Hearted Doughboy came home from the war Spiritually Transfigured, bathed in a Divine Glow, and Aching to Give, but, alas, he was Misunderstood. After a chapter or so, however, Miss Mayo becomes less emotional and retells in exhaustive detail the unlovely story of how the American Legion has formed itself into a political machine to loot the Treasury. Then in the second half of her book Miss Mayo presents the first comprehensive survey of Europe's admirable non-political treatment of its veterans.

What Europe did was to fix upon a sound pension principle and stick to it. Miss Mayo drives this point home effectively. None but actual war sufferers—dependent families of men killed in action and living veterans disabled at the front—were entitled to receive money from the government. The United States started out on the same principle, but threw it overboard at the behest of the American Legion. Thousands of our "veterans" who never were within sound of gun fire got themselves on the pension roll, which of course became fabulously inflated. A pension list normally should dwindle as the ex-soldiers get well or die. This has been the case in England, France, and Italy; but while the number of names on pension rolls in those countries has steadily decreased, the number on ours has increased, Miss Mayo points out, 866 per cent. Our expenditures for veterans, instead of falling off as have those abroad, have jumped 233 per cent. Our budget is destined by present laws to grow to a maximum in 1958, about the time that England expects its payments to veterans to cease altogether.

Why are we plundered by our soldiers when European nations are not? Miss Mayo, apparently somewhat at a loss for an answer, lays the blame on our lack of godliness. Trans-

lated into less mystical terms, what we lack is an intelligent public opinion. Comfortably remote from the war, America grew very sentimental over its soldier-boy heroes and applauded the flag-wrapped politicians who promised to hand out money to them in the name of patriotism. The European countries lived with the war and their entire populations suffered; so they have seen more realistically the dishonesty and injustice of making the able-bodied ex-soldiers a privileged class by giving them a dole. We lack, moreover, a responsible system of initiating national expenditures. Any Congressman in a generous mood can introduce a pension bill and swap yea's with any other Representative who has a pet pork-barrel scheme. Under this free-for-all system hardly anyone but an angel could resist the temptation to buy votes with public funds.

Both an aroused public opinion and a temporary curtailment of Congressional spending powers were required before President Roosevelt could prune the veterans' budget. He restored the country to the sound pension principle of payments to disabled only, and thereby saved hundreds of millions of dollars a year. But will his reform last under the bombardment of the American Legion? Miss Mayo reports the pessimistic view of an unnamed Senator. "The President and those of us who stand by him in this effort will get little support from the country—not nearly enough to uphold our hands. . . . Compromise and concessions will result. . . ."

Accurate prophecy, indeed. Compromise and concessions already have resulted, since Miss Mayo's book went to press. The Legion, rallying its only momentarily disheartened ranks, has come forward with a supposedly innocuous "four-point program." Three of the four points are designed to break down the principle of war-connected pension entitlement. In an effort to head off the program, President Roosevelt has recently liberalized veterans' benefits to the tune of \$21,000,000 a year, and part of his liberalization opens the gates of the Treasury just a crack to ex-soldiers whose ailments were not incurred in service. This is definitely not encouraging. Neither is it encouraging that the Legion is opening fire on the able and upright Brigadier General Frank T. Hines, Administrator of Veterans' Affairs, in the hope of getting him replaced by someone more subservient.

Books such as Miss Mayo's are of great value in educating America to a proper perspective on the pension problem, and in bolstering the morale of the considerable number of ex-soldiers who dissent from the Legion's policy of plunder. One might wish that Miss Mayo had ventured more boldly into forecasting for us the future lines of Legion aggression against which we should be on guard. For the Legion is still powerful, and shrewd. To wage war on Roosevelt openly is not good strategy at present, but a covert campaign, meanwhile, can do considerable damage. Should the Legion make a not unnatural alliance with reactionary forces hostile to Roosevelt, it might well become a formidable threat to social experimentation in this country.

MARCUS DUFFIELD

Shorter Notices

On the Shore. By Albert Halper. The Viking Press. \$2.

Once upon a time, the author of "Union Square" confesses, he thought sincerity and simplicity were all that mattered, but by the time he wrote *Young Writer* in Chicago, one of the sketches in this book, he had evidently decided it was more necessary to be hard-boiled, with the result that he also became a trifle romantic. The book bears the marks of a pot-boiler, of odd sketches gathered up and put in a biographical sequence to form the outline of a portrait of the author as a youth on Lake Street and Kedzie Avenue. It is a hodge-podge of char-

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CONTENTS

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- V The sexual taboo and its origin.
- VI The triumph of sexual taboo.
- VII Chastity as the complement of sexual taboo.
- VIII The neuroses due to sexual repression.
- IX The mechanistic theory of sexuality in its relation to morals.
- X The psycho-physiology of the so-called sexual aberrations.
- XI Individualized love.
- XII Conclusion.
- Index.

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acters, incidents, feelings, and city sights. In a few of the pieces sincerity and simplicity survive with a well-developed talent for recording significant gestures, circumstances, and innuendo, and these are neat miniatures of narration. Especially is this true of *My Aunt Daisy*, *The Feud in the Rotunda*, and the effective account of *White Laughter*.

Farewell Victoria. By T. H. White. Harrison Smith and Robert Haas. \$2.

"*Farewell Victoria*" is one long, nostalgic adieu to a dead period. Its ancestry, or at any rate its consanguinity, is obvious. Even its publishers hint on the jacket that it may be a trifle reminiscent of "*Cavalcade*." It could and should be ignored as a weak echo of Mr. Coward's splendid emotional orgy if it were not for the fact that the author, T. H. White, writes an original and exciting prose. His style is neat, precise, and, above all, controlled. He sees and remembers with a clarity that might be called poetic. Unfortunately, his narrative lacks the accuracy and sureness of touch which characterize his handling of words. He frankly flounders. His story has to do with Mundy, a groom of Victoria's reign, who grows up to be a coachman and dies a hack-driver. Mr. White finds in the simple groom all the "dignity, peace, and greatness" of the Victorian era, and the novel is really an attempt to present the whole of that Golden Age in terms of Mundy. The theory is interesting enough; it is almost the exact reverse of the theory Virginia Woolf used in writing "*Jacob's Room*." There you had the author searching through a period for her character. Here you find the author searching through and around a character for his period. But Mr. White is not content with one theory of story-telling. He must use four or five at haphazard, and none of them well. At various times one thinks the book is going to be a satire, a sociological study, a love story, and an impressionistic meditation by the author. It ends, naturally, by being none of them. One carries away from it no definite impression of a period or a character, only a sense of disappointment in Mr. White for not having governed himself as sternly in the planning of the book as in the writing.

Art

Frontiers of Machine Art

THE machine-art show at the Museum of Modern Art puts ball-bearings on black velvet, laboratory glass in rhythmic procession against a calculated light, and springs, propellers, plumbing, and stoves against fine woods and fabrics. In spite of its preciousness, it contains excitement equivalent to a Woolworth store, a hardware window-display, a smoothly running machine shop, a chemistry, electricity, motor-boat, automobile, or airplane show. Objects which have often fascinated and pleased us all are here officially recognized as things of beauty produced by America in the twentieth century.

Isolated as such, they clarify what the machine can do for beauty that the human hand cannot do. Artists have always struggled for rhythmical regularity in order to get symmetry and smooth surfaces, and though their products may sometimes appeal to us because "handicraft implies irregularity, picturesque, decorative value, and uniqueness," as Philip Johnson says in the preface to the catalogue of the machine-art show, these are not the standards by which handicraftsmen in a handicrafts culture measure the excellence of their work. A craftsman's skill consists in his ability to attain regularity, precision, clarity, and he does so by practiced, rhythmic manual coordination and movement; but the machine far outdoes the steadiest,

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most regularly coordinated skilled weaver or potter in achieving the regularity of pressure and movement that the weaver or potter can acquire only relatively. As a craft instrument the machine is therefore a perfected, powerfully and skilfully endowed projection of the human hand. It can cut, press, polish, mold, more perfectly than the most perfect sculptor, and so makes the artisan, technically, a creature of the past.

The modern artist is faced by the need to understand and use machines. New instruments have always in the past produced a new aesthetic. Today the powers of the human hand are heightened and multiplied mechanically, and the camera does the same thing for the human eye. It reveals proportion, motion, texture, and balance, and together with the X-ray and fluoroscope, tells the twentieth-century artist things about the living being that Leonardo struggled to find out from its corpse. Modern chemistry also multiplies materials and colors and multiplies their variability; this fact alone would impose aesthetic revolution on the painter and decorator.

But heretofore artists have been unwilling to recognize the machine as a new frontier in art. When it first began to make inroads on crafts William Morris led a bitter fight against it, on the theory that machines could make only shoddy things, because that was what machines were being used to make. To Morris and his fellow-fighters the machine was a competitor. Nowadays it has come to be looked upon as an oppressor. Plainly it is just an instrument, one that can be as well used for human welfare and comfort as for human discomfort and oppression. To put this idea into practice involves social revolution, just as to put the idea of the machine as an art instrument into action implies aesthetic revolution.

The Museum of Modern Art does not present the machine as an artistic instrument, but as itself a work of art. A screw and a spring and a propeller are surely beautiful, but they are not art unless everything that is beautiful is also to be called art—a tree, a girl, a horse. Ordinarily one assumes that objects made primarily to express emotion are to be called art, though one does not need to say that all products of the artistic impulse are beautiful. None of the objects in the Modern Museum show were made primarily to express emotion. Machines, so far, have been used chiefly to make more machines; secondly, to make scientific instruments; thirdly, to make useful objects. A few by-products of these activities have been used for decorative purposes. In other words, machines have been used by industrialists for industrial purposes, by scientists for scientific purposes, and by business men for business purposes; not yet by artists to make art.

So far the only artists who have made much of a place for themselves at the machine are artists who serve business, collaborating in the design of useful objects in order to make them more attractive to buyers. Occasionally they take some industrial forms into purely decorative media, and then an elegant shop labels the object art and raises the price. In the Modern Museum there are bowls and vases in one room exactly like the laboratory glassware in an adjoining room, with the difference that as "art" they are labeled Fostoria and Steuben and cost five or six times as much as when they are called Eimer and Amend battery and hydrometer jars.

There is no reason, except perhaps business, why artists should not be served by the machine instead of only serving it. At present, however, it still comes hard to the manual craftsman, such as every painter and sculptor still is, to make his peace with the higher mechanics. In order to do so he must learn his trade all over again, and people tend to defend what they know against what they don't know. Besides, the artist is sentimentally attached to the palette and chisel and quiet studio and easel and Greek fragment. Spray-guns, electric drills, and laboratories imply a terrifying new world, and it takes brave men to master it.

ANITA BRENNER



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Drama

Moral Holiday

SOME years ago Harry Wagstaff Gribble wrote an insane sort of comedy called "March Hares." No dramatic critic seems able to forgive him for the fact that he has never been so funny since, and that is one of the extraneous reasons why "The Perfumed Lady" (Ambassador Theater) got somewhat less than justice done it. Another one is that conventional, fluffy farces seldom provide the commentator with anything much to say, and that the commentator, being human, shows his resentment by reporting that he was not amused. As for me, I propose to rise superior to such unworthy tendencies. I enjoyed myself—not deliriously and not profoundly, but well enough—and most of the persons about me seemed to do the same.

There is, to be sure, nothing original about the plot of the piece and no distinctive flavor to the wit, which follows a familiar style of smart badinage. Nevertheless, the situations always have been funny and the dialogue is bright. Given a gay young man engaged to the sister of a very serious young man, add two typists and a suave young pianist, and one knows what to expect. Granted that one gets, as in this case one does, something just slightly different, the result may serve very well as a distraction—especially for those who, like myself, don't mind "escaping" now and then into that world where people spend their time slipping in and out of bedrooms without serious consequences to anyone. If it really existed, this would probably be the best of all possible worlds. Since it doesn't, it behooves us to invent it.

Mr. Gribble's naughty young man does not have much to distinguish him from the other Don Juans of farce. His good young man is also pretty conventional except for the final phase in which he discovers that he has made the habitual mistake of believing that he behaved as he wanted to behave when he was only behaving as he thought other people ought to. On the other hand, his virginal typist, perpetually and often unnecessarily on guard over her virtue, is almost a character. They commonly say that a girl can't be too careful, but this one proves that she can—by shooting a young man on the erroneous theory that since he had an opportunity to "take advantage of her" in a state of unconsciousness, he might safely be assumed to have done so. This illustrates something which I have myself observed—namely, that the virtuous often attribute to the wicked not only a complete lack of scruple but also an unflinching persistence of indiscriminate appetite which the wicked would be glad if they could actually possess.

Ben Lackland as the good young man, Helen Brooks as his sister, and Brian Donlevy as the Don Juan do nicely. So do various others, including Ollie Burgoyne as a colored maid, Marjorie Peterson as the apprehensive virgin, and June Martel

as a talkative office girl more ready to make herself generally useful to her employers. I liked the bit where the virgin, suddenly overwhelmed by the romantic eloquence of the good young man making an honorable proposal, exclaims in dismay: "Why Mr. Pellett, you talk so nice a girl might not know what she was saying yes to."

"New Faces" (Fulton Theater) is an unpretentious "intimate" review of a kind that suggests the old "Grand Street Follies" and "Garrick Gaieties," even though it is not quite so good as romantic memory represents either of those two to have been. As is usual at such affairs, one is compelled to sit through a good deal of uninspired singing and dancing, but one gets a reward in the form of several satiric sketches that are both genuinely funny and engagingly fresh—the best being, perhaps, "Katharine Hepburn Gets in the Mood for 'Little Women'" and "An Afternoon with the English Juvenile Players." In the first, spinning wheels, bits of Plymouth Rock, and a few dying old ladies are brought in one after another in the effort to give Miss Hepburn the proper feel of New England sadness; in the second some bouncing young people of the sort that is frightfully keen about games discuss something or other with such admirable accents that it is all perfectly unintelligible to us Yanks. Of the "new faces" the one which seemed to please the audience most belongs to a certain Billie Haywood and is black.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

□ JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH says □

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Contents

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS	371
EDITORIALS	
The Magician in the White House	374
How Diplomacy Works	375
Best-Sellers	375
Art and Rockefeller	376
ISSUES AND MEN. THE COMMUNISTIC BRAIN TRUST.	377
By Oswald Garrison Villard	377
CARTOON: THE COMPARATIVE UNIMPORTANCE OF THE	378
HUMAN. By Low	378
THE PLACE OF LABOR IN THE AUTO INDUSTRY. By Samuel	379
Romer	379
FASCISM AND BOLSHEVISM. By Louis Fischer	381
CRISIS IN THE NRA. By Paul Y. Anderson	383
EUROPE MOVES TOWARD WAR. IV. IS BRITAIN GOING	384
FASCIST? By Johannes Steel	384
IN THE DRIFTWAY. By the Drifter	386
CORRESPONDENCE	386
Morning in March. By Ruth Lechlitner	391
The Passion of Ernst Toller. By Alter Brody	391
A Fool Who Was a Poet. By Richard McKeon	391
Dark Cloud. By Florence Codman	392
Francis Bacon. By Eliseo Vivas	393
Dictators in Review. By Johannes Steel	393
Kerensky's Lamentations. By Victor John Kroetch	394
Method or Madness. By Dorothy Van Doren	394
Shorter Notices	395
Drama: A Prepare for Saints. By Joseph Wood Krutch	396
Films: Bankers and Technicolor. By William Troy	398
CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE	398

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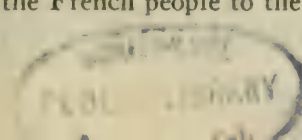
WHILE the Jewish question is duly coming to the fore in Austria in the shape of articles in the *Weltblatt*, the organ of the Christian Social Party, announcing that the process of "weeding out" Jewish surgeons from Vienna hospitals has already begun, the new Austrian constitution is announced. Austria will still have a "President," although there is no provision for his election by the people; but all other democratic forms are abolished. The government derives its power, according to the new constitution, from God instead of from the people; legislation may be initiated only by the government; the people may vote only when the government sees fit; the government will be advised—but the advice need not be taken—by four groups representing respectively the Roman Catholic church, big business, the provincial governments, and a Council of State of fifty members evidently representing the government itself. The strictest possible censorship will be exercised over the press, theater, radio, films, and schools. The President alone will be empowered to appoint a new government or demand the resignation of one in office. One may wonder just what will be the function of Chancellor Dollfuss under the new regime. If he is appointed President—presumably by God, or His agent from Italy—then one may suppose that the hand of Providence in the same form will continue to guide him. If

there is an attempt to revive the Hapsburg dynasty, the same deity can be counted on to pilot Prince Otto on his earthly way. Whoever governs Austria will himself be governed; and the Austrian people will not be consulted in the matter.

WE GRATEFULLY RECORD the appointment of George S. Messersmith, until now Consul General at Berlin, as Minister to Austria. There has been no more deserving promotion of a career diplomat in years. In Berlin Mr. Messersmith served his country and humanity admirably during the period of the taking over of power by the Hitler Government. At all times he stood up like a true American, confronting tyranny and cruelty unafraid and putting himself at the service of anyone, German or American, whom he could legitimately help. It was, of course, not his duty but that of the Ambassador to deal directly with the Hitler Government, but there are men today who probably owe their lives to Mr. Messersmith. He was at first nominated to be Minister to Uruguay, but when the Austrian vacancy occurred, through the decision of George H. Earle to resign his post in order to try for the governorship of Pennsylvania, the President and Secretary Hull wisely gave the Austrian place to Mr. Messersmith. Thus his intimate knowledge and understanding of the German situation and of the men who dominate it will be of continuing value at the most crucial point in Europe, and the United States government will feel certain that the reports it receives from its Minister in Vienna are able, far-seeing, and entirely trustworthy.

THE END of Berlin's most historic newspaper, the *Vossische Zeitung*, "Tante Voss" as the public called it, is a calamity and another proof of the deadly injury that Hitlerism is doing to the German press. For more than 200 years the *Vossische Zeitung* has exercised a great influence in Germany, and upheld with marked ability the best standards of taste, dignity, and honest information. Under the editorship of Georg Bernhard, now a refugee in Paris, the newspaper brilliantly represented a sound tradition of liberal journalism. One year has sufficed to destroy a journal that any country should have been proud to maintain at any cost. But when the mouthpiece of the dictator, the *Völkische Beobachter*, cannot obtain a larger circulation than 361,000 in all Germany, it is obviously impossible for any worthwhile newspaper to achieve the support necessary for its existence. All the non-Nazi newspapers have lost circulation tremendously. The newsdealers report that, contrary to the old German custom, nobody buys more than one daily now, because they all print the same dull, stupid stuff ladled out to them by the government. Never was there a clearer example of what the dead hand of censorship and government control can do to a press.

FRANCE may never succumb to fascism, as Robert Dell suggested in *The Nation* of March 14, but at least it now appears certain that an organized campaign will be launched to convert the French people to the idea of a fascist



dictatorship. The Cross of Fire, originally a war veterans' association, but now open to all who are willing to subscribe to its principles, has announced a new program of action based on outright fascist tenets. It would drive out the Communists, abolish parliamentary democracy, make the state supreme, and establish a corporative economy. Since the Paris rioting of a few weeks ago, in which war veterans participated in great numbers, the Cross of Fire is said to have enlisted thousands of new members. The royalists have likewise been exceedingly active since the riots, and while they do not look with favor upon the plan to create a fascist dictatorship, they would no doubt be glad to join with the veterans in attacking French democracy. There would be no point in predicting, merely because a relatively small and hitherto obscure society has come out for the corporative state, that fascism is likely to take hold in France. Yet it must not be forgotten that only ten years ago, after its ignominious failure in the Munich beer-hall putsch, the German National Socialist Workers' Party was generally regarded as discredited and beaten. Also, as recently as 1928 the Nazis commanded only a few loyal followers and were still looked upon as an aggregation of bullies and hotheads who, because of their extremism and stupid leadership, would never play a part in German politics.

THE PHILIPPINE INDEPENDENCE ACT signed by the President is essentially the old Hawes-Cutting measure, previously rejected by the insular legislature, except for one important change for the better, a provision looking to the end of the occupation of the islands by the United States army and navy. As we noted in our issue of March 14, the economic clauses are still unsatisfactory and the act is not the generous one which *The Nation* would have liked to see pass. Nevertheless Manuel Quezon, president of the Philippine Senate, who opposed the Hawes-Cutting act, is supporting the present measure, in spite of some objections to it, because he thinks it the best solution possible of the long controversy. Likewise advices from Manila say that the new offer of independence will be accepted by the Filipinos, although without enthusiasm. "The fact is," says the American-owned *Manila Bulletin*, "the bill actually pleases nobody and is technically acceptable to the various political camps only because, as a compromise, it is something which cannot be dodged." Under the terms of the act the Filipinos must adopt a constitution and continue a partially autonomous government for ten years, when independence will be granted. *The Nation* wishes that freedom had been offered to the Philippines under more favorable conditions, but in the creaking way in which the wheels of politics jolt along the act may still be made to work to the advantage both of the United States and of the islands in the Pacific whose problems have never been envisioned on this continent with much understanding or much sympathy.

GIVEN AS WE ARE to commenting on metaphysical problems, we confess to finding ourselves at a loss to understand why Postmaster-General Farley has decided that the Administration will not support Senator Robert M. La Follette for reelection in Wisconsin, although with a great flourish of trumpets it announces that it will support Senator Hiram W. Johnson in California, who is also seeking to hold his seat in the Senate. The Postmaster-General's

explanation seems to us not to explain at all; in Wisconsin, it appears, it is the Administration's duty to stand by the Democrats, no matter whom they may select, while in California it is its duty to support Mr. Johnson, as if no Democratic organization existed there. Can it be that the difference lies in the fact that Senator Johnson seems not to have criticized the Administration at all, while Senator La Follette, in the exercise of his independent judgment, has on several occasions opposed the White House? But as to two things we are clear: The first is that the retirement of Senator La Follette, which is thus threatened by Mr. Farley, would be nothing short of a disaster both to the Administration and to the country. This young Senator has the confidence and admiration of all his colleagues no matter what their political faith. He is industrious, conscientious, and right-minded, and is gaining every year in usefulness and judgment. The second thing is that Mr. Farley more and more injures the Administration. His interference in the political concerns of the cities and States of the Union is an outrage, and his judgment seems to us uniformly bad from the point of view of his chief. If only the governorship of Guam were vacant!

A THIRD-PARTY MOVEMENT that will bear close watching is reported to be spreading through the Middle West. In Minnesota it centers about the Farmer-Labor Party, which already has a Governor, a United States Senator, and five out of the State's nine Representatives in Congress. In Wisconsin the La Follette Progressives are interested in the movement. It is also gaining ground in the Dakotas, Montana, Nebraska, Iowa, and Michigan, according to former Representative Amlie of Wisconsin, who is one of its chief sponsors. Instead of seeking to capture the Presidency at the very start, this new third-party drive is trying first to sink its roots deep into the wards and precincts of the country. Its organizers seem to understand that only by building firmly at the bottom can they create an enduring national party. Despite the name it has adopted in some sections of the country, that of a Farmer-Labor Party, the new movement appeals especially to the skilled artisan, the small shopkeeper and manufacturer, the independent farmer, and other members of the middle class. Thus it provides a haven to which those middle-class voters who become dissatisfied with Rooseveltian democracy may turn. If the new movement fails and a great number of dissentient voters return to the Republican fold, it will not necessarily indicate that we are not headed toward a political realignment in the United States, but rather that this particular party is lacking in the qualities necessary to compel such a realignment. If, on the other hand, the movement develops considerable strength in a number of States, it will probably mean the end of the Republican Party as a serious contender in national politics.

FOR THE FIRST TIME in its history the National Labor Board was recently asked by a union to refrain from interfering in a strike. The union was the United Shoe and Leather Workers, a new, militant, progressive group with leftist tendencies; the strike was that of 8,000 shoe workers in Haverhill, Massachusetts. The strike began on March 1, when the union broke off negotiations looking to the renewal of contracts that had been in force for many years between the shoe manufacturers and the various

organizations of which the new union was the heir and assign. These contracts had contained an arbitration clause according to which all controversies arising under the agreement were referred to some impartial body for final decision. But the United Shoe and Leather Workers do not believe in arbitration, out of the philosophical conviction that direct negotiations do more good than the intervention of a third party and because of the generally unsatisfactory experience of New England shoe workers with the ways of arbitrators. The refusal of the union to incorporate an arbitration clause in the new contract, at the same time that the manufacturers insisted on it, precipitated the strike. The Haverhill manufacturers went to the Boston Regional Labor Board for help. The board decided that the strike should be called off; the strikers should be reinstated; negotiations between the union and the manufacturers should be resumed; and if the impasse persisted, the question of whether or not the contracts ought to contain an arbitration clause—should be submitted to arbitration! Naturally, the union refused to comply with these recommendations. In hearing the case on appeal, the National Labor Board took its familiar stand: end the strike first and negotiate afterwards. The union leaders retorted that they intended to stay on strike until they either got what they wanted or were licked. It is refreshing to discover at least one union which has not given in completely to the New Deal idea that the government will always be willing and able to do as much for the workers as the workers can do for themselves.

THE AMERICAN NEWSPAPER GUILD, a national organization of working journalists which was formed last year under the protection of the Recovery Act, seems to be losing a little of its early confidence in the integrity of the New Deal. Probably a fundamental reason was the failure to bring editors and reporters within the provisions of the newspaper code, but the grievance immediately stressed is that press associations have been allowed to remain aloof from any code whatever. The Press Association Committee of the Guild has an open letter in the organization's official publication which says:

We've seen other movements peter out, and they began to peter out as soon as reporters discovered they were meaningless. Now, we ask, and we'd like to have an honest answer, Why have press associations been allowed to ignore NRA codification? If you are going to answer that the "key" men of the industry are in Europe or that the press associations can't act until the directors of the Associated Press meet late in April, then we ask in turn, Where were the "key" men last December when we submitted a code proposal and you were reported to have asked the associations to submit a code? And where have the directors of the Associated Press been all this year that NRA has been getting ready to "crack down" on recalcitrant industries?

The letter then goes on to ask unkindly: "And speaking of cracking down, it couldn't be possible, could it, that cracking down on your part is being tempered in direct proportion to the amount of power that an industry wields?" The NRA is asked to set a hearing within two weeks and ask press associations to show cause why they should not immediately submit a code or have one imposed upon them, and why they should not at once institute the five-day week. We await eagerly the response to this letter.

THE FEDERAL TRADE COMMISSION'S report exposing the manner in which monopolistic practices have developed under the steel code could not have come as a surprise to anyone who has given careful study and thought to the tendencies underlying the NRA. This recovery agency must encourage combinations in restraint of trade and must encourage control of markets and prices, for these are of the very essence of "regulated" competition. The commission's survey shows in detail just how these factors have been applied in the steel industry. Not only does the "basing system" sanctioned in the code give certain large producers undue marketing advantages, but the price-fixing provisions of the code virtually allow these producers, mainly the United States Steel Corporation, to fix their own prices and so in effect exercise a rigid control over the entire industry. The report revealed that United States Steel has 40 per cent of the voting strength of the code authority, Bethlehem Steel 13 per cent, and eight other companies together about 30 per cent. About fifty companies divide the remaining votes among themselves. This gives United States Steel tremendous power, since the code authority "may reject any price which it determines to be unfair, and if a member fails to file a satisfactory price, it may fix the price." It is true that United States Steel has long exercised similar power, but under the NRA it may exercise it without fear of being prosecuted for violation of the anti-trust laws. An investigation of other codes would unquestionably show that under the NRA monopoly, instead of being checked, has been encouraged and stimulated in a majority of our major industries.

A DEBATE was scheduled between the University of California at Los Angeles and the University of California at Berkeley, the subject to be, Is America Ready for Communism? This topic was chosen last December, but by the middle of March the faculty in Los Angeles had begun to worry. The debate was called off, and the debate manager, a young man named Bill Hensey, expressed at least the administration side of the question when he advised the debating teams that "communism cannot be discussed on this campus." At the University of Illinois a debate was also scheduled, the subject to be: The R. O. T. C., Compulsory, Voluntary, or Abolished—Which? The discussion was to have been under the auspices of the National Student League at the university. The Senate Committee on Student Affairs refused to permit the debate to take place. It is an interesting commentary on American college students, first, that such dangerous subjects were proposed for campus discussion, and second that, when the university administrations forbade them, a healthy protest was immediately voiced, with sarcastic references to Hitler, Mussolini, and the traditional American history of free speech. At Louisiana State University the student council voted to withdraw from the National Student Federation because of the inclusion of Negro students in the latter organization. Strong opposition to the withdrawal appeared in many quarters, the college paper and the local Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A. being particularly vigorous in their protests. On February 27 the student council had a change of heart and rescinded its vote. It is only fair to say that the change in the vote was not only approved by the student body in general but unanimously supported by the faculty.

The Magician in the White House

FROM the Presidential hat another rabbit has emerged. The automobile strike has been called off. Where no compromise seemed possible to devise, Mr. Roosevelt found one that was sufficiently convincing to send executives back to their desks and to keep laborers on the assembly line.

Never were the terms of a labor conflict more clearly defined than in the case of the automobile industry. The workers had been promised by law and under the code an opportunity to organize freely and to bargain through their organizations. When the employers denied them these guaranteed rights they threatened to strike. When the employers insisted that the company unions provided the only legitimate form of employee representation, the organized workers offered to test this claim by a vote. When the employers refused to permit a vote, the course of the President and General Johnson and other government officials and agencies charged with the enforcement of the law and the administration of the code was as clear as a pane of glass. They should have ordered an election. If the order had been defied, the President should have licensed the automobile industry and refused to permit any companies that continued to defy the law to operate at all. He should have shut down or taken over the operations of the outlaw companies. By such action the Administration would have alienated the support of big business and won the allegiance and respect of the masses of people all over the country. But that course was too drastic to be seriously entertained. The President, faced with an apparently inescapable choice between enforcing the law and yielding to those who defied it, found a third way out, proving himself again the most skilful political prestidigitator the country has ever known. He can pull rabbits out of hats even when there are no rabbits left. His excuse was one which must have seemed to him unanswerable: a strike would have delayed recovery, thrown hundreds of thousands of men out of work, paralyzed one great industry and crippled a dozen others. What is one small compromise beside such an alternative? But the question remains whether the compromise will not result in a betrayal of the legitimate claims of the workers.

The President's "principles" provide for the setting up of a board composed of three persons representing the manufacturers, the employees, and the "public," which means the government. This board will have wide powers to decide questions governing representation, discrimination, and other matters in dispute. Its decisions will be final. The unions have agreed to submit to the board their membership lists, the employers their pay rolls. On the basis of these lists the board will decide what groups are effectively organized in company or free unions, how many representatives each shall have, what their relative power shall be. In the processes of collective bargaining the strength of each organized group will presumably be in direct ratio to its numbers.

This formula obviously involves a reinterpretation of Section 7-a of the NIRA. It crystallizes the rather vague conception embodied in that law of collective bargaining carried on through all sorts of union groupings—company-con-

trolled or free. And it departs sharply from the precedent recently set by the National Labor Board in the Denver tramway case, where it was decided that the representatives selected by the majority should represent all the employees. Under the President's formula, the organization that can control a majority will in effect determine the decisions. But the employers, by establishing the rights of company unions to operate on equal terms with independent organizations, have a weapon which they can undoubtedly manipulate in ways which will weaken and undermine the power of free unionism. The practical effect of these terms will depend almost wholly on the attitude of the impartial member of the board to be appointed by General Johnson. In his hands will lie the ultimate crucial power to compare company and union lists, to determine and correct discriminatory practices, and in general to protect the rights of the organized workers in the face of the frank hostility of the organized employers.

Thus the agreement forced by the President is not a treaty of peace; it is rather an agreement to set up the machinery through which peace may possibly be negotiated. The war is merely carried to a new front. Does anyone believe, for instance, that the unions will accept as permanent the divisions as to organizations as they now stand? Does anyone believe that the employers will settle down to peaceful negotiation with outside labor organizations? Will not both groups apply themselves with new determination to the task of solidifying their forces and attempting to build up majorities? Has not the President, in short, succeeded only in deferring the day of ultimate decision?

That day has been hanging over Mr. Roosevelt ever since the NRA was set up. Despite the guaranty of collective bargaining contained in Section 7-a, the Administration has proceeded on the basic fallacy that the interests of labor and capital are identical or at least parallel; and that happy compromises can invariably be found whereby to compose their differences. But day by day this convenient illusion becomes more difficult to sustain. Day by day the cleavage becomes sharper, the hostility on both sides more open.

The class struggle is creeping up on the Administration. Not for long can it be bought off with compromises and formulas. In the captive mines dispute, in the Weirton and Budd strikes, and most menacingly in the threatened automobile walk-out, its shadow has loomed in every conference room. It is now only about one jump behind the President; he cannot dodge it in the long run. It would be well if he would turn and meet it now before it gathers greater strength and bitterness. The automobile workers gave up their strike at his command. By yielding they also gave up their chance of a successful strike in the near future, for the season of heavy production will end within a few weeks. For this decision, and for the agreement on which it was based, the President must assume full responsibility. The workers have a right to hold him personally to account for the practical effect of his ruling. He must prove to these hundreds of thousands of men that the rabbit he has so cleverly produced is a substantial flesh-and-blood animal, no mere Easter rabbit stuffed with sawdust or jelly beans.

How Diplomacy Works

IT is a curious commentary on the workings of diplomacy that when the Japanese Minister of Foreign Affairs, through the Japanese Ambassador, writes a note to Secretary of State Hull expressing in glowing language Japan's desire for friendship with this country, and when Mr. Hull answers in the same terms, the prognosticators immediately try to get behind these tender protestations for their real meaning. As much as any people, surely, the Japanese bearing gifts are suspect. What does Japan want? On what terms does it desire friendship with the United States? Mr. Hirota says in his note: "I firmly believe that viewed in the light of the broad aspect of the situation and studied from all possible angles, no question exists between our two countries that is fundamentally incapable of amicable solution." This is diplomatic language. What does it mean?

On the same day that the notes were made public the United Press carried a dispatch from London purporting to explain the Japanese intent. Negotiations now being carried on in the utmost secrecy, so the story ran, are to result in a three-point demand by Japan on the United States. The three demands are revision of the Japanese-exclusion clause in the 1924 immigration law, American recognition of Manchukuo, and abandonment of the American naval and air bases in the Philippines. In return Japan is to give up the attempt to increase its naval ratio in 1935. The United Press dispatch was accompanied by a warning that owing to the delicate nature of these proposals it was certain that the negotiations would be denied. And on the following day from Tokio the denial was duly forthcoming. The official denial of the story pointed out that Japan had already announced its intention of demanding a more favorable ratio, and added: "Japan has no intention of making any proposals, or otherwise interfering with America's decisions on immigration quotas and the bases in the Philippines." There was no mention of Manchukuo.

But ample discussion of Manchukuo was provided, coincident with these other news stories, by George Bronson Rea, counsel of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs of that unhappy little country, in a speech at a New York luncheon on March 21. Mr. Rea was nothing if not frank. "Europe eagerly anticipates the denouement in the Pacific," he said. "We are back again to 1920. . . . War between Japan and the United States would automatically solve the war-debt problem, and the rest [bankruptcy of Japan and the destruction of American commerce in the Pacific] would follow." There was no possibility, Mr. Rea declared, of help for the United States from Europe in an American-Japanese conflict. When the United States refused to recognize Manchukuo and asked support of the League in this course, the League nominally acceded—but no pressure was brought to bear on Japan to withdraw from the country. If Japan is allowed to place its surplus population in Asia, Mr. Rea added, it will not force a war with anybody. If it is interfered with in what it considers a perfectly proper area of expansion, war is inevitable. Manchukuo, in short, is the key to the Japanese situation.

It is possible, of course, that the Hirota message is designed to soften American opposition to Japanese naval ex-

pansion. But even with this possibility the Japanese denials that recognition of Kang Teh's "empire" is a desideratum in Japanese-American relations sound dubious. There are too many forces pushing in the other direction. On March 23 the *Japanese Advertiser*, an American-owned newspaper, carried an article by Baron Sakatani, Mayor of Tokio and a prominent member of the House of Peers. The Baron suggested ten ways to revise the League of Nations, after which, presumably, Japan would again be a member of that body. The points included revision of the Covenant to make possible the inclusion of the United States, recognition of racial equality, exclusion from the League of any country "internally divided or disorganized" and "beyond central authority" (could this mean China?)—and recognition of Manchukuo.

Japan's explanation of the exchange of notes between Mr. Hirota and Secretary Hull becomes more and more delicately diplomatic as time goes on. Mr. Eiji Amau, acting spokesman for the Japanese Foreign Office, declared that Japan would not think of interfering with American domestic affairs such as the immigration laws and air bases in the Philippines. Nevertheless, Japan would welcome, as evidence of American friendship, negotiations on these points. Mr. Amau was even willing to discuss Manchukuo. Japan would not press for recognition now; it would prefer to adjust Japanese-American relations satisfactorily first. Meanwhile from London again comes, like a refreshing breeze, another "unofficial" but all too credible suggestion. Not Great Britain, not the United States, not any country in Europe will be the first to offer the "inevitable" recognition of Manchukuo. That dubious honor will fall to China! After which, presumably, diplomacy can continue triumphantly unchecked.

Best-Sellers

FOR the Institute of Arts and Sciences Edward Weeks has compiled a list of the sixty-five best-selling books published in America since 1875. The moralist may contemplate it with considerable satisfaction, since nearly all the works included are as clean as a Statler bathroom, but the literary critic will think twice before he asserts again that even in the moderately long run popular taste confirms the judgment of the literati. At the head of the list stands a religious novel called "In His Steps," which has sold eight million copies since it was published in 1899, and its nearest competitor is Gene Stratton Porter's "Freckles," with a total sale of two million. Harold Bell Wright comes only seventh, and he must clearly resign to Mrs. Porter the position which he has assumed in the minds of the scornful as the very type of the best-seller. Mrs. Porter is second, fourth, fifth, and eighth; Mr. Wright only a miserable seventh and twenty-fourth.

Mark Twain, whose "Tom Sawyer" has sold just slightly less than Mrs. Porter's "Girl of the Limberlost," is the only definitely literary writer to appear among the first eighteen on the list, and when one notes, much farther down, that "Main Street" is sandwiched in between "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch" and "The Story of Philosophy," one begins to wonder if the popularity enjoyed by most of those books whose appearance comforts the critic is not to be explained by characteristics extrinsic to their literary quality.

"Treasure Island" and "All Quiet on the Western Front" enjoyed a *succès d'estime* as well as large sales, but the second had a news value and the first might be read merely as an exciting tale. It is difficult to say how much the popularity of either would have suffered—or gained—if it had been executed at the Wright-Porter level, and a similar question might be asked of all except the very last volume on the list of sixty-five, W. Somerset Maugham's "Of Human Bondage."

There are books belonging near the outer fringe of literature, like "The Virginian" and "Trilby," which competed in sales with such dreadful tosh as "The Rosary" and "Pollyanna," but until one comes to Maugham one looks in vain for any enormously popular author—except perhaps Mark Twain—of whom one can say that his popularity was not either the result of some topical intent or probably due to the qualities which he had in common with non-literary rivals equaling or surpassing him in popular favor. Mark Twain's virtues are pretty closely integrated with his subject matter and tone; of most of the rest one can hardly say more than that they demonstrate how—with luck—a writer may overcome the handicaps imposed by artistic talents and an artistic conscience.

If one is looking for comfort, one had best concentrate on Maugham's great novel. It could hardly be read for anything except what it is, and it has sold by now some 500,000 copies despite the fact that when first published it fell still-born from the press. There is some satisfaction in knowing that it has been almost precisely as popular as "The Sheik," by E. M. Hull, and two-thirds as well liked as Edgar Rice Burroughs's "Tarzan of the Apes."

Art and Rockefeller

THE artists of New York, having weathered one Rockefeller tempest by accepting Rockefeller shelter, have now run into another and worse storm blowing from the same quarter. It will be recalled that in the midst of preparations for a huge Municipal Art Exhibition to be held in Radio City at the invitation and expense of America's eminent art patrons, the Rockefellers, Diego Rivera's mural in Radio City containing the head of Lenin was destroyed by America's eminent real-estate owners, the Rockefellers. Radical and non-radical artists alike joined in condemning this destruction of a fellow-artist's work—with the notable exception of the president of the National Academy of Design. "Mr. Rockefeller," he said, "took offense at the political propaganda in this mural, felt that he had been insulted, and had the painting destroyed as he had a perfect right to do." Eleven prominent artists, most of them members of the Society of Independent Artists, announced that they would not show their pictures in Rockefeller Center and called on their fellows to follow their example. The American Society of Painters, Sculptors, and Gravers formally decided to boycott the Municipal Art Exhibition, and its president, Leon Kroll, withdrew as a member of the committee arranging the show. On the following day the Salons of America, another artists' organization, issued a cryptic statement saying that it would not boycott the exhibition "in view of an anticipated explanation from the offi-

cials of the RCA Building, which we think will be satisfactory to those groups invited to exhibit."

The "anticipated explanation" was revealed the next day when Mr. Kroll announced that his society would not boycott the exhibition after all, for the extraordinary reason that Rivera had told the Rockefellers that he would prefer the physical destruction of his mural to mutilation of its conception. It was also said that Rivera had admitted that he had deliberately introduced propaganda into his mural. As the Salons of America had predicted, the "explanation" was "satisfactory."

There were other explanations by artists and critics who were unable to follow Mr. Kroll's logic. They asserted on what seemed good and direct authority that the artists had been sharply reminded by their dealers and others that they could not afford to alienate what is commonly reputed to be the best market for American art, namely, the Rockefellers. At any rate, when the show was opened, most of the prominent former protesters were hanging on the Rockefeller walls, neatly framed, waiting for customers. Of the eleven artists who first announced their intention to boycott the exhibition, however, eight carried out their threat.

It is this group which is now engaged in another battle with Rockefeller Center. The management had offered free space to the Society of Independent Artists and the Salons of America for a joint show following the Municipal Exhibition, and the offer had been accepted in spite of the Rivera episode. The Independent show has been traditionally a no-jury show open to all comers. But it was not surprising that the representatives of Rockefeller Center, having found the artists so reasonable in the matter of the Municipal Exhibition, should attach certain "reasonable" conditions to the magnanimous offer of free space. Obscenity, dishonor to the flag, and religious criticism, they said, would not be allowed, and to these conditions the Independents agreed, though it might easily be argued that even these restrictions imperiled their tradition of uncensored shows. They choked, however, over the final condition. It was that *works offensive to the Rockefeller family be debarred*. The Independents decided to exhibit as usual in the Grand Central Palace. The Salons of America accepted the conditions.

The next move will seem clearer to a salesman than to an artist. The fee for participating in the joint exhibit was to be \$3. When the Independents were forced to return to Grand Central Palace they had to raise the fee to \$4 to cover expenses. Immediately thereafter the fee for the Rockefeller Center exhibit was reduced to \$2 and the date was advanced a week. Moreover, while one may exhibit three pictures up to twenty-eight inches with the Independents, exhibitors at the Center may hand in three pictures up to ten feet! No wonder John Sloan is alarmed.

If [the artists] drop a really independent show [he says] for one so decidedly dependent upon the whims of private enterprise as our competitor will be, it can prove the death of art in this country. . . . We dislike having to pit our puny strength against the Rockefeller Real Estate Company, but we shall have to do it.

It should be clear to artists in general by this time that Mr. Sloan is painfully right. They will have to do it. We sympathize with artists in their search for markets. Like the rest of us they must live. But it is just as well that they should learn the facts of life.

Issues and Men

The Communistic Brain Trust

I CANNOT remember when I have laughed more over a news item than I did over the dispatch from Washington announcing that on behalf of the Committee for the Nation (the title is surely an infringement of the copyright of *The Nation*) James H. Rand, Jr., its chairman, offered in evidence a letter from Dr. William A. Wirt, head of the school system of Gary, Indiana. This revealed that Dr. Wirt had learned from members of the Roosevelt Brain Trust that their purpose is to overthrow the established order in America in the interest of communism. It filled me with unholy glee to read that at last others than the editors of liberal weeklies are being called bolsheviks and charged with intending to destroy our American institutions. The only item that would have added to my joy in this dispatch would have been the statement that the Brain Trust admitted taking money direct from Stalin. But if Mr. Wirt omitted this detail, I am sure that it will be supplied by Ralph Easley of the National Civic Federation. That unfortunate man must be in danger of perishing from insomnia when he reads this detailed revelation from Dr. Wirt, and hears that the Brain Trust considers Roosevelt only the Kerensky of this revolution, to be brushed aside just as soon as he has served its purpose and it has sabotaged the recovery program sufficiently to bring about chaos and the appearance of a Stalin. If this does not stir every last Daughter of the American Revolution and all the Colonial Dames to their respective marrows, what could?

Really the picture thus drawn is incredibly delightful. There is only one shadow across it for me. I have known some of these Brain Trust professors for some time and I cannot see why if they were going to reveal their hands so completely they chose the mere head of the Gary school system for their confidant instead of the well-known ex-editor of *The Nation*, who has so often been charged with being supported by Russian gold, when it was not German gold, or French gold. But waiving that injury to my pride, I must admire the frankness and candor with which these Brain Trust professors told their whole story to Dr. Wirt. I wonder what made them unbosom themselves so completely. Was it just the familiar inability of the vainglorious criminal to keep his own counsel? Or was theirs an effort to win Dr. Wirt over to their treasonable and nefarious schemes? I cannot think that the House Committee on Interstate and Foreign Commerce, to which this revelation was made, will fail to call Dr. Wirt and demand the names of the men who are engaged in this most despicable conspiracy. In justice to the President himself, not a minute should be lost in identifying the men who consider him a Kerensky instead of a Lenin, and are so brazen in asserting, according to Dr. Wirt, that Mr. Roosevelt thinks only what these men tell him and accepts their decisions without question. If the Senate Committee does not do this thing, I call in clarion tones upon the President and the Attorney-General to ferret out the new Aaron Burrs and Benedict Arnolds of the Revolution of the New Deal.

Well, it was time that something like this happened, that this widespread belief in big-business circles that the country is being betrayed should find itself in the light of day. It is time that the dark suspicions of Mark Sullivan, the New York *Herald Tribune*, and the Chicago *Tribune* were given their day in court. With Dr. Wirt showing the way, those who share his fears need no longer exercise the restraint under which they have been chafing. Let them tell us now just what they think, and if they do not uncover a trail leading straight to the Kremlin, then I am no journalist.

Really the situation of the country is alarming enough. Not only does the President insist in a single day upon a Stock Exchange control bill "with teeth in it" and appoint a special adviser on foreign trade who will doubtless soon have controlling powers, but he comes out also for a system of unemployment insurance in the very face of the fact that the president of the General Electric Company declares that this must not be done until industry has time to convalesce further from the depression. The President is actually so wicked as to urge that the burden of supporting the unemployed be hereafter taken from public charities and public treasuries, and placed upon the industries that are held to be in considerable measure responsible for the phenomenon with which charities and treasuries have had to deal.

As if that were not enough, the Kentucky legislature comes along and passes a bill to place all public utilities in Kentucky under a new State Public Service Commission. Good business men must want to retire to Canada when they read the following from an Associated Press dispatch:

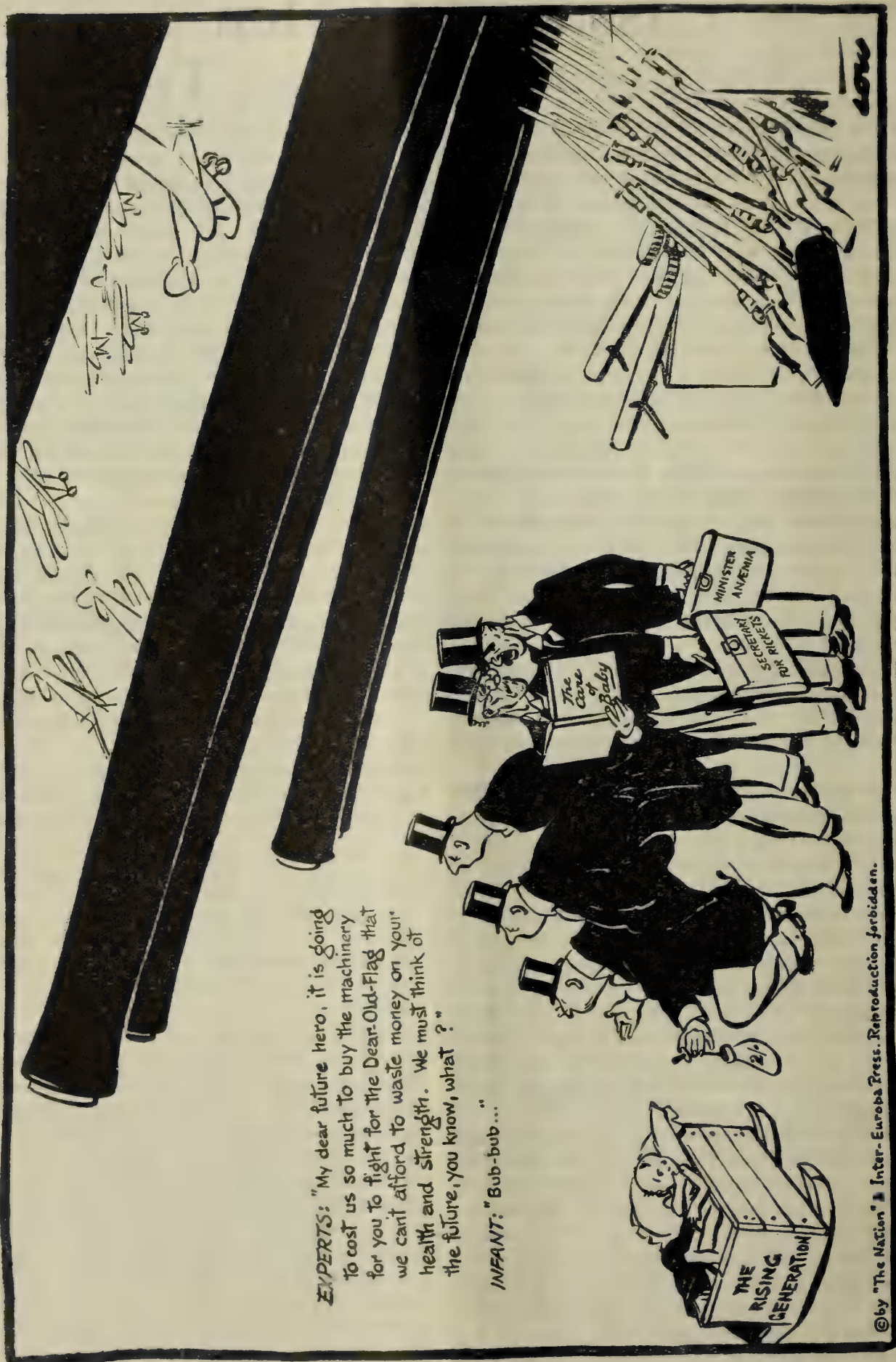
The commission has full power to determine and adjust rates of any sort of any association or corporation operating power plants, gas plants, water works, pipe-lines, telegraph and telephone lines, and street, suburban, and interurban railways . . . that control applies also to the enlargement of systems, building of new plants, and issuance of franchises, licenses, and permits, and State governmental agencies.

In addition, the commission has power to control the issues of securities, notes, bonds, and stock of all utility companies. Thus falls one of the last remaining strongholds of rugged individualism, one of the few remaining States where a public-utility operator has been able to breathe the free air that was once the birthright of all Americans.

Well, these may be crocodile tears that I am weeping, but behind them is genuine rejoicing that some of our professional patriots, even in Gary, are beginning to realize how far-reaching are the changes now going on in Washington. Let us only hope, for their sweet peace of mind, that they will not also discover that a huge majority of the American people are ready and eager for this radicalism.

Donald Garrison Kilgus

A Cartoon by LOW



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THE COMPARATIVE UNIMPORTANCE OF THE HUMAN.

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The Place of Labor in the Auto Industry

By SAMUEL ROMER

Detroit, March 26

THE crisis in automobile labor was more than the usual battle between stubborn manufacturers and equally determined workers. It represented the last stand of the feudal overlords of the automobile belt to deny their workers the right to organize and to defy the Roosevelt program, which sees safety from disaster in precisely such organization. Again, it was a trial of the entire American Federation of Labor before a jury of 250,000 suspicious automobile workers who feel no innate loyalty to any union. And, thirdly, it was the White House on trial before the industrial Middle West. Could Mr. Roosevelt translate into action his often-repeated diatribes against reactionary industrialists?

Removed from the complicated background of company unions, murder of union members, and newspaper anti-strike propaganda, a clear picture presented itself: Automobile labor, after thirteen years of sullen inaction, had found its strength and was bent on using it. The manufacturers, however, were drawn up in the most powerful open-shop organization in the country and ready to fight any challenge to their absolutism.

After the once-powerful United Automobile, Aircraft, and Vehicle Workers of America broke up in 1921 and began a rapid disintegration, the workers found themselves helpless. The Michigan Manufacturers' Association filled the expanding factories with green labor from the South—men to whom unions and organization spelled bolshevism. Lured by the ballyhoo of "the highest wages in the country," the men were practically hypnotized into believing that they were lucky to have such altruists as Fred Fisher, Walter Chrysler, and Henry Ford looking after their interests. This belief was reinforced by the development of an omniscient spy system, its members recruited from Detroit's plentiful supply of petty racketeers and gunmen.

When the workers in the shops finally learned that the "high wages" which had enticed them to Detroit meant an average yearly wage between \$400 and \$600 less than that necessary for decent subsistence, they were too cowed to protest. Occasionally discontent became articulate, and resulted in spontaneous attacks on foremen or on suddenly discovered labor spies. But when the depression brought unemployment, wage cuts, and an intensified speed-up, the men on the line began fighting back. Hundreds of small department strikes were recorded, and despite the vigilance of the labor spies secret organization meetings were held. Three times the guerilla warfare developed into open conflict—during the Fisher Body strike in Flint in 1931, the strikes in Detroit in the spring of 1933, when faulty organization and police terrorism brought defeat, and the die-makers' strike in the fall of 1933, when under the militant leadership of the Mechanics' Educational Society of America 16,000 key workers in the industry returned to work with semi-union agreements or with higher wages and better conditions.

With the establishment of the NRA, the American Federation of Labor prepared for an organizational campaign throughout the industry. Realizing very well that the workers would respond to nothing but industrial unionism, it endeavored to form federal locals under the supervision of the federation itself, removed from the jurisdiction of the international craft unions. Under the generalship of William Collins, a veteran A. F. of L. organizer, a staff was sent into the automobile belt and the drive began. The response of the men in the shops, after some hesitation, was enthusiastic. Thousands were added weekly to the union rolls. The companies, thoroughly frightened, decided to strike back with company unions. Booklets were distributed in the shops outlining plans for "employee representation," which obviously meant company-dominated organizations; the constitutions of these even went so far as to provide that no changes in the "union" set-up could be made without the consent of the management.

The men laughed at these unions—and feared them. Although in the farcical elections held under these plans thousands of ballots were cast for Andy Gump and Jiggs, the mere existence of such "unions" hampered A. F. of L. organization. If the automobile barons can defy the law by the formation of company unions, the men asked, what will stop them from breaking our unions by firing our leaders? And this is precisely what was happening in every plant—workers active in union organization were being summarily discharged.

Faced with a situation that was rapidly destroying even what organization had been already built, A. F. of L. local officers met early in March to plan counter-moves. The only step which would renew a successful organization drive, they knew, would be a blow at the companies themselves by a show of union strength. They therefore planned strike calls in the seven plants where they were well organized; a victory in these plants would enable them to regain prestige and pave the way for more intensive struggles in more loosely organized sections. The reply of the manufacturers was to announce an immediate 10 per cent reduction in hours with a corresponding increase in pay, to begin a barrage of anti-strike propaganda in the daily papers in Detroit and other cities, and to threaten the mailed fist. Labor viewed the threat with considerable misgiving when it remembered that within a month two automobile workers active in union organization work had been found murdered, and that the police were evidently doing little or nothing to apprehend the killers.

With both sides preparing for the struggle, President Roosevelt stepped into the picture. He first wired the Flint workers, key men in the proposed strike, asking postponement while he attempted arbitration. Enthusiastically they consented. But the ten-day truce passed and Roosevelt was no nearer an agreement than at the beginning. And the men knew that the anti-strike propaganda was having its effect—

their ranks were being slowly demoralized and the strike temper was wearing off. Ready again to call the strike, the men received a second wire—this time a personal request from Roosevelt. And again they agreed, but without enthusiasm. The President, they felt, had put them "in the middle"; but they dared not fly in the face of public opinion by disregarding his personal request, and so, although they realized that daily the strike cause was getting weaker, they assented.

Mr. Roosevelt found himself in the position not only of seeking to stem the tide of a strike wave which, once begun in the automobile industry, would probably have repercussions in steel and other important industries, but of acting as arbitrator in an important political situation; the men felt that he had practically promised to aid them in return for the strike delay. The demand of the men was simple: a federally conducted union election—which they felt confident would show an overwhelming majority of the workers for a bona fide union. But the automobile manufacturers, headed by Alvan Macauley of Packard, president of the National Automobile Chamber of Commerce, were adamant: they would not recognize the A. F. of L. Mr. Roosevelt had the choice of forcing recognition by invoking the industry-licensing clause of the NRA or of proposing a compromise which would fall short of either union recognition or fair elections. The settlement is in fact a compromise which will be thoroughly pleasing to neither side. The right of collective bargaining is recognized but the settlement obviously involves recognition of the open shop and the company union. Sooner or later, unless the men find that the settlement means in fact full union recognition, an open conflict will result.

When one remembers that the workers do not form one mass but are composed of many elements, the fact that few of them feel any particular loyalty toward the A. F. of L. and that many of them are definitely distrustful becomes important. Detroit has never been friendly to the A. F. of L., and even the old United Automobile, Aircraft, and Vehicle Workers had been outside the ranks of the national organization. The anti-union propaganda in the papers to the effect that the A. F. of L. officials were only after dues and the unsavory reputation that Frank X. Martel, president of the Detroit Federation of Labor, has deservedly built up in local politics have added to the distrust. And the grand fizzle that the A. F. of L. made of its organization plans after its 1925 convention, when, amid much hurrahing, it pledged itself to the unionization of the industry and then did nothing, has made the men extremely wary of it, however valiantly it may seem to have begun the process which it had so long delayed.

The only way the A. F. of L. could really have organized the industry would have been by winning a clean victory either at Washington or through a well-fought strike. After the compromise at Washington, it is likely that the men will leave it as fast as they came in. The alternative of calling the strike would have meant facing the necessity of spending tremendous sums for strike relief. For instead of the 50,000 workers in the seven plants to whom the strike call was originally issued, between 100,000 and 120,000 workers would have walked out. And despite happy talk about CWA relief for strikers, most of the relief must have come out of the A. F. of L. treasury—for the federal unions are relatively penniless. If the A. F. of L. had been unwilling to spend

this money, which some observers estimated at well over a million dollars, it would have lost the strike and with it any chance of representing automobile labor.

The failure of the A. F. of L. to become an important voice in the situation by reason of its acceptance of the settlement will not by any means sound the death knell of organization. For out of the chaos of independent unionism which existed during the summer of 1933 there has arisen a strong, militant union, the Mechanics' Educational Society of America. Practically every other independent union in the industry now exists only on paper. The once considerable Communist-led Automobile Workers' Union has practically vanished from the scene, with most of the Communists functioning as opposition groups in the A. F. of L. or the M. E. S. A. The Industrial Workers of the World bowed its way out after putting up a bold front but losing an important strike. The Chambers of Labor, formed by ambitious Socialists in Lansing and Pontiac, have seen most of their membership join the two major unions. The numerous plant unions have met the same fate.

The most important asset of the M. E. S. A. is prestige—it is the first union since 1921 to conduct a series of strikes successfully. Secondly, it is a union organized by the men themselves, destroying the manufacturers' argument that it is merely a dues-seeking racket. And its militancy has endeared it to the automobile workers who love a fight—in every union meeting one still hears talk of "the wild ride of the die-makers," when in the heat of a bitter strike more than 2,000 strikers in a fleet of 700 cars conducted a window-smashing tour of the major plants, always two steps ahead of the bewildered police. They talk, too, of the parade of 16,000 M. E. S. A. strikers through the downtown streets of Detroit in a show of tremendous strength. And—the importance of this cannot be overemphasized—the M. E. S. A. fought Henry Ford and won! The fight was over a relatively minor issue—Ford had fired an old workman for union activities—but even a minor victory over Henry Ford is worth more to a union in Detroit than a successful strike.

The M. E. S. A. was started early in 1933 by seventeen die-makers. Under an aggressive, capable leadership it organized the die-makers before the companies awoke to the fact that the so-called educational society was planned for education in union activities. Its membership was originally limited to tool- and die-makers, but it recently rewrote its constitution to form a semi-industrial union, taking under its jurisdiction production and assembly workers as well. No intensive campaign among the unskilled workers has been as yet conducted, for the officers have been waiting for the A. F. of L. to prove its worth. In any case, the M. E. S. A. will continue to be a force to be reckoned with in automobile labor.

The automobile workers are on the march, and whether in the A. F. of L. or the M. E. S. A. they will organize themselves within two years. What change this will make in the automobile industry is problematical, but it certainly will transform the relationship of employers and employees from that of master and slave to that of two combatants in a continual struggle over wages, hours, and working conditions. Long overdue, the change will make the automobile factory a very different place from the present plant, in which the speed-up is the rule and labor spies are the invisible lords.

Fascism and Bolshevism

By LOUIS FISCHER

Paris, February 25

MUSSOLINI was once a Socialist. The Hitlerites call themselves "National Socialists." They speak of their interest in labor and their opposition to capitalism. The methods of fascists sometimes suggest the methods of Bolsheviks. There is a general tendency, therefore, to regard fascists and Bolsheviks as kin. As a matter of fact, however, they are miles apart and they travel in different directions.

Many people underestimate the German Nazis. National Socialism represents much more than an anti-Jewish movement. Nazis are not mere "political gangsters and racketeers." They have principles. They even have a philosophy. These reflect the present state of bourgeois civilization and the present world economic crisis.

It is obvious to both Communists and fascists that the world cannot continue as it is today. But the Communists want humanity to proceed to something that has never been, while the fascists change the façade and remodel some of the interior decorations of the structure of society but do not tamper with its foundations. The Brown, Black, and Blue Shirts propose alterations of form and style; the reds disapprove entirely of the very essences of the culture, economics, and political institutions of capitalism. The Communists, consequently, have a much more radical goal than that of the fascists.

Indeed, the fascists, who loudly proclaim their anti-democratic sentiments and in fact exercise rigorous dictatorship, actually remain completely loyal to the one great principle on which Western democracies are founded: that the state stands above all classes and individuals and binds them in a union in which everybody enjoys equal rights and privileges. The bourgeois state, whether fascist or liberal, is represented as catholic and impartial to its citizens, whereas the Bolshevik state openly avows its class character. The Bolshevik state is an instrument of the proletariat against the capitalists. Its program is the war of one class against the other. The Marxists declare that the interests of the employee must always conflict with those of the employer. Now when this idea begins to penetrate too deeply into the consciousness of wage- and salary-earners, when it seems that more and more workingmen are really feeling the sharp clash of interests between themselves and the capitalists—this may happen during a prolonged economic crisis or in war time—it becomes necessary to convince the people that classes really do not exist and that the class war accordingly is out of place.

Classes are a fiction, is a perfectly natural capitalist slogan, for if the toiling millions do become aware of their antagonism to the ruling class they may rebel against it. Hence the need for substitutes for the class point of view. In Italy fascism raised the banner of a mighty national state which would make Italy great and all Italians proud. In the face of such a glorious aim, why should one group of Italians lift its hand against another? The German Nazis likewise glorify the state, but they add another powerful

stimulus—race. All Germans are members of one strong, blond-haired race of Aryans. Therefore, down with the Marxists, who teach that one group of Teutons may possibly organize against another. Therefore, down with the Jews, who are not Aryans. The Jews are the victims of the Nazis' first and chief *raison d'être*—the elimination of the consciousness of class by putting consciousness of race in its stead. The Jews are not merely the victims; they are actually the means, the most effective weapon, by which the German fascists combat the doctrine of class differences.

In Italy, as well as in Germany, the fascists rode into power on the wave of a popular belief, which they had themselves created, that the Communists were about to seize the government. The threat of Marxist domination was more imagined than real, as the subsequent weakness of the Communists proves. Nevertheless, it sufficed to place the keys of state in the hands of the fascists. And to have done for ever with the possibility of an anti-capitalist revolution by the suppressed classes, the fascists vehemently denounced all notions of the class struggle as foolish and unpatriotic. The first law of fascist regimes is class collaboration. Communists describe this shibboleth as a trick to disarm the workers; it is like the collaboration of the wolf with the sheep. But the Communists fail to see that the trick convinces. Millions of workingmen have accepted fascism out of the conviction that the Marxist sermons on class war were wrong. Fascism is accordingly a much greater danger to the Communist movement than is the usual existing reactionary government.

True to their essential teaching of class collaboration, the fascists herald the corporative state as their contribution to modern society. The corporation is to include the capitalist and the worker. The capitalist will own the property; the worker will give of his labor; and the government will act as the disinterested arbiter. Yet even this transparent form of cooperation between classes has remained a dead letter in Italy. There is only one corporation in Italy, the corporation of the theaters. Industry continues to operate on the old, pre-fascist plan.

Hitler, too, has spoken about the reorganization of capitalism in Germany along corporative lines. However, on January 10, 1934, Dr. Ley, the leader of the German "Labor Front," which embraces employers and employees, issued an order directing all Nazis "to prevent the formation of supposedly corporative organizations and the dissemination of written or verbal statements about the corporative system." Commenting on this step, the London *Times* correspondent in Berlin says: "Socialism having been shelved, it is, on the whole, remarkable how little has as yet changed in Germany under National Socialism. Indeed, only the patriotic aim, which finds expression in the progressive organization and disciplining of man-power, seems undeviatingly to be pursued." Little has changed, in other words, except that the workers have been mobilized into units where they collaborate with their employers.

A year after they came to power the Nazis found time

to issue "The Law for the Regulation of National Labor." An official summary of this important enactment states that the "basis of the new social constitution is the factory. The "leader" (*Führer*) of the factory is the owner. He decides on all factory matters. . . . The following must show its leader the loyalty which is founded on the factory community." The manufacturer has become a *Führer*, and the workers are his faithful "following." They owe him fealty under the law and have no independent trade unions for defensive purposes. This is the socialism of the National Socialists. It would not be very difficult to convert every capitalist in the world to such socialism.

Dr. Gottfried Feder, the original ideologist of the National Socialist movement and now a high German official, explains the role of the Nazi government in economic affairs in Hitler's *Völkischer Beobachter* of January 5, 1934. "National Socialism," he writes, "rejects the nationalization of national economy." Indeed, "if the state is to guide the nation's economy its slogan must be: 'Get out of production.'" The government's sole function is "regulation. . . . The state must lead the country's business but not participate in it. This is the *Leitmotiv* of National Socialist economics." So far, this leadership of the German Reich has taken the form of billion-mark subsidies to the industrialists, sometimes, to be sure, for war purposes, and the *Gleichschaltung*, or "coordination"—or, if one wants an exact translation, the suppression—of the labor movement. Such arrangements, of course, do not even remotely resemble the economic system of the U. S. S. R.

"To attack capitalism," Dr. Schacht, president of the German Reichsbank, stated recently, "is senseless." And Dr. Krupp von Bohlen, Germany's great steel magnate, told his directors a short time ago (*Frankfurter Zeitung*, January 27, 1934) that they accepted the political metamorphosis of Germany with "thankful hearts," for "Adolf Hitler has returned to the worker his nationalism." Hitler has "made him [the worker] a disciplined soldier of labor and thus our comrade." The capitalists, Krupp continued, "have been assigned the role of leaders of the national economy and of the labor process. . . . That carries responsibility with it." What responsibility? The capitalists, Krupp explained, must now "respect the workingmen. . . . They must see in the workingman a German of their own blood." One wonders whether the workers' hearts will be as thankful to Hitler for this capitalist respect and blood relationship as the industrialists' hearts are for the relief which the Nazis have given them from proletarian opposition. The Berlin correspondent of the London *Times* asserts that so far "the most successful feature" of National Socialism has been "the attempt to level class barriers and create a spirit of comradeship among all engaged in the processes of production." The result is that "Thyssen, Krupp, and other industrial magnates set out on foot to march in every procession with their employees." But the *Times* contributor indicates that some people remain unconvinced. One such skeptic said: "The director sits at the piano and all the workers dance." Nevertheless, Hitler should be given full credit for creating the popular illusion of brotherhood. It is a lever that can lift worlds even though it does not alter the fact that the German National Socialist regime, like the Italian Fascist regime, is purely capitalistic and therefore naturally recommends itself to capitalists. Its special appeal, however, is its efficient elimination

of those who taught and organized the class struggle. It has substituted patriotism for trade unions. In Soviet Russia, too, efforts are being made to end the class war, but the Bolsheviks seek to attain this goal by putting an end to the capitalist class. There are no capitalist industrialists or bankers in the Soviet Union and only an insignificant tribe of private merchants and a decreasing number of uncollectivized peasants.

Since the fascists' chief weapon of offense is the stifling of the class war and the spreading of nationalist in place of class doctrine, the Communists contend that by denying the inherent, ever-present conflict between capitalists and labor the Social Democrats and non-Marxist Socialists pave the way for fascism. Those labor leaders who teach the workers that they may collaborate with the bourgeoisie make it easier for the fascists to tell the workers the same thing. The liberal reformers and moderate trade-union officials who despise the notion of class war as much as any capitalist, and in practice reduce the class war to an occasional skirmish, it is argued, blur the principle of class divisions and thus prepare the minds of the workingmen for a philosophy which proclaims the all-embracing state and race. The only possible dike against fascist capitalism would be a proletariat conscious of its class allegiance and of its hostility to the employers' class. But experience has demonstrated that the workingman quickly sloughs off his Marxism when nationalism goes into flood.

The fascist slogan of "national unity" has a strong appeal, and the fascists have used it skilfully in times of stress. (Even the prudent Briton succumbed to the idea that a few Laborite and Liberal prisoner-politicians could convert the Conservative Party into a National Government.) That such nationalistic sentiment soon breeds an aggressive nationalism and a dynamic militarism makes it not less attractive but more. For the achievement of the "national spiritual awakening" can then become an end in itself and relieve the fascists of the necessity of accomplishing anything more concrete or measurable. By emphasizing the national emergency the totalitarian regime obtains a mandate of unlimited authority which it uses to steam-roller opposition and cover up its own inability to fulfil early promises. The rise of a fascist government is frequently the result of desperate domestic conditions which it undertakes to cure but cannot. The nationalistic frenzy that it induces conveniently diverts attention from this failure. Foreign political successes become essential to the impression of triumphal progress, and when such successes grow too few to silence internal disaffection, a military adventure may be in order. This is part of the inexorable logic of fascism.

Though the Bolsheviks are internationalists they do not believe that internationalism can be attained through anti-nationalism. On the contrary, they encourage the national cultures and characteristics of the innumerable Soviet ethnic minorities. Bolshevik nationalism, however, does not nourish the illusion that the unifying factor of blood or history transcends class interests. A Soviet nationality, on the contrary, is a group of toilers striving to wipe out its own bourgeoisie. The outward shell is nationalistic; the content, the purpose, of this organization is socialistic. Soviet nationalism is one means of prosecuting the class struggle. Capitalist nationalism, above all, fascism, is a means of obliterating the class struggle.

Crisis in the NRA

By PAUL Y. ANDERSON

Washington, March 24

THE industrial-recovery program has arrived at a crisis, and the outcome probably will determine its ultimate fate. Many diverse factors, some strange and others familiar, conspired to produce the present grave situation. I mention a few without attempting to list them in the order of their importance: the determination of great employers to prevent, by means legal or illegal, the unionization of their employees; Bill Green's inability to think of the NRA as anything except a weapon to promote the fortunes of the American Federation of Labor; the gouging practiced by manufacturers to whom their codes are mere licenses to steal; the growing boldness of financial interests bent on wrecking the Administration; the partisan clamor of papers and politicians who think they see a chance for the party of Hoover and Mellon to clamber back to power over the dead bodies of ten million Americans; and the optimistic faith of the President that the profit motive can be reconciled with fair dealing. When upon this is piled an indescribable mass of jealousy and intrigue, private feuds, personal vindictiveness and ambition, inside and outside official life, you have a load which would sink a navy and which threatens to sink the NRA unless strong-handed tactics are adopted without delay. As an explanation the foregoing will satisfy few who are not already privy to the facts. On the other hand, among the many printed explanations of the NRA it has the rare virtue of being accurate—assuming that accuracy remains a virtue.

THE labor situation in the automobile industry furnishes an excellent illustration of the cross-currents of purposes which render the general picture so confusing. On one side, it is perfectly obvious that the magnates, in their efforts to perpetuate their despotic sway over the workers, have flagrantly violated the labor section of the Recovery Act, and they have left little doubt that they propose to keep right on violating it. It would be a salutary thing if a few of the more important went to prison. On the other side, it was highly questionable tactics for A. F. of L. leaders to insist on complete recognition and a 20 per cent pay increase, with the alternative of calling a strike that would be foredoomed to fail unless the government intervened directly in behalf of the strikers. Nothing would ever induce this writer to utter a word in defense of such a palpable fraud as the "company" union; but neither am I inspired by the recent record and present leadership of the A. F. of L. But for the fat-headedness and selfishness of the latter, American labor would now be well advanced in a plan of vertical organization which is its only hope of salvation. Official jealousy and political intrigue had much to do with the Federal Trade Commission's report denouncing the steel code. However, its chief significance was to focus attention on the fact that two powerful governmental agencies are attempting to function in the same field upon theories that are diametrically opposed. The NRA has proceeded under the recently accepted idea that unfet-

tered competition is ruinous; the Trade Commission retorts that anything else is wicked and probably unlawful. A large job of "coordinating" remains to be done—preferably with an ax.

THE Review Board which Roosevelt created as a sort of sugar treat to silence the Borahs and Nyes is already torn with dissension and may blow up any moment. Clarence Darrow, the chairman, is old and weary. The acknowledged hostility of certain members to the whole NRA program and their persistent attempts to invade provinces closed to them have already brought a threat of resignation from John Sinclair, the ablest member. Senator Nye, who offered to inform one offending member that his resignation was highly desirable and then talked to him for an hour without mentioning the subject, may answer to his own conscience for that and similar incidents attesting his good faith. And speaking of good faith, newspaper workers throughout the country will be interested in hearing how the newspaper code was applied in the Washington bureau of that paragon of excellence, the *New York Times*. All members were put on a forty-hour week except executives, and in a bureau of eighteen, five were listed as executives. At this juncture someone doubtless will rise to inquire what the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch* did. The telegram of instructions from the home office was as follows: "You are hereby instructed under no circumstances to work more than eight hours during any day, or more than five days during any week." No exceptions were made for "executives." Other papers have adopted a similar course. It would be a pleasure to give their names if I had them. For some odd reason, the activities of newspaper workers do not seem to constitute news of equal value with those, let us say, of newspaper publishers. Nevertheless, the American Newspaper Guild continues to grow with amazing speed. There have been some complaints of discrimination against members. The evidence will be preserved, and in time, if some of us have our way, will be duly presented to the Department of Justice.

IT would appear that considerable sympathy has been wasted lately on Colonel Lindbergh. If it is true that he is being used in the air-mail situation by groups interested strictly in their own purses, it is equally true that he is being used with his own unqualified consent. He made that abundantly plain in his appearance before the Senate Post Office Committee. It may be said that his testimony added no luster to his reputation. After repeatedly declaring that the private air-mail carriers had been convicted without a hearing, he was asked if his own company had taken its case to court—and lost—and he replied vaguely that he knew very little about that. Asked if he would consider documentary evidence and the sworn admission of an officer of his company as adequate proof of collusion, he replied that it was "a hypothetical question." Of course it was no such thing. As

an authority on law and public morals, the Colonel remains an excellent airplane pilot and the son-in-law of an illustrious and incorruptible father. All the fawning and purring of Senator Barbour, all the ecstatic cheers of the typists, added nothing. Among the air-mail disclosures, none has provoked so much sardonic laughter as the knowledge that a son of Senator Fess and a son of ex-Senator Smoot had been on the pay roll of the air-mail thieves. Fess, the pious old humbug, had consumed hours of the Senate's time defending the very contracts for which his son was paid to lobby. Nor was the disclosure sufficient to silence him, as it would have silenced one in whom a sense of propriety was more fully developed. There was some feeling at first that young Fess was overpaid. If that is true the father is making sure that the company gets its money's worth. Smoot for years was Washington's proudest example of the perfect Pharisee. He could even invest a beet-sugar tariff with an odor of sanctity. His celebrated crusade for a censorship against such demoralizing influences as Rabelais and Balzac would still be remembered even if Ogden Nash had not immortalized it in the following lines:

Senator Smoot, Republican, Ut.,
Is planning a war on smut.
Oh, root-ti-toot-toot for Smoot, of Ut,
And his reverend occiput!

Alas, that the agents of Beelzebub should have contrived to

lay the good man by the heels at this stage of his career.

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A FIRM resolve to avoid anything (well, almost anything) that might wound the feelings of Jim Beck or detract from his standing as a great constitutional authority in the eyes of his patron, Bill Vare, restrains me from giving more than passing notice to the action of the Supreme Court upholding the New York statute fixing the price of milk. Jim sweated horribly over the Minnesota mortgage decision, but finally managed to gasp that it furnished no light on the court's attitude toward other recovery legislation—although the minority of the court itself spared no expletives in asserting the contrary view. How he hopes to get around the milk case, assuming that he has not abandoned all hope, is something to ponder. To make cruelty more refined, the majority opinion was rendered by another Philadelphia lawyer. Nobody who is unfamiliar with his sensitive nature can possibly appreciate how Jim must have suffered when Justice Owen Roberts announced the court's opinion that private business is affected with a public interest when devoted to a use in which the public has an interest, and that the right to hold and use private property does not include the right to hold and use it against the general welfare. It sounds like common sense and common decency, but can it be constitutional? Let's wait and see what Jim has to say, if anything.

Europe Moves Toward War

IV. Is Britain Going Fascist?

By JOHANNES STEEL

ENGLAND, like all other countries where society is organized in defense of capitalism, will soon pass through a phase of fascism. One of the major and most tragic reasons for this will be the absence of any real opposition to fascism. The official British Labor Party is intellectually and spiritually just as corrupt and decadent as the Social Democratic Party of Germany was in the middle of 1932, when, in spite of the fact that it had complete control over the well-trained police forces, it abdicated in Prussia without any resistance on being politely requested to do so. The English Labor Party will suffer the same ignominious fate. That Labor for the first time in English politics has just conquered the London County Council and routed the London Conservatives means only that the good people of that city consider the Labor Party "safe" and disinclined to "unconstitutional experiments," and believe that it can be depended on to pursue a liberal middle course. Indeed, there is very little that is Socialist and nothing that is revolutionary about the official British Labor movement of today. Using the old obsolete terminology, its leaders talk of the "gradualness" of social and political evolution—the same talk that I have heard from German Social Democrats for the last ten years. In all its aspects and aspirations the British Labor Party is thoroughly bourgeois; its leaders are tired old men who feel that they cannot take any risks, and like their German colleagues, they have neither the men-

tal agility to face issues with political realism nor the courage to assume responsibility for the grave and sudden decisions which will soon become necessary. These leaders have grown accustomed to the comparative comfort and prestige they have enjoyed for the last ten years and they intend to remain strictly constitutional in order to retain these privileges. They admitted as much when on March 1 of this year the National Executive Committee of the Labor Party refused the Independent Labor Party's invitation to take part in an "immediate consultation between the representatives of all sections of the working classes" for the purpose of planning common action against fascism.

In his reply to this invitation the Right Honorable Arthur Henderson, secretary of the Labor Party, said: "Your suggestion . . . is one which in the considered opinion of the National Executive of the Labor Party cannot result in any agreed policy of common action in view of the *fundamental differences* which exist, for example, between the Labor Party and the Independent Labor Party." To speak of "fundamental differences" between two parties which are both supposed to represent the interests of labor means of course that the leaders of the Labor Party intend to consolidate these differences as the basis of their own economic position and political and social career. In short, the British Labor Party is displaying the same lack of vision and of integrity of purpose that led the German Social Democrats

into disaster when they failed to agree upon a course of common action with the more radical and aggressive Socialist elements.

Thus labor in England is not on the offensive but only defending half-heartedly its precarious position. Though it is probable that the next general elections will bring a Socialist landslide, this will mean only that the laboring masses, with a strange stubborn loyalty if without any enthusiasm, still support a now decadent organization which has served them well in the past, and that a large proportion of an otherwise traditionally Conservative or Liberal electorate has become disgusted with the straddling and vacillating of the National Government on most major political problems of the day. The Laborites are too weak to make any effective use of a decisive victory at the polls, for, as has been shown, they refuse to take a revolutionary attitude even in the face of an obvious fascist danger in England and remain hopelessly committed to a policy of "gradual organic development." The rhetorical outbursts of the more radical elements within the party, like Sir Stafford Cripps, are too sporadic to be effective and will—as has happened in the past, particularly in the case of Sir Stafford—be silenced by the venerable system of the party caucus.

But the next elections, always provided that they are held and that the National Government does not invent a state of emergency to prevent them, will also sweep a great number of fascists into Parliament. It is certain that Sir Oswald Mosley will test at the polls the strength of his movement, which he believes to be supported by not less than one million voters. All available figures indicate the correctness of Sir Oswald's estimate. In many rural districts, particularly, he is making converts every day: the violent interference of black-shirt gangs whenever the tax-collector attempted to foreclose or sell small farms for arrears of church tithes or other taxes was clever strategy. The impoverished middle classes are overwhelmingly in Mosley's favor, and he has, of course, had ample financial support from English industrialists, which has made it possible for his organization to establish branches in every important town and city of Great Britain. His party is run with the proverbial fascist efficiency and employs the same methods of organization and propaganda that the Hitlerites use. The London Chelsea Headquarters, where the party executive officers are trained, are staffed with experienced German Nazis who have been sent by Hitler to instruct Mosley's stalwarts in political terrorism. Moreover, Mosley has now a powerful press almost completely at his disposal. Lord Rothermere, who in the course of his checkered political career has asked the British public in his various papers to "take their hats off to France" and to "take them off to Hungary," and who produced the faked Zinoviev letter which resulted in a Conservative stampede, is now requesting his fellow-countrymen to "cry hurrah for the Black Shirts." Since his *Daily Mail* has a circulation of more than 1,750,000 and his various evening papers a combined circulation of not less than 3,000,000, there is no doubt that these opportunities for propaganda will be of considerable assistance to Mosley in his struggle for popular support. The Rothermere papers can be particularly useful because the Rothermere staff are past masters in the art of coloring news—after all, the most effective way to mold public opinion.

The Labor Party made a grave mistake when it under-

estimated the personality of the leader of the British fascists. Sir Oswald's own mother said of him that he "had intelligence, courage, knowledge, vision, and even genius, but that he lacked completely all balance and ballast." It was this lack of balance that made him turn fascist instead of drawing farther to the left when he could not satisfy his craving for action in the Labor Party. If Mosley comes to power it will be thanks to the stupidity and lethargy of Socialists like Snowden and Thomas, who in 1929 turned down their colleague Mosley's proposals for the reduction of unemployment and snubbed him for his urge "to do something."

But it will not be Mosley, or at least not Mosley alone, who will bring fascism to England. The English character will not permit fascism to take either the German totalitarian form with its ruthless regimentation or the Italian form with all its flamboyance. It will have to be something specifically British. The British brand of fascism, the result of the instinctive fear of a capitalist society that it will be unprepared for the coming struggle, is taking form, for example, in the militarization of the police and the creation of a police officer class not drawn from the ranks but from the universities; it is seen in the strengthening of the territorial army and in the training of thousands of "special constables" to be called in case of a "state of national emergency." In the event of a general strike these special constables will take over the functions of the workers in the key industries, such as power, light, transportation, and communications, in order "that everyday life may go on as if nothing had happened."

Other indications of the rapid growth of fascist sentiment are seen in the behavior of such a well-known person as Sir Evelyn Wrench, who last spring, with the assistance of Major Yeats-Brown, took over the weekly *Everyman* and made it an independent fascist paper. The sum of £50,000 was put at the disposal of the British government for this publication, with the condition that it be used for the propagation of "Empire and British ideals." Sir Evelyn was chosen to carry out this purpose. The magnanimous donor has recently been raised to the peerage. There is also now the fascist weekly of the multimillionaire Lady Nancy Houston, the *Saturday Review*, whose most important contributor is A. A. B., editorial writer of Lord Beaverbrook's *Evening Standard*. There is, in addition, a fourth independent fascist weekly published by the Boswell Publishing Company, which recently distributed free of charge 100,000 pamphlets containing the so-called "Protocols of the Elders of Zion."

All these developments have the tacit support of such influential people as the young Conservative leader Lord Lloyd, the motor-car manufacturer Sir William Morris (England's Henry Ford), the Guinness family, and others, not to mention Sir Henri Deterding and a group of regular Conservatives who are thinking in terms of an aggressive British foreign policy. This group of Conservatives has definite pro-German sentiments. The Nazis, through Dr. Rosenberg and Dr. Schacht, with the aid of Deterding, Montagu Norman, governor of the Bank of England, and the City of London generally, have been able to convince them of the advisability of a great fascist alliance embracing England, Germany, and Japan. The Nazis have suggested that they could "guarantee in Europe the safety of the British possessions over seas." By this they mean they will "undertake to do all the necessary police work" to keep Central and South-eastern Europe free of socialism and communism, thus giv-

ing England a free hand to direct all its efforts toward the preservation of the Empire. Led most actively by Lord Lloyd, a very influential school of thought in England believes today that this is one of the ways to perpetuate British imperialism and that it would help to stem the rising tide of communism already engulfing the colonies generally and India in particular. The pro-Japanese feeling is the result of propaganda by British armament interests, which did not even stop their sales to Japan during the period of the ill-fated Simon arms embargo.

It is clear that all these various developments could, in the face of an effectively proclaimed "national emergency" such as a general strike or a "Communist danger," be coordinated into one powerful movement. The probable future of such a movement should be all too clear.

[In a final article next week Mr. Steel will discuss the fascist technique for discrediting democracies and creating a supernationalist psychology.]

In the Driftway

AS an old toper who used to stagger out of the swinging doors in the early hours and roll home by way of the gutter, the Drifter regards with interest, and a touch of superiority, the New Drinking. It does not irk him that it is different from the old, but it makes him a little melancholy to observe that most of the new drinkers do not realize that their libations are different from the old—are not aware, in fact, that there ever was any old. Fourteen years of prohibition is a long time, and virtually everyone under thirty years of age is ignorant of the ritual and atmosphere of legalized, open drinking as it existed previous to the great drought. A new generation has grown up meanwhile, and it is this new generation which is taking up the New Drinking with the greatest enthusiasm and creating a new ritual and atmosphere for it. The survivors of pre-prohibition drinking are a little hesitant. They distrust—with reason—the credentials of the liquor and feel themselves aliens in the new environment.

BUT the dominance of youth in what used to be regarded as a realm ruled largely by the palates and experience of mature years is not the chief characteristic—although an important one—of the New Drinking. The chief characteristic is the large if not dominant role played by women. Of course many American women drank previous to 1920, but the great majority did not, and the exceptions did their drinking mostly in the home or in the restaurants of our cosmopolitan cities. The saloon was a locale sacred to men. The only part of it into which women might penetrate was the "back room," and that was patronized chiefly by persons of indifferent social status. Today women, especially young ones, are among our most enthusiastic drinkers, and inevitably are giving the tone to and developing the *mores* of the New Drinking. Low-priced restaurants and lunch rooms in the business districts of New York, which before prohibition never served liquor and found no demand for it, now do a rushing noon-time trade in alcoholic drinks. Business girls who a year ago were drinking strawberry ice-cream

sodas with their lunches now sip gin rickeys or Scotch highballs with the air of having done it all their lives. Of course some of them had intensive speakeasy training during the Dry Decade, but none of them learned much there, for the rule of those places was to drink what was set before you and ask no questions.

THE novice is so characteristic of the New Drinking that there is an obvious effort to educate him. The Drifter has observed several show windows given over to displays of drinks. Shelves ranged with glasses containing rye whiskey, yellow chartreuse, crème de cacao, sauterne, and numerous other samples offer ready education to every passerby on the sidewalk. A restaurant chain which claims to be the nation's host from coast to coast—and never dreamed of serving liquor in pre-prohibition days—now offers its patrons a "wine list" which not only gives the names of drinks but describes the constituents of all the cocktails and other mixtures. Unquestionably this is an aid and an education to the stalwarts of the New Drinking, because although many of them discourse nonchalantly of the glories of Château Yquem and Asti spumante, it is obvious that their sole acquaintance with those wines is derived from reading about them in a book.

IF the Drifter feels a little out of place amid the eager but inexperienced drinkers of the modern restaurant, he feels positively tragic when contemplating the transmutation of the old-time bar. In New York, at least, the lawmakers have gone so far in their determination to exorcise the evils of the saloon that they have forbidden even its symbols. Thus the brass rail is no more, although the Women's Christian Temperance Union itself could hardly contend that its alcoholic content was dangerously high or that it was immoral *per se*. Instead of the brass rail and comfortable vertical drinking, the modern bar has borrowed from the drug-store soda-water counter that most wretched contraption—the bookkeeper's stool—in order to permit horizontal libation. The Drifter passes by with sadness and despair. To him it is a bar sinister.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Mr. Strachey to Mr. Ellsworth

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

P. T. Ellsworth, writing in *The Nation* of February 21, is so kind to the manner, if not to the matter, of my articles on the New Deal, that it makes it difficult for me to attack as savagely as I should like the "economic principles" in whose "cold light" he criticizes my thesis. Of course we all think that our opponents may be brilliant but are undoubtedly unsound, while we are rigorously and coldly scientific. I do not think, however, it will be difficult to show that though the light which Mr. Ellsworth's economic principles sheds may be cold, it is certainly not clear.

I have no space to do more than take up one or two of his points. It will be remembered that as an answer to my contention that the public-expenditure policies of the Roosevelt Administration were fundamentally incompatible with the proper functionings of capitalism, and so would exacerbate all the worst

features of the system, Mr. Ellsworth repeats the well-known view that these expenditures are only intended to restore private investment, and will then be discontinued. (This is the familiar "water down the pump" argument.) In so far, he continues, as they are successful in doing this, that is, in producing a new investment boom, they will be beneficial. In so far as they fail to restimulate private investment they will create "another period of business stagnation."

I venture to prophesy that the exact reverse of this will prove to be the case. I venture to suggest that in a few months' time it will be incontrovertibly clear that just so far as Mr. Roosevelt's expenditures succeed in producing a new boom, they will also produce a new crash; and that just so far as they remain redistributive expenditures financed out of the taxation of the rich, unaccompanied by a new wave of private investment, they will mitigate the severity of the oscillations of the system. I have obviously no space to give the grounds on which I base this prophesy. But as Mr. Ellsworth would no doubt like a good capitalist authority for it, I would refer him to the works of Professor Hayek.

Next Mr. Ellsworth says that my statement that capitalism has "a tendency to form monopolies" is "the merest Marxian dogmatism." And in support of this view he cites certain industries—the cotton industry, machine tools, clothing manufactures, and so on—in which he implies there is no tendency toward monopoly. This is, of course, a simple question of fact. It is perfectly true that monopoly, in the sense in which I was using the term, that is, the ousting of small firms by big, is not so advanced in some industries as in others. But does Mr. Ellsworth's point boil down to any more than this?

Next Mr. Ellsworth goes on to argue that my view that this tendency to monopoly destroys the middle-class market is "sheer nonsense." (Incidentally, as he has denied the existence of the tendency, why does he trouble to go on to disprove its consequences?) Mr. Ellsworth's point is that though the independent producers are eliminated as independent producers, they and their technical entourage continue to draw as much purchasing power as heretofore, by way of dividends, pensions, and the like, paid by the new large-scale enterprises. The answer to this is simple. Would the process of concentration and rationalization be undertaken at all if it did not reduce costs? And if costs are reduced, how can these recipients of costs receive as much as they did before?

We next notice Mr. Ellsworth's admission that the operations of the NRA do increase "whatever tendency to monopoly exists." But we are told that the danger of this is not "a mythical destruction of the middle-class market," but "a possible oppression of consumers at large." But how do you "oppress" a consumer except by reducing his purchasing power? And if this is what Mr. Ellsworth means by "oppressing the consumer," then what is the difference between expressing the point his way and saying that the market is destroyed?

It is, however, on the question of the effect of the NRA increases of money wage rates and reductions of hours that we come to Mr. Ellsworth's most extraordinary contradiction. He tells us that most economists would agree with my conclusions that NRA wage increases and reductions in hours must hasten mechanization, and therefore be "anti-recuperative." Mr. Ellsworth feels instinctively that I am on firm ground when I seem to be objecting to high wages and short hours! In fact, of course, I was merely pointing out that under capitalism the increasing of wages and the reducing of hours bring, in the end, no benefit to the working class because, by promoting mechanization, they rapidly increase unemployment.

What is Mr. Ellsworth's alternative? As we should expect, it is the well-tried policy of reducing wages. "One of the surest ways of reducing unemployment brought about by the increased use of labor-saving machinery and falling prices,

would be to permit or even to facilitate the reduction of wages, thereby making the reemployment of idle workers more attractive to employers." And what an extraordinary conclusion this is. When labor-saving machinery has made it possible for us to produce more of everything, the way to get ourselves into employment is to reduce wages so that we can all buy less!

Mr. Ellsworth, it must be admitted, manfully faces up to his own *reductio ad absurdum*. "To a limited extent," he writes, "the effects of increased mechanization are offset by the widening of the demand for products." And he adds that one of the things which creates this widening demand for products is the lowering of money wages which unemployment tends to bring about! I should really like to know how the lowering of money wages tends to widen the demand for products. By the "cold light" of the rules of arithmetic which I was taught, you could always buy twice as much of a product with two dollars as with one, whatever the price of that product might be. But I suppose that "equilibrium economics" has altered all that.

I readily admit that this flagrant contradiction is inherent not so much in Mr. Ellsworth's argument as in the capitalist system itself. The truth is that capitalism has today come to a condition in which you will create unemployment whether you raise wages or whether you lower them. If you raise wages you will create unemployment, as Mr. Ellsworth himself can see, by hastening mechanization. But equally if you lower wages, then quite obviously you will create unemployment by reducing purchasing power. And this Mr. Ellsworth and his friends cannot see.

London, March 18

JOHN STRACHEY

Russia and Japan

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

With amazement I read the following in the *China Weekly Review* of Shanghai, which ought to know the situation: "The average foreigner that one meets in traveling up and down the China coast will tell you offhand that Japanese control of the Far Eastern provinces is inevitable, that it is only a matter of time until Japan will control all Russian territory east of Lake Baikal."

Do Japanese militarists really think they can take the Far Eastern provinces as they took Manchuria? Have they forgotten 1919-20? Russia then was menaced not only by Japan but by many other countries; Russia then had no airplanes except a few "flying coffins," no tanks, and hardly any modern implements of war; and still the Japanese had to leave Vladivostok and all of Siberia.

Now it is the second year of the Second Five-Year Plan. The Soviet Union is industrialized, with metal, chemical, and all kinds of plants. It already has the most highly mechanized army in the world. There are probably already thousands of war planes and tanks in the Far East prepared for the Japanese militarists. The entire Soviet Union is behind Stalin in his statement that the Soviets do not want an inch of the territory of any other country, but neither will they give up the smallest piece of their own land.

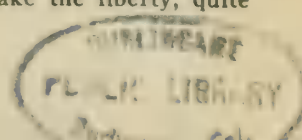
Moscow, February 25

HENRY YOFFE

The Content of Italian Fascism

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

John Strachey's review of my book "The Italian Corporative State" (*The Nation*, Vol. 137, No. 3563) is vitiated by a fundamental mistaken premise, which I take the liberty, quite



unpretentiously, to correct—namely, that I am an official spokesman for fascism. This is wrong. Mr. Strachey's statement is founded on the fact that I worked in "close contact with certain officials of the Ministry of Corporations." If, however, anyone in the United States desired to write an account of the institutional aspects of the NRA, could he possibly dispense with frequent consultations with the responsible officials of the federal government?

Ignoring the rather hysterical style of the article and confining myself to its substance, I should like to explain to him and to others that whatever the point of view from which they regard fascism, this movement is composed of three fundamental elements: (1) a man, (2) a method, (3) an institutional content. Each fascism, in any particular country, has its own peculiar characteristics. I don't recommend facile generalizations. As regards Italy, in my own book, I have essayed to explain the third only of the three fundamental elements just mentioned, and, within the limits of my personal convictions, have tried to be impartial. For this at least I have been given credit by all my critics—by all save Mr. Strachey.

Rome, Italy, March 5

FAUSTO PITIGLIANI

A Brief for Insulin

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

In the correspondence column of *The Nation* for October 4, 1933, there appeared a letter by a Miss Alice K. Millard, entitled *Against Vivisection*. In this letter Miss Millard, among other things, wrote as follows: "If you will study the actual statistics of diabetes—not the false statements of those who profit by the torture of animals in laboratories—you will see that many more have died from that disease since the use of insulin."

I maintain that even at this late date the readers of *The Nation* deserve to know the facts. Unfortunately, as Miss Millard states, the death-rate due to diabetes is constantly rising. In the United States registration area it has jumped from 8,040 in 1910 to 21,829 in 1929. But this is no basis upon which the action of insulin can be criticized; for anyone who understands the intrinsic pathology involved in diabetes, which Miss Millard apparently does not, knows that diabetes is not curable; and provided that some intercurrent, unrelated cause does not carry off a diabetic, he or she will ultimately succumb to that affliction. A thorough analysis of the trend of diabetes does seem to indicate that there is either an increasing incidence, which partly explains the increasing death-rate, or else that causes of death are being recorded more accurately. It must be remembered that insulin therapy has no influence on the incidence of diabetes. Also the fact that insulin is prolonging the lives of diabetics considerably, as I shall soon demonstrate, is of great significance in the increase of the death-rate. For many who would have died during some of the leaner years of diabetic deaths have been saved by using insulin, and are now, in their older years, swelling the mortality lists; they are thus producing the statistical picture which Miss Millard has so completely misinterpreted. Actually the increase in deaths from diabetes for the seven-year period from 1922-29 is much less than the increase during the period between 1915-33, thus showing a tendency toward equilibrium.

I have computed the average age of persons dying of diabetes for each year from 1910 to 1929 in the United States registration area. My figures are only average, for the statistics published in the annual reports give deaths for each ten-year period only. The Bureau of Census in Washington, according to Dr. T. W. Murphy, Chief Statistician for Vital Statistics, does not compile data which show the average age at death due

to diabetes. The results of my computations are listed below:

Year	All Deaths	Average Age at Death
1910.....	8,040.....	54.05
1911.....	8,805.....	54.72
1912.....	9,045.....	54.60
1913.....	9,660.....	54.38
1914.....	10,666.....	54.98
1915.....	11,775.....	55.02
1916.....	12,199.....	55.81
1917.....	12,734.....	55.54
1918.....	12,880.....	54.02
1919.....	12,683.....	55.23
1920.....	14,062.....	55.21
1921.....	14,933.....	55.12
After Discovery of Insulin in 1922		
1922.....	17,182.....	55.49
1923.....	17,357.....	59.34
1924.....	16,453.....	58.71
1925.....	17,385.....	59.16
1926.....	18,881.....	59.13
1927.....	18,937.....	59.51
1928.....	21,747.....	59.38
1929.....	21,829.....	59.72

In addition to having added five years of life to diabetics throughout the United States, insulin has decreased the deaths of diabetics below thirty years of age significantly; for the deaths below the age of thirty years ranged from 11 to 15 per cent of the total deaths from diabetes between 1910 and 1922, while from 1922 to 1929 this age showed between 6 and 9 per cent of total deaths. Insulin may not cure the diabetic; nor is it an *elixir vitae*, and there is no reason why a diabetic should outlive his healthy brother. Insulin does, however, permit the diabetic to live a longer life; and it permits him to live a normal, happy life if he does not have other troubles to bother him. If the foregoing does not justify "the millions now wasted in torturing animals in laboratories," as Miss Millard puts it, then I must have a rather distorted conception of values.

Baltimore, February 25

HARRY A. TEITLEBAUM

Investigating Armaments

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

The United Anti-War Association of the University of Chicago has forwarded the following petition to Senator Dietrich of Illinois with 600 signatures of students and faculty:

WHEREAS, We realize that the War of 1914-18 was the result of the struggle for trade among imperialistic Powers, and

WHEREAS, Today we find the press—for example, the Hearst papers and the *Chicago Tribune*—and other war mongers fomenting trade wars, and

WHEREAS, We know that German soldiers died by hand grenades manufactured in Germany for the French (*St. Louis Post-Dispatch*, editorial, February 16, 1934); and that the managing director of the Hawkes Aircraft Corporation, British manufacturers of bombing planes, frankly says that the question is not moral or patriotic but one of "open competition" (*the Living Age*), and,

WHEREAS, We are the future cannon fodder for senile statesmen, capitalists, and generals—all of whom "die in bed,"

Be it resolved that we, students and faculty of the University of Chicago, demand an immediate "investigation of contracts and profits of the munitions and ship-building companies" as provided by the Nye resolution now before Congress.

Chicago, March 10

LUCY LIVERIGHT, Secretary

The Toledo Workers' School

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

The Toledo Workers' School started its initial term on March 12 as part of the activities of the Ohio Unemployed League; it is located in the headquarters of the Lucas County Unemployed League, 403-406 Meredith Building, Toledo, Ohio. The school will provide courses in economics, history, social science, labor history, Marxism, English, and public speaking. In this section of the country it is difficult to secure the necessary books and periodicals for our workers' library, which is an essential part of the school. We should appreciate the assistance of your readers in this enterprise through their contributions of books, labor papers, and magazines.
Toledo, Ohio, March 15 SAMUEL POLLACK, Director

Drama Scholarships

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

Will you be kind enough again this year to call the attention of your readers to the fact that the Drama League Travel Bureau, a non-commercial organization, has at its disposal scholarships covering full tuition for the six-weeks summer session at the Central School of Speech and Drama in London. These scholarships are primarily intended for students interested in literary and drama study, but are also given for the more important purpose of promoting international understanding. We are very eager that the donors of these scholarships shall not be disappointed in the American response. Application blanks may be obtained by addressing the Drama League Travel Bureau, Hotel Barbizon Plaza, New York City.
New York, March 26 HELEN PAVITEK
Director, Drama League Travel Bureau

Chiversiana

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

In collaboration with Professor S. Foster Damon I am preparing a Life and Works of Thomas Holley Chivers (1809?-1858), to be issued as a publication of the Harris Collection of American Poetry and Plays of Brown University. It is to be in four volumes: I, Manuscripts; II, Contributions to Newspapers and Periodicals; III, Republication of the Books; IV, Biography. We should be grateful for information concerning any phase of Chivers or Chiversiana, and due credit will be given. Material should be sent to me at 110 Maryland Avenue, N.E.
Washington, D. C., March 19 LEWIS CHASE

Letters of Edward Bellamy

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

Edward Bellamy's "Looking Backward" was published by Houghton Mifflin Company. They have asked me to write a biography of Bellamy. During his later years he carried on an extended correspondence with persons interested in his ideas, especially with members of his "Nationalist" organization. I should greatly appreciate receiving copies of such letters or information as to where any may be found.
Yellow Springs, Ohio, March 5 ARTHUR E. MORGAN

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IGNACE PADEREWSKI

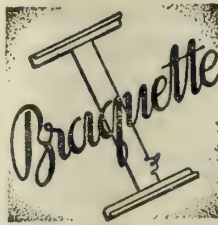
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(*London*)

"The book is an ample, detailed and most admirably readable work, the most pleasing amalgam of scholarship and literary brilliance."

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Morning in March

By RUTH LECHLITNER

Now raucous in blown light the jays
Cry from the swamp oaks that set
Their bronze shoulders to the bright walls of wind,
And the sun is a sharp blade turning
Clouds like black earth.

(Warm from this sowing

There will be winds to gather the hoof-prints
From deer trails through late snow; warm winds
To touch the tight-nippled hickory buds, uncoil
Hairy fern-snails, unbutton dogwood bloom . . .)

Now the jays scream, shake from their wing-tips
The morning frost:
Sap wets the blurred green treebark,
Spring wakes in the alder thicket.

The Passion of Ernst Toller

I Was a German. The Autobiography of Ernst Toller. William Morrow and Company. \$2.75.

THIS autobiography, which Toller has recently published as his declaration of faith in the teeth of National Socialism, is likely to leave some readers a little bewildered. It starts plausibly enough. It tells of a typical middle-class German-Jewish boyhood characterized by the usual German-Jewish racial amnesia, of a youth in the trenches and a long convalescence which permitted him to meditate on the meaning of what he saw and to write poetry which attracted the attention of Thomas Mann. Continuing, it tells how at the close of the war he came in contact with the German revolutionary movement, and how he came to play an active role in the November revolution. And in the best tradition of current German refugee literature, it ends with a recital of the author's horrible prison experiences. But—surely there must be some chronological error—the year is not 1934 but 1924, and it is in the reign of Ebert the saddle-maker rather than of Hitler the house-painter.

There is no mistake, alas, and there is no mistaking Toller's intention. Because it is never formally drawn up though it cries out on every page, this story of the passion of a beautiful and heroic spirit is a *j'accuse* to which German socialism cannot shut its ears. For it was in the year one of the rule of the late Friedrich Ebert, President of the late German Republic, that Ernst Toller, poet and revolutionist, was sentenced to his five-year-long agony for the crime of commanding the forces of the legally established Soviet government of Bavaria against the white guards of General von Epp. The contemporary counter-revolutionists—the Kapps, the Ehrhardts, the Ludendorffs, Herr Adolf himself, the assassins of Kurt Eisner and Karl Liebknecht and Rosa Luxemburg, and the anonymous Junker mercenaries of Noske who butchered thousands of innocent workers in cold blood—these went scot-free or escaped with trifling penalties. But Ernst Toller and hundreds of others who made the mistake of taking the Socialist revolution seriously and were lucky enough to escape summary execution in Noske's white terror were condemned to languish for years in

prison under a regime that would have satisfied the sadism of a Göring. A stroke of the pen from Ebert, and this gifted poet, whose plays, written by stealth in prison, were winning world acclaim, would have been a free man. But the clemency of the Socialist regime was reserved for counter-revolutionary offenders. It was only when the counter-revolutionary *mafia*, emboldened by the tolerance of the government, began to strike down such bourgeois republicans as Rathenau and Erzberger, that "the Reichstag for the first time called to mind the republicans pining away in prisons all over the country and it was decided to grant a general amnesty." But at the last moment "the Bavarian government proclaimed its independence in the Reichstag and declared that the Reich had no authority to release prisoners held in Bavaria." Toller had to serve the whole of his five-year sentence to the day.

It is this traumatic experience that is at the bottom of Toller's dramatic philosophy. A Christ is unintelligible without a Judas. It was this bewildering betrayal from within, of himself and the whole German revolutionary movement, that unmanned his fighting spirit and sowed doubt in his mind as to the value of all action or "violence." The militant revolutionist turned during his imprisonment into a mystical preacher of non-resistance to evil, of a philosophy which in "*Masse Mensch*," for all its beguiling spiritual beauty, cannot conceal the resignation and despair whence it springs. And the theme repeats itself in "*Hinkemann*," in the symbolic figure of the brawny proletarian Samson who comes back from the war a gelding. Today, much more obviously than when it was written, this play is a perfect representation of the tragedy of the once powerful German working class, castrated by its own leaders and delivered without a struggle into the hands of its enemies.

It has taken the impact of Hitlerism to rouse Toller from his pacifist Nirvana. In the stirring preface to this autobiography there is a new note:

In the war there lived a man among millions, Karl Liebknecht; his was the voice of truth and of freedom. Even the prison grave could not silence that voice. Today you are his heirs.

You have conquered the fear which abases and degrades men. Silently, unwearyingly you work, in the face of persecution, prison, death. Tomorrow you will be the People, the true Germany.

ALTER BRODY

A Fool Who Was a Poet

The Fool of Venus: The Story of Peire Vidal. By George W. Cronyn. Covici-Friede. \$3.

THE fame of Peire Vidal, the troubadour poet, has come to us by way of his poetry, an anonymous biography, and some references to him in the works of his contemporaries. In the collection of his poems, which number some fifty, perhaps more, and which are in a great variety of moods—amorous, martial, political, humorous—there are several in which high poetic value is joined to a constant expert craftsmanship. The biography recounts half a dozen incidents of extravagant folly and mischance. The poet's tongue was slit by a jealous husband who apparently thought him too great a fool to be killed; he was induced to ride a boar three times about a castle wall as a magic device to insure success in a love suit; he crept into the bedroom of the lady of his lord to steal a kiss, to the amusement of the lord and the wrath of the lady, from which he fled to the Third Crusade; while on

the crusade he married a Greek woman who had been introduced to him as niece of the late emperor, Andronicus, fancying himself thereby made heir to the throne and therefore assuming its insignia; he courted a lady named Loba (She-Wolf) by wearing a wolf skin, the scent of which was picked up by shepherd dogs who hunted and almost killed him. Of this fool who was a poet, Raymond of Miravalles wrote an epitaph which closes with the lines:

The bard is living in his lays;
'Tis but the fool that's gone.

In Mr. Cronyn's novelized account of the life of Peire Vidal, this poet-fool is a man of sensibility and good judgment the events of whose life were made to seem mad, sometimes by his own contrivance, sometimes by misinterpretation of his excessive sensibility. In this version Peire Vidal could be called mad literally only when a fever, early in the book, and tragic grief, late in the book, have shaken his reason. About the theme of the poet whose contemporaries misunderstood him when they agreed in calling him a fool, Mr. Cronyn tells a story which subtly modifies each of the adventures narrated by the anonymous biographer. Thus it would appear that the Greek woman was really the daughter of Andronicus Comnenus, that the claim to the throne was well-founded but dangerous in the political enmities it might arouse—including the wrath of Richard Coeur de Lion—and that these might be circumvented cleverly by making the aspirations seem a madman's fancy until the strategic moment should arrive. The folly assumed half deliberately gives a unifying theme to the anecdotes which Mr. Cronyn reshapes and retells, but the presentation of the theme is balked by a crucial defect. It seems to have been Mr. Cronyn's intention to obliterate the madman of tradition behind the figure of an inspired poet, but unfortunately Vidal's lilting lyrics turn up in the tale in pedestrian English verse. The author of such lines would have poor grounds on which to establish the claim to being a poet as explanation of his actions; there is the suspicion of some less poetic touch than that of Venus in his folly.

None the less, Mr. Cronyn, as novelist, has the means to present a livelier and better-rounded picture of the lives of the troubadours than has been possible in the works of their biographers. For, as historical fact, the group of troubadours who appear in his novel lived in the same period, practiced the same art in the same region of Europe, frequented for the most part the same courts, and in many instances wrote poems to the same ladies, yet save on rare occasions we know nothing of their relations to each other. Mr. Cronyn makes Aimeric of Pégulhan the audiart or apprentice of Peire Vidal; he sends Peire Vidal with Rambaud of Vacquieras on adventures that form the biography of the latter; he makes Gaucelm Faidit a close associate of Vidal, the Monk of Montauban his friend, Folquet of Marseilles his enemy. The main events of the first portion of Mr. Cronyn's novel (Chapters 1-14), therefore, are the actual events of some troubadour's life, and since it is highly probable that those lives were intertwined, it is safe to assume that Mr. Cronyn's speculations represent an ideally more faithful picture of the group than any statement which a historian would be justified in making. It is interesting commentary on the nature of a historical novel, however, that the most effective portion of "The Fool of Venus" is the second part (Chapters 15-32), in the events of which there is no historical evidence that Vidal actually participated. Particularly the story of the siege and fall of Constantinople rises at times to the vividness and power of Feuchtwanger's account of the siege of Jerusalem. In these chapters Mr. Cronyn has written pages of what should have been a great novel, but when they are joined to the early chapters, no unity is achieved. Mr. Cronyn has presented a thesis concerning Peire Vidal; he has

not presented a character or a poet. But though his work falls short when measured to rigorous artistic standards, he has written a colorful and exciting story which runs through the glamorous events of the Third Crusade, the Fourth Crusade, the Crusade against the Albigensians, and involves romantic episodes centering about Provençal poets and their ladies.

RICHARD McKEON

Dark Cloud

The Shadow Before. By William Rollins, Jr. Robert M. McBride and Company. \$2.50.

MR. ROLLINS'S novel of a strike gains its most obvious distinction by not falling automatically into either of the two pigeonholes usually filled by proletarian fiction—reporting or propaganda. It has none of the over-simplification of the one and little of the over-emphasis of the other. It remains militantly proletarian in point of view without distortion of the author's keen realistic sense of character or of his ability to tell a good labor story within the confines of a novel.

These talents do not become fully apparent until the eighth chapter. Before then, before the strike begins, the characters as they are introduced seem discouragingly familiar: a race-conscious, neurotic son of a Jewish mill owner, an idealistic union organizer, a Portuguese worker who is certain "to sell out," his Irish girl who is just as certain to be the heroine, an American superintendent, his good stagestruck daughter and his not so good sickly wife, a homosexual, and a French mill hand who drinks. One has also the impression that the sheep are going to be separated from the goats merely according to their economic status, but once the strike is on and begins to affect these people, Mr. Rollins shows he can be bolder than convention. Harry Baumann is allowed a plausible struggle with himself before he stages his last hysterical gestures; the organizer accepts his thirty-year sentence with the becoming fortitude of a man to whom life has only a single purpose; Ramon continues consistently up the American ladder of success; Micky takes all the boys as they come while loving Ramon and carrying his child. The superintendent's daughter goes to New York, and his wife, spurned by Ramon, thinks she is dying. Olsen succumbs, and the Frenchman, who gives up drinking when the organizer convinces him that it harms his work as a striker, is shot in the dark in a raid on union headquarters. In other words the plot weaves to its close, as plots do in novels, conditioned as much by the temperament of the characters and the relationships between them as by the necessity to solve the main situation; and people like Baumann, Ramon, and the three women reach varied, three-dimensional proportions.

There is plenty of cheap writing, there are many over-weighted images and sentiments, catch phrases and catch thoughts, and trite scenes, such as the hoary incident of the cook and the policeman; but a neatly ordered sequence of events does wonders for the interest of the book. Although reminiscent of Dos Passos's method, Mr. Rollins's headlines, songs, newspaper comments, quotations, and court testimony mingle easily and informally with the story without forcing it or making any structural pauses. Where Dos Passos endeavors to evoke through his characters a world in chaos, Mr. Rollins keeps his figures victims of the local mill trouble in Fullerton. This concentration has its virtues. The hour of the universal conflict does not appear so imminent—the strike does not even affect all of Fullerton—but the narrow focus dramatizes the immediate problem and makes Mr. Rollins's book the most readable of the proletarian novels that come to mind at the moment.

FLORENCE CODMAN

Francis Bacon

Bacon. By Charles Williams. Harper and Brothers. \$3.50.

HISTORIANS of logic have known for a long time that the place given to Francis Bacon in the history of modern thought by men like Voltaire and Diderot was almost entirely undeserved. And they have also known that the lip praises paid to the "Great Verulam" by the scientists of the generation which followed him are no reliable criteria of the worth of his contribution. This has been a matter of common knowledge since the controversy started by German historians of philosophy in the middle of the nineteenth century; and more recently men like Duhem and Gilson, and in this country Thorndyke and Richard McKeon, have adequately confirmed the judgment against Bacon in an indirect way through their researches into the origins of modern thought. In the December, 1926, issue of the *Scientific Monthly* Professor Morris Cohen again examined the right of Bacon's claim to preeminence and found it sadly wanting. And yet the notion seems still to persist that Bacon was the father of modern inductive logic and the creator of modern science.

Charles Williams is among those who still share this erroneous notion. He believes that Bacon was the first man to think scientifically. Before Bacon, he tells us, scientific method "had not been used; it had not even been tried; nay, it had not been as much as shaped for trial. It was utterly without precedent." This claim, explicitly made by Mr. Williams several times, is used in part to construct an interpretation of Bacon's character which seems quite unjustified. We are told that Bacon desired great place in the government, not only because he was an unselfish patriot (Mr. Williams admits, however, that he desired also to improve his fortune), but also because he thought, and apparently thought rightly according to our author, that high political authority was necessary for the promulgation of the truth he had discovered. We have here quite a different Bacon from the one Lytton Strachey recently popularized. The willing tool of Elizabeth was really a high-minded thinker whose vision easily outstripped that of his enemies. He was, indeed, personally ambitious, but not solely for the sake of power. And this was, besides, the very quality which made him the prophet of the new age. We are not permitted to retort that if Bacon had been a genuine thinker he would have given himself entirely to his work apart from the bustle of affairs. For Mr. Williams argues that if he had not been ambitious he would have lacked the imagination to conceive the Great Instauration.

The difficulty with an interpretation which seeks to justify Bacon's actions by making them appear to have been motivated by high-minded principles is that it assumes a consistency which the Lord Chancellor never possessed, and in order to endow him with it Mr. Williams must involve himself in the contradictions from which he seeks to save his hero. He could, of course, have oversimplified the picture, as Strachey did. But he chose the heroic way out. And this is the strange thing about this book. The reader need not go outside it to indict Bacon as a philosophic dilettante and corrupt politician. For Mr. Williams not only lists the traditional charges but also reviews the evidence, and the evidence is overwhelmingly convincing, in spite of the cleverness with which our author seeks to explain it away. Once or twice the reader wonders whether Mr. Williams can be in earnest or is rather exquisitely ironical. But the doubt does not gain foothold. The author's conception is too plain throughout: Bacon was a great man, a great statesman, a great thinker.

Francis Bacon undoubtedly deserves a place in English history, nor is there any reason why one should wish to begrudge it to him. As author of the "Essays," as the defender of Pre-

rogative, we will not easily forget him. He was indeed a man of great ability, and is for us an extremely interesting individual because he was an incarnation of many of the tendencies of the great age in which he lived. We may even still read his "New Organon" with some pleasure, for we cannot deny that his aphorisms on science are written, as Harvey said, in the magnificent style of a Lord Chancellor. But we cannot forget that his conception of science was not only derived from a very superficial acquaintance with the anti-Aristotelian logicians of the sixteenth century, but that it was also narrow and illiberal. Bacon urged the pursuit of science to improve the condition of man, and this is of course a worthy end. But he was not thinking really of science but of engineering. Let us grant, then, that he was sincere about the Great Instauration of which he elected himself press agent. But let us not forget that a man with a vision so closely delimited by practical concerns is essentially shortsighted, and this limitation condemns him to lose the very ends he seeks to achieve. It is surely no paradox to assert that the least practical among men are the purely practical ones. And it was in fact men like Gilbert, men engaged in purely theoretical research, the importance of which Bacon was too practical to appreciate, and not littérateurs concerned with proclaiming in beautiful sentences the news of the Great Instauration, who were the true prophets of the new age. But my Lord Chancellor, one suspects, would never have agreed that while politicians may enjoy the fruits of empire it is scholars who make intellectual history.

ELISEO VIVAS

Dictators in Review

The New Deal in Europe. By Emil Lengyel. Funk and Wagnalls Company. \$2.

IN broad and bold outlines Mr. Lengyel gives an excellent picture of political and social developments in Soviet Russia, Germany, Italy, Sweden, and other European nations during the last few years. In particular he shows what constitutes the "newness" of the deals which Messrs. Stalin, Mussolini, and Hitler have given to their respective fellow-countrymen. His study is a very instructive piece of political journalism in the best sense of the word. It is important because it will impart to its readers a great deal of elemental information with which the American public has been hitherto largely unfamiliar. Since Mr. Lengyel is as well acquainted with the social behavior and political characteristics of the European peoples of whom he writes as he is with the American scene, he is able to make present-day Europe and its various political upheavals seem less like a jigsaw puzzle to Americans. He gives on the whole a reliable account of the historical, social, economic, and political forces that caused the upheavals.

The author confines himself almost exclusively to the reporting of facts and does not often attempt to give his own interpretation or opinion of them; and it is the facts themselves which make one thing clear: with the exception of Soviet Russia, there is in reality very little that is new in the so-called "new deals" in Europe. They are nothing but the old deals disguised in new forms and "sold" to the populace by means of the latest methods of advertising and political propaganda.

When Mr. Lengyel does theorize on the principles upon which the Nazi and Italian fascist deals are based, he is apt to let his journalistic instincts get the better of his judgment. It may be true, as Mr. Lengyel points out, that in the past Georges Sorel, the French syndicalist, found reasons for admiring Mussolini. It is not likely that Sorel would admire the Mussolini of today. For although Mussolini has stolen the rhetorical thunder and the terminology of Sorel, it is necessary to remember that the doctrine of syndicalism essentially means that the

"control of the means of production and distribution should be conquered by the workers and that this control should then be handed to the community to be administered for the commonweal"; and it is a fallacy to imagine that any state by itself would voluntarily hand this control to the workers. This is particularly true of the fascist state upon whose administration the worker has little or no influence. Mussolini may ostentatiously be "developing into the champion of the little man" and Hitler may speak of measures which, in the words of Mr. Lengyel, are "equaled in radicalism only in Bolshevik Russia," but the truth is that the actions of political parties are determined less by the terms of their formal programs than by the sources from which their funds are drawn and the elements upon whose support their power depends.

JOHANNES STEEL

Kerensky's Lamentations

The Crucifixion of Liberty. By Alexander Kerensky. The John Day Company. \$2.75.

THERE is a profound difference between the "liberty" of Kerensky the idealist and exile and that of Kerensky the man of action. This becomes increasingly evident as one compares these eloquent appeals in the name of liberty with Kerensky's actions as head of the Provisional Government. In this book Kerensky maintains that Lenin's coup d'état took the power from his hands just as Russia was entering on its logical and hard-won political freedom via the Provisional Government; that Russia, through this "abnormal" twist in its fortunes, was cast under a dictatorship more intolerable than that of the Czars; and that its "natural evolution" was so distorted that "recovery" is improbable if not impossible.

Kerensky's method of presenting and supporting this extraordinary thesis is to trace Russian history (he frankly admits that it is "his own personal view" of history) through the reigns of the last three Czars, emphasizing "the enormous civilizing role played by the Russian Empire, for all its absolutism," the rise of industrialism (without five-year plans), and the continual (he thinks) breakdown of oppression leading quite naturally on to an ideal democratic state. With the coming of the war and finally the October Revolution, this "natural evolution" suffered a violent and untimely end, and Kerensky puts the whole responsibility for this "catastrophe" directly upon Lenin's shoulders. (Could any Marxian pay Lenin a more perfect compliment?)

To begin with, "Lenin was cruel by nature. As a boy he liked to shoot at stray cats, or to break a crow's wing with his air gun." Having such a nature, of course, he was led inevitably to the point where, without the slightest qualms, he could take advantage of the Provisional Government's momentarily unstable condition and overthrow it by utilizing the "animal passions" of the bewildered and desperate "déclassé masses," for no other reason than to satisfy his maniacal and purely personal ambitions. To prop up this infantile explanation Kerensky goes to the really fantastic length of identifying, quite indiscriminately, Lenin with Hitler; using, one suspects, the horror inspired by Hitler's atrocities as a means of vindicating and cementing his own case against Lenin.

After admitting that Russia "had no really vital interests that made the war either inevitable or necessary," Kerensky traces the terrible and nauseating plight of the Russian soldier throughout the war. In Hindenburg's words, "We had to destroy mountains of enemy corpses which accumulated in front of our trenches, in order to be able to direct our fire against new groups of attackers." Of course this tragedy came about through the evil influence of Rasputin over the Czar! But what was Kerensky's cry as soon as he came into power? "Rus-

sian liberty will be born on the battlefields"—the Eastern front. This unnecessary driving to slaughter of an ill-equipped and thoroughly dissatisfied mass of men comes under the name of patriotism, while the civil war which followed Lenin's coup was part of the "Lenin terror."

Kerensky himself supplies the key to the motive which inspired this calamitous blunder—for it was his determination to carry on the war that brought about his downfall and not Lenin's ability to inflame the "animal passions" of the mob. The Provisional Government was admittedly reactionary and imperialistic and could not risk retaliation from the Allies regardless of the cost to Russia. True, it did map out a very liberal program of reform, but it is doubtful whether it would have carried it out, although Kerensky himself was unquestionably in favor of it and would have fought for it.

Notwithstanding his poor score in action, it is certainly unfair to accuse Kerensky of deliberate Machiavellianism—of which he accuses Lenin. His term in power was short and covered a period of unprecedented confusion. He honestly believed that by compromise he could effect a comparatively easy transition between the old and the new. He was wrong, not because compromise is essentially and always wrong, but because at that particular moment it was manifestly impossible. What remained with him was a terrible elemental hate which even now makes him a very uncertain champion of liberty.

VICTOR JOHN KROETCH

Method or Madness

A Selection from the Letters of Lewis Carroll to His Child-Friends. Edited with an Introduction and Notes by Evelyn M. Hatch. The Macmillan Company. \$3.50.

FOR more than forty years the Reverend Charles Lutwidge Dodgson, who occasionally signed himself with the immortal pseudonym of Lewis Carroll, carried on a series of correspondences with little girls. He made their acquaintance on railroad trains, at the beach, in the park, he wrote them letters which he hoped they would answer, he sent them copies of his books and examples of his puzzles and games; as he grew safely into middle age he invited them to his rooms at Oxford, where, amid the utmost decorum, he took their pictures in fancy dress; still later, when his taste for twelve-year-old young ladies had grown up into a taste for those of twenty or more, he gave them dinner—at which they might choose: (1) bottled lemonade; (2) ginger-beer; (3) beer; (4) water; (5) milk; (6) vinegar; (7) ink to drink, although nobody chose (6) or (7)—at his rooms or took them into London for a matinee.

Always, in this preoccupation with young females, he maintained an attitude of the most extreme propriety. Although he indulged often in teasing, he would immediately cut off without a word—or with a severe reproach—a child who presumed on their friendship by any sort of bad manners or familiarity. He was scrupulous about obtaining the consent of their mothers to a correspondence or to a meeting. He kept their letters in the elaborate file which he maintained all his life, wherein was a record of every letter, bill, document, galley of proof, or any other paper which had ever come to him, all indexed, cross-referenced, and otherwise annotated, so that he could tell at a glance the history of any given document, and each numbered, so that at the end of his life he was numbering them far up into the thousands.

It is a curious thing that while one letter of Lewis Carroll's, or even half a dozen are charming, a whole bookful leaves one with a slightly queer feeling in the pit of one's stomach. This fondness for young ladies went on for so long, it took up so much time, it was pursued so earnestly, so relentlessly,

that it would not take a psychiatrist to perceive that there was something a little queer about it all. Mr. Dodgson's desire was to be neat, methodical, decorous, and safe. Above all safe. From a world in which the blasphemy of Gilbert and Sullivan's "Damme, it's too much" hurt him to the quick, from a world of thoughtlessness and cruelty and strange, unexpected crises that demanded momentous decisions about living and perhaps about loving, he escaped to the chaste and mannerly affections of demure little girls. "Alice in Wonderland," being a story told to the three small Liddell girls while they were picnicking one summer afternoon, is hardly more than an extension of his correspondence. Indeed, story-telling went on as fast and furiously as letter-writing. It is marvelous good fortune for the rest of us that out of this curious aberration should have come Alice and the Looking Glass, Sylvie and Bruno, even the Snark, in addition to the best of these letters. The tale of the three wonderful cats, in the letters to Agnes Hughes, which were beaten flat and then kept safely in a portfolio with the blotters, with a penwiper for a pillow, where they were nice and comfortable, and afterwards fed buttered mice and rat-tail jelly for breakfast, is very clearly by the creator of Alice. There are plenty of the letters which are more forced and less successful than these. But they should be read, if only to increase by a little our acquaintance with the mind out of which sprang the Red Queen, the White Knight, the Mad Hatter, and the March Hare.

DOROTHY VAN DOREN

Shorter Notices

Mark Twain, Son of Missouri. By Minnie M. Brashear. University of North Carolina Press. \$3.

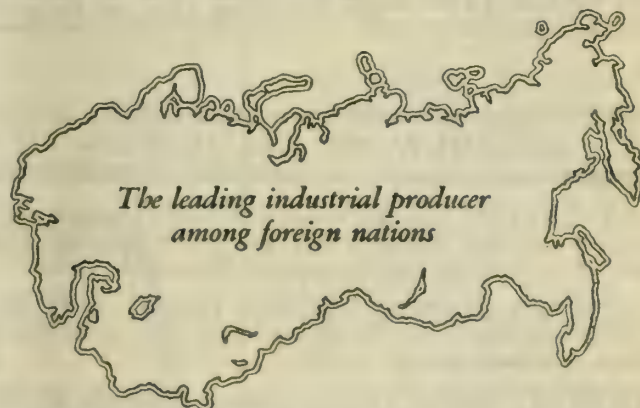
If any figure in American letters has seemed free from European influence it has been Mark Twain; this idea has been a keystone in most writing about him. In this able study of his early years Dr. Brashear has assembled a mass of evidence to show that elements of European culture, particularly of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, had a place in Hannibal. Her study belongs with a growing number of others that have explored the frontier and have found it much more than picturesque or sordidly uncouth. When she presses the point that the genius of Mark Twain was shaped by Addison, Steele, Goldsmith, Fielding, Walpole, she develops an argument that is certainly fresh and full of suggestion though it is sometimes spun precariously, with many a "perhaps" and "may have" and "might have." However, this reasoning will have to be taken into account in any final study of Mark Twain, and in stressing the formative influence of Missouri Dr. Brashear has performed a genuine service. She insists that the influence of the steam-boat period has been overestimated.

The Thin Man. By Dashiell Hammett. Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.
The Postman Always Rings Twice. By James M. Cain. Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.

Both these books have been received with unrestrained excitement and loud acclaim. Mr. Hammett's is described as the best American detective story; Mr. Cain's as impossible to put down once it is started. Without attempting to establish the truth of these claims, it may be said that both of these books have a swift, compelling, nervous type of realism which does, indeed, make them highly readable. They are the bones of fiction, without the flesh of ratiocination; but curiously enough, both of these skeletons are clothed in the delicate silks of romance. Mr. Hammett's detective, although he does not say so in so many words, is deeply attached to his young wife; the young girl whose feverish family he tries to disentangle is head over heels in love with him; and her mother recognizes in him

one of her old flames. Mr. Cain is even more lyrical. For his is the story of a bum and the wife of a Greek restaurant keeper; they try twice to murder her husband, once successfully; they curse each other, they drink easily and often, they are bold or cringing in the hands of the law, they meet a violent, desperate death. Two hard-boiled realists, to whom murder is hardly more than is adultery, which is nothing. But they are bound to each other by a Great Love, which exalts them mountain high, star bright, right up to God—believe it or not. Cora, if she had not been deprived of speech by a nasty accident, would have been the first to say that their own betrayal of this love had brought about their catastrophe. This is not to laugh at Mr. Cain, or at his readers. But it is to account for some of the enthusiasm for his book. We live in an age of tight-fisted, no-quarter fiction in which our heroes inhabit almost exclusively the seamy side of life. If we can add to that a strong dose of real old-fashioned true love, preferably at first sight, and write so that the reader cannot catch his breath from the first page to the last, we have what is technically termed a "Wow!"

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☐ JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH says ☐

AH, WILDERNESS! Guild Theater. O'Neill's nostalgic comedy about a youth who discovers love and poetry together. Made doubly effective by the performance of George M. Cohan.

BIG HEARTED HERBERT. Biltmore Theater. J. C. Nugent and Elisabeth Risdon in a broad but funny farce about the taming of a self-made man.

DODSWORTH. Shubert Theater. Sidney Howard's impressive and deeply moving dramatization of Sinclair Lewis's novel. Brilliantly acted by Walter Huston and Fay Bainter.

MARY OF SCOTLAND. Alvin Theater. Helen Hayes and Philip Merivale give fine performances in Maxwell Anderson's play. An outstanding dramatic hit but one which left me a little cold.

MEN IN WHITE. Broadhurst Theater. Fine teamwork on the part of the members of the Group Theater helps to make this play about a young doctor one of the things which must not be missed.

NEW FACES. Fulton Theater. Intimate review rather in the manner of the Garrick Gaities. Some amusing sketches.

SHE LOVES ME NOT. Morosco Theater. Mad doings at Princeton which involve the efforts of some high-minded students to rescue a not too innocent maiden in distress. Much the funniest farce of the year.

THE PERFUMED LADY. Ambassador Theater. Conventional but rather amusing farce about philandering and its complications.

THE PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS. Avon Theater. Spicy and more or less historical comedy about a young Austrian who finds bundling one of the pleasantest of the new freedoms in Revolutionary New England.

THE SHINING HOUR. Booth Theater. What happens to a quiet English family when love puts in an unexpected appearance. Delightful comedy and the best of the recent offerings.

THEY SHALL NOT DIE. Royal Theater. Vivid summary of the Scottsboro case. Brilliantly done but as painful as it is powerful.

YELLOW JACK. Martin Beck Theater. Interesting chronicle play about Walter Reed and yellow fever by Sidney Howard. Surprisingly dramatic and often funny.

Drama

A Prepare for Saints

THREE new productions have opened since my last report. For the sake of the record I shall name them later, but as none moved me to enthusiasm and as all seem destined to disappear before this can find its way to type, I prefer to say first a word or two in favor of "Four Saints in Three Acts," which is scheduled for a return engagement on April 2. In a previous issue Mr. Burke discussed this "opera to be sung" at some length and with a greater coherence than I shall be able to achieve, but in honesty I must report two things: first, that pure prejudice kept me away until near the end of the first engagement; and, second, that when—against my will—I actually attended I was charmed and delighted.

Miss Stein's published text is far from encouraging. I shall not go as far as some who have maintained that her words contribute nothing to the pleasure of the production and that its success is due wholly to the music of Virgil Thompson, admirably sung by the all-Negro cast. Nevertheless, much of the credit for the libretto must go to whoever broke up the continuous text into dialogue, assigned it to various characters, and conceived the engagingly appropriate non sequiturs of the action. "Four Saints in Three Acts" is a success because all its elements—the dialogue, the music, the pantomime, and the sparkling cellophane *décor*—go so well with one another while remaining totally irrelevant to life, logic, or common sense. It has been said on good authority that the pleasure of being mad is one which only madmen know, but by being insane in some elusively consistent fashion Miss Stein and her collaborators have opened that pleasure to the general public.

To call the work satire as some have done is, I think, to miss the point. Even to call it funny is to run the risk of being misunderstood, for though it is certainly amusing—irresistibly so, indeed—it is not funny in any raucous or farcical way, and its charm is at least as conspicuous as its humor ever is. In the first place, all the characters—however eccentric they may be—are intensely likable. They have lightness, and grace, and courtesy, and amiability. If the audience cannot understand them, they seem at least to understand one another perfectly and to live in a delightful atmosphere of mutual esteem. When, for example, Saint Theresa paints Easter eggs or declares herself "not interested" in the proposal to kill twenty thousand Chinamen by pushing a button, both the work of art and the declaration of intention are received with an awed respect equaled only by the graciousness with which the saints treat the mere unsanctified laymen. In the second place, the grotesqueries are never of an awkward, harsh, or discordant kind. On the contrary, everything is so gentle, so kindly, and so pretty when looked at or listened to merely as a thing in itself that one tends to succumb almost completely to the charm and to be a little surprised when one finds one's laughter bubbling out from time to time.

If it is necessary to interpret the work or to assign to it some specific "intention," then I should be inclined to say that "Four Saints in Three Acts" is a half-serious, half-playful experiment in carrying to their illogical conclusions several of the most characteristic tendencies of the more esoteric types of modern literature. One will find something of the learned allusiveness of "Ulysses" and "The Waste Land," coupled with something of their tendency to associate, through the mere sound of a word or some other superficial connection, things not ordinarily associated. One will find also the tendency toward form without content and toward a kind of intelligibility without

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meaning characteristic of surrealism and the Dadaists. Yet the effect achieved by Miss Stein and her collaborators is quite different from that usually associated with such *fauves*. Her opera is not tortured, violent, despairing, or even unhappy. It is, on the contrary, graceful and distinctly *pretty* (rather than beautiful) so that her style can perhaps be best described as a kind of modern rococo. One smiles at its delicate, meaningless, but graceful convolutions as one smiles at the gimcrack charm of Spain's most trivial religious art. At times one may even think of an old-fashioned valentine wrought out of paper lace and colored celluloid. But one smiles appreciatively, as one usually smiles at such engagingly innocent prettiness. Doubtless many will regard this comparison as outrageous but I see nothing surprising in the ironic fact that Miss Stein's determination to be more sophisticated than anyone else should have led her back to a kind of childish naivete. In any event, her opera is to be recommended to all who are ready to relish an evening of untroubled, really very simple pleasure.

Returning now to the record, I must report that "The Pure in Heart" is—or rather was—John Howard Lawson's incoherent attempt to write a such-is-life-in-a-great-city sort of play about a chorus girl who kept her heart innocent in spite of the fact that she was afflicted with what I believe are called "round heels"; also that "Another Love" (Vanderbilt Theater) is a tepid, sentimental comedy-drama from the French concerning itself with a misunderstood adolescent who steals a lady away from his philandering father. "The Shattered Lamp" (Maxine Elliott's Theater) belongs in another category. It is a rather solidly written if somewhat melodramatic story of the coming of the Nazis. Nevertheless, I doubt that its virtues are conspicuous enough to overcome the public's reluctance to look at painful things.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

Films

Bankers and Technicolor

IF there is in existence such a thing as a league or club of international bankers, made up of the Morgans, the Warburgs, the Barings, and the rest, the least that such a club should do in the near future is to bestow a handful of gold medals upon the producers and cast of "The House of Rothschild" (Astor). Some such expression of gratitude is certainly due for this picture, which is an almost lyrical tribute to the nobility, self-sacrifice, and unwavering patriotism of their group. The screen play that Nunnally Johnson, once a respectable New York newspaperman, has fashioned out of the early history of the Rothschilds is indeed one of the most ingenious pieces of large-scale whitewashing that the films have seen in a long time. In it we are made to realize, for the first time perhaps, that this family which financed some of the bloodiest wars in European history was really motivated by a sincere and abiding love of peace. In the beginning we see old Mayer Rothschild, the founder of the house, lying to the tax-collector in his money-lender's shop in the Frankfort ghetto, instructing his children in the tricks of the trade, and leaving them at his death with the vision of a great international banking house with offices in every capital in Europe. Then we are carried forward thirty-two years to the period of the first exile of Napoleon. The Rothschilds have financed the Allies, but Nathan, the head of the house, is discriminated against in London because of his race. His has been the lowest bid for the flotation of a reconstruction loan but the bid is granted to the Baring Brothers. In revenge for this insult Nathan immediately drives down the market and in a short time his enemies are forced to capitulate. But in re-

taliation these enemies promote anti-Jewish riots all over Europe; Nathan returns to Frankfort to find his mother's life in danger; and his own life is being conspired against by his English rivals. At this moment, however, occurs an unexpected movement in European history which gives the Rothschilds their great chance—not for increasing their fortune, let it be understood, but for showing their patriotism. Napoleon has escaped from Elba and is marching on Paris. Again the Allies are in need of money and the Rothschilds alone can supply it to them. But this time Nathan Rothschild lays down a strict condition: the Jewish pogroms must stop or he will turn over his resources to Napoleon. Of course Nathan returns to London, buys English securities on a falling market purely to keep up the morale of the exchange, and after the victory of Waterloo is created a baron. The picture dissolves in a glaring haze of technicolor which is exactly right for reinforcing the effect of synthetic unreality that it creates from beginning to end.

From such a summary it should be evident that "The House of Rothschild" is propaganda, and propaganda of the most insidious variety, since its method is the identification of essentially irreconcilable motives. Because of recent events in Germany pro-Jewish sentiment happens to be a very easy and reliable sentiment to exploit in most parts of this country at the moment. It is incomparably easier to exploit than any sentiment of admiration for the trade with which Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan and Mr. Andrew Mellon are connected. But by an identification of the second sentiment with the first—admiration for the clever money-lender with sympathy for a long-suffering race—the second sentiment can be very successfully reinstated in the popular mind. Especially is this likely to be true when that mind is practically certain to find great artistry in George Arliss's somnolent mummery, picturesque charm and beauty in Darryl F. Zanuck's cardboard ghettos and palaces, and historical truth in Mr. Johnson's fantastic hagiology of the Rothschilds. In other words, the film has all the persuasiveness which a lavish Hollywood production can give to the advancement of even the most confused thesis.

As for the pro-Jewish elements in the picture, no truly intelligent member of the race of Spinoza and Einstein is likely to derive any satisfaction from seeing it reach its screen apotheosis in a dynasty of money-lenders. The traits held up for admiration are cunning, avarice, and revenge; and these are traits which are neither admirable nor peculiarly Jewish. If one may add a paradox of one's own to the many paradoxes with which this film is bristling, one would like to suggest that it really amounts to a libel on the race which it pretends to champion.

WILLIAM TROY

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Contents

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS	399
EDITORIALS	
Shifts on the Labor Front	402
Demos in Distress	403
Fascism in Africa?	403
The Gentle Puritans	404
ISSUES AND MEN. WESTERN MELANGE. By Oswald Garrison Villard	405
LABOR FACES THE COMPANY UNION. By Karl Lore	406
WHY THE HOUSING PROGRAM FAILED. By Albert Mayer	408
THE HUMILIATION OF INDIA. By Jawaharlal Nehru	410
EUROPE MOVES TOWARD WAR. V. THE MECHANICS OF NATIONALISM. By Johannes Steel	411
IN THE DRIFTWAY. By the Drifter	413
CORRESPONDENCE	413
THE INTELLIGENT TRAVELER. WHAT WILL A DOLLAR BUY? By John Rothschild	415
FINANCE: VICTORY FOR THE MOTOR MANUFACTURERS. By Peter Helmoop Noyes	416
BOOKS, MUSIC, DRAMA:	
Return to Ritual. By Mark Van Doren	419
Man and Nature. By Joseph Wood Krutch	419
Nijinsky. By Lincoln Kirstein	420
Gettysburg. By Allen Tate	420
Making of a Masterpiece. By William Troy	421
Shorter Notices	421
Music: The End and Origin of a Movement. By Kenneth Burke	422
Drama: Sound and Fury. By Joseph Wood Krutch	424
CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE	426

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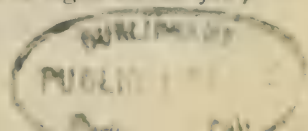
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THERE are many things that we do not understand about the present Congress, but the most puzzling is the mania for increased armaments. Judging the Senate by its actions, one would think that the country was on the verge of war. Why, for example, should the Senate, after voting the huge naval program in the Vinson bill, increase the appropriations made by the House for the Reserve Officers' Training Corps by \$1,358,760 to finance the establishment of eighty-five additional junior-high-school military units at \$7,000 per unit, and twenty-two additional senior-college military units at \$33,000 per unit? It then went on to increase the Citizens' Military Training Camps appropriation by \$1,700,000 for training 37,500 cadets next summer instead of the 14,000 contemplated by the House. The Army Appropriation bill, as passed by the House, appropriated for 1935 \$69,000,000 less than the 1934 bill. The Senate restored no less than \$63,826,858—another evidence of the way that Congress refuses to accept the President's economy program. Probably the matter will be settled in conference before this issue of *The Nation* reaches the public, but in any event the people ought to notify such men as Senator Cope-land of New York and Senator Sheppard of Texas that they are absolutely opposed to the further building up of the American military machine with its inevitable tendency to thrust us into war.

SECRETARY WALLACE is bringing his solution of dairy problems before the milk producers themselves in a nation-wide series of lecture-meetings, but the farmers are hard to convince. As in previous applications of the Agricultural Adjustment Act, the Wallace plan is to pay a bonus for lessened production, to be compensated for by a processing tax on butter fat. A minimum of about \$150,000,000 would be expended for benefit payments. The theory is a logical one within the limits of the agricultural rehabilitation program, but many farmers doubt that it would work. They instance the fallacy of overproduction on which it is based and declare that neither the consumer nor the distributor will stand the expense of the new taxation burden, but that it will simply revert to them. Since the entire milk set-up has been based on raising consumers' prices, thus cutting retail sales (and this is the nub of the whole problem), there is no reason for believing that the same sort of thing will not be continued. As was obvious in the milk-marketing agreements, it is not production control that is needed but distribution control and price-fixing. The way to get that, as more and more farmers are acknowledging, is by placing the whole dairy industry on a public-utility basis. There is certainly no reason that the farmers should continue to be penalized while the distributor goes merrily on his way reaping huge profits, and the consumer continues to get it in the neck.

THE MARCH on Washington on April 2 to demand continuance of civil-works relief met with both victory and defeat. The seventy-five delegates representing fifty-four groups and some 47,000 CWA workers and unemployed in Greater New York were determined to lay their demands before Administrator Hopkins in person. After some argument six spokesmen were admitted and given a fair and lengthy hearing. Their specific complaints of discrimination against Negroes and workers who engaged in organizing or refused to take the "pauper's oath" were met by a promise to investigate. To the delegates' three basic demands—for jobs on an unemployment rather than a "need" basis, abolition of the means test, and official indorsement of the Workers' Unemployment and Social Insurance bill—Mr. Hopkins replied categorically that he would not advocate them. His program involved work relief on a need basis and a means test acceptable to workers. The function of his office was to try to give relief in a decent way and it would not permit his advocating the three demands. That some delegates would be disappointed if he did, he indicated in no uncertain terms. The thrust was well deserved. While the six spokesmen in the main avoided irrelevant propaganda and fulfilled their mission of presenting grievances of unemployed and workers, there was a persistent effort in the delegates' meetings before and after the Hopkins hearing to prevent constructive action. There were some who blocked moves to better working conditions because they preferred to propagandize. They were overridden by a majority acceptance of a program of action: (1) to establish relief for laid-off CWA workers and fight for their reinstatement; (2) to organize workers into project locals so as to fight on the job;



(3) to engage in day-to-day struggles in order to unite forces and strengthen organization; (4) to take up on the job every case of discrimination.

STATE POLITICAL MANAGERS are complaining because business men and others who formerly contributed to State campaign funds are no longer doing so. The 1934 campaign in Oklahoma, for example, is being delayed because both the major parties are handicapped by a lack of financial assistance. The political leaders blame the Roosevelt recovery program. They say that the NRA and other agencies have so far invaded the jurisdiction of the States in economic matters that business men now look almost exclusively to Washington for favors. Hence they believe it no longer necessary to support State political tickets with money gifts. This is a realistic but not especially new commentary on the purpose of campaign contributions. It is more revealing in that it indicates the remarkable extent to which the supervision and control of our economic affairs are being concentrated in the hands of the federal government. Naturally this development will also greatly strengthen the party that happens to be in power in Washington. That party, completely dominating the government machinery as it does, is in a position to extend favors of immense importance to business and other groups in return for political support. Thus, as the economic power of the government expands, the Administration's opportunities for keeping itself in office will grow. This is not to say that the Roosevelt Administration will abuse this enormous and increasing power, though the temptation to do so will be constantly before it.

A STIFF FIGHT will be necessary if the Copeland bill is to be passed at this session of Congress. The Food and Drug Administration lists twenty-six requirements with respect to which the measure, even in its weakened form, is superior to the present law. These are genuine gains, some of them important, as is evidenced by the continued opposition of powerful food, drug, and advertising interests, even though the bill has been accepted by *Printers' Ink* and C. C. Parlin's group of big-magazine publishers, the latter starved out by the prolonged suspension of pending advertising contracts. The immediate job is to force a vote in the Senate, including a vote on amendments restoring the deleted standards, formula-disclosure, and advertising clauses, especially the clause removing forty-two diseases from the field of medication by advertising. Members of the Senate Commerce Committee should be asked why that crucial clause was killed in committee. And Senator Johnson should be made to defend, if he can, Section 3-e, which permits citrus-fruit growers to color inferior fruit artificially. Readers of *The Nation* have asked whether we feel that the measure is worth passing. The answer is yes—provided the passage of this bill is regarded not as the end but as the beginning of the fight to protect the public against exploitation by food, drug, and cosmetics manufacturers and advertisers.

THANKS to the indiscretions of Senator W. T. Thayer of the New York Legislature, it looks as if some of Governor Lehman's bills for the better control of public utilities might be enacted into law. Any legislator who opposes them will be in the unenviable position of having to explain to his constituents how much he got and from whom.

Of course it is no novelty to catch a "representative of the people" in cahoots with some business interest that is trying to hornswoggle the public, but each separate tally adds to the total score, and the evidence which the Federal Trade Commission has presented should do something to forward the movement for municipal ownership of gas and electric plants all over the country. Senator Thayer seems to have been a lackey for the Associated Gas and Electric Company, employed by it to swing elections and influence legislation. Such of the Solon's correspondence as has been made public does not indicate what he received directly as compensation but is replete with "expense accounts" (later charged by the company in its bills to you, dear reader) and bragging letters about his services. For years the legislative committees at Albany have been graveyards for measures intended to curb the rapacity of utility companies, and the fact that Mr. Thayer is a member—was until recently chairman—of the Senate Public Service Committee may be explanatory. In one letter he says that "many detrimental bills which were introduced we were able to kill in my committee." It is a commentary on contemporary civilization that although the insignificant Thayer has been bombarded with questions and is threatened with impeachment, nobody has said boo to the Associated Gas and Electric Company. That it should be engaged in bribery and bilking the public seems to be regarded as normal procedure. The harried Senator boasts that he will not join Insull and Ex-Mayor Walker in foreign travel, but if he does not it will be because he is able to hire slicker lawyers or excels the other two in the thickness of his epidermis.

THE DEFEAT, by strong-arm methods that would make a Tammany district leader blush for shame, of Kansas City's fusion ticket for Mayor and City Council, may turn into a boomerang for the Democratic machine controlled by "Big Tom" Pendergast. The vote was the largest on record in the city, a total of 222,000 voters out of 244,000 enrolled having actually cast ballots. Mayor Bryce B. Smith, the incumbent and the machine candidate, was reelected by 141,000 votes to 81,000 for his opponent, A. Ross Hill, former president of the University of Missouri. The fusionists thus rolled up a formidable vote, and the electioneering methods of the Pendergast forces should add considerably to their ranks. Four persons are dead as a result of gang methods of getting out the vote, and a number were slugged and beaten up. Ten youths were seized in a drugstore and were found to have in their possession seven boxes of ammunition, a sawed-off shotgun, an automatic pistol, revolvers, and three rifles. The fusion movement was started about two years ago by five young men only a few years out of college, but although the leaders are youthful, they have learned a great deal about machine electioneering, and perhaps, for a future election, how to combat it more successfully. Despite its defeat, the new party is not at all discouraged, but is determined to continue its fight for a more intelligent and a cleaner municipal government.

THE WILLARD STRAIGHT POST of the American Legion, for presuming to question the stand of the Legion on various questions and specifically for objecting to the Legion's demand for a bonus in 1932, lost its charter a while back and was at the same time scolded by the national

organization for being unpatriotic, disloyal, and not playing cricket. Now the Supreme Court of New York State, in the person of Justice Albert Cohn, has decreed that the post be reinstated and its charter duly restored, on the grounds that to revoke it was an inhibition of the right of free speech and therefore contrary to law. The court decision was partly based on the fact that the Willard Straight Post was not given the right to defend itself or notified in advance of its expulsion; but more important, Justice Cohn declared, was the expulsion itself: "The American Legion's regulation, even if properly adopted and imposed, is an unreasonable one and its enforcement . . . transcends the powers granted to the American Legion by . . . Congress." We hereby congratulate the Willard Straighters and suggest that they use their restored standing as full-fledged legionnaires to discover exactly what these powers granted to the American Legion by Congress were and are. Do they include the imposition of a powerful lobby in Washington and the exercise of pressure on national and local legislators so that public funds can be grabbed at fairly regular intervals for the benefit of World War veterans whether they deserve such benefits or not? Now that the veterans' bill has been passed over the President's veto, hardy souls are suggesting that maybe the bonus could be put over too. The Willard Straight Post could do an excellent service not only by opposing such a movement but by discovering and making public just who instigates it.

THE LEFT-HANDED SETTLEMENT of the Detroit automobile dispute has been extended to cover the strike at the Budd body plant in Philadelphia, and the five months' controversy is officially over. As in the Detroit case, not only has the fundamental issue of labor-union recognition been evaded, and the company union been more firmly entrenched, but the dilly-dallying of the various NRA boards, which tossed the case about like a hot potato, has bred discontent and impatience among other workers, and the important Philadelphia industrial area is in something of a ferment. Senator Wagner's backstepping on his labor bill has added to the trouble. At the Campbell Soup Company plant in Camden, New Jersey, because the company twisted the minority-representation clause of the Recovery Act so as to suit its own purpose, recognizing its company union and refusing to recognize the Cannery Workers' Industrial Union, which claims 80 per cent membership, more than 1,000 workers walked out. They turned down the arbitration efforts of the regional labor board and a proposed union election, and also asked a return to the 1929 wage scale. The Campbell plant is owned by the Dorrance family, and the State of New Jersey is still trying to collect \$16,500,000 in inheritance taxes on the \$120,000,000 estate of the late John Dorrance. At the same time 3,000 workers at the New York Shipbuilding Company yards in Camden went on strike in the name of their small union, asking \$32 for a thirty-two-hour week. Here too the conciliation attempts of the NRA were flatly refused, the strikers declaring that they had lost faith in its efficacy. Five thousand striking knit-goods workers in Philadelphia feel the same way, and there are several other important strikes in that area, all directly traceable to the mismanagement of the Weir and Budd cases. Perhaps the optimists who see labor's struggles achieving peace, if not victory, should be told there is not even peace.

THE FEDERAL RESERVE BANK of New York announces that for the first half of March department-store sales in New York City rose 36.4 per cent over sales for the same period of 1933. This is supposed to be news of the first order and to be interpreted to mean that we have *turned the corner* at last. Unfortunately a rude rainbow-destroyer named A. W. Zelomek, economist for the International Statistical Bureau, has come forward with some other figures which make one doubt those of the Federal Reserve Bank. According to Mr. Zelomek, \$319,000,000 was spent in February, 1934, in department stores, chain stores, specialty shops, and mail-order houses, an increase of 16.3 per cent over February a year ago. But during the year retail prices rose 28 per cent, which makes Mr. Zelomek figure that unit sales actually fell by approximately 11.7 per cent. It is, of course, difficult to establish with any conclusiveness whether customers actually bought fewer things at higher prices or the same number of things of a cheaper grade, which would bring unit sales up to their former level. But there is enough in Mr. Zelomek's calculations to give anyone pause, and the reassuring statistics of the Federal Reserve Bank may be further discounted by the recollection that the first fortnight of March, 1933, was the date of the unlamented bank moratorium; moreover, the department-store sales this year include liquor sales, money which formerly was passed on to various bootleggers. If liquor sales are deducted, this year's increase amounts to only 32.9 per cent. All things considered, we have not got to the corner yet.

THE ECONOMIC PLIGHT of Germany does not improve, despite all the cleverness of Dr. Schacht. He is now facing another meeting with Germany's foreign creditors, the Americans being represented by an especially strong delegation. He will find plenty of opposition to his plan to cut the debt to America in half on the ground that 50 per cent of it is a "political debt" and not a purely business one. Doubtless there will also be a further reduction of the interest to be paid to foreign creditors. But that will not help the prestige of Germany abroad or decrease the prevalent dislike and distrust of everything that Hitler stands for. Dr. Schacht has said that "whether Germany is regarded by the outside world with sympathy or antipathy is wholly immaterial in comparison with the fact that the abstention of 66,000,000 first-class consumers from the world's markets would spell disaster to world economy." But the threat that Germany will not buy any more if it does not get what it considers easier terms ought to scare nobody. Germany is not yet in a position where it can do without the markets of the world—far from it. Until it is, Dr. Schacht's threat is a mere gesture—a bluff. Any attempt to establish autarchy in Germany now would mean a great lowering of the standard of living, which Hitler cannot face at the present time. Moreover, some figures that have just appeared as to Russia's trade with Germany reveal a situation which no bluff by Schacht can alter. In 1931 the Soviets purchased \$762,000,000 worth of goods from Germany; in 1932, \$626,000,000 worth, and in 1933, \$282,000,000 worth. That was bad enough, but according to the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, Russia's trade with Germany has dwindled so that in this, the second year of Hitler, Russia's purchases will not exceed \$50,000,000 worth of goods. That is a direct blow at Germany's vitals.

Shifts on the Labor Front

"WE have charted a new course in social engineering," said the President apropos the settlement of the threatened automobile strike. He may reasonably be suspected here of seeking a fine phrase to conceal what was a sheer stroke of opportunism. Certainly industrial-relations boards are an old tale in the history of industrial relations. They already exist, for that matter, in several of the codes—cotton textiles, bituminous coal, trucking, construction, the graphic arts. However, since the expedient of today is the precedent of tomorrow, we may expect that such boards will shortly become the fashion throughout the codified industries.

Much more significant in the automobile settlement is its treatment of the basic question in dispute: Does Section 7-a of the National Industrial Recovery Act entitle an outside trade union alone to speak on behalf of the employees in collective bargaining? Or does it also sanction the company union, if the employer can successfully impose one on his hands? Like all other compromises, the settlement professes to maintain a fine neutrality on this issue. It implies that company unions and trade unions may coexist so long as each can round up groups among the employees. In other words, the settlement repeats what Messrs. Johnson and Richberg have persisted in saying about the rights of minorities—notwithstanding the recent National Labor Board ruling in the Denver tramway case—from the earliest days of the NRA.

Beyond this, however, the principles underlying the settlement do break new ground in the theory of industrial relations. Although the company union and the trade union may coexist in the same plant, neither will be authorized by virtue of majority rule to bargain collectively as the representative of all the employees. There will be no closed shop. Instead, a series of plant unions will be established under a regime of proportional representation. Each plant, that is, will have its own Works Council authorized to negotiate with the management on behalf of the wage-earners. Every union in the plant—outside or inside, craft or industrial, left-wing or right-wing—will be entitled to representation in proportion to its share of the total number of employees.

In spite of the danger to independent unionism implicit in the open shop, it is possible, though perhaps not probable, that this new set-up may actually chart a "new course," and one which the President and the conferees on both sides failed to foresee. A plant union need not be employer-dominated; not if the labor groups independent of the management succeed in filling the Works Council with their own representatives. In that event, there would seem to be at least a chance that genuine industrial unionism might develop in the automobile industry—despite the dubious parentage of the Works Council—a better chance, perhaps, than would have been provided by a victory of the United Automobile Workers. As a federal union the United Automobile Workers' Union has at present an industrial character; as an American Federation of Labor union, however, it is likely to be persuaded into craft patterns. Despite the need for an industrial structure to meet the demands of codified industry, the federation still

clings to the old craft divisions as its basic form of organization. Under vigorous and militant leadership it should be possible for the automobile plant unions to federate; and if they succeed, industrial unionism—free from A. F. of L. restraints—may be established in the very heart of American business.

This hopeful prognosis may, of course, be upset by conflicting developments. Labor relations in the automobile industry, and in the other basic industries which are sure to follow in its footsteps, may be ruled by the practices traditional under the open shop. The employers will undoubtedly encourage company unions by all possible means; the workers will tend to drift out of the independent unions if they come to believe that equal advantages can be obtained without the obligations and expense of union membership. Independent unions can counter this tendency only by great tactical skill and militancy. And these qualities are rare in the ranks of organized labor—as they are elsewhere.

In any event, the National Labor Board is probably out of the picture as a determining factor in the Administration's labor policy. It not only suffered a tremendous loss in prestige when General Johnson lifted the automobile controversy out of its lap, but it saw its principles pass away in a puff of wind when the settlement was announced. The procedure of the National Labor Board, as of the regional boards, in any dispute over representation between company and trade unions has been to order a referendum to establish the basis for majority rule. Its most famous battles have been fought on the election issue. Indeed, the board had been authorized on February 1, by executive order of the President, to hold such elections whenever in its opinion a substantial number of employees wanted them. Perhaps the board forgot to remind the President, as he wrestled with the National Automobile Chamber of Commerce and the United Automobile Workers, that he had issued such an order only about six weeks before. Certainly, the final agreement, substituting for elections the comparison of union lists with pay rolls, was a repudiation of the procedure developed by the National Labor Board.

As for Senator Wagner's contemplated Labor Disputes Act, it will probably not survive the shock of the automobile settlement. The bill was intended if not to outlaw the company union at least to inhibit every practice by which employers breathe life into company unions and cause them to flourish. When the Administration implicitly recognized the company union, the foes of the bill—the National Association of Manufacturers, the United States Chamber of Commerce, the Iron and Steel Institute, the National Automobile Chamber of Commerce—advanced to the attack with redoubled vigor and venom. Senator Wagner, who, if he is a friend of labor, is also a staunch supporter of the President, began to back water and proposed amendments which would vitiate the original objectives of the bill. If these changes are actually introduced, the A. F. of L. will oppose the enactment of the bill, and for once the minds of Mr. Emery and Mr. Green will meet in distrust of the same measure.

The automobile settlement has created a deep unsettlement in the whole field of labor relations and brought increased confusion of interests and efforts. Powerful forces are pressing toward conflicting solutions, and only the next months can show whether the President's compromise will result in a reactionary swing to the right or a new alignment on the left.

Demos in Distress

ACCORDING to prevailing opinion, the action of Congress in passing the Independent Offices Appropriation bill over the President's veto is the most serious blow dealt thus far to Mr. Roosevelt's prestige and leadership. In our own judgment, the blow which Mr. Roosevelt dealt himself in his settlement of the automobile dispute was much more severe, partly because it was self-inflicted—and thus morally as well as physically damaging—but also because it will have a more irremediable effect upon the President's future. The decision in the automobile dispute was an expression of the President's own labor policy. It marks a sharp turn to the right.

On the other hand, the President can and probably will retrieve to a large extent the leadership which he has temporarily lost in Congress. If he proceeds with his customary vigor, he may even succeed in making Congress look rather foolish, and that in the face of the elections impending in the autumn. Congressional leaders naturally take the hopeful attitude that the \$228,000,000 added to the budget by their action can be produced by the flourish of a magic wand and that new taxes will not have to be imposed this year. We shall be sorry if the President is persuaded to accept this view. From the fiscal as well as the political standpoint, he ought to demand new taxes at once and let Congress wrestle with the problem while the reason for the necessity for such action is still fresh in the public memory. In other words, Mr. Roosevelt's strategy should be not only to let Congress stew in its own fat but to stoke the fire while the public is still standing by.

The worst aspect of the Congressional action is not the extra sum that has been added to the budget but the abandonment of a reasonably fair policy toward our war veterans in favor of a dishonest dole to a particular group because of its real or fancied power at the polls. *The Nation* has always advocated generous treatment for those who contracted disabilities or disease while doing military service, but there is no more justice in expenditures for war veterans as a class than for Seventh Day Adventists or six-day bicycle riders. At a time when the country is desperately put to it to feed the unemployed and ease the burden of farmers and others struggling under oppressive debts, Congress has voted a hand-out not to the needy but to a group represented by a politically powerful lobby. It is another indication of what all previous history has taught, that the men who in theory go out to defend their country return to loot it and put it under a financial vassalage more severe than any the alleged enemy would have been able to impose. The way in which legislators in democracies repeatedly knuckle under to strong minority groups of voters is one of the most discouraging features of the system. Advocates of communism or fascism

could hardly have a better argument put in their mouths to prove one of the essential weaknesses of democratic government than that afforded by the action of Congress in giving in to the demands of the American Legion.

In comparison with the action in regard to war veterans the restoration of pay cuts to federal employees was of small consequence, although we believe it to have been unjustified. Federal employees have probably suffered less than any other considerable class during the depression years. With the exception of some ill-advised reductions in the departments last year, federal employees have not in general been laid off or put on part time. A temporary reduction of their pay by 15 per cent was trifling by comparison with the losses which most others sustained. For the country in general factory pay rolls in March, 1933, showed a shrinkage of 67 per cent from those of 1926, and in January of this year of 51 per cent. At the same time, the Congressional action in regard to federal employees could in some degree be described as restitution. It was not a plain case of robbing the public till in order to strengthen Congressional political fences, as was the action in regard to war veterans. Besides, the restoration of pay cuts to federal employees will not be a cumulative drain on the public purse as in the other case. It may even have a good effect, indirectly, in tending to turn the Administration away from its cheese-paring tactics in connection with the federal departments. Postmaster-General Farley, at least, needs to be reminded that charity begins at home, and that the best way in which he can help to bring recovery to the country in general is by establishing decent working and living conditions for postal employees.

Fascism in Africa?

AN unusual political situation has developed in the Union of South Africa, in which some observers see the beginnings of fascism. An alliance was made a year ago between the two chief parties—the Nationalists, or Dutch-speaking South Africans, and the South African Party, mainly English-speaking persons. The only substantial opposition left is a handful of irreconcilable Nationalists and one or two derelict Laborites. This means, in practical effect, a Cabinet dictatorship and the disappearance of any machinery for airing the grievances of minorities, such as the Jews, or of oppressed and unrepresented majorities, such as the non-whites—native, colored, Malay, Indian. The way is thus left open for some form of fascist government, a development which would be immediately popular with a large proportion of the white population. The non-whites would not be consulted; their number, in fact, explains why some sort of dictatorship with a military flavor would be generally welcomed.

Mr. Pirow, the Minister of Justice, an outspoken admirer of the Hitler regime, in a recent public speech put the matter with point and directness.

Our national destiny as I see it [he said] is positively terrifying in its scope and responsibility. It is nothing less than that our country must be the rallying-point of white civilization throughout South Africa and, possibly, for the whole of the African continent. . . . As time goes on, our chances of outside assistance will decrease until we shall

carry the whole responsibility and face the whole menace of between 100,000,000 and 200,000,000 people who, in essentials, will be as different from us then as they are today; and the necessity of special training to meet that emergency becomes obvious. . . . There are even people who see us as a last outpost of Western civilization, battling against impossible odds while Europe and America sink away into the twilight of their decline. Be that as it may, even the immediate problems will call for the stiffening of our national fiber by means of proper discipline for the individual and nation. That discipline, of course, must be instilled into the growing generation. Compulsory military training for a year or two would be the best way to achieve this result.

National fiber in South Africa means, of course, white fiber. The Minister's intention is crystal-clear, and he commands a large following in the country. He has already taken a step toward the attainment of his ideal by enrolling regiments of unemployed men in each province, who are to be fed and paid while they undergo a military training.

Psychologically, the ground has long been prepared for Hitlerism. The passionate belief in the sacredness of the purity of the Aryan race needs little propaganda in a country which makes cohabitation between white and black a penal offense and in which the Dutch Reformed church, the most influential in the country, lays down as a tenet that there shall be "no equality between black and white in church or state." The concomitant belief, that those who are not Aryans are of a fundamentally inferior order of humanity, has also been for long a national axiom, with results, perpetually occurring, that read like episodes from the "Brown Book."

A young farmer recently tied the hands and feet of his native farm hand and beat him for disobedience until he died screaming. Another fired on and killed a little native girl who was eating mealies (corn) on his land. He said in court that he meant only to "stop her running away," and received a suspended sentence. A native speaker at a Communist open-air meeting was subjected to a rain of orange peels, empty cigarette boxes, and eggs, and when that was not efficacious in stopping him, he was set upon by white onlookers, tripped up, and then severely kicked as he lay on the ground. A native who dared to ask his employer for two months' overdue wages was struck with a sjambok until he ran away, and was then pursued on horseback by his infuriated employer, who dragged him home by a riem, or untanned rein, fastened around his neck, the horse cantering all the way, then tied him by a chain to a cartwheel, and beat him at intervals till sundown, three times with the sjambok and twice with a leather belt. The employer was fined three pounds.

There is even, in the case of the "backveldt" Dutch, those of the more remote districts, a certain similarity between their Protestantism and that of the new Germany. In their belief it was the Boers whom God chose, not the Jews. They know also that He ordained that the black should serve the white, and that the Jews should suffer for their two-thousand-year-old mistake. They are adept at quoting His word, which says so. There seems to be some evidence also of the beginning of an anti-Semitic drive. Immigrant shopkeepers in the slum areas of the cities have received threatening letters decorated with swastikas, while persons using the public libraries are writing anti-Semitic sentiments in the books.

The Gentle Puritans

ONE hardly expects to find a defense of Puritan morality in the *American Spectator*, but the current issue contains one from the pen of Gustavus Myers, who studies the Fathers when he is not studying the capitalists. Discussing the vulgar belief that the early New Englanders either executed female adulterers or condemned them to wear scarlet A's, his conclusions seem to be summarizable as follows: (a) They didn't do it. (b) It was a good thing they did. (c) The Quakers were even worse.

Mr. Myers seems to have been moved in the first instance by the production of the opera "Merry Mount," which is based upon the assumption that the Puritans were led, via Freudian channels, to compensate for their sex repressions by indulgence in sadistic perversions. Mr. Myers lays the blame for this vulgar opinion on Nathaniel Hawthorne, who ought to have known better, and then proceeds to examine the record. In the first place, only the "sex morbidity of these, our own times" can be responsible for the effort to see in the Puritan procedure any pathological element, and there were good sound reasons for protecting by stringent laws those persons whose wives or husbands had remained in England. In the second place, punishment was much less common than is usually supposed. In the Massachusetts Bay Colony there is not a single record of the scarlet letter being imposed, although drunkards were compelled to wear a D and fornicators, either male or female, had "great letters" placed upon their hats. The scarlet letter found a place only in the *mores* of the Plymouth Colony, and the symbol was not A but AD. Moreover, there were only two cases where it was imposed. One of these was when Mary Mendame of Duxbarrow was convicted of misconduct with an Indian. The other was when, on December 7, 1641, Alice Linceford and Thomas Bray of Yarmouth received this mild sentence: "They shall both be severely whipped immediately at the public post, and they shall wear (whilst they remain in the government) two letters, viz., AD, for Adulterers, daily upon the outside of their uppermost garment, in a most eminent place thereof." If found without the letters they were to be "openly whipped at Yarmouth as often as the officials there requested." One other case doesn't really count because the letter imposed was not an A but a B.

As for the death penalty, it was ordered only twice in the Massachusetts Colony, the woman being let off in the first case and both the man and the woman being executed in the second. On the other hand, the allegedly gentle Quakers of Pennsylvania adopted, as late as 1700, an anti-adultery law which made the earlier Puritan statutes seem "the essence of mildness." For the first two offenses it imposed lashing and imprisonment; for the third, more lashing and imprisonment plus the branding of an A on the forehead.

Mr. Myers is an excellent scholar, but we must confess that he has only succeeded in reconciling us somewhat to the "sex morbidity of these, our own times." His argument reminds us too much of those who protest so violently whenever the Puritans are accused of burning witches. Of course they did no such thing. Those convicted of having made pacts with the devil were merely hung or pressed to death by a slow and easy process.

Issues and Men

Western Melange

DAYS and days of travel. Unending miles through a country standing just as it was when in full career it was suddenly nipped by the chilling frost of economic depression. The star of empire not taking its way West—or anywhere else. Great cities admitting that their latest censuses show a decrease. Barren stretches of sagebrush and gray earth, seeming more forlorn than ever in their winter dulness. Small towns looking seedy and unkempt, with the usual disfiguring, abandoned automobiles carefully placed so as to meet the eye of the traveler first of all. Cities that were dependent upon the lumber trade, like those of Puget Sound, still in the slough of despond, waiting and waiting for somebody, anybody, to build a house again. Rich men owning valuable waterfront properties and fine office buildings reduced to insolvency, yes, to actual poverty.

Railroads sinking back a little after picking up; passenger traffic dull; ten passengers in all the sleepers of an eleven-car transcontinental train. Trucks, no end, delivering cattle to stockyards where they formerly came by train. No sign of any railroad enterprise or effort to rewin lost traffic except the much-exploited streamline train of the Union Pacific. Great excitement in a smoking compartment at the sight of a fifty-car freight train. Most of the talk about aviation. "That's the way we're going to travel in the future, sir. And the President hadn't ought to have taken those air-mail contracts away without giving those chaps a hearing, even if they *was* guilty." Dining-car conductor says he can't see any improvement anywhere. Believe it or not, when the train arrives at Pocatello, Idaho, he goes to the newsstand and buys a copy of *The Nation* for solace. Pocatello still shivering after two earthquakes that morning and wondering whether it can use any of its schools again until they are rebuilt.

Some cities hopelessly stupid about caring for their unemployed, one giving canned goods to the hungry when the nearby rivers were full of heads of lettuce, not quite good enough to ship East but good enough to eat; nearby fields full last summer of magnificent berries never picked and free to anyone who would take the trouble to gather them and cart them away. Public officials who say frankly, "This town could not have lived without federal aid, and we don't know what we will do if the CWA shuts down." Everywhere anxiety about the rebellious spirit of the CWA workers in the face of their threatened disbandment; everywhere worth-while CWA projects, especially in Omaha where the mayor is a trained civil engineer. Everywhere complete confidence that if the man in the White House has a little more time he will work it all out. If the President does not work it out? "Well, then, it kinda looks as if the times *would* be hard." Nowhere clear light as to whether such improvement as is reported is spontaneous recovery or wholly due to government money. No sign of a third-party movement; hardly any thought of such a thing. The people for the President; those newspapers supporting him wholeheartedly increasing their circulations to record-breaking

heights; those knifing him and the NRA losing ground.

Everywhere greater interest in public affairs. Audiences that three years ago would not have received an editor of *The Nation* applaud this one enthusiastically when he praises the New Deal—even with limitations to the praise. Youth catching fire; spontaneous youth movements in Seattle and Kansas City; oldest man in the Seattle movement twenty-six years old. Students thronging to lectures on public questions, eager to know which way the country is headed, whether there is any prospect of jobs for them, of usefulness. Not going to be patient always, but marvelously philosophic now.

Newspapermen and editors eager for reports of what you have seen; many in revolt against the insincerity of the support of NRA and F. D. R. by the proprietors they serve. "Could you spare time to talk over our situation? We've got control of a liberal paper in a cesspool of corruption. What can a liberal daily do now?" Reporters grinning with joy when their reactionary employers are flayed in public: "Thank you, sir. Thanks a lot. That sounds good to us." Governors of beet-sugar States meeting among Mormon saints (Senator Smoot variety) to fight the battle for beet-sugar producers; worst tariff graft in America; governors are apparently hired men doing the producers' bidding; the industry can't stand on its feet; run by Mexican laborers, underpaid and under age, objects of charity in winter; Denver *Post* worst paper in the West, maligning Senator Costigan for fighting for the United States with F. D. R. instead of for the beet-sugar monopolies.

Everywhere big business girding for battle. "Three cheers for General Motors. That's the way to talk. We'll tell them where to get off. Labor isn't going to run this country—not by a long shot. Sure, we signed the code but our fingers were crossed. We aren't going to Washington to get our orders and we aren't going to submit our case to any labor board packed by our enemies. Neither the President nor General Johnson is going to get away with it." Factories shutting down—what a surprise—whenever men begin to organize or submit demands. Labor beginning to realize that it never had such a chance, but that it's got to fight to get what the government says that it has.

Marvelous weather; no rain in Oregon; no snow in Washington; best winter in history; "Now, California, you can't beat our sun!" Cattlemen worried for fear of a drought; seventy-five degrees in Portland on the eleventh of March. Mount Rainier rising in glorious majesty, wondering what it's all about, why the ants at its base scurry hither and yon, so excited, so distraught. The United States from a car window, year of our Lord 1934, in the reign of F. D. R. year the second!

Donald Garrison Kelland

Labor Faces the Company Union

By KARL LORE

COMPANY unionism, always dangerous to the American labor movement, has been brought sharply forward as a major issue by the events of the past few weeks. The agreement between the American Federation of Labor and the chiefs of the automobile industry in regard to organization policies has had the effect of legalizing the company union and has done more to weaken labor's fight against these employers than anything else that has happened since the passage of the Recovery Act. The compromise has certainly not settled the issue in the automobile plants. Sooner or later labor will have to rally its forces again and fight or be crushed. In the steel mills the establishment of company unions by the employer-dominated elections of the United States Steel Corporation has brought the workers, already enraged at the Weirton betrayal, to the boiling-point. At the same time the owners of industry are marshaling all their forces to defeat the Wagner bill, although it places all power in the hands of a Labor Board on which labor has only two of seven places, and even opens the door to a much more extensive use of company unionism.

How much effect the Wagner bill would have, if passed, is doubtful. The appointment of Arthur Young, former head of the Industrial Relations Counselors and one of the slickest "industrial welfare" experts in the country, as vice-president of the Steel Corporation in charge of industrial relations signifies war to the death against outside unionism. The recent statement of the Loyal Legion of Loggers and Lumbermen, company union of the great lumber firms, that its members will receive preference in employment, promotion, and retention on the job is another indication of industry's determination to beat down bona fide organization by hook or crook. It is no exaggeration to say that the fate of American labor will depend in large measure upon the outcome of the struggle between the free and the company union.

The extent of the recent development of the company-union plan is reflected in a study by the National Industrial Conference Board, an employers' statistical organization, which reports that such "employee representation" plans have increased 180 per cent since the enactment of the National Recovery Act, while the number of trade-union agreements has risen only 75 per cent. It further reports that of 3,314 companies employing 2,585,000 workers, 45 per cent have company unions, while only 9.5 per cent recognize legitimate organizations. And even though the Industrial Conference Board left out of its compilation such strongly unionized industries as railroads and the printing, building, and clothing trades, it records a widespread crystallization in the unorganized industries which goes a long way toward explaining the comparative lack of success that the unions have had there.

Company unions, organizations built by the initiative of the employer in order to channel away the discontent of his employees and to neutralize their desire for real labor organization, first came into extensive use after the war. By 1926 432 companies with 1,400,000 workers had installed such systems. The trade-union movement became alarmed. In

his study of the problem Robert W. Dunn points out:

The great Passaic strike of 1926 was essentially a strike against the company union. The organization of the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters was primarily a defensive action against the company union of the Pullman Company. The most important issue before the convention of the American Federation of Labor in 1926 was the company union. For the first time in its history the federation voted to assess its constituent unions for funds to carry on the battle against this major menace to the trade-union movement.

With the coming of the depression the company-union movement waned. The lines at the employment offices gave industry a whiphand over workers too stunned by the suddenness of the crash to think of fighting. Besides, properly functioning representation plans are expensive affairs. Banquets for the representatives to keep them in the right frame of mind, company-subsidized sports and social activities were vexing charges to executives trying to make every penny count. One of the large independent steel companies in eastern Ohio held no election of employee representatives from early in 1930 until late in 1933, when outside unionism began to make inroads, although the constitution of the plan orders annual elections. The company estimated that it would cost \$10,000 to run the election properly and was unwilling to pay it to keep up the fiction of workers' rights.

Now, however, company unionism has again become a trump card in the hands of industry, and industry is playing it with all the shrewdness and skill at its command. Lamot du Pont's explanation of the employee-representation plan of E. I. du Pont de Nemours and Company is typical:

This plan [he stated recently] gives the employees the advantages of a union in that they are given the opportunity to meet with the management through their representatives and discuss matters of mutual interest. The plan is in no sense a labor union. It is designed to prevent strife, compulsion, and selfishness on the part of either employer or employee. . . . No dues are required and no expense to the employee is involved.

Eugene Grace of Bethlehem Steel, arguing in favor of the plan used by his company, says that of the 5,918 cases brought up during the fifteen years of its existence, 3,932 have been decided in favor of the employees, while the remainder were either negative, withdrawn, or compromised. In practice, however, this has meant that the company has been willing to concede the many small cases which arose, while it has either refused to discuss or vetoed demands which had a significant influence on wages or working conditions in the few instances in which representatives were undiplomatic enough to bring up such unpleasant questions. By a significant coincidence the company unions in the packing houses of Swift, Wilson, and Armour announced that they had won a 10 per cent wage increase just when things were getting uncomfortable for the meat monarchs. "Officials of the company hoped that the pay increase would end strike talk," confessed the labor-hating Chicago *Tribune*.

The all too justifiable charges of corruption and racketeering in the American labor movement, the stories of gangsterism and the crushing of democratic rights in the organizations of labor, have given industry another powerful weapon in its fight against unionism, a weapon it has used to the utmost in persuading thousands of workers to accept the soft soap of company unionism.

In many cases it has not been easy to put over these plans. In a good many others the revolt of the workers has completely smashed the attempt. Labor, given half a chance, wants real organization. The National Labor Board has announced that bona fide unions have won 70 per cent of the 142 elections it has supervised. Philadelphia's bitterly fought taxicab strike broke out when the employers tried to foist a company union on the drivers. Other important strikes—that against the Budd Company in Philadelphia, the Weirton Steel fight in West Virginia, and the "captive mine" struggles in western Pennsylvania—had the same cause. Company-supervised elections held in the power houses and offices of the New York Edison system showed great sentiment against the company union—set up at an expense of \$100,000 according to the independent Brotherhood of Utility Workers—even though the men had to sign their names to the ballots. Andy Mellon's ungrateful employees in the Aluminum Company of America turned down the company union. Workers of the West Virginia Pulp and Paper Company ousted the plan used in the company's large Covington, Virginia, mill, while in Carnegie, Pennsylvania, employees of Superior Steel registered a vote of 973 to 81 for genuine unionism.

On the railroads the company unions have been more successfully eliminated than in any other industry. Helped by a ruling of Joseph B. Eastman, Federal Coordinator, that company unionism on the railroads is contrary to the provisions of the Emergency Railroad Transportation Act, smashing victories have been won by shopmen on many roads and by the Brotherhood of Railway Clerks on half a dozen company-union roads. The Railway Carmen have been organizing new locals on company-union roads at the rate of one a day ever since July, 1933. Even here, however, the issue is not yet settled. *Labor*, the organ of the railroad labor organizations, asserts that the Pennsylvania Railroad is taking steps in its Altoona shops—the largest rail repair shop in the world—to adjust itself to the new situation. *Labor* says:

An investigation shows that the company, working under cover, of course, is merely changing a little the outward appearance of its company union. In an attempt to disguise it, a new name will be adopted. The constitution and by-laws will no longer openly bear the approving signature of company officials. The railroad books will not show that it is bearing the entire expense of the company union and paying the salary of the general chairman.

But it will be the same old fake organization that has functioned for the bosses all these years. The same hand-picked "general chairman" and "committeemen" who have served as stage dressing for the company union are the ones who now ostensibly are the promoters of the "new" organization. The same coercive tactics by which the old organization was founded and maintained are now being used to herd employees into the 1934 model. To give the new organization the appearance of being a voluntary one an attempt is being made to bludgeon employees into paying monthly dues.

The Pullman Company has not seen the error of its ways either, according to the Sleeping Car Porters' Union, which claims that the company is discharging porters and maids who join the labor organization in opposition to the company union.

In many cases labor has been able to convert the company unions into boomerangs for the boss. An amusing case of this sort arose when the Lake Carriers' Association—largely controlled by the steel trust and the dominating factor in shipping on the Great Lakes—tried recently to put over a representation plan on its workers. The delegates were elected under company auspices and were paid \$5 a day by the company in addition to railroad fare and expenses of \$10 a day. To make matters doubly safe, a number of men were carefully coached in advance on how to run the affair. To no avail. The assembled delegates voted drastic demands with respect to wages, hours, and working conditions. George Marr, vice-president and secretary of the L. C. A., was even refused the floor at the session of the Marine Firemen and Oilers. Worst of all, it was resolved that "if the executive committee shall be unable to come to terms with the Lake Carriers' Association, it is hereby instructed to turn its authority over to the officials of the International Seamen's Union [A. F. of L.]" This game can be played both ways, of course. The chairman and secretary of a textile workers' local in eastern Pennsylvania are company officials.

The outcome of the struggle for free unionism rests very largely in the hands of the trade-union movement itself. To a considerable extent organized labor in America has played into the hands of the boss. By soft-pedaling the fighting character of its organizations it has made regular unionism indistinguishable from the company plans which talk about "cooperation, mutual interest, and recognition that industrial success means the success of both employer and employee." This conception has so poisoned the labor movement that an official representative of the A. F. of L. Union of Retail Clerks could consider it quite consistent with the principles of unionism to make an agreement with a professional organizer authorizing him to form company unions in the chain stores. *Labor Action*, the organ of the American Workers' Party, voiced the attitude of radical unionists with respect to this incident:

Crazy as this sounds, it is after all a natural development of certain tendencies in the A. F. of L. Its leaders from William Green down have talked long and hard about the common interests of employers and employees, of unions cooperating with employers, of peace in industry. Talking against company unions, they have tended to develop unions that functioned about as company unions would. This idea is the class-collaboration idea carried to its legitimate, albeit absurd, conclusion.

Labor organizations charge high dues. In company unions "all costs are born by the management." Labor still clings to the old craft unions in spite of the evident desire of the workers for the industrial form of organization. Company unions are industrially constructed. The officers of the armies of labor have no faith in one another and the ranks are divided by jealousies, jurisdictional disputes, and the game of old party politics. Industry commands a closely knit, well-coordinated machinery of war. Officers of the Amalgamated Association of Iron, Steel, and Tin Workers

found that the employee-representation plans of more than a hundred steel plants were practically identical in wording and that many of them were exactly alike in printing and binding.

American workers have shown their desire for organization in unmistakable terms. Flocking into the unions, many of them have experienced for the first time the meaning of labor solidarity. Some joined with lingering fears. Only a person who has worked in a great basic industry knows how the inglorious record of craft unionism has permeated the mass of the workers. Now, in the surge and sweep of a great labor revival, thousands are signing up. They

have fought hard and willingly, these new recruits, and they will continue to do so if they find in the labor movement what they wanted when they first made out their application cards. If the labor unions want to hold the allegiance of these new forces and gain that of the millions of the unorganized, they must undertake seriously the job of making themselves clean, militant instruments, based on the industrial form of organization, for fighting the battles of the workers. Failure to do this means inevitably the strengthening of the company-union forces and the growth of the fascist conception of "coordinated" labor which company unionism exemplifies.

Why the Housing Program Failed

By ALBERT MAYER

LET no one question the accuracy of this title. The housing program is dead, and will stay dead until it is revived on an entirely different basis. Consider the statistics as an index of failure. The Housing Division of the Public Works Administration was organized in July, 1933. Since that time it has actually granted a net amount of about \$25,000,000 for some thirteen projects, after rescinding for various specific reasons additional preliminary allocations. Even if the remainder of the whole available sum of \$150,000,000 finally filters into construction, it will have dribbled out over so long a time that its significance will be lost.

I wish I could say I was clever enough to foresee failure from the start, as some of my friends did. Though I did not feel by any means that the housing millennium had come when provision for some housing was included in the Public Works Relief Act, I did hope that enough well-conceived projects would be built promptly in various sections of the country to serve as guides and stimuli for a real program. I am now convinced, in spite of the periodic announcements of \$100,000,000 corporations and other fanfare, that not even this can happen under the present set-up.

Why this dire failure? Let me say at the outset that I do not consider it a question of personnel. I think the direction of the Housing Division is in the hands of as good men as could be found. The cause of failure is far deeper than that. The cause of failure was inherent in the very terms on which housing was included in the government's program. It was allowed in the Public Works Act as a minor instrument of recovery, not quite on a par with post offices and sewage-disposal plants. Housing got in by the back door; the people who count in Washington never thought of it as a burning social issue, as the only means for rescuing our decaying cities, as a major instrument in the New Deal. If it had been considered, as it should have been, on a par with farm relief, with the NRA, if it had had behind it the determined pressure of the Administration, it would have advanced irresistibly. But since it was held to be only one of many means for meeting the unemployment emergency, and since it is inherently too complicated and difficult an undertaking to be an instrument of emergency employment, the people who count got disgusted with it, thought it wasn't worth battling for against the opposition

of the vested interests. As a result, housing policies were arbitrarily changed from time to time, practically nothing was accomplished, and the whole housing movement is in danger of being discredited. A symptom of this is that the big funds, which should have been devoted to a coordinated program of housing and city replanning, are now being announced for use chiefly in home renovation! This is defensible as a sort of CWA-hurry-up method for spending money in construction, but it must not be allowed to become the beginning of a resuscitation of speculative building enterprise, carried on by the old gang and with the methods and outlook of the building and loan associations.

Who really cares about housing? The most interested are a few architects and city planners who have spent their lives at it and really understand it, but who have never acquired the technique of popularizing it. The social workers care about it passionately but do not understand it, and their insistence on slum clearance, the least important and least feasible part of a comprehensive housing program, has hindered the development of a real program. They have even made slum clearance itself more difficult by encouraging the owners of slum property. There is no other support for housing beyond the lip service of public officials and public speakers. The slum dwellers themselves, the victims of our shocking housing, make no demands. How could they? They don't know what good housing is, for they have not traveled in Germany and Holland and England. If their wages are cut or they are unemployed, they are aroused because they have no food or no clothes or because their furniture is removed, but they never have had decent housing—so how can they miss it?

Let us examine the effect of this indifference on the activities of the Housing Division. Robert D. Kohn, the director, originally laid down his own excellent terms. Speculative land values were to be ignored, and realistic land values, based on the use of land for low-rental purposes, were to be the only criterion of value. Sensible provision for population densities was to control, and if the owners of slum property would not meet the needs of the situation they were to be ignored until they did. The essence of the program was to provide decent houses for people and to rehabilitate our cities socially and financially. The terms were accepted, but the authorities certainly did not understand the implications and

did not particularly care. So little was the problem understood that the Housing Director was never able to get anything like a sufficient personnel either to carry on the routine of his office adequately or to do the necessary educational work in the country, and his policies were never backed up. Nothing happened. The social workers became aroused and clamored for slum clearance. In this they were vociferously supported by organizations of slum-property owners. As a result of the clamor the director was suddenly forced to accept slum clearance as his objective.

I have often thought the director of the Housing Division should have resigned as a protest against understaffing, against arbitrary, silly changes in policy, and against a state of affairs in which nobody takes the time to see what it is all about. But on reflection I feel that such a gesture would have accomplished nothing. As his superiors do not understand the issues involved, it would have been interpreted purely as an expression of personal discontent and disappointment, and someone inferior to him would have been appointed, quite as a matter of routine.

No, we have to start again. We have to convince people generally, and the important figures in the national Administration and in the municipal administrations in particular, that a good housing program is a major instrument in our social and economic salvation. We have to educate our social workers to understand that slums are only symptoms, and that in their indiscriminate and passionate demand for slum clearance they are just as ill-advised as a doctor who would treat symptoms instead of causes; that their obdurate insistence on immediate samples of slum clearance makes real slum clearance impossible. We have to show them that rehousing must precede slum clearance, that slum prevention is the vital thing; we have to show them that decentralization of our city populations and the persistence and growth of slums are only aspects of the same essential disease and decay, and that European cities which have been clearing slums for fifty years are farther behind than ever because new slums have developed faster than old slums could be cleared. We have to show our city officials that cutting pay rolls and throwing out superfluous officials are only superficial, relatively negligible methods of restoring city finances; that the really effective way is to rehouse and replan our cities. Thus remade into healthy organisms, they would not, as happens today, lose population year after year to essentially unattractive suburbs, desirable only as compared with our impossible cities and themselves already showing signs of decay with accompanying slums. City officials and others have got to understand that this is not a question of real estate but of people, and that people are refusing to remain in cities where living is conditioned by existing conceptions of real-estate values and speculative methods of development. Investors or speculators or mortgagees have made a wrong guess on real-estate values, just as we all did on stock values. There is nothing sacred about real estate. Unless we take a realistic view of it and act accordingly, the real values in our urban areas will decline still farther as people continue to move away—they were doing it for twenty years before the depression—and as industries move out after them. It is not a question of trying to bolster up obsolete values and an obsolete city pattern; it is a question of recognizing what has happened and trying to salvage what is left before it is too late to salvage anything.

That is what the housing question really involves, that is the real significance of the slum problem, and that is what we are hoping to achieve by a minor provision in the unemployment-relief act. Those are the premises on which we have got to start to educate the country. Whether or not we get a few more projects out of our present housing program, the important thing is to realize that it will not and cannot get us anywhere. We must have the courage to admit that the idea of bringing housing in at the back door was a ghastly mistake and to push forward afresh with a broadside attack on the whole question and its ramifications. The objection may be made that this will take too much time, that we want immediate results. The answer is that eight months have already been lost, and that much more time will be lost, during which the housing movement will become completely discredited, unless we proceed at once to reorient and revivify the whole movement.

Before indicating what we must now set out to accomplish, I would make a suggestion as to our attitude toward what remains of the present program. I have in various publications outlined in some detail how official bodies should use the small sums now contemplated so as to point the way to sensible and effective future procedure. My purpose in making such suggestions was to provide a criterion by which to measure the character of proposals and the execution of projects, and to provide a workable program that could be carried out at once, as contrasted with the hysterical pleas to build anything, anywhere, in any slum, so as not to lose the heaven-sent opportunity to get federal funds for housing. We must concern ourselves with the present program sufficiently to make sure that serious injury is not done to the housing movement of the future by mistakes made now. For it would be too ironical if the present meager program, which has so negligible a possibility for positive good, were to acquire a totally disproportionate ability to hamper or delay the start of real housing, or were to supply arguments to those who want to borrow funds to proceed with subdivisions and speculative building in the old haphazard way. This is particularly important because of the rapid formation of housing authorities, which, new to the job and generally with no technical training, are harassed by the clamor of neighborhood associations, social workers, real-estate interests, and various political groups, and which, under this pressure, will no doubt recommend some pretty sad schemes to Washington.

We must resist doing the kind of housing which is only mildly better than what we would replace just for the sake of putting it through with less opposition; we should oppose renovation schemes generally and new housing with too low minimum standards. Such housing is considered by its promoters as only a temporary immediate step, but experience teaches us that these temporary small steps become entrenched as our new standards for many years, that is, until the next reform wave has had time to develop. The mildly better form of project always accepts the existing physical pattern of streets, the existing lack of open spaces, and the inadequate community environment, contenting itself with snatching what it can and rebuilding houses here and there. It thus puts real money into these dead patterns and retards the important work of replanning communities in a saner way.

[A second article by Mr. Mayer containing plans for remedying the situation here described will appear next week.]

The Humiliation of India

By JAWAHARLAL NEHRU

Allahabad, India, February 10

THE Indian people have been stirred as seldom before by the tragedy of the earthquake in Behar and Nepal. For the relief of the sufferers from the earthquake the poorest, in spite of their dire poverty, and the lower middle class, which has suffered so much from the trade depression and unemployment, have given generously, perhaps more generously than the rich and the well-to-do. We have stood up bravely to face the unthinking cruelty of nature and have tried to fight it and lessen its tragic effects.

Nature is often pitiless and cruel. We feel helpless and bow to it, or we combat it and try to control it, according to our temperaments and the measure of strength and will within us. But there are other earthquakes which are not caused by unthinking nature but by thinking man. Human masses, when their lot becomes unbearable, rise up and smash the order that enslaves them. And there are political earthquakes when a government, fearful for its existence, loses all self-control, all sense of perspective, all dignity, and begins to behave as a mob that has no clear purpose except that of destruction and the desire to revenge itself on its adversaries. Fifteen years ago we saw such an eruption on the part of the government in the Punjab, and the world remembers Jallianwala Bagh and the crawling order and the many other ferocious accompaniments of martial law. Soon followed the era of the Black and Tans in Ireland, with its blood lust and reprisals. And now in parts of Bengal we see the Government in India again excelling itself in this manner. Chittagong and Midnapore, like Amritsar, have become black symbols of the working of imperialism and of the attempt to humiliate a great nation.

Do most of us realize, I sometimes wonder, the significance of what is happening in Midnapore and Chittagong? Or have our feelings been dulled and our sensibilities coarsened by the long and advancing tide of repression? The Great War with its bath of blood and its vast destruction of human life produced this result on the peoples of Europe. And it seems that some such process is at work in India today both among the rulers and the ruled. How else are we to explain these amazing occurrences in Bengal and the reactions of our people to them?

It is a strange record, worthy of preservation for an incredulous posterity. Because of the acts of certain individuals large military forces are brought from distant places; they occupy territories in a way no alien army occupies the enemy's land in war time. They treat almost the whole population as suspect and force even young boys and girls to go about with cards of identity of various hues with photographs attached. They limit the movements of the inhabitants and even lay down the dress that must be worn. They turn out people from their houses at a few hours' notice. They close schools and treat the children *en bloc* as enemy persons. Under various pains and penalties they force the people to welcome them publicly, and to salute the flag which has become the sign of humiliation to them. Those that disobey have to suffer heavily and to face reprisals.

Not satisfied with all this, the government interned for a week the whole of the youthful Hindu population of Chittagong. Trains and steamers and motor traffic were made to stop functioning for a period; law courts were closed for two days; and Chittagong was converted into a beleaguered city or a vast prison. The week passed by, and then for a large number of people the period of internment was extended to a month. Surely these wholesale orders affecting the entire population can only be matched in the annals of the Inquisition, when William of Orange stood up as the champion of his people's freedom and Alba invoked the Inquisition to pass sentence on a whole country.

All this has taken place, and yet the press hardly dares to speak above a whisper lest laws and ordinances encompass its ruin. If the press is largely a silent witness of these happenings, not so the high officials who wield for a day the wand of power. Often enough we have admonitions and threats from them of a still more terrible future, of the new weapons that are continually being forged to suppress a hapless population. One of the most notable performances of this kind was the recent speech of the Commissioner of Midnapore, who unburdened himself at length and gave us a glimpse of his and his government's mind. He told us more of the way despotic governments function than all the professors and textbooks could have done. I ventured to suggest in Calcutta that this speech of the commissioner's should be widely distributed in pamphlet form so that people might know to what depths of vulgarity and bluster even a seemingly powerful government can sink when it has lost all moral hold on the people it governs.

But all this has not been enough. Now we are told of new laws extending the penalty of death for certain offenses under the Indian Arms Act (apparently for carrying arms without a license), and still further muzzling the press, so that Indian papers cannot publish anything which has not the approval of the local government. There must be no expression of undue concern or sympathy for prisoners in detention camps or for convicts in the Andaman Islands. We may not show that it matters to us whether they live or die, whether they are ill or well, whether they are treated decently or inhumanly. They have been hunted down and cast out of the human pale, and human considerations must not apply to such castaways.

We have been long used to the proscription of certain books. But that was not enough. In future not merely individual books but whole "classes of literature," specified by the government, are to be proscribed. Why take the trouble to read and judge a book when it is easier to condemn whole groups and classes of literature? The next step presumably will be to attack the root of the problem by declaring that all reading of books and newspapers, except those produced through government agencies, is illegal.

Determined to improve the morals of our youths, the government wants to arm its district magistrates with still wider powers to control and restrict the movements of young persons, even though such persons have done nothing to bring

them in touch with the wide-flung net of the laws and ordinances. So the district magistrate must be empowered to take action as soon as he suspects that someone may be keeping bad company. Here the government has to face a difficult problem. To send them to jail or to intern them is the obvious way to treat those who are suspected. But they become worse in jail through their association with other undesirables, and to let them loose on society when they come out of prison would obviously be a risky business. Therefore the safest place for them is the prison or the detention camp; at any rate their movements should be severely restricted.

Breaches of various orders apparently continue even though the penalty is two years' imprisonment. What can a government do except to increase the penalty? And so the proposed legislation increases the two years to seven years. Finally, the temporary repressive laws which were due to expire in 1935 are to be made permanent. This will no doubt be some consolation to those who grumble about the delay in the coming of the "reforms." They will realize that the reforms are coming, if they have not already arrived.

There seems to be just one lacuna in these schemes of reform. It is possible that some people may be left out in

spite of all the careful thought that has been given to the framing of the existing and the proposed legislation. Instead of a variety of laws and ordinances and orders and rules, it would be simpler to have one comprehensive enactment laying down that every Indian must consider himself in prison (C class); that all schools and colleges are abolished, all newspapers and books suppressed; that every morning we must all salute the Union Jack; that there must be divine service twice a day consisting of the singing of the British national anthem; and that the afternoons may be profitably devoted to listening to an inspiring address on the virtues of British rule. This arrangement would have much to commend it. In these days of world-wide depression and unbalanced budgets much money would be saved by the stoppage of educational and other services and by the employment of labor by the government without pay. Many offices could also be combined in single individuals. Thus the district magistrate could also become the prison superintendent for the whole district.

Are we drifting to this? And is it not a mockery for us to talk of constitutions and all-parties conferences and reforms and elections and the like when this grim tragedy faces us?

Europe Moves Toward War

V. The Mechanics of Nationalism

By JOHANNES STEEL

IF war were to break out today in Europe, it would not come as a surprise to anyone. This fact is of the most profound importance. It illustrates the interest in preparedness for war of the peoples of Europe as well as the war psychology now prevalent among them. Any war in Europe today would be simply the armed expression of the silent and bitter economic war that has been going on for the last ten years. This war has manifested itself in tariff barriers, inflated currencies, government subsidies to national industries and commerce. It has been waged with the same savagery and ruthlessness as the World War, and it has accomplished as little.

One glance at the map of Europe will show us immediately the discrepancy between the national borders and the economic constitution of all nations of the Continent. The makers of the treaties of St. Germain, the Trianon, and Versailles were simply not concerned with the economic potentialities of the countries involved. This is true of all the arbitrary political settlements in post-war Europe. The politicians and statesmen responsible for these settlements were still thinking in terms of national politics. The result is Europe as we find it today, a disjointed and helpless mechanism against which most of the nations are in open revolt. In short, the political machinery and national boundaries in Europe have no relation to the organic economic potentialities and basic necessities of the European continent. The most tragic and striking example of this discrepancy is Austria. Seventy-five per cent of Austrian export trade goes to the succession states which were formerly Austrian but which

today have no influence whatsoever upon the political fate of Austria. That fate is determined by Italy, Germany, and to a lesser extent France, nations which cannot help Austria economically. Italy and Germany have a preponderating influence because they have strongly nationalist and anti-social governments. Dictatorships have never been able to consolidate themselves without embarking upon spectacular foreign political adventures, and it appears that the oldest lesson that history teaches us is about to be forcibly brought home to the peoples of Europe—namely, that a dictator must make war. This was true of Alexander the Great, Julius Caesar, Cromwell, Napoleon, and Gustav Adolf of Sweden, and will also be true of Mussolini and Hitler.

Just as Mussolini in order to remain popular has to "add continuously to the glory of Rome"—which he is doing by means to which I shall refer later in this article—Hitler can only consolidate his dictatorship by pursuing an aggressive foreign policy, which, according to the Minister for Propaganda, leads toward a Teutonic empire embracing all the German-speaking peoples of Europe. Today Hitler is facing a serious dilemma. The economic position of Germany generally and of the individual German has grown markedly worse during the past twelve months; it will soon become imperative for Hitler to divert the masses, who are certainly growing restive under the serious economic conditions brought on by the Nazi regime. The only way to distract attention from political and economic developments within Germany is to embark on foreign political adventures bringing "conquest and glory." Hence the violent efforts to

make Austria a Nazi state, hence the Nazi agents provocateurs stirring into revolt the German minorities in Czecho-Slovakia, hence the Nazi riots which took place this week in Esthonia and Latvia, hence the increased propaganda in Denmark, Holland, and the Saar. Soon the caldron will boil. And while Hitler is active in one direction, Mussolini is ostentatiously "consolidating Italy's domination of Austria," and sending General Garibaldi on a "good-will tour" through Arabia and the Near Eastern possessions of France. The Italian press hails Garibaldi as the "Italian Lawrence of Arabia," and at the same time the French press complains that the maneuvers conducted by Italo Balbo, the new Governor of Libya, can only be interpreted as unfriendly toward France.

All this should make it clear that the foreign policy of dictatorial governments must be one of aggression. Keeping this fundamental truth in mind we should now try to ascertain what social and other forces made these dictatorships possible and what interests are likely to profit most by their domestic and foreign policies.

Hitler, for example, in his ten-year fight for power, spent some hundred and fifty million dollars for propaganda. Now, by pursuing aggressive and nationalist policies, he is simply paying back to Thyssen, Krupp, and the German dye trust (poison-gas manufacturers) the financial assistance they accorded him in his earlier days; he is making these interests the sole beneficiaries of Germany's enormous new armament budget, both the open and the secret one. This, in turn, as a member of the French armament firm of Schneider-Creusot pointed out gleefully to this writer in January, 1932, "will not do the French armament budget any harm." That it is, furthermore, not disadvantageous to the English armament industry may be seen from the fact that the chairman of Vickers Armstrong, Sir Herbert Lawrence, admitted at the company's board meeting on March 25 last that Vickers had recently placed in several Berlin papers a number of full-page advertisements pointing out the potentialities of the new Vickers tank. The Czecho-Slovakian subsidiary of Schneider, the firm of Skoda, which, according to the statements made by Paul Fauré in the French Chamber on February 11, 1932, supported Hitler's election campaigns with great sums of money, has also profited greatly by this development. Newspapers controlled by Skoda have not only suggested a "Teutonic menace to the Balkans," but have also emphasized the "Italian danger" to the members of the Little Entente.

The extent to which armament and other industrial interests will go in order to corrupt and wreck democratic governments, foster nationalism, and create war scares is best seen from the record of M. Bruno Seletzki, Skoda representative in Rumania. Seletzki was arrested on March 25, 1933, because the Rumanian fiscal authorities had discovered that Skoda had fraudulently evaded the payment of 65,000,000 lei in taxes due in Rumania (100 lei equal approximately one dollar). The notebook found in possession of Seletzki when arrested contained the following items:

	lei
Tickets for a dance bought from Mrs. X, whose husband, Mr. X, is being used by us.....	100,000
Support of the Institute Z, whose director is related to persons of interest to us.....	500,000
September 16: In bar X with three guests.....	65,000

September 21: In the restaurant Y eight guests... and for Madame X, who was of use to us that night, as a small gift.....	42,000 25,000
October 2: Banquet for officials in connection with final balance.....	20,000
Banquet continued at bar X with eight guests....	68,000
Car given as present to "Polidor".....	260,000

There were many more similar items which proved that Seletzki had found it necessary to bribe certain persons in order to influence the Rumanian government to place armament contracts with Skoda. One telegram addressed to Skoda by Seletzki read: "Send check for 300,000,000 immediately; otherwise contracts and *treaties* in danger." Shortly after the arrest of Seletzki the liberal deputy Dr. Lupu made the following statement in the Rumanian Chamber: "To obtain an order of fifteen milliard lei, the Skoda works paid nearly four milliard in bribes—that is, almost 25 per cent—to members of the government." He added that "one Minister received 600,000,000 lei, another 400,000,000, a third 25,000,000, and finally a whole group received 700,000,000." Dr. Lupu was followed by M. Goga, a former Minister, who expressed himself as follows: "Armament firms have not only been guilty of bribery, but have also been active in fomenting war scares and in persuading their countries to adopt warlike policies and to increase their armaments." In order to give a concrete example, he showed that the panic which seized the public during the summer of 1930 as a result of a press campaign relative to the imminent Soviet invasion of Bessarabia was unwarranted and that this press campaign had been inspired by the Skoda Works and other international armament makers.

I could prolong these examples until they would fill a full-sized book, but I believe that these few are sufficient to show that, whether there is an *international* armament ring or not, armament makers have every reason to be pro-fascist and anti-democratic. Nor does this apply to armament makers alone but to all those industries which directly or indirectly supply armament makers with materials like steel, iron, coal, copper, nickel, nitrate, and even textiles. Producers are quite justified in believing that only war can restore the shattered markets, as long as Europe adheres to the present capitalist system.

Thus English aircraft makers are pleased with Lord Rothermere, when, in spite of the fact that he is pro-Nazi, he points out that England's air force must not be smaller than Germany's. The Imperial Chemical Industries sees to it that the *Times* "points out" ponderously that the *potentiel chimique* of Germany would allow that country to convert its chemical plants into factories which at a day's notice could begin the manufacture of a "thousand different" poison gases, and that England should not "neglect research." These reports in turn are picked up by the French nationalist press, largely controlled by the Comité des Forges. The press of the Little Entente takes its lead from the French press and with the customary exaggerations interprets the news from a "home angle." The press reports lead to violent, defiant speeches in the different parliaments, which the German press has a splendid opportunity to interpret as threats against "persecuted Germany," and as indicating the increasing armaments of the Allies. The French usually reply with scathing remarks about the well-known hypocrisy of Germany.

The result is a general atmosphere of distrust; everybody accuses everybody else, and nobody knows where the vicious circle has started. All the while international capitalism looks on complacently, knowing that as long as it can foster nationalism, fascism, and dictatorships, and thus divert the attention of the peoples of Europe from the real issues, there is no danger whatsoever of a social revolution.

[This is the last of five articles by Mr. Steel dealing with the effects of Nazi diplomacy on European political developments.]

In the Driftway

MORALISTS have remarked from time immemorial that men are victims of their habits. They seem less generally to have observed that men are also victims of other men's habits. The Drifter feels that he suffers as much from the second tendency as from the first. For some weeks he has been visiting every morning a certain cafeteria for a hot drink and a roll before beginning the herculean labors of his day. At first he drank coffee, but it disagreed with him. He then turned to tea, but it was made so badly that he gave it up. Thereupon he tried milk; it was too cold. He essayed chocolate; it was too sweet. Finally—having sampled every other liquid in the place except buttermilk—he ordered in desperation a cereal drink. Not because he liked it but because it was less distasteful than anything else, the Drifter continued to order this, and at the end of a week the waitress began to hand it to him as soon as he arrived at the counter, without waiting for him to speak. At the end of two weeks she began preparations when she saw the Drifter enter the front door and had the drink already waiting on the counter when he reached the spot. By that time the Drifter had begun to hate the stuff, but what was he to do? You can't tell a smiling and attractive waitress who has a steaming hot drink ready for you when you reach her counter to go to the devil and throw the insipid slop in the sink. At least the Drifter can't. So he continues to drink the stuff and probably will continue to until he bursts or the waitress gets married.

* * * * *

THE Drifter's dilemma is not unusual. He was discussing it with a friend lately, and the latter gave him little hope. "I was the victim of a circumstance like that for fourteen years," observed the friend cheerlessly. "On the menu of a restaurant which I liked and visited frequently I saw listed among the desserts one day baba au rhum, a French pastry which is not generally offered in this country. I ordered it, but the waitress returned with the information that no more babas were left. I showed too much disappointment, I suppose, because the waitress said right off that she would save a baba for me next time. She did. In fact she began saving one right along thereafter, and took so much pleasure in it that I didn't have the heart to tell her that I might occasionally prefer something else. I used to look at the dessert list and long for a piece of pie, some ice cream, or a taste of cheese, all to no avail. I used to go into the restaurant with my mind all made up to protest against my long slavery and demand a change of diet. But when I saw

the face of my waitress, beaming with happiness at having sequestered a baba for my delectation, my determination collapsed and my will became flabby as a yesterday's pancake. My release came only when at last the restaurant went bankrupt and I had to seek another eating-place."

* * * * *

BUT if occasionally one finds oneself in bondage to the habits of other persons in this country, it is nothing to what one encounters in France. In the average humble restaurant where wine is included with the meal without extra charge, it is customary to offer the diner his choice of red or white. Frenchmen always know which kind they prefer and drink one or the other without change. Generally Americans have no fixed preference and would like to be able to switch back and forth. But the French waiter does not understand such queer taste and has no intention of tolerating any nonsense in a place where he is master—as master he is in a French restaurant. Upon your first visit he asks politely, "Rouge ou blanc, monsieur?" If you choose red he remembers it, and when you appear next day he observes smilingly, "Rouge, monsieur?" You are pleased that he recalls you and nod assent. The third time the waiter says nothing, merely setting a bottle of red wine before you. Thereafter it is irrevocably settled. Any suggestion on your part of a change would probably land you in the Bastille.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

A Senator's Private Business

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

In the nation-wide conditions affecting investments and the security therefor, the following confident solicitation, appearing as a standing advertisement in *Capper's Weekly*, and clipped from its issue of July 8, 1933, attracted attention:

YOUR MONEY—IS IT SAFE?

If you are like many other people these days, wondering where you can put your money where you know it will be safe, I believe I can help you.

Write me, and I will tell you where your money will be safe and will guarantee you 6 per cent interest, paid promptly every six months by check. You can draw out all or any part of your money any time you want it. I know this is an exceptional opportunity to invest your money safely, and at good interest.

If you would like to have full details, just write a letter saying, "Please send complete information about the safe 6 per cent investment," and I will answer by return mail. Address Arthur Capper, publisher, Topeka, Kan.—Advertisement.

In response to a request for information, made in the character of a not too literate inquirer, Senator Capper wrote describing the growth of the Capper Publications, adding that it had occurred to him that subscribers and friends "would welcome the opportunity to invest in an institution which . . . offers on gilt-edge security a higher rate of interest than is usually paid," and "offering Gold Certificates in denominations of \$50, \$100, and \$500 which bear interest at the rate of 6 per cent per annum payable semi-annually from the day your money is received . . . should you need your money at an time you can get it, with accrued interest, simply by giving us thirty days' notice."

There also came from Senator Capper printed circulars over his name, stating among other things that "behind these certificates is the Capper Publications," and describing the certificates as "a safe investment in this growing business," with an order blank, headed "Arthur Capper 6 Per Cent Gold Certificates," which contained the following: "In subscribing for these certificates it is mutually understood and agreed that they are a personal pledge of Arthur Capper, backed by the property and publishing plant of the Capper Publications."

There also came from Senator Capper a specimen certificate, headed "6 Per Cent Gold Certificate, Arthur Capper, Publisher," and containing no other mention of gold. For the rest, it constituted an acceptance of the purchaser's money as a loan to Senator Capper upon substantially the terms stated in his letter first above mentioned.

The inquiry was pursued by calling Senator Capper's attention to the fact that the certificate did not say "backed by property," and inquiring at the same time what certificates were out, how many were to be out in all, what was the "gilt-edge security" promised, how much indebtedness was ahead of the certificates, and how a certificate holder was to be assured of his equal share if ever there was not enough to pay all.

In reply there was received from Mr. Capper's assistant business manager a letter which answered none of these inquiries, but stated that "the entire business of Mr. Capper . . . is back of the gold certificates" and described its prosperous condition.

The inquiries were repeated in a letter to Senator Capper which invited him to consider that the certificate holder, in order to know that his money was safe, ought to know how much the Senator was going to borrow altogether, whether the Senator was obliged to treat every certificate holder alike, and what was meant by saying that his whole business was back of the certificates.

The reply of the assistant business manager answered none of the specific inquiries, but said in part: "There is no definite security back of the certificates."

Inasmuch as the same letter said: "We place our certificates on a parity with the investment offered by the best business concerns," the correspondence was continued so far as to remind Senator Capper that such concerns customarily furnish the information he was refusing, and to invite him to justify himself for receiving, upon the offer of gilt-edge security backed by business and plant, the money of unwary persons incapable of the persistent questioning by which alone they could ever be informed that "there is no definite security" at all.

The reminder and the invitation Senator Capper has either evaded or ignored. As a Senator of the United States Mr. Capper has lately had to pass upon legislation designed to safeguard the lender from representations of the borrower apt to mislead the unwary. His qualifications for that duty are not apparent.

Easton, Pa., March 11

JOHN W. FARQUHAR

An Explanation from Oberlin

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

May I comment on the letter from three Oberlin students published in your issue of March 28?

Under the rules of the college, faculty permission for the publication of student periodicals is necessary. Early in the first semester members of the Radical Club sought permission for the publication of a mimeographed weekly, *Progress*. Permission was granted for the rest of that semester, and publication continued throughout the semester. Many of the faculty, probably a majority, regarded the paper as objectionable. My

own judgment is that most of the criticism felt and expressed was directed not toward the radicalism of the paper as such, but rather toward the tone and manner of its expression.

Early in the second semester the Committee on Publications reported to the faculty, favorably (though not unanimously), a double request—for authorization of a periodical to be published by students of our Graduate School of Theology and for authorization of the resumption of the publication of *Progress*. No one asked for a division of the question, and the double request was denied. That some of the faculty in voting in the negative were influenced by the belief that *Progress* had been too radical is quite possible; that more were disgusted with the tone and manner of *Progress* is certain; that considerations of general publication policy, applicable to both proposed periodicals, entered into the decision is also certain.

The Radical Club itself is in my judgment playing on the whole a useful minor part in the life of the college. Except in the instance of *Progress*, and in one instance in which I advised and requested them to refrain from a distribution of handbills—the request being definitely a request and not an order—they have had no interference from the college, which has on the contrary provided rooms for their meetings, announced their meetings, and cooperated specifically in one or two instances.

We have, in my judgment, an unfilled need for a periodical featuring student opinion, of any color, as to public affairs. It is not true, however, that radical opinion, ably stated, cannot find expression in our present publications. For shorter communications the "Vox pop" column in the bi-weekly student paper, the *Review*, is available. Our student monthly, the *Olympian*, recently published a definitely radical and very well-written article by one of the three students who wrote to you.

ERNEST H. WILKINS, President

Oberlin, Ohio, March 28

Academic Freedom

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

No person interested in academic freedom can fail to admire the splendid courage shown by a number of teachers who have recently come to the defense of their colleagues in the fight against retrenchment in education. Two of the most courageous of these teachers, Isadore Begun and Mrs. Williana Burroughs, were brought up before the Board of Education on June 13 on charges of "conduct unbecoming a teacher." Tried by their accusers, they were found guilty and dismissed from the system.

The New York Academic Freedom Committee of the American Civil Liberties Union is actively interested in this case because it is obvious that Mr. Begun and Mrs. Burroughs were dismissed *not* for "conduct unbecoming a teacher" but because of their activity in defense of teachers' interests, because of their courage in asserting their civil right to petition. The issue in this case is clearly one of academic freedom, involving not only the vindication of two able and courageous exponents of civil rights but the encouragement of all teachers in the assertion of their right to express themselves freely on questions of public interest.

An appeal from the decision of the Board of Education in this case is now being carried to the courts. The cost of printing and filing this appeal is approximately \$150. While the sum required is comparatively small, it must be raised immediately. May we, through your columns, ask for contributions toward a fund which we are raising to help finance this appeal? These contributions must be sent, without delay, to the New York City Academic Freedom Committee of the American Civil Liberties Union, 100 Fifth Avenue.

New York, March 21

HELENE GANS, Secretary

Methodism and War

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

The resolution which follows was adopted unanimously by 200 Methodist ministers in a recent session of the New York Methodist Preachers' Meeting:

We, Methodist ministers, representative of five conferences—the Newark, the New York, the New York East, the East German, and the Eastern Swedish—gathered in the weekly Preachers' Meeting in the City of New York Monday, March 12, 1934, commend the action of six members of the Methodist Episcopal Church, students at Ohio State University—Charles B. Hart, John W. Carter, Harry L. Baker, Howard Moore, Donald G. Scripture, and Richard D. Baumgardner—for their loyalty to Christ and the church in refusing to participate, against the dictates of their consciences, in compulsory military drill. While we regret that this action has caused hardship and persecution, including expulsion from Ohio State University, we rejoice that these Methodist youths have responded so nobly to the action taken by our General Conference in session in Atlantic City in 1932, and that this action has focused the attention of the world upon the fact that Methodism is against war, and the war system in our schools and colleges. Their action is a clarion call to youth throughout the land to follow Christ, and to the Methodist church to support with action its pronouncement of principle. We call upon the members of the Methodist Episcopal Church and its representative agencies and conferences to rally to the defense of these youths and others who may be like-minded and in similar circumstances. We pray that they may be loyal to their God-given consciences until the end, though as with Christ it may mean the burden of a Cross.

New York, March 20

LEE H. BALL, Secretary

Correction

In Paul Y. Anderson's article, *Crisis in the NRA*, in *The Nation* for April 4, appeared a reference to Colonel Lindbergh as the "son-in-law of an incorruptible and illustrious father." Mr. Anderson wrote "son of an incorruptible and illustrious father," and the change was a compositor's error which was not caught in the proof.—EDITORS THE NATION.

The Intelligent Traveler What Will a Dollar Buy?

II

IN an article in the issue of March 21 current travel costs in the European countries most visited by Americans were compared with costs in 1929. It was shown that price reductions at hotels and in transportation have almost canceled the decrease in the dollar's purchasing power. The present article deals with travel costs in countries less familiar to Americans where travel is exceptionally inexpensive, the depreciation of the dollar notwithstanding.

SOVIET RUSSIA

Few people going to Europe nowadays wish to omit visiting the Soviet Union, some knowledge of which becomes increasingly necessary to an understanding of the world's affairs. Time was when travel there was pioneering. Visitors had to be prepared to take things as they found them, and they often found them primitive. Now travel facilities have been improved and standardized by the government, and the traveler is assured of rea-

sonable comfort. This year one may expect to find more hotels open, all hotel service smartened up, better food, more punctual trains, larger fleets of automobiles for the use of tourists, good interpreters—in fact, better organization all around, even compared to last year when travel conditions measured up well against those in other parts of Europe.

Russia is the one foreign country where the American dollar buys as much travel as it did last season. This is because the traveler does not change his dollars into the currency of the country, as he does when he buys services in other countries. Prices for all-inclusive tours are quoted on a day-by-day basis in dollars, and are the same as for last year. A week in Leningrad and Moscow, for instance, with second-class accommodations throughout, sightseeing, interpreter service, visas, and so forth, costs \$56 this year as it did last, or an average of \$8 a day. Third class the same short tour costs \$35, or \$5 a day, and third class in Leningrad and Moscow is surprisingly good.

If possible, the traveler should plan his trip and buy all his accommodations in Russia before leaving America, but if he wants to extend his trip after getting there, he may pay for the additional time in dollars. Most incidental expenses can be paid for in dollars—the excellent Torgsin stores offer food, cigarettes, art treasures of the old regime, modern peasant crafts. Theater tickets, street-car fares, extra interpreters, and guide service may be purchased for dollars. The traveler may buy a few rubles for such things as food at a rural railroad station if he cares to, but he can get along without any local currency to speak of.

Outstanding events in Russia include the Moscow Summer School, the Music Festival from May 20 to May 30, the Theater Festival in early September, and, of course, the May 1 and November 7 celebrations.

It cannot be said too often that the pleasantest and most economical way of traveling in the Soviet Union is with a small group. More than a hundred group tours from America are planned for the coming summer.

JUGOSLAVIA

Jugoslavia was recreated after the World War and began an independent, unified existence after centuries of partition. Its people are mainly Slavic, although it has been dominated by the Greeks, Romans, Venetians, Turks, French, and Austrians, all of whom have left their imprint on its life and culture.

The beauty of the Yugoslav mountains and seacoast and the charm of the medieval and Oriental cities cannot be overstated. There is a sort of operatic brilliance about the Yugoslav landscape which one associates with the whimsical kingdom of Graustark. Louis Adamic has celebrated the primitive—almost Homeric—life of the Yugoslav peasants in "The Native's Return."

Mountainous South Serbia is best seen by motor. The scenic roads are safely built but one should engage a native chauffeur, accustomed to mountain driving. Putnik, the official travel bureau, charges about \$25 a day for a car accommodating four persons, including the services of a chauffeur. There are a few responsible private fleets which charge less; the best is said to be that of Radovan Stevovic, of Dubrovnik, who was formerly chauffeur to King Nicholas and who speaks English well. A rail journey of 300 kilometers costs \$6.70 second class.

Dalmatia is squeezed between the Alps and the sea. A coastwise boat offers a restful and beautiful way of seeing its port towns—some of them dating from Roman times, some showing strong Venetian influence. This is the Riviera of Jugoslavia; the beaches, semi-tropical gardens, and mountain setting make it one of the loveliest parts of Europe.

Hotel rates and meals are extremely cheap. You may live quite comfortably in a good hotel for a dollar a day—many single rooms are quoted at less. Three meals a day can be had for less than \$1.50.

HUNGARY

Budapest is one of the gayest cities in Europe, or rather the gayest two cities, for Buda, the ancient Oriental quarter, lies on one side of the Danube, and Pest, the up-to-date Occidental city, on the other. Open-air cafes with good food and gipsy music, swimming and boating on the Danube, and excursions into the countryside are the attractions. Hungary is best visited by making headquarters in Budapest and traveling out to other sections.

The Debreczen festival from June 3 to June 17, a great peasant event, is in a strange Magyar setting. From Debreczen one makes a trip to the cattle plain—the Hortobagy. Here is a cowboy life far more primitive and picturesque than our Western plains can boast, even in the movies. The Csikos wears a brilliantly embroidered cloak, rides a saddle without girths, uses a short lasso attached to a handle, and herds the silver-horned cattle first brought into Hungary in the tenth century. The vast plain is famous for remarkable mirages; they are to be seen almost daily.

The Hungarians celebrate St. Stephen's Day on August 20 as a national holiday. There are processions, illuminations, national dances, native costumes, and Mardi Gras revels in every town and city.

One excursion not to be missed is a Sunday-morning trip to Mezö-Kövesd, a lace-making and embroidery center. The afternoon Mass is always the occasion for a gorgeous display of the native costumes of the region, said to be the most colorful in Europe.

Room and three meals in a second-class hotel in Budapest cost about \$3.50 a day. A railway journey of 300 kilometers costs \$7.40. The government offers special excursions from the border to Budapest which include a 30 per cent discount on railway fare and full services, including sightseeing, in the city.



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The Soviet Union grows in interest as the contrasts with our society deepen. Travel comforts have increased amazingly. Travel services purchased in America before sailing cost no more than before the dollar went off gold. This is a good year to visit Soviet Russia.

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Meda Lynn, secretary of the Hungarian-American Society, in Rockefeller Center, New York, will help prospective visitors to Hungary with advice on what to read and other travel information.

JOHN ROTHSCHILD

[A third article on the cost in dollars of travel in Europe, taking up Spain and Austria, will appear in an early issue.]

Finance Victory for the Motor Manufacturers

IN the midst of apparent defeat on the Wall Street front, proponents of the established order in finance and industry have welcomed the victory of the automobile manufacturers in the prevailing labor controversy. While recognizing that the Roosevelt settlement provides a postponement rather than a permanent solution of the labor issue, the automobile executives and their sympathizers see in the check to the American Federation of Labor's most publicized drive for unionization the possibility that an aggressive counter-offensive may recoup for the industrial profit system whatever ground has been lost to labor since the passage of the National Industrial Recovery Act.

Alfred P. Sloan, president of General Motors, voiced the sentiments of the manufacturers after the Washington agreement had been reached when he remarked smilingly to newspaper reporters, "All's well that ends well." This was the climax of an exhibit of industrial intransigence which began with the first appearance of the manufacturers in Washington on March 14. At that time the spokesmen for the industry challenged the jurisdiction of the National Labor Board in the dispute, declared that the federal labor union had no standing before the board in any event, and offered to bargain with their employees' representatives only on their own terms, subject to a minimum observance of the indefinite NRA labor guaranties. On their adjournment to New York the motor magnates attempted to keep out of the newspapers their refusal to accept compromise proposals advanced by General Johnson. When they returned again to Washington to deal directly with the President, they left behind with their confreres the word that they were resolved to stand pat. And now that the truce has been declared, they feel justified in boasting, privately, that a strike was avoided with a minimum of concessions on their part and with the achievement of a new method of labor procedure which certainly will not facilitate the organizational efforts of outside unions.

The willingness of the automobile companies to persevere in an attitude which risked losing through strikes the alluring profits in prospect from the present revival of automobile sales was partly based on their deep-seated resolve to fight unionization at any cost. But the stubbornness with which they maintained their uncompromising front was reinforced by a conviction that the Roosevelt Administration could not afford a showdown with the industry at a time when the employment and production of the automobile plants were playing a particularly vital role in the current recovery efforts. It was of course necessary to give a little ground, if for no other reason than to avoid forcing the President to use his licensing power to prevent a strike. But only one important concession was wrung from the manufacturers—their agreement to recognize the authority of the new NRA board in questions of representation of employees, discrimination, and discharge.

In contrast to this single compromise, the industry points

to an impressive list of triumphs on many of the most hotly contested issues. The ogre of the closed shop is banished; recognition of the American Federation of Labor as such is nowhere required; and company unions will have equal representation with outside organizations on the bargaining committees, thus giving the manufacturers the advantage of bargaining on both sides of the fence. Furthermore, by limiting charges of discrimination to cases where union-membership lists have been disclosed to the companies, the agreement apparently offers the manufacturers even better facilities than in the past for exerting border-line pressure on their employees to enrol in company unions. Their knowledge of the membership of the company unions, plus their well-developed system of industrial espionage, should give them satisfactory information as to the membership of the outside unions without actual recourse to the lists of these unions.

The material cost of the victory at Washington was confined to a 10 per cent wage increase, announced just prior to the Washington conferences as a strategic peace offering to employees and the Administration. This will work little hardship in view of the profits of the dominant automobile corporations. The desire to maintain these margins of profit lies behind the employers' opposition to unionization, with its threat of a greater share in the industry's revenues for workers. General Motors, the largest corporation in the industry, which has the largest earnings of any industrial enterprise in the world, provides an excellent picture of what the motor interests are striving to protect. In 1928 General Motors' pay roll of \$365,000,000 absorbed 25 per cent of its total revenues, while its net profits of \$276,000,000 represented 18.7 per cent of its revenues, a relationship of profits to labor expense unequaled by any trust of comparable size. By 1931, after two years of depression and of declining sales, General Motors was still able to retain 14 per cent of its revenues as net profits, partly because its wages

had been reduced \$153,000,000 since 1929, compared with a drop in profits of \$131,000,000. And in 1933 the efficiency of General Motors in controlling its labor costs was strikingly demonstrated when its net profits increased more than \$83,000,000, as opposed to an increase of only \$27,900,000 in its pay roll. While the gain in pay roll amounted to 19 per cent, the increase in its dollar sales was 31 per cent and in its unit sales of cars was 54 per cent.

From the start of the New Deal program the defense of such profit margins has determined the industry's attitude toward the recovery measures of the Administration. Since the three dominant manufacturers—General Motors, Ford, and Chrysler—had already overcome the competition of the small companies, the monopolistic possibilities in the NRA offered no inducement, but its labor guaranties were viewed as a direct threat to the automotive profit system. Hence the campaign last August to enrol employees in company unions by methods ranging from the most direct coercion to mass propaganda and ballyhoo designed to enhance the workers' loyalty toward their employers. And hence the manufacturers' willingness, during the strike of the tool- and die-makers last fall, to allow the wage demands of a few thousand workers to delay their entire production program from one to three months rather than to risk a settlement which might set a dangerous precedent for larger segments of their employees. The present widespread unrest has been brewing for many months. And the manufacturers' jubilation at the Washington settlement arises in no little degree from the fact that the union has been defeated in its strategy of launching its attack just as the peak selling season for automobiles was beginning. If a further showdown can be avoided until after the first of July, the manufacturers feel that they can face union demands with complete stubbornness, since the best part of the year, from a profit standpoint, will be behind them.

PETER HELMOOP NOYES

2nd Printing!

SEX HABITS

A VITAL FACTOR IN WELL-BEING

By A. Buschke, M.D. and F. Jacobsohn, M.D.

Specializing Physicians to the Great Continental Rudolf-Virchow Hospital

Foreword by Gerard L. Moench, M.D.

Associate Professor of Gynecology, New York Post-graduate Hospital, Columbia University

SUBJECTS EMBRACED

THE SEX ORGANS (Male, Female)
SEX INTERCOURSE (Analysis, Nature, Methods, Frequency)
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Books, Music, Drama

Return to Ritual

By MARK VAN DOREN

The mother of life indulges all our wandering
Down the lone paths that narrow into peace.
She knows too well the gradual discovery
And the slow turning round until we cease—
Resolved upon the wide road once again
Whose dust hangs over day and mantles men.

Here is the drumming phalanx, here is the multitude;
Listen, and let us watch them over the stile.
We that remember clean moss ways and the tamaracks,
Let us be timorous now and shudder awhile.
We shall be early enough, no matter when,
Mother of dust, O mother of dust and men.

How time passes, here by the wall of eternity!
Even so soon we summon her; we are prepared.
Already these feet are lifting in a wild sympathy;
Who can remember the cool of a day unshared?
Mother of marches, mother, receive us then—
Listen! The dust is humming a song to the men.

Man and Nature

Man and Nature. By Alfred North Whitehead. University of Chicago Press. 50 cents.

IN the broadest sense the aim of philosophy and the aim of science are the same—to understand the world. In practice, moreover, there has never been any persistent and consistent theoretical delimitation of the field of one from the field of the other. And yet the fact remains that philosophers as distinguished from scientists and scientists as distinguished from philosophers continue to exist. One reason is that philosophers generally stress the importance of wholeness, while, in practice, the scientist is content to understand piecemeal—to break knowledge up into departments and to postpone, perhaps indefinitely, the unification of physics, biology, and the rest into one general science of nature. No one denies that the scientist's method was useful at a certain stage, but just now there is a tendency, more marked than usual, to insist that the time has come to tackle seriously the problem of unification, and Professor Whitehead's two lectures—brilliantly written like all his more technical works—are devoted to an analysis of the situation. Specifically, it is his contention that the various sciences in their present state are not merely fragmentary but inconsistent to the point where the fundamental assumptions of one make the fundamental assumptions of another mere nonsense. Incidentally his argument constitutes also a brief, relatively simple general introduction to his philosophical thought.

Man, he says, is part of nature, and yet the conventional scientific view, going back to Descartes, persists in treating the two as though they were separate, completely discontinuous realities. In the first it recognizes the presence of consciousness, choice, and aim. The second is merely described in terms of "laws," like the "law of gravitation," which, upon examination, turn out to be not laws at all but merely descriptions of alleged behavior, the ultimate reasons for which are completely un-

understandable, since "cause" becomes an empty word and there is nothing to explain the fact that—to continue with the law of gravity as an example—bodies separated in space should have any, much less this specific, relation to one another. Thus physical science rests content merely to describe phenomena which it grants to be ununderstandable, despite the fact that the scientist is himself a part of nature and capable of processes whose existence he denies in nature as a whole.

There have, to be sure, been attempts to achieve unity by descriptions of human behavior in terms of physical laws of the same character as those used to describe the phenomena of the inanimate world, but Professor Whitehead regards these as laughably unsuccessful and proposes, on the contrary, that all phenomena be understood in the terms which we find useful for the understanding of life. No crude positivist could argue more insistently than he does for the interdependence of matter and consciousness, but—to put the argument in a crudely paradoxical form—he draws the conclusion not that life is a mechanical phenomenon but that so-called mechanical phenomena include a living element. Early philosophers considered only the highest type of mental phenomena on the one hand and what we call inanimate phenomena on the other. We pursue a similarly defective method by considering man's relation to the world only as it is established through the highest of his senses—particularly through sight. But if the early philosophers had studied the lower animals and the plants, if we could be more aware of the relationship established between ourselves and our environment by means of the physiological activities below the level of consciousness, we should perceive more clearly the impropriety of making a sharp division between what is mental and what is not.

As Professor Whitehead completes his exceedingly subtle analysis and draws nearer to his conclusion, he becomes, of necessity perhaps, somewhat more difficult to summarize, but he seems to end with a conception which so far as I know goes back ultimately to Peirce—with the suggestion, that is to say, that the so-called laws of so-called inanimate nature are really only rather firmly fixed habits, and that as the more complex forms of organization arise, such habits play a less and less important role as they give way more and more to purposeful action. As the unpredictability of the behavior of the individual atom indicates, such habits are not absolutely invariable, even in inanimate nature. They become less and less important as one ascends the scale of life, and in man they are actually subordinate to those capacities for consciousness, aim, and judgment which dominate his behavior.

These general conclusions are not essentially different from those reached in "Adventures of Ideas," and whether or not one accepts them there can be no question concerning the force of the destructive criticism directed against conventional scientific conceptions. Obviously man is part of nature, and yet there is no satisfactory account of the bridge between living and non-living matter. Nevertheless, it is difficult to accept the explanation Whitehead offers as more than an ingenious speculation, difficult to believe in it deeply enough to persist in the belief after one has returned from the adventure in speculation. The idea that the tendency of the stone to fall is merely a habit pretty consistently followed and only one stage removed from the tropism of a plant, which is itself only one stage removed from the deliberative activity of a higher animal, is an idea which will at best require considerable getting used to before it can become one of the things we believe as distinguished from one of those we say we believe. There is also something to be said for the reluctance of the scientists to give up the piecemeal conceptions which have had a pragmatic value in favor of others replete with vertiginous possibilities. The physicist is in a quan-

dary and may be driven to take a leap in the dark, but men like Einstein and Planck still rebel against the suggestion that they attribute free-will to the atom.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

Nijinsky

Nijinsky. By Romola Nijinsky. Simon and Schuster. \$3.75.

MME NIJINSKY'S book is impressive from a number of angles. It is a biography of extreme personal intensity, devoted, anguished, and, in the best sense, controversial. It embodies information not to be had in any other form concerning one of the first and most unappreciated of all arts—dancing. Its subject matter, even if it were not treated with honor, as here it is, would command the respect of any sentient reader.

For Vaslav Nijinsky was a genius—in his capacity for perception, his qualities of imagination and fantasy, his intensity for life. Incidentally, he was an artist, and the greatest compliment one can pay to his wife and biographer is to say that she shows his great art as incidental. First of all he was a man of the rarest sensibilities and human courage, endowed by the muses with a surfeit of gifts, for which was exacted an equivalent price. His fate, like his whole life, was on a scale due demi-gods and heroes.

Nijinsky the dancer exists in the memories of those who can never forget him, in photographs which are far too sparsely reproduced in this book, and in the descriptions of his critics and lovers. It is a heart-breaking task to try to recapture in a later time the hot essence of a dancer's impact. Exaggeration is no praise, yet one can scarcely speak of him without exaggerating. And Nijinsky as an innovator lives on, in a most ironic and saddening condition.

In the history of modern theatrical dancing, that is, in the tradition passed from master to pupil for four hundred years, there are perhaps but four names that have altered the course of gesture and movement. There is Noverre, the foremost formulator and initial prophet of dancing. There is Vigano, who gave the expression of drama to a technique without pantomime. There is Fokine, who liberated and revived a developed classical tradition. And for us, and before anyone, there is Nijinsky, whose researches into the springs of action have extended, by implication at least, the limits of the human body to infinity. In "Faune," in "Jeux," in "Le Sacre du Printemps," he presented ballet digested, reversed, renewed; he used gesture as an end in itself, for the first time, in order to pursue it ultimately to the conveyance of any consciously given meaning. This meaning he was hardly allowed to demonstrate. Yet modernists in the field—Laban, Dalcroze, Wigman, Bodenweiser, Nijinsky's sister Nijinska, Massine, and many others—consciously or not, have taken a part of his discoveries, a segment of his innovation, the jerky, abrupt, reactionary part which was only a step in his development, and for twenty years repeated it in a slowly stratifying "modernism," a school of naive surprise or dilettante improvisation, or the obvious and tiresome reversal of traditionalism. Any great work breeds fleas on grateful bastards. Think only of the spawn of "Ulysses." Yet even they have the "stream of consciousness" to trace them back to teacher. Hardly a "modern" dancer recognizes the remote and, if he but knew, the angry sources of Nijinsky.

For Nijinsky's interest in dancing was religious. To him it was a way of life. He believed he was, and he surely seems to have been, ordained by nature as a dancer, and with the unique instrument of his miraculous body he was occupied with testimony to the truths of action. He was more heroic than to have been merely interested in the destruction of classical ballet.

Even "Le Sacre" couldn't kill that, nor did he want it to. Everything that moved with meaning was within his province. Universal in his information and capability, he understood better than anyone the gracious limits the theater imposes. Nijinsky seems to us nearly messianic. He was occupied with laws that move men and stars, that make equally *pas de deux* of proton and electron, of men and girls. His prophecies, owing to the inscrutabilities of great fortune, have descended to us as nearly gnomonic. There is for us only the immeasurable mystery of what he might have done. One's only quarrel with Mme Nijinsky is that she gives us so little inkling into his choreographic ideas. Perhaps there will be another book for technicians. There must be.

Nijinsky is surely one of the great men of our time, and it is only an index of his greatness that his wife's remarkable memoir does him less than justice. Personal prejudice, faults of memory, fears of giving offense to still living associates and extra expense to publishers make this record incomplete. Basically it is reliable in its frankness even through the ghastly denouement. Nijinsky emerges as an angel, which he may have been—for he was surely not very different from one—yet scarcely less a human, though one cannot help feeling that he was not exactly the kind of angel his wife found him. What happened between her finding and her farewell is the second part of this book, food for many books more, the evidence by which, not as a writer but as a woman, she will be finally judged.

LINCOLN KIRSTEIN

Gettysburg

Long Remember. By MacKinlay Kantor. Coward-McCann. \$2.50.

MOST students of the Civil War intend sometime to write a historical novel about it, but now I think Mr. Kantor has preempted the most fascinating scene of that great conflict. Historical novelists of the future will attempt to do Gettysburg at their own risk. "Long Remember" is undoubtedly the best historical novel of the old-fashioned, spectacular genre in American literature. By claiming for it so much, one must be careful not to claim the wrong qualities, and merits that it does not possess. The style is competent, but not distinguished. The method of narration, which I shall briefly describe, was anticipated by John Peale Bishop in "Many Thousands Gone" (1931); yet I am authoritatively assured that Mr. Kantor has not read the earlier book. Without detracting from the power of the book as a whole, there is an occasional blurring of scenes in an excess of detail. Though Mr. Kantor contributes no style or method to the art of fiction, he is the first novelist in this country to apply to historical fiction the principles of the minutely documented, realistic novel.

The book opens with the return to Gettysburg, a few days before anyone could know that a battle was to be fought there, of a young man who has spent his later youth in the Northwest. He has lost the home ties; he has been remote from the agitations that precipitated the war; and being a student of "philosophy," he has become a pacifist. The motivation of this point of view is probably the weakest feature dramatically in the book. In order to present the battle dramatically, as an event observed by one person whose fortunes, moreover, are critically involved in it, the hero *had* to be there; but in order to see the battle comprehensively as a spectacle, the hero had to see it from both sides. Mr. Kantor's choice in this dilemma has been, perhaps, not merely technical; for it is difficult for a modern writer to approach wars of the past from a contemporaneous point of view. Mr. Kantor reads into the Civil War, through the pacifism of his hero and the aimless violence of the whole action,

something of the "psychology" of the Great War. The hero is most dextrously placed so that he views both armies. His home is behind the Confederate lines; he is having an affair with a Union officer's wife, the officer himself being a boyhood friend; and the woman, having heard that her husband knows about it, sends the lover on a roundabout way to the Union lines to tell the husband, as he faces death, the white lie of her innocence. He arrives in time to witness the shelling of the Union lines and Pickett's charge—the finest scene in the book.

On this slender plot the two main features of the book hang: the spectacle of the battle and the disruption of social life in the violence of war. As a spectacle of war, as I have said, the book has no equal. The marching, the fighting, the talk and shouting, a road full of soldiers, a heap of dead men, a general and his staff—all these are unforgettably vivid. The preliminaries of the battle—the excitement of the people, the first appearance of men from both armies, the swift concentration—are adroitly presented through the observation of one man, the hero.

Fine as Borodino and Austerlitz are, in "War and Peace," they lack this immediate quality of dramatic observation; Tolstoy resorts to abstract description. Yet, like Tolstoy, Mr. Kantor tells us that war is meaningless. It is a respectable thesis and, given the structure of modern society, one that the present reviewer holds. But the artistic statement of a meaningless event should not, in itself, be meaningless; if the deepest passions are involved, the statement will be ironic. It seems to me that Mr. Kantor would have gained in power had he used the ironic method; that is, if he had contrasted what each side thought it was fighting for with what was to win no matter which side won—J. P. Morgan was bound to win sooner or later—he would have added considerable depth to a canvas which is largely a brilliant surface. This same stricture applies with less force to the lives of the Gettysburgers, of whom the hero is the center; there is no well-defined background of civilized life to give their disorder significance. (To keep the love affair from being sordid, Mr. Kantor has to verge upon sentimentality.) These characters are drawn well, but the highest consciousness of the culture they represent is not theirs. In the North in 1863 this was in the large cities; in the South the farm or the village could supply the novelist—as it did Mr. Bishop—with everything for a dramatic framework that Gettysburg lacked. Mr. Kantor has superior narrative and descriptive powers; his historical information is accurate to the infinitesimal detail; yet, because of the tractarian feature of the work one feels that "Long Remember" is not quite in that class of fiction which is better history than the historians write.

ALLEN TATE

Making of a Masterpiece

James Joyce and the Making of Ulysses. By Frank Budgen. Harrison Smith and Robert Haas. \$2.50.

THIS book by an English painter who met Joyce in Zurich in 1918 and had many talks with him while "Ulysses" was in the final stages of composition is in many respects the most valuable that has so far appeared on that author. Its principal value lies in the many direct quotations from Joyce's conversations during this period—remarks on the nature of the work he was then engaged in writing, on the problems of artistic creation, on life and art in general. Unlike Proust, Mann, and a number of other important modern novelists, Joyce has always carefully observed the distinction between the creative and what Kenneth Burke calls the "essayistic" in his fiction. (The long dialogue on aesthetics in the "Portrait," for example, is not so much an indulgence in abstract theorizing on the part of the

author as an integral part of the main character's experience.) Joyce has also refrained from writing essays, from introducing the work of his friends, from delivering lectures. For this reason the quotations in Mr. Budgen's book take on a special preciousness for the student of Joyce's work; many of them are worth several pages of critical commentary or exegesis. Here, for example, is Joyce's own description of the style in which the famous Nansikaa episode is written—"A namby-pamby jammy marmalady drawersy (alto là!) style with effects of incense mariolatry . . . stewed cockles, painters' palette, chitchat, circumlocution, etc." It is interesting to learn that the Ithaca episode, frequently regarded as the one artistic lapse in the work, is actually Joyce's own favorite: "It is the ugly duckling of the book." Of Molly Bloom's monologue we are told that "it is the indispensable countersign to Bloom's passport to eternity." And Molly Bloom herself is "sane full amoral fertilizable untrustworthy engaging limited prudent indifferent Weib."

Much of Mr. Budgen's book is devoted to his own interpretation of the different episodes in "Ulysses"—not in any truly systematic manner but in the light of his acquaintanceship with Joyce's chief interests and purposes while he was writing the work. Many of the points made by Mr. Budgen are illuminating; his analysis of Leopold Bloom in particular is one of the best that has been made. A rather casual mixture of documentation, gossip, reporting, and good criticism, Mr. Budgen's book is not easily classifiable, but it is an important addition to the great body of material accumulating around the name of Joyce.

WILLIAM TROY

Shorter Notices

Such Is My Beloved. By Morley Callaghan. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2.

In his fourth novel Mr. Callaghan chooses a situation that to many readers will seem disagreeably old-fashioned and sensational: a Catholic priest in a Canadian city meets two prostitutes on a street near his parish house, befriends them in a sincere effort to improve their lives, and in reward gets sent away to a monastery for discipline. None of the elements here can be called new and the situation as a whole is one that is fraught with perils of every kind. But the success with which Mr. Callaghan avoids all the banal attitudes usually arising out of the treatment of the Thais theme—from the leering cynicism of Anatole France to the glib simplifications of the Freudians—reminds one once again that no theme is so old that it cannot take on new life under the pressure of a little concentrated honesty. The honesty in this case comes out of a sedulous fidelity to what the characters believe to be their own motives—a kind of auctorial humility that sets the tone for everything in the story. Such humility does not make for the most exciting acting nor for the most brilliant effects of writing, but it is undoubtedly responsible for that "absolute sincerity and simplicity" of which Jacques Maritain speaks on the dust cover. The only objection that one might raise against this tenderly unfolded idyl of sacred and profane love is that it is a little too long. It would be even more effective if compressed within the dimensions of the short story.

The Making of Americans. By Gertrude Stein. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$3.

"Family living is being existing," Gertrude Stein decides toward the end of her long chronicle of the Herslands and the Gossols and the Dehnings, whose lives are supposed to be representative of the kind of lives led by middle-class families all over the United States. So much one is willing enough to believe and

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even that these people are not very different, as far as the content of their experience is concerned, from the Forsytes and the Buddenbrookes and members of bourgeois groups everywhere in the world. But it is harder to believe that their lives offer no more interest than the mere fact of their "being existing." Existing, to tell the truth, is not very interesting. Beginning and beginning again and then ending may be life, but life is not literature, and to write out of such a view of life is to impose on literature a monotony which should be allowed to remain in life alone. Bernard Fay, in his introduction, reveals the confusion admirably when he speaks of "this long present which rises in this book and surrounds us like a tide." Has literature then reached the stage when its success is to be measured by the extent to which it drowns us in words? There was a time when this was measured by the extent to which it stemmed the tide, when its interest consisted in its resistance rather than in its surrender to the monotonous flux of the present. The essence of the aesthetic fallacy to which Miss Stein has been loyal for more than thirty years is the failure to observe the distinction between literature and life. It is strange that Miss Stein, with her knowledge and appreciation of the plastic arts, should have fallen into such a confusion. For these should have taught her that the forms inherent in life do not take on any particular value until submitted to the mind and the will of the artist. But this is probably an unnecessarily long way around to saying that the effect of reading this work is like that of listening to a piece of music on one of those modern gramophones which automatically play the same record over and over again without stopping.

Music

The End and Origin of a Movement

IN this article I wish to discuss two enterprises which, since their series of performances are still in progress, can make my notice prospectively apropos as well as retrospectively. I refer to the four concerts by the Roth Quartet—with two more to follow—devoted wholly to contemporary composers, and to the first two of four concerts under the direction of Roy Harris at the New School for Social Research, illustrating musical trends from the medieval thirteenth century to the "golden age" of the sixteenth.

The very appealing interpretations offered by the Roth Quartet bear up the suspicion that much of the resistance to modern works has been the fault of performers rather than composers. For these violinists have revealed a wealth of subtle possibilities in contemporary works, have shown that the new music need not be presented merely as a kind of unrelenting attack upon the audience. They understand the art of gradation—and the versatility of their resourcefulness has made their concerts a succession of engrossing changes.

Any attempt to translate specifically musical effects into the abstract equivalents of speech must make the designs of the composer seem few. Music can grow assertive or subside; one voice can emerge and proclaim itself above its fellows; a theme can be broken off, remolded, or recalled out of an earlier texture; there are swift, contemplative, or agitated rhythms; there can be melodic or harmonic emphasis. Add contrasts in timbre, and perhaps any specifically musical event could be made to fit under one or another of these headings. The unending variety arises from the many possible combinations, overlappings, and sequences that make each particular group of notes unique. But much of the satisfaction in listening to the Roth Quartet

resides in their ability to make us feel the formal *direction* embodied in any such uniqueness, in bringing out the generalization that underlies the particularization. Music when played by them discloses, above all, the incidental fluctuancies implicit in the composers' inventions. Like a good symphony conductor, they seem to be stressing a work's "talking points."

The first concert presented Albert Roussel's Quartet in D Major (Opus 45) and Maurice Ravel's Quartet in F Major. Sandwiched between these suave works were three short burlesques by Alfredo Casella, one bombastically "barbaric," one mock-solemn, and the last an industrious distortion of the old Viennese *Waltzer*. The Ravel number often contained reminiscences of the way in which Debussy builds up to a chord like a discovery, so that the chord corroborates and violates one's expectations simultaneously—being both prepared for and surprising, it seems like the sudden opening of a vista as we mount a slope, a particular kind of gratification which later music, in growing still more elliptical, has often sacrificed.

In the second concert, which contained works by Milhaud and Dohnanyi, we should note the Variations in Three Movements, by Roy Harris. However, it was somewhat disappointing, except at strategic moments such as beginnings and endings, where the composition became clearer—otherwise, the varyings seemed centrifugal, carried far from their source, less variations than departures.

The third concert began with a piece by Honegger, progressing schematically from a lyrical *appassionato*, through an *adagio* whose dissonances were largely obtained by the method of suspension found even in classical music, to a final *allegro* showing evidence of the "planned avoidance," the simple negation of consonance, which seems to underlie much of modern harmonic theory. The Copland number, written in 1927, was interesting, but hardly among his most important offerings. The *lento molto* had a very formal opening, but soon became scattered—reminding one of those many poems by Whitman in which the first line scans perfectly, only to be followed by a trailing off into prose rhythms. The *rondino* was pleasantly agile, ending with a not very abstruse affirmation. The closing work, a Quartet in F Sharp Major by Leo Weiner, seemed to profit greatly by the confidence of the performers, who played it with such gusto that it was shown to possess vivacity, and even drama.

Perhaps the fourth concert has been the most impressive throughout. It began with the first quartet of Bela Bartok, whose rough-and-ready style retains its boldness despite the many bolder things that have come after it. It was vigorous and inventive, and was played with variety of emphasis. Walter Piston's Quartet in C began with an *allegro* built about an extremely precipitate rhythmic figure that seemed almost to pitch the auditor forward in participation; it was followed by a filmy and contemplative *adagio*, which, however, soon began protecting itself by moving into more technical, less moody complications, growing filmy and contemplative again at the close; the final *allegro vivace* seemed less a further step than an alembicated return to the quality of the first movement. The evening closed with Debussy's Opus 10, often strongly suggestive of piano music, with the trills and arabesques which Debussy somehow manages to restore to significance. The *andantino* particularly seemed to sum up the Debussyan nostalgia, like that of a sunny afternoon in a colorful foreign town overlooking the seashore, where one walks as an "outsider," observant and gently unhappy.

Having talked too much in detail of the Roth concerts, I must attempt merely to suggest in a general way the value of the exhibit of contrapuntal music from the thirteenth to the sixteenth centuries being presented by a group of competent players, along with critical comments by Roy Harris. We have here in miniature the course of a vast cultural transition, as the

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By René Guyon

With an Introduction and Notes

By Dr. NORMAN HAIRE

"THIS book impressed me as one of the most important contributions to sexological literature that I had ever read, and it seemed to me important that it should be made available to English-speaking students of Sexology.

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"He proceeds to the discussion of onanism, incest, homosexuality, fetichism, and even such 'extraordinary' variations as necrophilia and coprophilia, all of which he considers to fall within the limits of the normal.

"He concludes with a brilliant analysis of what is usually called "love"—he prefers the term "individualized love"—and asserts that its exaltation, at the expense of other forms of sexual expression, is unjustified."—Norman Haire

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CONTENTS

- I Sexuality.
- II Freud — infantile and primitive sexuality.
- III The physiology of sexuality.
- IV The morality of sexual acts.
- V The sexual taboo and its origin.
- VI The triumph of sexual taboo.
- VII Chastity as the complement of sexual taboo.
- VIII The neuroses due to sexual repression.
- IX The mechanistic theory of sexuality in its relation to morals.
- X The psychophysiology of the so-called sexual aberrations.
- XI Individualized love.
- XII Conclusion.
- Index.

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numbers are arranged to show us the slow steps toward greater "freedom" which marked the course of composition while the authority of instruments was coming to replace the authority of the voice as a major stimulus to musical imagination, and secular standards gradually supplanted the canons of the church. Perhaps we may even say that counterpoint flourished as a sort of halfway stage, when composers had learned kinds of agility to which instruments are best fitted, while retaining much of the melodic emphasis which resides in the genius of the human voice. We also note a remarkable instance of a tradition's transplantation: how, when the contrapuntal movement in Italy had succumbed to operatic impressionism and instrumental harmonization, some of the diehards of the old school taught their lore to students from Germany, with such men as Hasler carrying back to the north the musical framework which was finally to reach its summation in Bach.

As we listen to these early instances of the contrapuntal style, often still imbued with the pastoral placidness that we find in Palestrina, we can discern *in utero* the subsequent overwhelming emphasis upon instrumental thinking, which reached another critical stage in the work of Wagner and Berlioz. Thereafter, if the trend was to continue, we were headed for an increasingly non-vocal conception of musical problems, the study of instrumental qualities to which the vocally engendered laws of composition no longer apply. Harris seems to admire most that stage when vocal genius and instrumental genius were most evenly balanced; others propose to carry the purely instrumental kinds of imagination still farther; and others seem set upon a "return" that will reach back even farther than these contrapuntalists, to vocal patterns which even they were learning to violate.

Harris's comments are often direct and salient, free of that muddy lyricism which exalts the verbalizations dear to the Damrosch school of musical exegesis. KENNETH BURKE

Drama

Sound and Fury

ALMOST exactly eleven years ago John Howard Lawson got his first New York production when "Roger Bloomer" was revealed to a small, somewhat bewildered public. Heywood Broun, flinging his hat in the fashion recently commended by Arthur Hopkins, began his review something like this: "Last night the Great American Play was torn to bits and its fragments scattered over the stage of the Greenwich Village Theater." What is more, a good many of us shared his enthusiasm. In those days we were inclined to take the dancing star for granted whenever the chaos within was sufficiently demonstrated, and "Processional" (1925) seemed to settle the matter: a great, if not *the* great, American playwright had arrived at last. Unfortunately, however, Mr. Lawson continued merely to bubble and stew. He has become the author of one other interesting play, "Success Story," and the perpetrator of several which deserve to stand pretty near the bottom of any list it would be possible to draw up. Some of us were disposed to be unduly kind to them on the theory that they were still promising, but a promise broken too often ceases to have much value and I, for one, have come to the end of my patience. I am weary of being expected to be very much excited about situations which are never very clearly defined. If Mr. Lawson does not tell us pretty soon what all his shooting is about, it will be time to take away his gun.

The matter would be simpler if it were not for the fact that he still has his moments. Even the worst-disposed spectator at the recent "Pure in Heart" could hardly deny that the scene of the conversation in the pent-house was well written. In similar fashion "Gentlewoman," now being presented by the Group at the Cort Theater, has a rather interesting theme and occasional flashes of both shrewdness and power. But it is hard to understand how anyone as good as Mr. Lawson at his best can possibly be as bad as he is at his worst. In every one of his plays the idea, noisily pursued throughout the evening, seems to elude him at last, and after one has failed quite to understand half a dozen dramas one begins to wonder whether the author quite understood them either. But that is not really the worst. The worst is that one begins to suspect him of laying down a smoke screen to conceal the fact that he has got lost and of being most vehement at the very moment when he is least sure what it is that he is trying to say. It is difficult to believe that anyone of Mr. Lawson's age and experience really wants to write adolescent fustian of the sort he is always breaking into. One cannot even blame on his Hollywood experience the penchant for Elinor Glyn prose, Ella Wilcox poetry, and undergraduate yearnings; he had it before he went to Hollywood. One can therefore only assume that he falls back upon such things when his original intention eludes him, and that he has always found it easier to compose passages of dubious purple than to find the road again.

Apparently "Gentlewoman" is intended to argue that we moderns can find salvation only by identifying ourselves with the revolutionary struggle of the lowly. This thesis is at least as good as the next, and so too is the plan to develop it through a story of the influence of a personable radical upon the life of a spoiled and neurotic woman belonging to the upper class. Unfortunately, however, Mr. Lawson's adolescent romanticism dominates his conception of the characters. The woman—played whiningly by Stella Adler, who is certainly not here at her best—comes straight out of one of those novels which teach nursemaids to pity the broken-hearted aristocracy; the man is

63

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DEBATE: Which Way Out of the Crisis?

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that good old stand-by of cheap fiction, the hero who stays drunk most of the time because the world is not good enough for him. I do not know what the critics of the *New Masses* and the *Daily Worker* will say, but I think that if I were examining this drama from the standpoint of its pertinence to the class struggle and the new culture I should point out with some asperity that Mr. Lawson dodges the issue by making the revolution only a sort of off-stage noise, and that workers are conspicuously absent—unless one is unkind enough to classify the inebriated roughneck as one. The actual substance of the play consists of the neurotic and amorous goings-on indulged in by the hero and the heroine, who at the end merely walk out toward the (red) dawn in the manner consecrated by the fade-out in the movies.

For all I know, Mr. Lawson may be now permanently converted to the religion of revolution. It is possible that a dissatisfaction with the social system was what was wrong with him all along and that his discourses will run clearer now that he has found it out. Nevertheless, I cannot help remembering that his past is a series of discoveries concerning the nature or the cause of his ailment, and that he has always made much the same sort of noise about each. Once, in *Roger Bloomer*, it was lack of "sensitiveness" in the American soul. Once, in "Processional," it was our failure to penetrate the real meaning of the spirit of jazz. Then, in "Nirvana," it was the need of mystical faith, and now, in "Gentlewoman," it is some sort of economic disorder. The striking fact is, however, that Mr. Lawson was all for sensitiveness in the day when everybody else was for it, and now all for economics when that has become the fashion. I do not doubt his sincerity and I am not accusing him of deliberately hopping on band-wagons. But I am suggesting that he shows a certain tendency to attribute his own private intestinal pains to whatever defect of society happens to be under popular discussion at the moment, and that he is, in a word, much like the medical student who exclaims every time he studies a new disease, "That's what I've got!" His distress is doubtless genuine enough, to him at least. Perhaps it is not too late to hope that he will some day find out what it really is, and that when he does he can tell us about it with reasonable calm and suitable clarity.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

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Contents

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS	427
EDITORIALS:	
Uncle Sam, Chiseler-in-Chief	430
Official Whitewash	431
Our Public Schools	431
Without Maecenas	432
ISSUES AND MEN. LET US ABATE SENATOR COPELAND.	
By Oswald Garrison Villard	433
CARTOON: EUROPE AT A GLANCE. By Low	434
HOUSING: A CALL TO ACTION. By Albert Mayer	435
CLASS WAR IN SPAIN. By Louis Fischer	437
WILL GERMANY CONQUER FRANCE? By Robert Dell	440
MR. ANDERSON IN A TENDER MOOD. By Paul Y. Anderson	443
COMMON SENSE FOLLOWS THE CWA. By Stephen Raushenbush	444
IN THE DRIFTWAY. By the Drifter	445
CORRESPONDENCE	446
BOOKS, FILMS, DRAMA:	
Snow in Evening. By Clinch Calkins	449
They Do as They Like. By Mark Van Doren	449
Thunder on the Right. By Broadus Mitchell	449
Comforting, like a Lullaby. By Burton Rascoe	450
Patience on Henry Street. By E. R. Wembridge	451
How Keats Worked. By Eda Lou Walton	452
Shorter Notices	452
Drama: Three Sisters in Five Parts. By Joseph Wood Krutch	453
Films: The Children's Crusade. By William Troy	454
CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE	454

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MR. ROOSEVELT'S snappy "settlement" of the automobile strike has catapulted the Administration plump into the middle of the very issues the compromise was designed to sidestep so deftly. The industry is seething with strikes and rumors of strikes which may in the end do more harm than the original threatened walk-out would have done to the recovery program for whose preservation the automobile workers paid so dearly. The National Automobile Labor Board is already under heavy criticism from the workers, who insist that the board's first job is to settle the question of representation in the various plants. Since this question has been the burning issue in the whole controversy, the workers seem to us absolutely justified in their demand. But the board, by a majority of two—Nicholas Kelley for the employers and Leo Wolman for the Administration, against the opposition of Richard Byrd for labor—has so far limited its work to cases of alleged discrimination for union activities. Obviously the bargaining power of automobile labor is highest at the peak of production. The board's job at the moment is not to investigate discrimination in the past but to make it impossible in the future. This central issue of union representation and recognition must be faced unless the Administration is prepared to let its recovery program go by default. Mr. Roosevelt early proclaimed the theory that industry could save itself only by diverting its profits to the worker-consumer, in that way increasing purchasing power.

When industry showed a strange unwillingness so to divert its profits, Mr. Roosevelt continued to request and urge where he should have demanded and forced industry's co-operation. At the same time collective bargaining, the one effective power the workers have with which to force higher wages and thus increase purchasing power, has been vitiated by the confusion arising from the company-union question and by discouraging the use of labor's only actual weapon, the strike. This latter situation, of course, is the result mainly of the weakness of labor and its leaders; but it is also an indication of the overwhelming strength of industry. To assume a pose of neutrality as between industry and worker-consumers, given their relative present strengths, is obviously to favor industry. Perhaps the Administration does not intend to favor industry unduly, but its purposes seem to be confused. General Johnson lately wrote a letter in support of the Wagner bill amending the powers of the National Labor Board. The Wagner bill would make it possible for an independent union supported by a majority of workers to establish a closed shop. But the automobile agreement sets up proportional representation of labor forces, thus inhibiting the closed shop. Which principle is the Administration backing? Does it know?

THE JOHNSON BILL, which would prohibit loans—except by government agencies—to nations in default in their debt payments to this country, is one of those simple-minded, provincially inspired measures by which certain Americans delight to impose their moral standards upon foreign countries which have equally rigorous, though contrary, moral standards of their own. Most Americans think that France is morally bound to pay its war debt to us; most Frenchmen are certain that it is morally justified in not doing so. Our State Department, under the righteous Secretary Hughes, insisted that Russia should not be recognized until it arranged to recoup us for the loans made to the Czar; the Soviet Government made a counter-demand for damages for our invasion of its territory in 1918 without a declaration of war. The Johnson bill makes a fetish of just one consideration in regard to a foreign loan when in fact many other circumstances are equally important. There are countries which do not owe us a cent which, nevertheless, are poorer risks than nations in default on certain debts. The national government of France, for reasons which it considers good, is not paying its war borrowings from the United States, yet French cities which floated loans in this country are not only making good on them but are doing so *in terms of our gold dollar*, in consequence of which the bonds are selling at 60 per cent above par. If American loans to Russia are prohibited, the Soviets will turn elsewhere for purchases and the chief reason for recognition will be defeated. *The Nation* believes that foreign loans, indeed all credit, should be under government control, but it should be exercised through administrative action, not legislative fiat. The desirable agency would be an administrative board capable of studying each case on its merits and arriving at conclusions based on fiscal facts, not on moral yearnings.

IN SPITE of the protestations from Mr. Hopkins, head of the Federal Emergency Relief Administration, and from Fred I. Daniels, director of relief for New York State, that under no circumstances would workers on government relief projects be discriminated against for attempting to organize a union, it is charged by the Associated Office and Professional Emergency Employees—an organization of FERA workers in New York City—that many scores of workers have lost federal relief jobs because of attempts to organize their fellow-employees. Two cases are cited as particular examples of this anti-union attitude on the part of relief bosses, one the dismissal of Carl Bollinger from the New York City Emergency Works Bureau after he had distributed during his lunch hours leaflets to other workers announcing a union meeting at Madison Square Garden. Mr. Bollinger was frankly dismissed for this attempt at organization, and is the proud recipient of a discharge slip on which his time-keeper had written: "Distributing literature tending to disrupt the morale of the men at this yard. Agitating and causing dissension in the office. Conspiracy. Plotting to organize the office to his way of thinking. [Signed] Charles Majorossy." The case of Harry Mensh, fired from CWA headquarters in the New York Port Authority Building, was not quite so clear. Mr. Mensh had participated in a one-hour strike to protest against dissolution of the CWA. His supervisor angrily reproached him, accused him of "lack of decency," and inquired if he had been born in this country. On the following day he was discharged by Colonel DeLamater, head of the Emergency Works Bureau, "for the good of the service." When protests were made, Mensh was said first to have been ousted because of errors in his work, later for "insubordination" and for having been unwilling to subscribe to the doctrine that "refusal to obey any order of a superior, no matter what the order or the circumstances, is grounds for dismissal." We have no reason to doubt that these are bona fide cases, accurately described. They indicate that the government's labor policy needs checking up.

POLICE CLUBBING of members of the Ohio Unemployed League in an eviction fight in Columbus on March 31 reveals the chaotic and shortsighted policies still pursued by local and national authorities toward the unemployed. The league halted over 3,000 evictions in Franklin County, Ohio, where Columbus is located, during the past year. It accomplished this through mass demonstrations and brought about a change in the policy of the Ohio relief authorities. The eviction question seemed settled in favor of the jobless, even though James Van Meter, chairman of the eviction committee, had to go to jail to win that result. His family of seven children camped in Governor White's office and won his release. With the cutting off of CWA work, a new hard-boiled program on evictions was adopted by the authorities. The league then called in Louis F. Budenz, secretary of the American Workers' Party, who had led the first eviction fights of last summer, and a new campaign to stop evictions began. Families were again kept in their homes, despite bailiffs and police. Two families, put out by surprise, set up their households in the streets. They slept and cooked in the open. This so irritated the city officials of Columbus that they attacked the unemployed through the police. One man was seriously injured and others were

brutally clubbed. Workers' organizations, churchmen, and others protested. The league announced that it would carry the campaign to "Governor White's front porch." Mayor Henry Worley stated that the "government still rules." The league answered: "What kind of government?" That is becoming the issue in Ohio.

THE PERENNIAL CAMPAIGN against compulsory military training on the campuses has taken a turn which makes it still more difficult for university administrators to evade or ignore the case of protesting students. Courses in peace training are now being advocated—to inform students of the causes and intrigues of war and of devices for the pacific settlement of international disputes. It is ironical that the suggestion for so intelligent an addition to the curriculum should come from the University of Illinois, long the encampment of the largest Reserve Officers Training Corps brigade and for many years presided over by David Kinley, leading exponent of the mandatory view among the heads of land-grant institutions. After several students who objected to military training had been ousted from Ohio State University, the *Daily Illini*, student newspaper at Illinois, urged that "a course in peace" be required, concluding that "if the university requires its students to spend three hours a week for four semesters preparing for war, certainly it should require them to spend as much time preparing for peace." At the University of New Hampshire, situated in Durham, there is a similar movement. Started by two sophomores in the student Progressive Club, who used their spring vacation to recruit the support of prominent Manchester residents, its aim is to procure peace courses for students who object to military training. Meanwhile the dismissing of students who refuse to be regimented continues, the latest victim being Eugene Ringo, a freshman at the University of Missouri. A petition of more than 1,000 students and faculty members urging his reinstatement awaited President Walter Williams on his return from an around-the-world good-will tour. Attempting to defend the expulsion of Ringo, and criticizing the anti-compulsory stand of the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*, President J. C. Futrall of the University of Arkansas falls back on the "moral obligation" argument. There is, of course, no such obligation, as a reading of the Morrill Act, with its incidental reference to military training, will show. And if there were, land-grant college presidents would be violating it day in and day out by not compelling all their students to take "agriculture and the mechanical arts," for whose development the law was passed.

THE AMERICAN NEWSPAPER GUILD has signed its first contract for editorial workers through its Philadelphia chapter. As was expected, the first publisher daring to brave the frowns of his colleagues was J. David Stern, acting for the *Philadelphia Record*. He has agreed to a closed shop in his editorial rooms, the check-off system, adequate dismissal notices, a minimum-wage scale, a forty-hour five-day week, and an apprentice system, all common enough to the composing, engraving, stereotyping, and press rooms, but anathema in the editorial temples of a free press and Americanism. Of course it is high time that those hardy individualists, the editorial workers, obtained something of this sort for their own good, but it is amazing to learn how

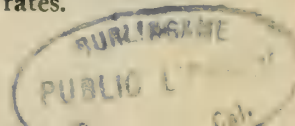
many are still not convinced that they have been mercilessly trodden upon in the name of a free press for, lo, these many years. With this opening gun fired, the jubilant officers of the guild expect more contracts to be signed. But while Mr. Stern will undoubtedly reach a similar agreement with the editorial workers of the *New York Post* and his two Camden, New Jersey, newspapers, it must be remembered that not every publisher is a J. David Stern. The New York guild has found progress slower, but the ball has been started rolling, and if it is suddenly stopped by contact with a strong, anti-labor publisher—"Well," as one newspaperman put it, "we can always open a bar and become a social club."

NOW that the taxicab strike in New York City is ended with a complete victory for the employers, who are at liberty if they see fit to reemploy striking drivers under the old conditions, and who are not, in general, seeing fit, it may be worth while to draw a moral from the fate of the strikers which will be applicable to other similar labor situations. The taxi drivers were in a strategic position when they struck the first time: they were complaining of intolerable working conditions, both as to hours of work and rates of pay; the New York public is good-natured, tolerant, and predisposed toward the under-dog; the independent cab owners remained off the streets. At the conclusion of the strike against the Parmelee Cab Company an agreement was reached providing for collective bargaining and recognition of a union. But just as the agreement was concluded in a manner seemingly satisfactory to both sides, one of the four drivers' locals, controlled by Communists, succeeded in voting the agreement down and forcing through a wholly ill-timed general strike in the course of which the independents remained on the streets and the public, which had been more or less amiably using the subways, found itself obliged to call for police protection from rioting strikers and wrecked cabs. These disruptive tactics are becoming more and more sadly familiar in labor disputes, and they merely demonstrate what should be obvious to every employer and every member of a labor union. The employers are firmly united on one principle: save the profits even if it be at the expense of the worker. The worker, in turn, should manifest as his principle a united front and clearly formulated demands. Strikers divided against themselves will lose a strike; strikers who try to play the prima donna role or attempt to railroad through their own notions of how a strike should be conducted without regard for the will of the majority will find themselves exactly where the Communist taxi local found itself—in the position of unsuccessfully begging Mayor LaGuardia to get for it the terms of settlement which it had refused from the Parmelee Company.

TRIAL in New York City of Art J. Smith, head of the fascist Khaki Shirts, for perjury in the Terzani-Fierro murder case brings to a culmination a notable fight by labor and liberal forces to free an innocent man accused of a killing, and to punish the guilty. Athos Terzani, young anti-Fascist, was acquitted in December of killing his comrade, Anthony Fierro, at a Khaki Shirts propaganda meeting, his accuser having been Smith. Frank Moffer, a Khaki Shirts captain, had been accused by Terzani and another eyewitness on the night of the tragedy, but had been set free on Smith's

word that Terzani was the murderer. Evidence in the Terzani trial showed that Smith had shielded Moffer and caused him to grow a moustache to confuse identification witnesses, and that Smith had made threats of death to compel one of his associates to support his false testimony. Weeks passed after the acquittal with no apparent move by District Attorney Colden of Queens County to apprehend the slayer. Presumably nothing more would have been done had not the Terzani Defense Committee, headed by Norman Thomas, persisted in demanding that Colden act. More delay, and more pressure, and finally Moffer and Smith were both arrested in Pennsylvania. Moffer readily confessed the killing and later pleaded guilty to first-degree manslaughter. On the eve of Smith's trial Mr. Thomas urged Governor Lehman to supersede Colden by the Attorney-General on the ground that the District Attorney had forfeited public confidence by his laxity. Governor Lehman replied that he had conferred with Colden and found no reason to supplant him. That a murder frame-up has been completely exposed, with the accused person proved innocent and the guilt brought home to the perpetrator, is an achievement due solely to the unflagging efforts of the defense committee and not to any zeal on the part of the responsible prosecuting officials.

LIKE OTHER PROFESSIONS and businesses, medical practice faces the prospect of increased social control; and like members of other professions and businesses, the doctors for the most part resent this inevitable tendency. Their fear and resistance are probably chiefly responsible for the recent expulsion from the Los Angeles County Medical Association of Dr. Donald E. Ross and Dr. H. Clifford Loos on charges preferred against them in connection with their clinic in Los Angeles. These two physicians in 1929 organized the Ross-Loos Clinic to furnish medical care to the employees of the Los Angeles Department of Water and Power. Subsequently other groups of employees asked to have the service extended to them. The clinic now has 15,000 subscribers who are attended by approximately 55 doctors. The service comprises medical care and a certain amount of hospitalization for a fee of \$2 a month per employee regardless of the size of his family. On March 5 Dr. Ross and Dr. Loos, in answer to a summons, appeared before the council of the Los Angeles County Medical Association to show cause why they should not be censured or suspended or expelled from membership in the association. They received no advance information as to the charges and were thus deprived of an opportunity to prepare a defense. Nor were they permitted to bring witnesses. They found themselves faced with a series of accusations which amounted to a general assertion that they had improperly promoted their clinic through publicity among the city employees. Dr. Ross and Dr. Loos met each charge with an explanation and a denial. Any publicity about the clinic, they asserted, had been given freely and no payments had ever been made for soliciting new subscribers to the service. They will appeal their case to the council of the California State Medical Association for review and if necessary will carry it to the council of the American Medical Association for a final decision. It is well that they have the courage and means to make a fight. The medical profession should be made to realize that public opinion is in favor of legitimate efforts to provide medical care at low rates.



Uncle Sam, Chiseler-in-Chief

THE paradox of President Roosevelt's recovery program is the reactionary position of his own Administration. Because Uncle Sam is the biggest employer in the country, and yet has signally failed to put into practice his own avowed labor policy, he has become in effect the chief obstructionist, slacker, and chiseler in the United States. The federal civil services, which ought to lead in lessening unemployment by shortening hours, maintaining pay rates, and adding to their employees, have in fact done none of these things. Instead, they have stuck to the old hours, imposed pay cuts without diminishing work, reduced the number of their employees, and in general closed the door to new entrants or promotions within the service. Such a course would have brought an avalanche of public protest if it had been followed by any other great employer of labor, and it is doubly despicable on the part of the federal government, not alone because the latter should set a good example, but still more because, unlike private business, it does not seek profits, and does not even have to cover expenses.

The Nation protested last spring against the folly of turning civil-service employees out into the ranks of the unemployed in order to save money with which to hire other unemployed for new, unorganized, and often useless work. In time this absurdity largely ceased, but in other respects Uncle Sam remains the outstanding figure in the country in opposition to his own program of industrial recovery. The inconsistency of the position has become especially indefensible since Mr. Roosevelt's recent challenge to private industry to cut working hours to thirty-five a week while increasing hourly rates of pay to such an extent that the total weekly earnings of regular workers would remain the same. Has the federal government itself adopted this course? Not in a single one of its departments.

The government's excuse for chiseling is of course a wish to economize—to balance the budget as soon as can be. The excuse is not good enough. While *The Nation* does not believe in waste in public administration, it feels that this is no time for the government to attempt to balance its budget. The demand for such action is not in line with public interest but is a plea advanced by the well-to-do in order to spare themselves from additional taxation. This is the greatest crisis in the country's history, yet we have not begun to extend our debt as we did in the World War. It may be remarked also that cheese-paring measures affecting human welfare are scarcely in order on the part of an Administration which has in view the expenditure within the next few years of possibly a billion dollars for naval construction. *The Nation* thinks the 15 per cent cut in the pay of federal employees was justified in view of the lower cost of living and the losses sustained by other workers, but it believes there should have been a corresponding reduction in hours and that the money saved should not have gone toward reducing the deficit but should have been used to employ additional workers in federal services capable of expansion in ways beneficial to the public.

The most flagrant of federal government chiselers is the Post Office Department, which employs 48 per cent of

all civil-service workers. Postmaster-General Farley told alumni of Brown University the other day that the department had balanced its budget only twice in the last fifty years and not once in the last twenty. Why, then, is it trying to do so in the present emergency when the economies must be taken out of the hide of its employees and in defiance of the national recovery program? Or why, if Mr. Farley is determined to economize, does he not begin with the wasteful and in many cases dishonestly obtained subsidies of steamship and airplane companies? A statement prepared lately by the National Association of Letter Carriers, the National Federation of Post Office Clerks, and the Railway Mail Association points to a saving of \$100,000,000 in the fiscal year ending last June compared with the previous twelve months, of which it is said \$80,000,000 represented wages. A further saving of \$70,000,000 was decreed for the present fiscal year, mostly out of wages, and on March 2 Postmaster-General Farley issued an order intended to increase this sum by \$9,000,000 more. He ordered four payless days before the end of June, the suspension of all vacations except such as could be arranged without hiring extra help, elimination of all work by substitute carriers except as dictated by definite emergencies, and reduced delivery service for the public. This is unfair to all employees but especially so to the substitute carriers, who have passed civil-service examinations and are awaiting appointment to regular places. At the present time there are practically no such places owing to the policy of making no promotions and filling no vacancies. Meanwhile the substitute is paid only for time actually worked although he must be in readiness to work at all times. On June 30, 1930, there were 53,762 city letter carriers. On November 13, 1933, there were 49,350, or 4,412 fewer. Had the vacancies been filled, it would have absorbed a third of the 13,156 substitute carriers on the rolls on June 30 of that year. In effect the policy of the government added 4,500 men to the ranks of the unemployed. Average weekly earnings of married substitute letter carriers dropped from \$27.43 in October, 1929, to \$15.38 in that month last year, and for unmarried men from \$22.83 to \$13.05, according to figures compiled by the National Association of Letter Carriers. Fifteen married men earned less than \$5 during the whole of October last. When Mr. Roosevelt stated lately that there were 15,000 unnecessary postal employees—doubtless on the say-so of his Postmaster-General—he failed to mention that the condition was due to abuses to which the service had been subjected. The Mead bill, passed by the House, and now in the Post Office subcommittee of the Senate, would give every postal substitute a minimum of \$15 weekly and limit such employees in future to one for every regular worker. The bill deserves support.

Meanwhile we would suggest one addition to Mr. Farley's chiseling of the recovery program and sweating of labor. We recommend that Congress fix the salary of the Postmaster-General at the \$5 a month earned by fifteen married substitute letter carriers last October and keep it there until Mr. Farley adopts a more enlightened policy in his department.

Official Whitewash

DURING the month of February the subcommittee on aeronautics of the House Naval Affairs Committee conducted an investigation "into certain phases of the manufacture of aircraft and aeronautical accessories" procured by the government. Carl Vinson of Georgia, chairman of the Naval Affairs Committee and author of the billion-dollar naval-construction bill recently passed, brought this committee into existence. He directed it to ascertain profits in aircraft manufacture and whether any profiteering or collusion in bidding took place among aircraft companies doing business with the navy. The reason for this investigation, as stated by Mr. Vinson, was that large aircraft purchases were planned by the navy and that all facts about them should be brought before the committee and the public to promote efficiency and economy in naval air defense. The actual reason was that Mr. Vinson and his big-navy cohorts, sensing public reaction to the proposed vast naval expenditure in depressed times, hoped to forestall any feeling that war-implement manufacturers would profit unduly from our armaments-buying spree.

The committee heard twenty-four representatives of aircraft manufacturing firms and many high navy officials and bureau heads in open session. No impartial, disinterested experts appeared or were requested to appear by Representative John J. Delaney of New York, chairman of the investigating group. When the hearings closed, a whitewash majority report was adopted by the committee, attesting to the purity and patriotism of the aircraft business in general and the Navy Department in particular, although only two members of the committee admitted having studied the charts, figures, and data assembled in the hearings. Had it not been for the single skeptical member of the committee, W. D. McFarlane, Texas Democrat, who realized the significance of the proceedings and conducted his own research, the whole investigation might have died a painless and quiet death.

The minority report asserts that the conclusions of the majority are premature because committee members did not take time to study and digest the facts. The 1,136 printed pages of the testimony show that this point is well taken. Mr. McFarlane tried to have the committee hear General William Mitchell, former army air chief, and Major MacKenzie-Kennedy, a British aviation expert of long experience. Immediately navy officials exhibited high indignation at the mention of General Mitchell's name, and committee members howled "British spy" at Major MacKenzie-Kennedy. Their statements and data were eventually included in the committee record, but they were not allowed to testify.

Testimony was offered showing that two engine companies and six manufacturing companies divided 95 per cent of all navy business between them. Mr. McFarlane asks how the majority report "could determine whether profits were moderate and reasonable when undisputed evidence shows little or no competition" in government purchases of planes, engines, and accessories. For instance, since 1926 the navy has purchased all but thirty-six of its engines from either the Pratt and Whitney Company or the Wright Aeronautical firm. When closed contracts were used, engine prices averaged \$8,793. When open bidding was allowed,

engine prices averaged \$4,798. The Pratt and Whitney and Wright companies made an average profit of 23 per cent between them on navy business—one year profits reached 71 per cent.

The heart of the minority report is the analysis of the manner in which navy aircraft purchases have been made under authority of the Air Act of 1926. This measure was the result of the famous Morrow Aviation Board's recommendations and has the plain intent to provide for open competitive bidding on all aircraft purchases. However, Section 10-k of the act allows the navy to procure planes for experimental and other purposes on a closed or non-competitive basis at the discretion of the Secretary. Since the passage of the act the navy has bought 91 per cent of all its planes on a non-competitive basis. The minority report charges that the navy "openly and notoriously violated the plain letter of the law" and bolsters up this charge by quoting decisions of the legal staff of the Navy Department. The recommendations of the minority report include open bidding on all aircraft purchases, no more money to be spent on navy lighter-than-air projects, unification of all federal aeronautical activities, government operation of the air mail, and a prohibition against the letting of contracts to companies having subsidiaries or affiliates bidding on the same project.

At this writing the minority views of Mr. McFarlane have embarrassed the Naval Affairs Committee to such a degree that it has postponed accepting any reports at all from its aeronautics subcommittee.

Our Public Schools

SO firmly fixed in our minds today is the notion that public compulsory education up to the age of fourteen years must be a part of American life that it may come as a shock to many Americans to realize that in 1874 the only States in the Union which had compulsory-education laws were Massachusetts and New York. In the intervening sixty years the other forty-six States have followed suit, and our educational endeavors during the last decade have been in the direction of extending the age of compulsory attendance two and possibly more years. The latter activities have of course been based on the premise that in the United States we do in fact have an established public-school system which provides, without cost to the individual child, elementary education mandatory until he reaches the age of fourteen. Investigation of the public-school systems throughout the country, however, raises the gravest doubts that our confidence in our educational system is justified. George G. Zook, United States Commissioner of Education, reported the following statistics in the fall of 1933:

Nearly 2,000 rural schools in twenty-four States, enrolling more than 100,000 children, have failed to open this fall. In many communities tuition is being charged in public schools. One in every four cities has shortened the school term and 715 rural schools, enrolling 35,750 children, are running less than three months; 18,000 rural schools are operating for less than six months. In nearly every big city the school terms are now one to two months shorter than they were 70 to 100 years ago.

John K. Norton, of the National Education Association, adds

to these figures the fact that in the whole nation only forty schools were actually closed in November, 1932. But Dr. Norton estimates that at the present day 20,300 schools are closed and 1,250,000 children are thereby deprived of opportunities for education.

A corollary of and a contributing cause to the closing of schools in all parts of the country is the reduction of appropriations for public education. In 1927-30 an average of \$375,000,000 was spent annually for the maintenance of school buildings, sites, and equipment; in 1933, \$154,000,000 was spent for the same purpose; approximately \$100,000,000 is projected for 1934. In 1926 the average amount voted for keeping a child in school for the school year was \$81.90; in 1930 this figure had risen to \$90.22; in 1934 it is estimated at \$66.53. The sale of textbooks has dropped 30 per cent since 1930; those portions of the curriculum which, over the objections of our fathers and grandfathers, had gradually come to seem necessary parts of a public education, in addition to the three R's, have been largely dropped; music, domestic arts, physical education, health supervision, all have tended to suffer with reduced appropriations, if they have not been cut off entirely. Examples of reduced appropriations in particular localities taken at random are typical of the situation over the country. San Antonio, Texas, reduced its school budget 36 per cent in 1933; Grand Rapids, Michigan, 22 per cent; in Mississippi the average cut was 29 per cent; in Oklahoma, 20 per cent; the *New York Times* for April 22, 1933, stated that Alabama had been obliged to close 85 per cent of its elementary and secondary schools.

It is clear that this state of affairs has meant reduced salaries for teachers, and in addition larger classes, heavier schedules, longer hours. It is estimated that 200,000 registered teachers are out of jobs today. The average rural school teacher who is still at work will receive \$750 for the winter just ending, according to Commissioner Zook; but 84,000 teachers will receive less than \$450, while in at least eighteen States teachers are being paid in tax warrants or scrip whose cash value is at best 5 per cent below their face value and at worst amounts to nothing at all. The situation in Chicago is notorious. Salary cuts to date have nominally amounted to about 40 per cent of the 1930 salaries, but even the remainder is unpaid since May, 1933, and for many months before that time payment was made in dubious scrip.

It is highly significant of the condition as a whole that in Chicago the school budget for 1933 was cut approximately 35 per cent, while the average reduction in municipal expenditures was 10.3 per cent. In other words, our public-school system of which we have so often and so loudly boasted is suffering considerably more as a result of the economic crisis than are communities in general. Because the children could not answer back, because their parents perhaps did not realize the gravity of the situation, and because the school teachers were helpless in the face of direct threats to their jobs, local budgets have made cuts in the school funds out of all proportion to the general budgetary cuts. It is not necessary to see in all this, as certain radical organizations profess to see, a plot on the part of the capitalists to deprive workers' children of their right to an education. But, without any plot, something like this is happening. At Columbus, Ohio, as these words are written, a citizens' conference is being held on the crisis in education. It is high time that something of the sort were done in every city in the land.

Without Maecenas

THE death of Otto H. Kahn has called forth many tributes to his generous services to the Metropolitan Opera and the orchestras of New York City. He not only bestowed large sums when he could, but he gave freely of his time and of his knowledge. He was a patron of long experience and usually of good taste—this even though numbers of people long for a new deal in opera to replace the well-worn Gatti-Casazza regime. But with the artistic future of the Metropolitan we are less concerned today than with its financial future. It has lived until the last year by the favor of men as rich as Mr. Kahn, if by no means as understanding as he in the field of music. But today it and the historic Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra are passing the hat not merely to the occupants of the "golden horseshoe" of the Metropolitan Opera House but to music lovers at large. Maecenas is Maecenas no longer, and it is not without significance that when Mr. Kahn died the campaign to preserve the Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra for three years was still uncompleted.

Nor is it to be believed that opera and orchestra will hereafter be the beneficiaries of rich men's favors alone, even if a considerable measure of prosperity returns within the year. The bill for capitalism's debauch will hardly be paid within this generation, and there are some once well-to-do men living in their gardeners' cottages. Huge salaries and bonuses will be curtailed if Congress does its duty; and its readiness to increase considerably income and inheritance taxes, even if not to the extent asked by Senator La Follette, suggests the burdens wealth may have to carry in years to come. That there are still rich men cannot be denied. But we doubt very much if there will again be anything like the crop of millionaires who were at once the refuge and the despair of orchestra heads, college presidents, trustees of fine-arts museums, of hospitals, and of philanthropies of every description.

Which is as it should be. Sometimes we think that nothing could be so wonderful for the development of our universities as an inability to find rich men to beg from, to elect to their governing boards, and to bestow honorary degrees upon. President Butler of Columbia University has seen what is coming; he has warned his alumni that the huge gifts of the past are ended and is no doubt laying his plans to get more through small, or smaller, contributions. His words probably struck a chill to the hearts of many honorable heads of small colleges who have never treed a cotton king or an oil baron, but have lived by gifts of the lesser rich and now find these inaccessible just as the farm loans in their endowment funds are shriveling up.

Doubtless the passing of Maecenas will work hardship for a considerable time—until our country ends the intolerable unfairness of our present acquisitive society, and our communities and governments decide that the support of cultural institutions is vastly more their duty than that of anybody else. The needs of philanthropy are not an argument for the retention of Maecenas, as so many believe, but for his early and hastened disappearance. Nor are we unmindful when we say this of the dangers that may come—that exist now—in state-controlled arts and education.

Issues and Men

Let Us Abate Senator Copeland

IN common with millions of my fellow-citizens I am not the least bit enthusiastic about the political activities of Postmaster-General Farley. To me he is one of the serious mistakes of the Roosevelt Administration, and I am sure that if the President were aware of the amount of criticism of Mr. Farley's doings prevalent in the country, he would not wait until October to have the Postmaster-General resign the chairmanship of the Democratic National Committee, but would order Mr. Farley to pay attention hereafter only to his job of trying to make the Post Office pay its way, as does, for example, the British Post Office. But there is one thing for which I am grateful to Mr. Farley and that is his opposition to the reelection in the State of New York of Senator Royal S. Copeland. I wish that Mr. Farley had based his opposition purely on the unfitness of Senator Copeland to hold the high office which he has held, but not honored, ever since 1923, rather than on his voting against President Roosevelt in the matter of the Independent Offices bill. It is time that the Empire State obtained in Senator Copeland's place a man who in dignity, ability, brains, trustworthiness, and liberalism would be worthy of it.

The simple truth is that Senator Copeland in no wise measures up to the standard of Senator Wagner, or of any of the really progressive and useful members of the Senate. He has never made a speech that bore signs of genuine intellectual ability, and his incessant talking on every subject in the Senate has made of him a "dinner-bell." There is no other Senator who empties the Senate as regularly or as rapidly when he speaks. He goes with the crowd except when he obeys the orders of his real dominator, not to say master, William R. Hearst, and he may be counted on to vote for the strongly nationalistic and imperialistic policies of Mr. Hearst at any and all times. Why not? As a regular contributor to the Hearst press with a stereotyped column of medical hints, he is naturally disinclined to differ from one of his employers.

One of his employers. Senator Copeland has never subscribed to the outworn doctrine that when the United States pays a Senator a salary it is entitled to all his time. When you have so many strings to your bow and are so unusually talented in various directions you cannot be expected to confine yourself merely to one job. We know that Uncle Sam pays ridiculously small salaries. A Senator's salary may be large enough to keep Senator Borah on the job twelve months in the year—although he might make many thousands of dollars by outside speaking engagements—but, after all, Senator Borah comes from the small State of Idaho, and the people of the Empire State have a right to hear often from their senior Senator. Dr. Copeland obliges them—frequently. Thus his mellifluous tones have gone over the air under the auspices of Phillips' Milk of Magnesia, Fleischman's Yeast, Nujol, and, if my memory does not fail me, Pluto water, which shows how profoundly interested he is in the inner workings of his great New York constituency.

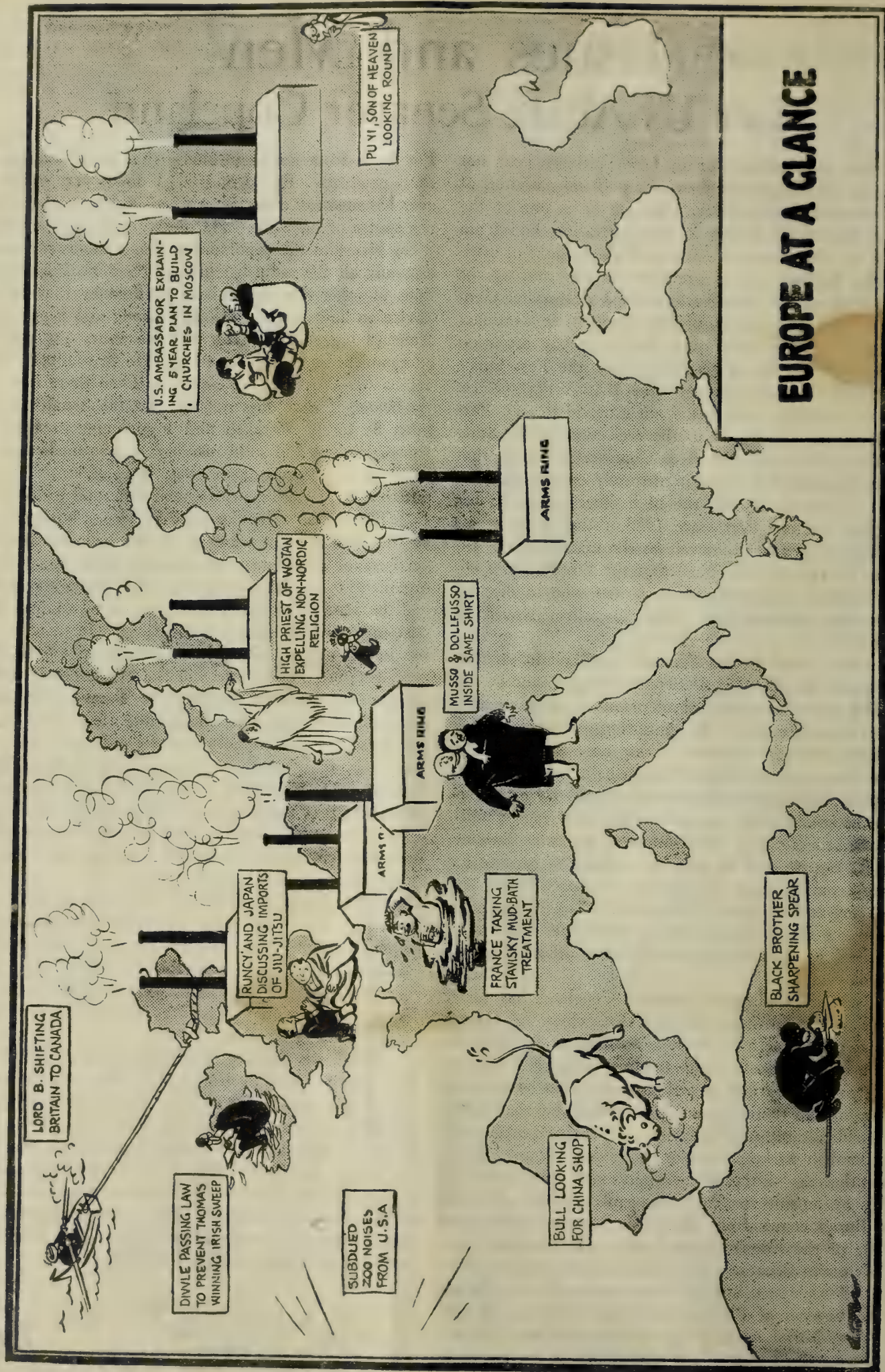
Far be it from me to insinuate that he is boosting any of these products. By no means. I doubt very much that he ever has mentioned the name of a single one of them during the course of his talks. He merely goes on their programs. They give him the opportunity, plus a handsome check, and not only all the radio listeners of New York State but millions of other Americans have profited by that professional advice on how to keep well and strong and happy and make America bigger and better that he pours out into the circumambient and receptive ether. He also indorses that marvelous Air-Way vacuum cleaner. Then there is the Hearst syndicate; if that does not eke out the Senatorial salary I must be sorely mistaken and I apologize profusely in advance. Sound and solid members of the medical profession look with contempt upon these Copeland medical articles, but that is, of course, professional spite and jealousy.

There is also the Copeland Service, a business office run by the Senator's son which gives much useful advice to advertisers of proprietary medicines. This is a worth-while organization in these troublous times when there are Tugwell bills and other obstacles to the time-hallowed American custom of selling pink pills to pale people through advertising in the press. There is no connection whatever, by the way, between this service and the Senator's method of presiding over the hearings upon the Tugwell bill, which has emerged more and more emasculated after every hearing under his superb and friendly, very friendly guidance. Can anyone doubt that, whatever the profits from his undertakings, the Senator's real motive is the public health and the raising of standards of public virtue? The Doctor has always been a crank on public health. Has anyone forgotten that when he was Commissioner of Health in the city of New York he spent hundreds of thousands of dollars to employ an army of rat-catchers at \$5 a day—they averaged at least one rat a day—in order to save the city from bubonic plague? Of course it is malicious to point out that most of these rat-catchers extraordinary were specially put on emergency pay rolls, and that many of them were from the Senator's own district. This merely illustrates the Senator's generosity and his readiness to stand by his own.

Well, the Senator is showing fight. He declares that he is going to seek reelection, and that he will rest his candidacy with the voters of New York State and not with a group of "self-imposed political dictators." That is the way to talk. Let us be thoroughly democratic. No tribune of the people should be afraid to go before them and demand their suffrage. Has the Doctor not given them fullest proof of his profound interest in their digestive tracts? None the less, I hope the Empire State has its fill of Old Doc Copeland and will disgorge him promptly.

Isabel Garrison Villard

A Cartoon by LOW



Housing: A Call to Action

By ALBERT MAYER

LAST week I pointed out that the collapse of the government's meager housing program was due to its very meagerness, and that the inadequacy of its allotted funds was a gauge of the Administration's interest in it. An illustration of this statement is the recently suggested program for spending something like a billion dollars during the rest of 1934 on house renovations. That is how the government talks when it means business. I have nothing against house renovation as such, except when it is to restore a semblance of life to obsolete buildings that should be torn down. But I am very much afraid that this is a first step indicating that the building and loan associations, the subdividers, the speculative builders have got the ear of those who count, and that the next step will be loans on small houses and the familiar Own Your Own Home campaign. The real-estate men talk of vacancies, but the newspapers frequently carry headlines—"Urge Federal Aid to Small Builder. Loan Association Head Suggests Loans up to \$10,000." For that kind of speculative building there are plenty of advocates, especially as the government's announcement contained an intimation that an attempt would be made to induce labor to work for lower wages on such projects. If we want *housing* as opposed to *houses*, we must get into action promptly. There is as yet no budgetary provision for housing and there is no talk of more funds for it.

The call to action must be implemented by a clear statement of what we are to go into action for. What is housing, or what ought it to be? Popularly, it connotes building of residential quarters, generally for poor people—who in the end never seem to occupy them. People generally and business men particularly always conceive of it as on a small, harmless scale, and often call it "model" housing, to which it has been confined in this country. The basic principle of housing is the provision of satisfactory living quarters for everybody. In it are comprised the creation of recreational facilities and open areas, the convenient linking of residential communities with each other and with business and industrial areas, the complete replanning of streets and roads, the revamping of transportation facilities to minimize the daily dreary, crowded journey to and from work which has done so much to bankrupt our cities, the creation of a new community life to take care of increasing leisure, and the training of a new personnel to guide it. We have here no philanthropic, sentimental job, but a national problem of the very first importance socially and economically. If we accomplish this, we shall probably encompass a second result—the restoration of our municipal finances to a sound basis. The word housing fails to express all this; a better name might be community building.

A housing or community-building program has four major aspects:

1. Proper housing means housing for the entire population. Much broader than any "model-housing" program, this involves two principles that require emphasis. First, everyone, whether he can "afford" it or not, is entitled to a safe,

sanitary place in which to live, with proper open spaces for light, air, and recreation, and to proper community life and safety for his children. These are minimum requirements, and if the present financial structure of land prices, money rates, construction costs, and wages do not permit all the people to have them, then the structure must be readjusted so that they can. As a matter of fact, more than one-half our people, at the lowest estimate, cannot pay for these necessities. The second point is that most of even the higher-income half of our population are not properly housed in well-planned communities large enough to be immune from haphazard adjacent development or encroachment. The upper half has better plumbing, heating, more electric plugs, and so forth, but with respect to light, air, sunshine, parks, and immunity from heavy traffic, it is not much better off than the lower half—certainly conditions are not nearly as good as we could make them with our present knowledge.

The goal, therefore, is a new kind of housing for practically everyone except, say, 10 per cent of our population. Housing for the low-income groups is only the most urgent part of the program—as it is also the most difficult part because of the financial subsidies required.

2. Housing as thus defined implies a fundamental rebuilding of cities, or, if this is impossible, building them anew elsewhere. We can perhaps squeeze some housing into our present city patterns between areas of too high land value, but this will not unscramble the physical and financial mess in which our cities find themselves. To accomplish that, we must make our cities into permanently livable places, thus avoiding the wastes of abandoned neighborhoods and an aimless decentralization into outlying areas, which necessitates additional expenditures for the extension of utilities and transportation. The unplanned outlying areas and suburbs go the way of the older districts, develop their own blighted areas, and in turn have *their* population drained off.

3. Housing, with the concomitant activities of rebuilding streets, parks, and transportation systems, contains possibilities for production and employment on a tremendous scale. We may state this scale as a minimum of five billion dollars a year for a period of twenty-five years. Housing not only offers a means of providing employment for labor and a market for capital goods on a scale to help us out of this depression, but it furnishes permanently a balance wheel of sufficient size to be a force in stabilizing our whole production system. An annual expenditure of this amount will give permanent employment, either on the job or in the production and transportation of material, to some 2,500,000 persons. The purchasing power thus created will give employment to many more.

To such a concept of community building real estate offers stiff objection, the refrain of which is that it is unfair competition and that there are too many vacancies already. But at the same time other real-estate men point to the thousands of families yearning for new speculatively built homes. It may be replied that existing vacancies are due chiefly to the inability of people to pay rent either because they have

no employment or because they are working for much lower wages. Hence the doubling up of some families and the break-up of others, whose individual members go back to their parents' homes. Since building offers the only means of increasing employment permanently, as contrasted with the present tendency to increase production merely, failure to pursue an extensive housing program vigorously will simply prolong the process of attrition, further decrease income and employment, and actually tend to multiply the vacancies. Construction of buildings to replace unsatisfactory old ones is not an innovation. In housing and business and industry we have always replaced obsolete equipment long before its physical life was over. The difference is that whereas so far this has been done at haphazard, with no permanent advantage and with much resulting waste, the present plan sets about the job intelligently with every prospect of permanence and progressive elimination of waste. Moreover, speculative building has always had a subsidy—a subsidy from the municipality in the shape of extension of transportation, utilities, and services before this was generally necessary.

Another siren song of real estate to which some of our economists have listened insists that unless our property "values" are kept intact by preserving our present obsolete pattern, the mortgage and municipal financial structures based on them will collapse. But these structures are even now collapsing, as is evidenced by mounting tax delinquencies, mortgage foreclosures and assignments of rent, and bankruptcy of mortgage companies. To pretend that the present assessed values are real taxable values does not make them so. To continue the pretense of fictitious values is to accelerate the decay, because new building cannot proceed on the basis of such values and old buildings will become progressively less able to pay fixed charges. If we start large-scale building on a sensible municipal pattern based on realistically lowered land values, we do decrease the theoretical taxes, which become progressively less collectable, but we increase the actual collected taxes by preserving the still existing real values against their continuing decay. At the same time we create cities that can get along on lower taxes since we eliminate the wastes of excessive transportation and traffic, traffic policing, and over-extended utilities.

4. As the new housing will make provisions for the new leisure, it will offer a new kind of employment for a large number of people. We shall require newly trained playground supervisors, conductors of workshops, directors of community centers. The whole program should permanently absorb more than 300,000 persons in this work, including the college and university personnel necessary to train them.

Such a housing program as I have outlined, in order to be carried out, must be backed by every ounce of public pressure and by corresponding determination on the part of all officials involved. Certain conditions must also be met:

1. The work must be done on a large scale so as to have the advantage of the construction economies not possible in small-scale building and of integrated planning as against haphazard location of buildings. Further, the project must be on a sufficiently large scale to assure the advantages of a relatively self-contained community life. This means that construction must be in the hands of governmental agencies in large measure, for private initiative has always meant uncoordinated development. In the higher-rental range, private

construction might continue, with governmental control of the larger aspects.

2. Land must be declared a public utility or must be taken into public ownership. For housing means an orderly redevelopment of the physical frame of our life, and it cannot get anywhere if it is balked at every turn by speculative values or obstructionist owners. One of the first required measures is a new condemnation principle in our law by which land declared to be required for housing would be evaluated purely on the basis of its usefulness for the kind of housing appropriate to it.

3. The decent rehousing of our lower income groups—by conservative estimate from 60 to 70 per cent of our population—involves a readjustment of the relations of wages, land costs, and money rates. A proper relationship among these may be attained by subsidies; by lowered interest rates or, in the extreme cases, no interest; by changing the basis of municipal taxes so that real estate no longer carries the entire burden of municipal financial structures; by raising real wages; by lowering land prices; or by interadjustments of all these. This is the core of the problem.

4. The question of changing the base of municipal taxation, mentioned in Section 3, must be tackled. The tax on real estate is a tax on rent and in effect a consumers' tax. For so-called model-housing projects municipal tax exemption is sometimes granted, but it can be granted only as a gesture in a few cases, for if it were on a sufficient scale to mean anything, the city's revenues would be seriously impaired. In low- and medium-rental housing, taxes take some 15 per cent of the rental. Some form of income tax by municipalities which would make it possible to lower this rate must be instituted.

5. In financing a program of such magnitude the federal government will at first have to supply the funds. After some years a substantial part of them may become available from amortization, even at the low fifty- or sixty-year rates that should be established. Intermediate requirements should come largely from savings banks and insurance companies, which should be required to invest a fixed portion of their assets in these projects. Their funds will be a good deal safer than the mortgage loans that they have been accustomed to make. It may prove advantageous to use an income tax to lessen the amount of interest-bearing indebtedness.

Education for a program such as this is vitally necessary. People generally, and social workers and trade-union leaders and consumer groups in particular, should understand what housing means. In Europe the enormous progress in housing was in great part the result of the demands and knowledge of the trade unions. It should be understood that real housing is not sample slum clearance and model housing. This model housing is pernicious because it is misleading. Even if it were better than it is, it does not contain the seeds of a general program. It does not house and never will house more than one-tenth of 1 per cent of our population. We must have a program that will build up new and stimulating patterns of urban life, a program whose realistic implication is the rehousing of most of our population ultimately, and a sizable proportion—say, not less than $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent—every year. The job at hand is to take the enthusiasm and the hopes that the present program has stimulated, and to galvanize them into immediate effective demand for a real program.

Class War in Spain

By LOUIS FISCHER

Madrid, March 20

"I AM not hungry today," he said. "I ate my cat." I laughed. I thought he was joking. But the Spanish peasant who used these words and the men and women who had gathered around me in the mud hut were quite serious. A woman aged twenty-seven, who had five living children and looked forty-five, said: "Recently a horse fell dead on the road, and we all ran out to cut off pieces of its flesh." This was in a village thirty minutes by electric trolley from the much-advertised city of Seville in the province of Andalusia, rich in land and water. At first I had not wanted to go to a place so near a city. My impression would be too favorable to be representative of all of Spain. But I found a misery, a destitution, and a hopelessness that beggar description. Yet the peasants of Puebla del Rio told me that in the neighboring village conditions were much worse, and when I spoke of the matter to Spaniards of various classes, they said: "That is nothing. You should go to Estremadura."

The inhabitants of Puebla del Rio were dressed more poorly than the peasants of a poor Ukrainian village. One man told me that he had last eaten meat eight months before at the funeral of a city friend. "And butter?" "We don't know what it means." Even the children never got milk. I went into a dozen houses and looked carefully for food supplies. In one earthen home I found two small bunches of scallions, four potatoes, a small, half-filled bottle of vegetable oil—no bread. No family had sugar.

This is not a bad year. It is a normal year. These people and several million more Spaniards live in a permanent state of semi-starvation. Tens of thousands of Spanish peasants inhabit caves and subsist on spinach and grass. Whole districts are known for their underfed cretins. This has been going on for decades. The most distressing feature is not so much that conditions are horrible as that nothing is being done to remedy them. I have seen misery aplenty in the Soviet Union. But that misery, even the 1933 Ukrainian famine, was the concomitant, in part the result—sad paradox—of prodigious efforts, now already crowned with considerable success, to give the country a new and permanently healthy agrarian base, whereas in Spain the poverty stimulates no endeavor to destroy it. I inquired in Puebla del Rio what they did eat. Their diet was coffee without milk, bread, and beans. For three days the village authorities had distributed bread. Today they had failed to do so and the people would go without it. I made notes of all articles in several of the mud huts—three or four wooden chairs, a wooden table, a few pots, spoons, and plates, a pan for washing clothes, beds with straw pallets, and that was all. Many clothes were ragged; shoes were of canvas.

The folks I met owned neither horse, nor cow, nor pig, nor fowl, nor sheep. They were agricultural workers who did not even possess enough land for truck growing. This is the situation of the great mass of the Spanish peasantry—completely landless. All the soil of Puebla del Rio belongs to three owners who employ the entire population. Employ? Laborers work about four months a year. One woman's

husband had not earned anything for six months straight.

"We are waiting for death," a middle-aged peasant replied to my question about the future. The republic had given them nothing. "Damned republic," one woman shouted. They all wanted land, and the republic had not given it to them. In other provinces, especially in the north, the problem is not to give land to landless workers but to give more land to peasants whose holdings are too small to afford them a decent livelihood. In Galicia, for instance, 2,900,000 hectares are divided into 2,500,000 holdings—about one hectare (two and a half acres) per family. In 1925—and Spain moves slowly so that the statistics still hold—a registration area covering one-third of the entire country was studied. Of the 1,053,402 land proprietors 874,548, or almost 90 per cent, earned less than one peseta a day, but 1,096 earned 1,000 pesetas a day. They were the owners of the big latifundia. The poor have either no land or insufficient land; the feudal masters have too much.

The Spanish republic was created in 1931 not merely to destroy the feudal monarchy but to overthrow the feudal land system on which that monarchy rested. Spain needed a French Revolution. But the republic has failed to make one. The Spanish republic is safe. The issue—monarchy or republic—is dead. Even the Catholic reactionaries seem to be reconciled to the republic now that they see they can dominate it. But the new republican shell surrounds a content that has not changed. The interrelationship of classes in Spain is the same now as under Alfonso. The people wanted a social revolution. They got only a political revolution.

Spain's greatest need, Spain's crying need, is for a thorough and sweeping land reform. When the republic came into being the Socialists and the liberals led by Azaña attempted to introduce agrarian changes by decree. They were blocked by the landowners and the bourgeoisie. Thereupon Azaña, Prime Minister from October, 1931, to September, 1933, and still regarded by some as Spain's strong man, set to work on a new land law. He worked at it for a year and a half—meanwhile nothing happened. When Azaña told me this I could scarcely suppress a smile. "A year and a half to write a law?" "Yes," he declared, "but we were busy fighting political and religious enemies. Social problems had to wait." The Socialists, too, compromised on vital economic issues in order to safeguard the republic. And today the republic is governed by those very forces against which Azaña and the Socialists wished to protect it.

The republic, to be sure, has certain achievements to its credit. It raised the wages of agricultural workers and prohibited the importation of cheap Portuguese labor. But Largo Caballero, the Minister of Labor responsible for these improvements, the honored leader of Spanish socialism, and now called the "Lenin of Spain," admitted to me that his legislation had only helped the village for a time to eat a little more, but not to accumulate any reserves or to dress or live better. And besides, he added, everything that he had done was now wiped out by the parties of the right which

last November wriggled into power with the help of the women's votes and those of the dead, who had lately developed a weakness for voting twice. Landed proprietors have rudely slashed wages and are disregarding the republic's labor-protecting enactments. What is worse, the feudal landowners—I met some of them and some of their monarchist and fascist scions—are smuggling their money abroad, or speculating in land (land ownership is becoming more concentrated even than it was before: 514 estates in Cáceres province, for instance, comprised 566,415 hectares), or transferring their fortunes to the cities. Vast stretches of land lie idle. The owners neglect them; the government does not confiscate them; and meantime the village proletariat suffers for want of work.

To the traveler Spain gives the impression of being a highly civilized nation. Although the barbarous Christians mutilated the famous mosque in Cordova by building a cathedral into it and over it, although Spanish princes violated the exquisite Arab Alcazar of Seville by introducing vile paintings and ugly, vulgar furniture, although even the incomparable Moorish Alhambra of Granada did not escape the heavy hands of Isabella and Ferdinand of Castile, nevertheless, the dignity and calm beauty of these very cities and the general deportment and urbanity of the population testify to a deep, ancient, and widespread culture. And then the mind succumbs to doubt: Can a nation be civilized which tolerates such universal destitution in city and hamlet, tolerates it—and ignores it—for centuries? The root of the evil is feudalism, feudalism shorn yet tenaciously alive. The obsolete forms of land tenure in Spain have made it a poor and backward country, dotted, to be sure, by many islands of enormous wealth but incapable of progress. The republic changed none of the fundamentals of this situation. Agriculture languishes and industry consequently cannot grow. The village throws part of its hungry surplus into the cities, but the cities fail to absorb these human dregs. Hence the multitudinous beggars, the ubiquitous bootblacks, and those thousands who sound their beautiful cries in the thoroughfares trying all day to sell government lottery tickets. In Seville there are two workers unemployed for every three at work; the government pays the idle nothing, and there is no private organized charity.

I visited the home of a stone quarrier in Colmenar Viejo, a small town thirty-three kilometers from Madrid. His wife opened two pots that stood on the fire: one contained coffee, for which she had no milk, the other a meatless soup, and pointing to a baby that lay sick with hernia in the cradle she exclaimed: "Can you expect a mother to nurse her child on such fare?" Last year two of her children, aged seven and five, died. Both had suffered from malnutrition. The man's debts to grocer and relatives exceed what he could earn in the next three years if he worked fairly regularly. He had worked only twenty-five days in the last six months. And yet he was not one of the poorest he said. Compared with the miserable peasants of Puebla del Rio he lived like a millionaire.

Circumstantial evidence and the opinions of most authorities whom I consulted support the conclusion that the Spanish bourgeoisie is unwilling and unable to alter present conditions. Industrialists should be opposed to feudalism. It means a poverty-stricken population which cannot serve as a market for the manufactured goods. During the Ker-

ensky regime in Russia the industrial bourgeoisie of the Ukraine sent its representatives to Kerensky urging him to solve the agrarian problem by giving land to the peasantry; the small-capitalist peasants would then become the staunchest bulwark against bolshevism. This was shrewd advice. Kerensky could not take it because he was a captive of the landowners. He could not expropriate the land. In Spain, however, the industrial bourgeoisie has not even offered such advice. On the contrary, it collaborates willingly with the conservative Agrarians against the menace of radicalism. They would rather see Spain poor than see it Socialist, yet at the proper time they will of course protest their love of the Spanish nation and revile the Marxists as "enemies of the people."

A bloc formed of the industrial bourgeoisie and the Agrarians is the combination now in office. They use Prime Minister Lerroux, spokesman of the milder center, as a screen. While he shields them from the view of an electorate which might resent the spectacle of a government consisting of violent reactionaries and men but recently anti-republican—republicans now for expediency but not conviction—they are reducing the republic to an empty word and consolidating their position in the state machinery and in other strategic organizations. They may discard Lerroux, or he may become too impotent to be worth the trouble of even a slight Cabinet crisis. The chief function of the present government is to keep the Socialists out of power. "We will solve the agrarian problem," a Catalan industrialist, member of the Cortes, said to me, "without either a French or a Bolshevik revolution." More concretely, his party proposes to give irrigation water and credits to present landowners and thus reinforce a system of land tenure that has been responsible for Spain's retrogression.

This being the political situation, it is only natural that many Spanish republicans should be rather sour about the manner in which their own child, the republic, has been growing up. In their disillusionment they have been taking refuge in thoughts of violent revolution, and the most popular topic of conversation among Spanish Socialists is the impending civil war. But the Socialists and the Azaña moderates have partly themselves to blame. Having brought in the republic by a popular election, they thought they could also revolutionize society by democratic methods. Experience has shown, however, that it was easier to expel the king than it is to tame the landlords. The Socialists have many regrets. Some of them believe that on May 11-14, 1931, when workers and peasants burned convents and churches throughout the country while the citizenry and the police looked on, it would have been possible to let the peasants take the land and then to make a real revolution. But the Socialists were drunk with legality and checked the revolutionary trend.

An even greater popular resentment against the landlords and reactionaries was released in August, 1932, by the rebellion of the monarchist General Sanjurjo. Azaña at that juncture took advantage of the revolutionary élan and decreed the confiscation of all the estates of all the grandes, but not a few are sorry that the Socialists did not go much farther. Some of the estates were actually confiscated, yet none have been parceled out. All in all, less than 10,000 peasants have been settled on the land by the republic. The process requires money. The peasants must be equipped

with animals and machines. This the Azaña Government and the Socialists and of course the present Cabinet have left undone. The Socialists plead their weakness at the time. But their hands were actually very near the state machine and its forces of compulsion. The importance of being the government or in it cannot be overestimated. If the Socialists now try, as they intend, to upset the social apple cart, it will require a much greater effort and much more blood. The Socialists not only missed opportunities in 1931, 1932, and 1933; their reforms lacked permanence. They raised wages, but wages have been and can be lowered again. Azaña purged the army, which had always been an agency for military coups and military dictatorships, but the rights in power today are undoing Azaña's good work. One vastly significant service, however, the Azaña-Socialist regime did perform: it broke the ice of popular lethargy. It stirred the people to think and to organize and to prepare for the real revolution yet to come. In the future this will probably be adjudged the greatest achievement of the first three years of the Spanish republic.

Today the Spanish Socialists are experiencing "a crisis of hope," as Fernando de los Rios, former Socialist Minister of Foreign Affairs, said to me. It was better under the monarchy, he thought, because then they hoped for the republic. Now the republic is here and they are disappointed. De los Rios himself, a professor and scholar, naturally mild and liberal, has, after a serious mental struggle, shed his democracy and gone over to the camp of the violent revolutionaries. Dr. Pedrosa, a man of the same type, a member of the Spanish delegation to the League of Nations, has followed the same ideological course. The whole Socialist Party of Spain is now definitely committed to revolution. Caballero, its leader, told me that it would never again join any Cabinet as a minority, "and if we get the majority in an election," he added, "the bourgeoisie will probably try to keep us out of office by force." Perhaps, therefore, he suggested, the Socialists would boycott the polls in the future. The only path to power, they believe, lies through civil war. For a party which was in office as late as September, 1933, this represents a rapid ideological evolution. The Socialists are already, albeit timorously, urging the organization of workers' soviets.

Caballero is much respected among Communists for his honesty and sincerity. The Socialist press never attacks the Communists, and any number of Socialist deputies in the Cortes, as well as other spokesmen, assured me that very little divided them today from Moscow. Their sympathy for the Soviet Union is boundless. They do not take the Second International seriously. The Viennese artillery slaughter taught the Spanish Socialists that even the most class-conscious working class will not rise if its leaders betray it too long and too often. The Spanish Socialists know that the masses trusted them and that between 1931 and 1933 they frequently betrayed that trust. The urban and rural proletariat lost all faith in the polls and in the pledges of democratic parties. The Communists consequently made much headway in those years, especially in Seville and other centers where the Socialists are weak. At present, therefore, Caballero is borrowing from and parleying with the Communists.

But the rights learned a lesson from Vienna, too. It encouraged them. The Agrarians are organizing their own

popular youth league which may ultimately go fascist (the university students are leaning toward national socialism), and they are founding their own "company unions" in the villages to compete with the Socialist trade unions on the land. Caballero admitted that the right was stronger now in the government and therefore in the country generally. Partly through Azaña's tactics and partly as a result of larger political tendencies so evident everywhere in Europe, the center parties which might have absorbed the shock of a clash between the right and the left have lost influence. The polarization of Spanish political life has been moving forward apace, and today the hostile camps face each other thinking chiefly of rifles and bullets.

Socialists and foreigners told me that the post office, the American-controlled telephone company, and all government buildings are filled with machine-gun nests ever on the alert. The army, not quite reliable because the conscripts know how poorly their families live, is kept in the background, its arms locked in the barracks. Some of its non-commissioned officers, one hears, are furtively training workingmen for street fighting. The real force on which the rights depend is the Civil Guard, 35,000 strong, extremely well paid, and strategically distributed throughout the country. Its members, mostly middle-aged, may not be able to run fast but they can shoot well and they have done so. Peasants and workers are consumed by a bitter hatred for this counter-revolutionary unit, and in case of civil war its barracks and those of the supplementary Assault Guard—creature of the republic!—would be the first objects of bombing and incendiaryism. The hatred, however, is no greater than the fear. In numerous places where the peasants have seized land from the proprietors the Civil Guard has come, killed a few men to restore confidence, and then returned the property. When I asked peasants why they did not confiscate the land, they replied in two words: "Guardia Civile." It is possible, therefore, that the peasants will not rebel until the revolution has been successful in the cities, but the Socialists argue that the government and the Civil Guard cannot cope with a widespread insurrection. Their forces are too limited. Vienna was one concentrated target. But in Spain the elements of revolution are everywhere, and the village is not reactionary as in Austria.

The Socialists have been devouring every available piece of literature on the science of the coup d'etat, not even omitting Malaparte's worthless contribution. Caballero has read Lenin in French and Trotsky's "History of the Revolution" in Spanish. This is indispensable preparation, but arms are as important, and I think the Spanish revolutionists have too few of them and too little money. The Socialists, moreover, have only just emerged from the battle with their own reformist past; some members, like Juan Moran, member of the constituent Cortes from Cordova, still cling to it though they promise to obey the revolutionary summons, and their ideological armor is none too thick. Nor is their discipline of the highest. The whole revolutionary *volte-face* is too new. The rank and file have heard of it but do not feel it, and some do not even know what it signifies. The Socialist Party, in fact, has not yet announced its revolutionary land program, and the peasants, who have been fooled before, must be convinced before they court the rifle fire of the Civil Guard.

Nevertheless, the Socialists talk as if the civil war might

come any day, certainly within a few months. Vienna has taught them that a Socialist Party can wait until it is too late. On the other hand, Gil Robles, leader of the Agrarians, whom Azaña described as the "agent of the Jesuits," may provoke a fight before the Socialists are fully prepared. He may avail himself in direct or indirect fashion of the services of the Anarcho-Syndicalists, still very powerful in Spain, who are the greatest obstacle to Socialist success.

Meanwhile strikes multiply—some being won and some lost—killings are numerous, fascists fight Communists and Socialists on the streets as in the Germany of pre-Hitler days, and the reactionary government, availing itself of instruments bequeathed to it by Azaña and the Socialists, has pro-

scribed the Socialist youth organization, suppressed some radical dailies, and interfered with trade-union activities. The navy has engaged in strike-breaking. The republic is nothing like the perfect society about which the idealists dreamed for so many years.

Spokesmen of the government are convinced it can crush any attempt at revolution. The Socialists are convinced that unless they fight their movement will die in ignominy. They count on victory, but they are ready for defeat. Spain and Russia, both reactionary, were the two continental Powers that contributed most to undermining Napoleon. Spain and Russia, both radical, the Socialists here say, will resist the reaction that is enveloping all of Europe in its black shroud.

Will Germany Conquer France?

By ROBERT DELL

Geneva, March 28

IT is unfortunate that at a moment when the European situation is so full of peril to peace the Stavisky scandal has diverted public attention in France from international affairs and plunged the country into bitter internal strife. The present French internal situation is so much to the advantage of certain foreign Powers that it would not be surprising if they had done something to foment the agitation. Those who are conducting the inquiry into the mysterious murder at Dijon of Judge Albert Prince, an important witness in the Stavisky scandal, have probably not excluded the hypothesis of foreign agents.

French reactions to the Nazi regime in Germany have been disconcerting. Ever since the victory the French have been in terror of Germany, more so than before the war, and their exaggerated fear of Germany at a time when there was no immediate justification for it led them into such mistakes as the occupation of the Ruhr. Then came Briand's policy of reconciliation with Germany, which made possible the evacuation of the Rhineland at the end of June, 1930, and led after Briand's death to the entire suppression of reparations in July, 1931, and the four-Power declaration in favor of equal rights for Germany in December of the same year. The policy of reconciliation has completely failed, for Hitler's success dates from the evacuation of the Rhineland, and every concession to Germany has been followed by a great increase in the Nazi poll. At the general election of 1928 Hitler polled only about 800,000 votes in the whole of Germany; in September, 1930, he polled between 5,000,000 and 6,000,000 votes, and his poll increased at each subsequent general election until he became the master of Germany about two and a half years after the evacuation of the Rhineland. In 1929 Professor Wilhelm Förster foretold that the evacuation of the Rhineland would be followed by a great nationalist and militarist revival in Germany. I criticized him severely at the time, but events have proved that he was right and I was wrong.

Now Germany is an immediate danger not only to France but to European civilization, the German government has torn up the disarmament clauses of the Treaty of Versailles, and German rearmament has gone far. One would have expected French opinion to be more excited than

it has ever been before, but it is outwardly calm. This is not, however, the calmness of conscious strength. The French are more terrified by Germany than ever, but their fear has paralyzed them. Ever since Hitler came into power France has drifted like a rudderless ship. Her rulers, afraid to move in any direction or to take any initiative, have had no policy of their own and have been content to follow the lead of Ramsay MacDonald or Mussolini. As Johannes Steel said in *The Nation* of March 7, the Nazis do not fear the French system of alliances, for they know how seriously that system has been weakened by the impotence of French diplomacy. Poland has been estranged, perhaps irrevocably. Pilsudski and Beck, having failed to induce the French government to make a stand against Nazi Germany, came to the conclusion that they had better come to terms with Hitler. At the last moment before the German-Polish pact was signed, Beck plainly hinted to Paul-Boncour at Geneva that Poland would not sign it if France would begin to take a strong line in regard to Germany, but the hint met with no response.

Thanks to French policy, or the lack of one, the Little Entente is far from being in a healthy condition. Yugoslavia is irritated by the hold that Mussolini has been allowed to get on Austria and is in danger of falling under German influence. For the Jugoslavs Italy is much more the enemy than Germany and they would prefer Anschluss to a permanent Italian domination in Austria. Mussolini, who has designs on Dalmatia, encourages Hungarian designs on Yugoslav territory, and during his recent visit to Budapest Suvich said in a public speech that he hoped one day to visit a restored Hungary. Moreover, outrages are organized in Yugoslavia by Italian and Hungarian agents. Czecho-Slovakia on the other hand is being pressed by France to come to terms with Italy. Thus Czecho-Slovakia and Yugoslavia are drifting apart. The estrangement of France's allies began with the French acceptance of the Four-Power Pact, one of the greatest blunders made by French diplomacy in recent years. Russia was ready, if not to make an alliance, at least to enter into close relations with France, but in spite of Herriot's tentative efforts the French government has been afraid to carry the matter farther because it would involve a new orientation of French policy.

The net result is that France is in danger of losing her allies and being either isolated by England, Germany, and Italy or else forced into an alliance or close understanding with Nazi Germany, which would in the end be fatal both to France and to Europe. Already France hardly counts as a factor in European politics, and the wife of a French diplomatist in Berlin told a friend of mine recently that the contempt for France in German official quarters was such that she was almost ashamed of being French. What else could be expected? The Nazis respect only those whom they believe to be stronger than themselves and regard concessions as signs of weakness. To try to appease Hitler by concessions is, as a friend of mine puts it, like trying to appease a tiger by offering it a saucer of cream.

Nazi Germany is a menace to European civilization, and on France more than any other country the successful defense of European civilization depends. Although so much ground and so much time have been lost, it is still, one hopes and believes, in the power of France to organize the forces necessary for that defense and to repulse the new barbarian invasion. If France fails, European civilization is lost. And there must be no mistake about it. The barbarian invasion will not be repulsed by pacts or conventions. It will be repulsed only by force—perhaps economic force might be enough, although I doubt it, but it will have to be force of some kind. And the longer we wait, the more force will be required. If France, Poland, and the Little Entente had marched into Germany last May, as General Weygand and the Polish government then urged, the Germans could have offered no effective resistance. Hitler was well aware of this, which explains why he hastened to propose negotiations with Poland when the Polish Minister in Berlin asked him in effect whether he wanted war or not and hinted that, if he did, Poland was ready. Now that Hitler has been re-arming Germany for a year the situation is different. A reoccupation of German territory would no doubt mean war. This being so, many of those who were in favor of preventive action—if you like, preventive war—say that it is now too late and we may as well wait and prepare for the war that will not be preventive, which is certain to come whenever Germany is ready. Let it not be thought that those in favor of a military occupation of Germany were all nationalists or militarists or politicians of the right. I know a French Socialist who urged that course on Daladier last May, but in vain. The first step would probably have been to demand an inquiry by the League of Nations into German armaments under Article 213 of the Treaty of Versailles. If Hitler had refused to allow an inquiry, as he probably would have refused, or if, after the inquiry had shown, as it would have, that the Treaty of Versailles had been flagrantly violated, Hitler had refused to conform to the provisions of the treaty, then the action would have been taken. If it had been thought that all this would take too long, it would have been easy to find another pretext—for example, a demand for the immediate suppression of the Nazi storm troops.

Daladier hesitated and finally decided against the course suggested. He would almost certainly have agreed to it had England been willing to join in the action, but the British government was not willing to send the British fleet to Hamburg, which was all that it was asked to do. Apart from the general British objection to intervention when British interests in the narrow sense of the term are not involved and it

is only a question of defending civilization, Ramsay MacDonald would never consent to do anything against his friend Hitler. It has often been said that French opinion would not tolerate action of this kind, and that if the reservists had been called up they would have revolted. It is true that the French are intensely pacific and hate the idea of war for any reason, but they could have been convinced in two or three weeks that the slight risk of an occupation of German territory was to be preferred to the risk of a European war a few years later. The government, however, had done everything possible to prevent public feeling from becoming aroused against Nazi Germany. For a few weeks after the beginning of the Nazi regime the French papers published plenty of information about what was going on in Germany and then suddenly stopped. The word had gone out from the Quai d'Orsay to say as little as possible about events in Germany, and in the papers under government influence, which are the great majority and include all those with large circulations, only the barest news about Germany was given and nearly every fact discreditable to the Nazi regime was hushed up. Anybody might have thought that the French press was controlled by the German Propaganda Ministry and took its orders from Goebbels. This was the policy of Daladier and Paul-Boncour. It was an insult to the French people, who were treated like nervous invalids unable to stand the truth. The authors of this policy cannot put the responsibility for their own poltroonery on the public opinion that they had falsified and misled.

Emil Lengyel gave in *The Nation* of February 21 some accurate and interesting information about Nazi propaganda in a certain section of the French press. As he said, it is found principally in nationalist papers in close touch with the armament interests, but not entirely. Undoubtedly some of it is paid for by the German government, which is spending vast sums on propaganda abroad. Everybody in Paris knows which papers and what journalists have been under German influence. They were in some cases also beneficiaries of Stavisky's liberalities—a somewhat suggestive fact. But Fernand de Brinon's interview with Hitler in the *Matin* and Jacques Chastenet's anonymous article from Berlin in the *Temps* would not have been published without encouragement in official quarters. Daladier wanted direct negotiations with Hitler and therefore wished the French public to be persuaded that Hitler's pacific overtures to France were sincere. It is probable that Daladier was influenced by a quite justifiable annoyance at the conduct of the British government and an equally justifiable distrust of Ramsay MacDonald and Sir John Simon, who have let France down more than once. A Franco-German alliance, which is what Hitler offered, would ultimately be directed against England as well as Russia.

There is nothing new in the flirtation of a section of the right in France with the idea of a Franco-German military alliance. Such an alliance was suggested by Papen three or four years ago, and Paul Reynaud, who afterwards became a member of Tardieu's Cabinet, discussed it with Papen and other German Catholics and reactionaries during a visit to Berlin. Papen repeated the suggestion to Herriot at the Lausanne conference in 1932 and was badly snubbed. One of the aims of the alliance was to be the destruction of Soviet Russia, and that appealed to French reactionaries. It is natural that the idea of a Franco-German alliance should be

supported by the armament interests in both countries, for it would mean the end of disarmament. To be of use to each other the two allies would both have to be heavily armed, and a completely free hand for Germany in the matter of armaments would be an essential condition of the alliance, without which Hitler would not consent to it. That Hitler desires an alliance is quite understood in official quarters in Paris, where the dangers of it are also understood by all serious persons with no axes to grind. Nobody at the Quai d'Orsay thinks an alliance with Germany even worth consideration and General Weygand is strongly opposed to it. A small group of young Radicals and "neo-Socialists" who are for an understanding with Germany at any cost flirt with the idea. One of them is Bertrand de Jouvenel, son of the late French Ambassador to Rome, who is almost a Nazi. The members of this group express their views in the *République*, *Notre Temps*, and one or two other small newspapers and periodicals. There does not seem to be the slightest chance that Hitler's overtures will be successful, although they are backed by the French Ambassador to Berlin, François-Poncet, who was formerly an official of the Comité des Forges. Six months ago M. Poncet was of a very different opinion.

Hitler's proposal of an alliance with France is quite consistent with the policy set forth in "Mein Kampf," in which he says that a settling of accounts with France "would be ineffectual on the whole if it were made the sole objective of our foreign policy. It can begin to mean anything only when it is regarded as covering our rear for an expansion of territory in Europe" (page 741). Again he says (page 766) that "the eternal and in itself so unfruitful conflict between us and France" will be put to an end "only by a final active settlement of accounts with France" and "one last decisive battle," on the assumption "that Germany really sees in the destruction of France only a means of at last giving our people later on the possibility of expanding elsewhere." If, however, France would agree to German expansion on the east, an alliance with France would serve the same purpose as her destruction, and a free hand for Germany in the east is the aim of the alliance that Hitler now proposes. This is perfectly well understood by everybody in France, including the supporters of a Franco-German alliance. But it would be an insult both to the character and to the intelligence of the French people to admit the possibility that they would tolerate what would be at once a betrayal and a suicidal act. For when Germany had annexed Austrian and Polish and Czecho-Slovakian territory, had "colonized" Russia, as Herr Hugenberg proposed on behalf of the German government at the London Economic Conference last year, and had made the Baltic states into German protectorates, France would become a German vassal. The friendship offered by Hitler is a more insidious danger to France than open hostility. I suspect that Goebbels, who is by far the most intelligent man in the German government and is as cynically unscrupulous as he is clever, suggested this move. But the whole foreign policy of the German government, including the understanding with Poland—which would be discarded if an understanding could be arrived at with France—is a strict application of the principles of "Mein Kampf." One of those principles is that sacrifices may be necessary to win the final victory.

It is too early as yet to judge whether the change of

government in France means a radical change in policy. Evidently it does not on the Austrian question. Barthou shares Paul-Boncour's illusion that Mussolini can be trusted to checkmate German designs on Austria. The most probable hypothesis seems to be that sooner or later Mussolini will make a compromise with Hitler on the Austrian question and France will be left in the lurch. The new French government seems inclined to take a stiffer attitude on the question of German rearmament. The sane view that a bad convention would be worse than none seems to be gaining ground. If anything could be sillier than the futile discussions in England and France about Hitler's "sincerity" ("Mein Kampf" is perfectly sincere) it is the idea that it is important to get his signature to some sort of armaments convention. No convention would be of the smallest value without a really effective system of permanent control and provisions for "sanctions" against any signatory Power violating the convention. I do not believe that Hitler will ever agree to an effective system of control, and the British government is certainly not yet prepared to agree to its essential conditions. It is still, for instance, opposed to the limitation of the manufacture of armaments to certain licensed factories, without which any control would be impossible. What is really needed is the entire abolition of the private manufacture of armaments, as proposed by France, but the British government will not hear of that. Moreover, in the last British plan the acceptance by Great Britain of any control is made conditional on the acceptance by the other countries of the whole plan. Any system of control will be so difficult to work that the French are right in asking for a preliminary period to test the efficacy of the system adopted, during which there would be no increase in the armaments of any country. Sooner or later it seems likely that the French will be obliged to demand an inquiry into German armaments. It is possible that the German government will before long openly declare itself to be no longer bound by the disarmament clauses of the Treaty of Versailles and then France must move or finally capitulate. But a demand for an inquiry would be made now in much worse conditions than if it had been made last May or even last October. The Belgian Prime Minister, at British instigation no doubt, has publicly declared against an inquiry—it is true that his declaration is by no means unanimously approved in Belgium. What would the Polish attitude be now? It is difficult to think that the British government would openly oppose an inquiry if the matter came before the Council of the League of Nations, but it would certainly do nothing to facilitate one.

A wise policy for France would be to try to get Russia into the League of Nations to occupy Germany's vacant seat on the Council, but the right wing of the present French government will never agree to that. Besides, Russia would hardly be inclined to join the League without some assurance that it would be less inclined in the future to capitulate to aggressive arrogance than it has been in the past.

The outlook is dark and nobody can say what tomorrow will bring forth. It is possible that those in France and elsewhere who have been so much afraid of any resort to force that they have capitulated to threats and yielded to blackmail may find themselves obliged to resort to force in much less favorable conditions. It is possible to precipitate war by being too much afraid of it.

Mr. Anderson in a Tender Mood

By PAUL Y. ANDERSON

Washington, April 7

DESPITE the meek and mild language habitually used on this page, I hear (by a circuitous route) that the editors of *The Nation* fear my remarks are somewhat more vigorous than they might be, and that occasionally I descend to personalities. In the present piece, therefore, I intend to outdo my customary gentleness, and say nothing that could possibly cause pain to anyone. In my last contribution I alluded to the fact that the *New York Times* had deprived five members of its Washington bureau of the slight benefits of the newspaper code by designating them as "executives." The Chief of the bureau, Arthur Krock, writes to tell me that only four of the boys were made executives, but that if he had had his way the number would have been six. He is welcome to the correction. (If I know Mr. Krock, he will be grateful to me for letting his bosses know that he shouldered the responsibility.) The newspaper code is bad enough, but not quite so bad as some of my colleagues fear. It is plain from my mail that many news writers are under the impression that Johnson has gone back on his word to appoint a member of the Newspaper Guild to the Industrial Labor Board. This is not the case. The board has not been appointed, and when it is, a guild member will be on it. The publishers are asking for trouble, and they are likely to be accommodated. The Cleveland paper which classified twenty-five editorial employees as "executives," out of a total of ninety-eight, will get away with it only if I mistake the temper of the Chief Executive.

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THE Administration has decided to stand by the NRA. This vital decision was reached just before the President went on his Southern cruise. Johnson and Richberg will stay on. Those who have contrary hopes will be disappointed. That the President was able to induce them is a tribute to his persuasiveness. That they could be persuaded is a tribute to their unselfishness and patriotism. The NRA is to be reorganized from top to bottom. Johnson has been carrying a load that would kill ten ordinary men. During negotiations over the threatened automobile strike he slept less than three hours a night for two weeks. Under the plan of reorganization most of his executive duties will be assumed by subordinates, and he will remain—as is proper—in a supervisory capacity. It is my guess—and hope—that the new executive personnel will contain more regular-army officers. This is not because Johnson is a former army officer; it is because he needs able and incorruptible men who will work for small pay. Moreover, there are men in the army who understand American industry, more than can be said for many American industrialists. The fate of the National Labor Board is on the lap of the gods. Under the law it has no authority to enforce its decisions, a fact which was finally discovered by the Budd Manufacturing Company. That corporation since has discovered something else, to wit, that a "company union" can be a serpent in the bosom of the company which nurtures it. It is not impossible that the

automobile industry will make a similar discovery presently. Gentlemen who ride in limousines oftentimes overreach themselves.

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LIKE every red-blooded American, your correspondent was profoundly stirred by the disclosure of Dr. William Wirt that the Brain Trust was plotting the overthrow of the republic and the establishment of a Communist regime, and, as Senator Clark announced to the Senate last Monday, I conducted a private investigation, the results of which proved the Doctor's charge up to the hilt. The first step in the conspirators' plan was to kidnap the President during his sleep. He is a notoriously light sleeper, but this obstacle was to be surmounted by exposing him to a speech by Representative Hamilton Fish. Then, after the betrayed Executive had lapsed into a hypnotic slumber, he was to be spirited away to a secret hiding-place, presumably that where J. P. Morgan and Charlie Mitchell have kept their incomes since 1930. After that the cabal planned to set up a triumvirate of dictators, consisting of Senators Fess of Ohio, Dickinson of Iowa, and Robinson of Indiana, the theory being that within two weeks the American people would either turn to communism or turn on the gas. The traitors are realists. My informant is a noted educator. He taught ostriches to walk backward to keep the sand out of their eyes. He perfected the left-handed monkey wrench. He invented the popular sport of wrestling on horseback, and at this time is working on a contrivance by which eggs may be fried on both sides at the same time. Naturally, I allude to Dr. Filbert J. Squirrelfood, who devised a system for reducing the cost of education in a town where the United States Steel Corporation is the largest taxpayer. Republican papers and politicians certainly have fallen on evil days when they are compelled to go that far back on any four-footed animal for an issue. Walter Winchell, I see, says Dr. Wirt is entitled to a vote of thanks. Rather refined humor from one who conducts a journalistic peepshow for a living.

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THE Honorable James J. Farley has done many foolish things (see Holy Joe McKee), but he was at his worst when he allowed it to be reported that, while supporting Hiram Johnson for reelection, he would endeavor to beat Bob La Follette. Jim now insists that he was misquoted, or misunderstood, or something, and his explanation is not wholly implausible. Be that as it may, the important fact is that the Administration's attitude toward Bob will not be determined by Farley—and he knows it. It will not be determined at all until the President returns from his vacation, and if the President decides that the most brilliant and promising young man in public life should be retired, I for one shall be greatly surprised, not to say shocked. If the Roosevelts are what they have seemed to be, they will spare no pains to keep that stout fellow just where he is. Jim is a likable person, but he ought to be muzzled.

A HELL of a drive is being made to lick the Fletcher-Rayburn bill regulating stock exchanges, and there is danger that it may succeed. Every big shot in the country who lives by robbing unsuspecting investors has appeared before the Senate Banking and Currency Committee against it. And that is not all. An organization calling itself the Committee of the Nation, headed by a gentleman named Rand, has been flooding the offices of Congressmen and Washington correspondents for weeks with propaganda.

Most of it was so insulting to a normal intelligence that I asked Mr. Rand to remove me from his mailing list. Thus far he has not complied. Unless he does so very soon, I shall take the matter up with the Post Office Department.

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TO the readers of *The Nation*, who are spirited people, as shown by their letters, I apologize for the docility of the foregoing lines. However, editors must be placated.

Common Sense Follows the CWA

By STEPHEN RAUSHENBUSH

THE late CWA was a necessary luxury. The luxury consisted in spending money for things which were not absolutely necessary for a nation living on short rations. The whole program of spending money rapidly was apparently necessary to keep the economic life of the country from taking a further nose dive during the cold winter months. Now that spring has come again, the CWA has given place to something else—a little bit of this and a little bit of that—including some common sense about how a country short of money can best use what money it has for relief.

In January the labor groups of Pennsylvania—the Federation of Labor, the Railroad Brotherhoods, and the Pennsylvania Security League—formulated a program on this subject which they submitted to the Democratic and Republican State committees to be adopted as part of their platforms. It reads:

STATE EMPLOYMENT AUTHORITY

You are aware that the present Civil Works program is using considerable money for luxuries such as landscapes, bridle paths, and airports. This is not a time for luxuries. The unemployed have real needs. They should be met first. The unemployed need wages at work which will supply those bitter needs. They need, and cannot possibly buy, enough shoes and clothes for themselves and their children.

They should be given productive work in the closed or idle factories, making shoes, clothing, and other simple necessities for the unemployed. The State and federal relief funds should be used by a State Employment Authority to manufacture necessities for those who cannot possibly buy them, and who now have to go without them. The unemployed need productive work instead of relief and instead of landscape gardening and surveys. Will you support the establishment of a State Employment Authority to produce these necessities for the unemployed?

This program was in line with the constantly reiterated demand of the unemployed, "Give us jobs, not relief." It underlined a feeling many people have had for a long time, that while it is important to spend public moneys during a depression, it is also fairly important not to waste them. The program also undercut the profound self-satisfaction of many connected with the CWA in the thought that they were keeping many men busy. Activity, for a brief spell, was its own reward. Now that is over, and relief administrators throughout the country are faced with a problem of values and alternatives.

This problem has little to do with the aesthetics of real estate which interested the CWA. Could a park be beauti-

fied? Could a road be made less of a mudhole? Wouldn't it be nice if the county airport were leveled off a bit? How about painting up the old gray schoolhouses? There was a good deal of this, and much of it was essential; changing the river courses protected the property in many cities. The problems of the past were those of choosing among projects of this kind on the basis of the number of men they could use, or the number of men they could use at the lowest wage rate.

While all this was going on, it was clear that a considerable number of men, women, and children were still not getting enough to eat and lacked the necessary clothing and warmth. The roadscraping of the civil workers did nothing for them, and relief funds seemed inadequate to provide all of them with the simplest necessities. This fact seems to have been recognized by the Federal Emergency Relief Administration, and it has decided to divide the \$500,000,000 which it expects to spend between April, 1934, and March, 1935, into six categories, one of which is of major interest to the unemployed.

Planning is to use about 3 per cent of the workers. Work on public property survives as the biggest single item; it will use about 30 per cent of the workers on such projects as improvement of parks, game and fish preserves, waterworks, sewage systems, municipal power lines, airports, house numbering, and the like. Housing gets a tentative 15 per cent. Public welfare, health, and recreation, including nursing and public-health programs, receive 7 per cent. Public education, arts, and research, take 10 per cent.

This division leaves 15 per cent, with an additional unallocated 20 per cent, available for "production and distribution of goods needed by the unemployed." Because it is this section which presents the State relief administrators and the local communities with the new problem of values, it is well to look closely at Washington's definition. It reads as follows:

The production of goods for persons in need, such as clothing, food, household furnishings, and garden produce. Where it is advantageous the Federal Surplus Relief Corporation will continue to be used to buy or exchange supplies and products. This falls into two types of management: (a) direct operation by work divisions; and (b) co-operative and self-help associations employing skilled and common labor, factory, textile, and clothing workers, industrial engineers, and trained production and business people.

Relief administrators can use up to 35 per cent of the federal relief funds to raise the standard of living for the unemployed, provided those unemployed would not be taken care of in any other way, and provided the goods produced for them by people otherwise unemployed do not get into the open market.

The first question before the communities and the relief administrators who represent them in at least a nominal way is whether to spend the whole 35 per cent available for this purpose, or to spend only the suggested 15 per cent, or to duck the whole thing and spend less than the 15 per cent, graduating down to nothing. Simplified somewhat, the situation boils down to this: When a man is given a relief grant and performs no labor for it, only his own lot is bettered. When he earns the money by work on roads and the like, the general social good is also forwarded to some small extent. When he is given a job at his trade to use his skill to produce a necessary article, he is also helping some other unemployed person to obtain that article, and is cutting the community's relief load by that much. Here is a plan to use from \$75,000,000 to \$175,000,000 to give people jobs to help the other unemployed, and also to cut the relief load. It approaches common sense.

We have had some experience in this. In 1933, according to not very complete reports from twenty-nine States, including the largest in the Union, an expenditure of about \$5,000,000 resulted in the production of raw and canned food and the manufacture of clothing worth about \$30,000,000 at the current market prices. Most of the food was produced in gardens, the simplest of all manufacturing layouts. With the use of closed factories or partially idle ones the expenses for rent, power, machine repair, and raw materials would increase so that the ratio of cost to value produced might be expected to rise from 1 to 6 to 1 to 3. That ratio can be expected to improve after the preliminary factory improvements have been made and quantity production is under way.

One of the definite advantages of wholesale production and distribution is the avoidance of elaborate and competitive distribution costs. Shoes bought by the State of Pennsylvania at wholesale averaged \$1.23 per pair, and would have cost \$2 at retail. With administrative expenses deducted, a saving of more than \$600,000 on each million pair of shoes was made. The mark-up on clothing and other necessities seems to be about 50 per cent over wholesale cost. Thus the business of supplying the unemployed directly with necessities which they are unable to buy makes possible a social saving in the first instance of about \$1,000,000 for every \$2,000,000 spent. The plan before us now is not only to continue these social savings, but to obtain clothing, food, and warmth for people who would otherwise do without them, in the ratio of \$3,000,000 worth for every \$1,000,000 spent.

This thing seems logical and sensible to most people. In Pennsylvania two coal mines, one in Mercer and one in Washington County, have been run to give fuel to those who would otherwise have none, the workers being paid the current rates. The cooperative self-help groups in California and elsewhere have operated on this principle, with some government money. In Massachusetts the owner of an idle woolen mill considered the alternative of allowing the mill to remain idle or running it with unemployed work-

ers to produce goods for other unemployed, and then offered his services as manager.

The idea of having unemployed persons use government money to run factories to help other unemployed is probably not the most interesting idea that has sprung out of the hopper of either Washington or Pennsylvania. It has one advantage over a good many others, however, in the quality of its intelligence and appeal. The CWA, despite all the hard work, energy, and devotion given it by thousands of officials, never quite escaped the suspicion of being only a dignified substitute for the Congressman's plan of having army aviators take up bundles of ten-dollar bills and scatter them among the people. This, on the other hand, is the sort of thing that will find reemployed executives and mill workers alike putting in free overtime. It is an experience the impoverished people of an impoverished country can well go through while waiting to eat cake.

In the Driftway

AN ex-poultryman in Philadelphia hastens to tell the Drifter that chicken-raising is not as bad as it sounds. "In spite of the possibilities of all the diseases," writes Martin Muller, "some poultrymen have proved it is possible to raise large healthy flocks. Why cannot the Drifter be one of the successful ones? It depends not only on the dumb, silly-looking bird, but also on the man who runs the farm." That last sentence worries the Drifter. Its phrases keep running together. Set him down among a thousand pullets for whose wants he was personally responsible, and the Drifter would very shortly be known to the whole countryside as that dumb, silly-looking bird who runs the farm.

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MR. MULLER continues with some illuminating statistics and observations. The Drifter, he says, has been misled by the questions and the replies in the farm journals.

The problems cited were real years ago and probably do vex the man with 250 pullets. Poultry raising has become an industry, subject to the laws of mass production. Get in touch with men who have 50,000, 100,000, 500,000 hens. You will learn something about scientific farming. My veterinary friend is producing preventive medicine for practically all the serious ills that poultry are heir to. And bear in mind that this prevention is procurable at low cost.

Do not be rash, however. Large flocks are bred in tenements, usually three stories high. If you are sentimental about this phase of the business, then hesitate, for that is important.

The psychoanalyst is required for this haphazard social system, which is neither flesh, fish, nor fowl.

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IT is doubtless true that the emotional hazards would be fewer in caring for 500,000 hens than for 250. It would hardly be possible to know 500,000 hens individually; and if 5,000 baby chickens died in the night it would probably be no more affecting than those frequent short notices in the newspapers that 500,000 Chinese have drowned or starved to death. Still, the Drifter is determined not to raise chick-

ens. And the matter of the tenements is as good a reason as any other. He has seen hens sitting dejected at evening in the windows of their third-floor walk-ups. He would not like to be the owner of such unsightly houses, even though they might show a profit, and he is convinced that the system cannot be sufficiently reformed to suit his sensibilities. In other words, the Drifter lacks that warm faith in social service among chickens which has enabled the Salvation Army to do so much good among men and also made it possible for the following item to appear in a recent Salvation Army bulletin:

A father and son live together. They have only one pair of wearable shoes between them. While one seeks work the other has to stay indoors. The Salvation Army solved the difficulty by supplying another pair.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

"Is Britain Going Fascist?"

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

I have been reading *The Nation* for the past ten years either in London or New York, and I admire its intellectual integrity, its devotion to many good causes, and its generous feeling for the dispossessed. May I therefore claim the double indulgence of a steady reader and an Englishman to spare me space in your correspondence columns to reply to Johannes Steel's article in your last issue entitled *Is Britain Going Fascist?*

I am a member of no English political party, but I have spent a good deal of time in the study of our political forces, particularly in the constituencies of the South, West, and industrial North, and I think I know the temper of our voters. During my stay in this city I have kept in close touch with the recent developments of the situation by private correspondence.

On the basis of this knowledge, I would like to assure Mr. Steel that he need not fear that Britannia will raise her trident in a fascist salute at the next election. There is something about the shape of our mouths that prevents us from saying the blessed word "Heil!" Twist the lion's tail as much as you fancy, but please don't tie a swastika on it!

I will buy the editors of *The Nation* a spring hat apiece next year if our general election returns a single Mosleyite to Parliament. My information is that few will be called as candidates, and none will be chosen.

Even Lord Rothermere (that singular combination of Don Quixote and Jack Falstaff) has grown all cold toward the Black Shirts, and has explained that his interest in them was simply "an incident" in a happy-go-lucky career. One is left once again with the impression of his lordship as just a great big butterfly flitting lightly from one flower to another in the political garden. Lord Rothermere has a record for backing losers in politics that is beautiful in its simple perfection, and I will give the editors of *The Nation* spring ties to match the spring hats if he does not back at least two more wrong horses before the election.

Lord Lloyd, who seems to have fluttered Mr. Steel unduly, is an Eton-and-Harrowy, Rudyardy-Kiplingy edition of your own amiable Hamilton Fish, and slightly less formidable. His reputation was based largely on the memorable fact that when he sat in the House of Commons he was Mr. George Lloyd, and innocent strangers were always confusing him with his *bête*

noir, Mr. Lloyd George. The faintly comic, Box and Cox flavor thus given to the Mother of Parliaments made that old lady so cross that Mr. George Lloyd was made a proconsul by Mr. Lloyd George. He was sent to Bombay, and after that adorned the Residency at Cairo. Since his return from holding the gorgeous East in fee, he has found it impossible to get anyone to take him seriously. Even the annual conference of the Tory party treats him with no more than the genial tolerance one extends to the extravagances of one's youth. Mr. Steel talks of "the young Lord Lloyd," and I am sure that your susceptible readers imagine at once a dashing cavalier leaping to horse. Actually, he is a sprightly Prince Rupert of fifty-five.

As for the Labor Party, Mr. Steel might feel a little more cheerful about its future if he spent some time among its alert, able, younger leaders, such men as Herbert Morrison, the leader of the campaign which swept London in the recent London County Council elections, A. V. Alexander, and Arthur Greenwood. There are immense reserves of vitality in both the Labor and Conservative parties, and the overwhelming mass of the members of both are opposed to all forms of dictatorship with a stubborn intensity of conviction that increases instead of diminishes with time.

My American experiences make me feel that your intellectual classes know everything about England except the people. Political movements arise out of the character of a nation. The temper of the great masses of our people is tolerant, humorous, easy-going, opposed to violence and strongly resentful of too great a show of authority. I think of Easter vestry meetings in churches at which the parson, suspected of being "an arbitrary gent," has had his wings neatly clipped by an indignant congregation. I recall company shareholder meetings at which—a scene never witnessed on this side of the Atlantic—a glib chairman has wilted before the gorgeous dressing down given him by an old lady owning a dozen shares. I see the spectacle of a procession of respectable townspeople in their Sunday best marching out to claim, and claim successfully, some footpath or commons right filched from the public by a greedy landlord. I think of the good-humored fun poked at our politicians on the music-hall stage. John Morley wrote a whole book on our traditional habit of compromise. A larger book could be written on the perverse joy we take in curbing "the never-ending audacity of elected persons." I simply cannot conceive of these people accepting for one hour a dictatorship of the right or the left.

I am sorry this is so long a letter, but I would appeal to the fair-minded editors of *The Nation* to publish something about modern England which is not written either by a hoity-toity aristocrat such as Mr. John Strachey or a German observer such as Mr. Steel, whose values are distorted by the tragic happenings in his own country. I do feel that the amount of misunderstanding of England in this country is immense. And that is an infinite pity because the intellectual classes in the United States are instinctively sympathetic, tolerant, generous to foreign mentalities.

I suspect the editors of *The Nation*, like many other charming Americans, have an amiable weakness for such sprigs of our aristocracy as young Mr. Strachey, whose calm assumptions of the privilege of government are only equaled by their total isolation from the spirit of their countrymen. Mr. Strachey is really a survival from the fourteenth century. His left-wing authoritarianism is merely an inverted feudalism. There is a good deal in common between the Stracheys and the Mosleys. The thing that matters most to both these scions of old families is that they should be able to continue the ancestral tradition of dictating to their inferiors. But that battle was fought and won long ago. The pale and embarrassed ghosts of our dead past have no chance of ruling living men.

New York, March 29

R. J. CRUIKSHANK

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

I found real pleasure in reading Mr. Cruikshank's whimsical letter. He is a real Englishman and the spirit in which his letter is written shows that he combines in himself all those qualities which make the English such lovable people. I also know him to be a competent observer and journalist and therefore beg to submit to him the following argument in answer to his letter:

While it is quite true as Mr. Cruikshank points out that "political movements arise out of the character of a nation," it is also true that the economic and social circumstances which conditioned fascism in Italy and Germany are becoming increasingly present in England. Fascism is a universal reaction to universal conditions. This reaction may take different forms in different countries, according to the individual character of the country concerned, but in essence the reaction remains the same.

While this I think takes care of Mr. Cruikshank's main argument, I quite agree with him as far as his colorful description of the nice English ways of living is concerned, but beg to assure him that not much longer than a year ago the temper of the great masses of Germany was very similar to that of the English, and while England has still her John Morleys, Germany had her Alfred Kerrs.

I am half English myself and therefore against all reason I hope with Mr. Cruikshank that I am wrong.

I could use a new spring hat, too.

New York, April 3

JOHANNES STEEL

Thomas Paine

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

Since I am preparing a book on "Thomas Paine and Eighteenth-Century Radicalism in England, America, and France," I should be grateful for any information regarding unpublished letters or manuscripts by Paine. I should also be grateful for information regarding unpublished evidence which casts light on his relations to his contemporaries or on his influence. Acknowledgment will of course be made in the book for assistance of this sort. Material should be sent to me at the University of Wisconsin.

Madison, Wis., March 25

HARRY HAYDEN CLARK

Technical Help Wanted

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

The Technical Bureau affiliated with the Friends of the Soviet Union is known to many of your readers as an organization of friendly American engineers engaged in rendering voluntary, non-remunerative services to the industries and farms of the Soviet Union. At the present time we are engaged upon a series of very important questions received from "Varnitso," an organization of Soviet engineers who undertake to train new workers in the Russian factories in the safe and efficient use of machines. These questions are concerned with the design and use of machine tools.

In order to complete this undertaking and one or two other similar ones which have recently been submitted to us, we need larger forces of mechanical engineers, tool men, and machine designers. We urge all reader qualified and sympathetic with our work, also all technical men in whatever field they may be, to get in touch with us immediately at the Technical Bureau, Room 330, 80 East Eleventh Street.

New York, March 20

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Books, Drama, Films

Snow in Evening

By CLINCH CALKINS

The foliate snow lies on the evening tree
In leafy dream, bright as the heart of spring,
Gentle as love, but cold as very snow.

Blow not, quick wind, blow not the dream away!
Supplant it not with what must come to be
Season on end; the painful, swelling bud,
The blossom and the fruit, the cooling shade.
Deciduous each, all falling in the glade
On the rude earth of months who will not stay.

Be as you seem: Tree beyond life and death.
Harbor no nests, tease no sweet birds to sing.
Be not our hope. Be not the hot sun's shield,
For when snow comes, all lie within the field.

They Do as They Like

Seven Gothic Tales. By Isak Dinesen. With an Introduction by Dorothy Canfield. Harrison Smith and Robert Haas. \$2.50.

IF, as Dorothy Canfield lets fall, the pseudonymous author of these tales is a continental European "writing in English although that is not native to his pen," we have here a linguistic triumph for which there is probably no precedent. Barring a few slips from idiom which are so attractive as to seem premeditated, the English of the book is such as I for one have never seen written by a foreigner to the language, and none too often by those in the grammar born. And if, as rumor has it, the author is a Danish woman who never wrote a book before, we have a phenomenon so astonishing as to be incredible. Not that I disbelieve it, for of a person, man or woman, Dane or Albanian, who can write like this I am willing to believe any miracle.

The time of the tales is the nineteenth century, usually before 1850, and the place is Europe—Denmark, Italy, France, or Switzerland, though the prevailing skies are northern; the people have such names as Nat-og-Dag, De Coninck, Pellegrina, and Pozentiani. As for the stories themselves, they are mad after a peculiar fashion which gives the most modern possible meaning to the second word in the title. When Horace Walpole and his contemporaries called their stories "Gothic" they referred to the presence in them of oversized specters whose antics were reminders of some great, fantastic period long since past. This later author must refer, then, to the presence in her tales of such eccentric and overdeveloped personalities as seem already, now that we are in for an age of righteousness when the simplest men shall lead us, practically prehistoric. The individual, we hear, is out of date. Well, here he is as once he was—heightened, of course, in order to be visible at all, but heroic in his waywardness and splendid in his decay. Here are people whom fortune and genius have so specialized and refined that their cruelty, their kindness, their ugliness, their beauty, their fanaticism, their fairness, or whatever it is that has shaped them into these forms, is in itself art. They are a gallery of portraits out of that age which Matthew Arnold helped to define when he wrote an essay about "Doing As One Likes." These are Arnold's barbarian aristocrats, doing as they like in

a world which quaintly suffers them to be as grotesque and fascinating as mankind can manage to be. The Europe of the book is perhaps that Europe which so many prophets say is dying on its feet. But what feet, and what fine words before the head and shoulders fall!

Isak Dinesen is a twentieth-century Zélide who manifests all the sensibilities and despairs of the time. One of her people, Mira the story-teller, regrets that he has grown silent as he has lost his fears. "When you know what things are really like you can make no poems about them. . . . I have become too familiar with life; it can no longer delude me into believing that one thing is much worse than another. The day and the dark, an enemy and a friend—I know them to be about the same." Yet something is left to Mira. "Every night, as soon as I sleep I dream. And in my dreams I still know fear." So Isak Dinesen can be supposed to have dreamed these tales; they sound like that, they are both luminous and plastic, both phosphorescent and marmoreal; and they would appear to be the final expedient of one who had no other way of proving that the world still is, or within a century was, no less exciting than it used to be. Episodes are piled upon episodes, or wrapped around the body of a tale like so many bands of silken leopard hide; personalities, announced at the start as perverse, grow to heroic stature as swift sentences develop an appropriately astonishing prose theme. Everywhere the prose is cool, certain, comprehending, disenchanted. Morten De Coninck, returning as a ghost to his father's mansion, declares: "We have been amateurs in saying no, little sisters. But God can say no. Good God, how he can say no. We think that he can go on no longer, not even he. But he goes on, and says no once more." Cardinal Hamilcar, or rather the man in bloody bandages whom we take to be the Cardinal, knows how to speak of a civilization which seems to him to have lost the glory of an ancient time when there were other and better gods: "No human being with a feeling for greatness can possibly believe that the God who created the stars, the sea, and the desert, the poet Homer and the giraffe, is the same God who is now making, and upholding, the King of Belgium, the Poetical School of Schwaben, and the moral ideas of our day."

The time has come, they say, when we must look with abhorrence upon a novelist who wastes any more talent upon characters who are laws unto themselves. May there be a moment, however, for these utterly graceful and outrageous people of Isak Dinesen. It is possible that we shall never see their like again.

MARK VAN DOREN

Thunder on the Right

The Menace of Recovery. By William MacDonald. The Macmillan Company. \$2.50.

MR. MACDONALD, an experienced student and skilful, honest commentator, has here written one of the most satisfactory of the books covering the events, legislative and economic, of the last year. To accurate exposition he adds perfectly clear-cut opinion. The reader does not feel that the author regards his treatment of the New Deal as a trial balloon. He subjects the recovery program, both in its immediate operation and in its long-range intent, to a raking fire, mainly because "the line of demarcation" which bounds American business and political individualism "is being rapidly and thoroughly obliterated and the transition to a socialist order skilfully prepared." Mr. MacDonald's spirited attack from the camp of orthodoxy is a useful counterweight to forays from the left.

Mr. MacDonald complains that "under the guise of reliev-

ing unemployment and helping industry and trade to recover" the Administration "has made a fifth of the American people its financial dependents, levied upon three-fourths of the population who do not live from the land heavy contributions for the support of the remaining one-fourth who are farmers, exposed every office, shop, and plant to attack by a particular form of union labor, set up direct government competition with private business, and claimed a right of Executive veto wherever capital is employed." And more broadly: "The underlying assumption of the whole recovery program is that social wisdom is the possession of the federal government, and that neither individuals nor social groups nor States nor municipalities can be expected to act wisely and efficiently if left to themselves."

It seems rash for a reviewer to allege that a historian of Mr. MacDonald's parts does not recognize the drift in American economic and political life toward centralization of authority. It is equally presumptuous to say that an observer of his alertness does not understand the desperate condition to which the country had sunk a year ago and the probable penalties of a let-alone and liquidation policy. Yet no other conclusions are possible from a reading of this volume of protest against governmental interference. The author treats the New Deal as though it were a wicked device foisted upon the American people, an assembly of "novel theories, some of them fallacious and others mischievous," which were to be "tried at national expense." The measures adopted were in part a historical consequence, in part an alternative to more radical changes which promised to follow from further deepening of the depression.

Mr. MacDonald wonders why President Roosevelt gave such large opportunity to the "brain trust," whose "prevailing temper was one of disdain for what was old or accustomed, enthusiasm for what was new or untried, and eagerness to have a part in experimenting upon the nation." He forgets that the captains of industry, who mainly made up the fifty men who shortly before had been said to rule America, had nothing to offer. Some had jumped from balconies, some had hung themselves to chandeliers, some had fled to Greece. The American people had lost faith in them; they had lost faith in themselves. The Democratic politicians were as lacking in invention. The permanent Civil Service had shown little resourcefulness. To what other quarter was the President to turn unless to that of disinterested academic scrutiny and proposal?

A more valid criticism of the recovery program is that it has been too timid, too much dedicated to persuasion instead of demand, too given to circumspect adaptation. The early Federalist policy offers useful contrast. Conditions confronting the country a century and a half ago and those obtaining when Roosevelt took office present striking similarities—in business depression, international ferment, controversy over relative authority of central and local governments. The Federalists, exasperated by the Confederation, won through on the radical program of vesting political power in the national agencies. They were not opportunists. They launched with conviction and courage upon what seemed necessary for the country's present and future. Beside their record the New Deal appears to be dangerously patient and partial.

The present reviewer feels that Mr. MacDonald is unnecessarily alarmed, and that, having cried, he may dry his tears. Upon his own showing, the recovery program makes price-lifting its main objective, and this policy implies a hearty faith in private enterprise. We have been beguiled before with promises of reforms which have proved to be superficial. The cry is "Back to 1926." There is room to believe that if the price level climbs to that height, the ardor for restraining and coordinating private enterprise will be weakened. The task before us is that of vesting economic sovereignty in the organized social group, but this the Roosevelt revolution hardly proclaims.

BROADUS MITCHELL

Comforting, like a Lullaby

An Altar in the Fields. By Ludwig Lewisohn. Harper and Brothers. \$2.50.

THIS is an agreeable novel of the old-fashioned kind, because everything Mr. Lewisohn writes is agreeable, even when his intention is to be highly disagreeable. His manipulation of the English vocabulary is responsible for this quality. He orders his words with such avuncular eighteenth-century grace and self-assurance, with such care that his vowel sounds shall carry an almost humming sound, and with such a quiet but firm insistence, that one is sometimes surprised to perceive, underneath his words, he is actually in a tantrum over a debatable notion or an abstract idea.

But even as a staunch admirer of Mr. Lewisohn's prose, as a loyal follower of his inspired, if sometimes erratic, teachings, and as one ready to argue that even when Mr. Lewisohn is wrong he is wrong in the right cause, I was not prepared to see him show up in the role of a slightly subtler and more articulate Harold Bell Wright. That is what he has done in "An Altar in the Fields." It is a thesis novel, and, as you probably have heard, all of Mr. Wright's novels are thesis novels: they have to do with Love, Marriage, Right and Wrong, Good and Evil. Mr. Wright disposes of these questions with simple and unarguable finality by showing you how persons, male and female, representing the different sides involved in these problems are disposed of in his novels. So simple is the pattern of the good life given us by Mr. Wright that it is a severe reflection upon our characters that we continue to act like human beings.

And so simple are the requirements Mr. Lewisohn makes of us in order that we may be happy, that I am afraid many of us are going to pursue our vulgar and unregenerate ways and characterize Mr. Lewisohn's wisdom as all a lot of hooey. The requirements of Mr. Lewisohn are more exigent than those of Mr. Wright. Mr. Wright merely requires of us that we recognize the difference between Good and Evil and, if we have been going the way of the flesh and the devil, that we pull up in time, go to a ranch in Arizona, regain our health, and marry the right girl. Mr. Lewisohn requires that our grandfathers should have remained on the old homestead—even if the mortgage were foreclosed, presumably—and that our fathers should have stayed there and participated in the cultural growth of the community, and that we should stick there. Furthermore, we should pick the right girl, require that she be a virgin, come to her virginal, and remain in marriage indissoluble until death do us part. And she should bear us numerous children and we should grow old with grace, smoking a pipe, listening to German music, and reading Lessing in the German original.

It is going to be a little difficult for me to do anything about my grandfather now. And some perverse impulse moves me to believe Mr. Lewisohn should be grateful to his father for getting to hell out of Germany when he did. For, if he hadn't, Mr. Lewisohn would now be an intellectual Jew in Berlin ("Who's Who in America" relates that Mr. Lewisohn was born in Berlin and was brought to this country at the age of eight) and that wouldn't be a comfortable situation to be in. As things are, or were, my grandfather was killed at Shiloh and my father was shunted about from place to place by circumstance and ambition, and I, in turn, was shunted about and I shifted some on my own account and here I am and there is nothing much I can do about it, according to Mr. Lewisohn's formula, because he now requires that I receive a legacy of \$30,000 and go up into Connecticut, purchase me an unproductive farm, and settle down to the good and contemplative life. A little matter of a \$30,000 legacy stands in the way of my obeying Mr. Lewisohn.

Mr. Lewisohn's instructions to us are conveyed unobtrusively, even seductively, in a novel about an American expatriate writer and his wife, who fled the strife and tinsel of New York after not getting along very well together, abode awhile in Paris, and came to the conclusions outlined above. It is an entertaining story. It is too bad it doesn't make sense.

BURTON RASCOE

Patience on Henry Street

Windows on Henry Street. By Lillian D. Wald. Little, Brown and Company. \$3.

THE important comment for a reviewer to make about any book that Lillian Wald may write is that everyone interested in the development of social reform in the United States should read it. Miss Wald is a pioneer in so many schemes for the betterment of the young, the poor, and the inarticulate, and so many organized forces for their relief have had their inception in the Henry Street Settlement, that it is more difficult to name any social movement in which she did not have a guiding hand than to list those in which she did. In fact, to avoid confusion of mind, one must remember that this book is a sequel to an earlier one in which the mission of the house on Henry Street is more precisely described. Any reader of the present volume who did not know something about this famous settlement beforehand would certainly be puzzled if he started to get acquainted with it through this book. Causes, abuses, remedies, political battles, major victories and minor defeats illustrated by varied anecdotes so crowd its pages that a novice would be likely to turn back to the title page in bewilderment and ask: "What is this Henry Street anyway?" Here are samples of its wide range of social interests: the fight for better housing with the erection of a model tenement; the beginning of special ungraded classes in the schools for maladjusted children; the building of the Neighborhood Playhouse and Music Settlement; the agitation for child-labor laws and juvenile protection; the fight against sweated labor, race prejudice, and bigoted nationalism. And through it all is the insistence upon the value of the trained nurse, with the creation of the public-health nursing service which has extended from Henry Street to Siberia, Palestine, Liberia, Japan, Russia, and the Philippines.

Miss Wald is most modest about her own part in all these social projects, and usually refers to them as sponsored by "Henry Street," as if the house or the street were the guiding intelligence, instead of herself. Yet after reading the social register of those who have asked for invitations to her tea table, one can hardly fail to conclude that these illustrious visitors, whom any ambitious hostess would have been glad to entertain, came to the house on Henry Street because of the creative mind which animated it, and to get advice upon how to duplicate its work elsewhere.

One is both stimulated and depressed by such a book. It is exhilarating to know that so many brilliant minds are focused upon our social ills, and that when one fine, constructive personality devises remedial measures, a host of others flock to study the result. On the other hand, one gathers that the author of this book is too honest, and too well acquainted with human grief and squalor, to be very sanguine. Naturally she is pleased at the improvement in health, housing, and family welfare in her forty years of work. But though she seems to believe that there has been some progress, it is equally clear that she is sure that there has not been enough. She is not dazzled by the improvement on Henry Street, although she is grateful for it.

At a conference some years ago I was complaining somewhat bitterly of the plight of children of the poor, especially if



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A List of Recent Articles to Choose From

Tradition and Orthodoxy	T. S. Eliot (March)
Unemployment: A Satire	Allen Tate (May)
"Progressive" Education	Norman Foerster (Sept.)
Proust: The Two Ways	Paul Elmer More (April)
The Revival of Monarchy	Seward Collins (May)
Scottsboro, The Third Crusade	F. L. Owsley (Summer)
Ludwig Lewisohn: A Criticism	Dorothea Brande (Dec.)
Fascism in England	W. E. D. Allen (Jan.)
The Small College	G. R. Elliott (Dec.)
Happy Farmers	John Crowe Ransom (Oct.)
The Tyranny of Tokens	Vincent McNabb (Summer)
Protestants, Catholics, Jews	R. L. Burgess (Feb.)
Still Rebels, Still Yankees	Donald Davidson (Nov.)
God Ho!	José Ortega y Gasset (Jan.)
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they misbehaved. After the meeting was over a lady came quietly to me and said: "Don't be so impatient. I am a nurse. I can look back to the time when I was not allowed to do anything for tubercular children until they were dying. I have lived to see the women on that street bring their babies weekly to the dispensary to be examined for a disease which their own mothers refused to admit existed. It took time, but it came at last." She smiled and patted my arm as she left. "You will find that in this work you must have patience."

I have thought of what she said times without number, and quoted it to others as impatient as myself. She did not tell me her name. Since reading this book I have wondered if perhaps it was Lillian Wald!

E. R. WEMBRIDGE

How Keats Worked

Keats' Craftsmanship. A Study in Poetic Development. By M. R. Ridley. Oxford University Press. \$5.50.

FOR students interested in the workings of creative imagination this book will have much the same fascination as Lowes's "Road to Xanadu." Mr. Ridley is concerned, however, not only with Keats's sources and the way in which these materials are transformed into poetry, but also with Keats's actual revisions of his own lines. Nothing has been more astonishing in English literary genius than the power Keats gained within a single year. All of his great poetry falls, indeed, within a period of about four years. He is therefore one of the best subjects for study. The line between his rich but immature youthful work and his perfected and mature poems is clearly drawn. We have, moreover, his letters and comments indicating his aims in writing and the self-conscious direction of his own talents.

Mr. Ridley, a fellow of Balliol College, Oxford, has made a detailed study of the Keats manuscripts. He traces the development of Keats's craftsmanship by noting every correction, every revision Keats himself made. He reprints in this volume all the first versions of the poems available, noting their revisions—even to their misspellings. Before thus analyzing Keats's own work upon a manuscript, he gives an authoritative account of Keats's sources for each poem. The poet worked, it is more or less agreed, intuitively. Mr. Ridley's book indicates, however, that he was capable of much self-criticism and of considerable thought before selecting his materials.

The texts themselves, with lines drawn out, words inserted, crossed out again, rephrased, show how consciously Keats wrote for technical effect. It has often been said that in "The Eve of Saint Agnes" Keats refuted the critics who accused him of being one of the "Fleshly School" by his chaste treatment of Madeline's disrobing. With all the revisions before us, we note that Keats had much difficulty in disrobing the maiden, that he had a long struggle with his art before he achieved the innocent beauty of that particular passage. The revisions of the odes "To Psyche," "To a Nightingale," "On Melancholy" are even more interesting, for Keats was nearing mastery of his art. The sound effects in these poems and the changes made to achieve them are studied in detail. Mr. Ridley then proceeds to the analysis of "Lamia" and to a comparison of Keats's art with that of Coleridge. He concludes his volume with a chapter on the technique of "The Fall of Hyperion," maintaining that in this poem, so often referred to as a failure and the work of a sick man, Keats actually conquered his own form of blank verse. The "Ode to Autumn" is the work of a poet secure, at last, in his powers.

Just recently we had the opportunity to compare Yeats's earlier versions of his poems with his final revisions. In this book we are able to see exactly what revisions Keats made,

line by line. No other approach to a poet's art is more revealing or more objective, for here we see him in the very process of composing.

EDA LOU WALTON

Shorter Notices

Dollars. By Lionel D. Edie. Yale University Press. \$2.50.

Dr. Edie says little that is new about the problems he here discusses. The solutions he offers fall in with many of the ideas fashionable at the moment, but they raise more questions than they answer. He proposes that "central banks should be the only institutions authorized to buy gold for a monetary purpose," but he does not seem to realize what political embarrassments and secondary economic consequences might follow such a policy. He is against bimetallism, but thinks we should develop "a more positive policy"—whatever that may mean—with respect to silver. "The primary consideration in dealing with silver," he tells us, "should be the stabilization of exchange rates between silver-using countries and the rest of the world." Obviously; but that is stating the problem and not the solution. Under the influence of Keynes he urges that "in returning to an international standard, the United States should endeavor to adopt an exchange rate which represents an equilibrium between its cost of production and price level and those of other countries." This is merely putting the cart before the horse. It is the gold content of the currency, actual or prospective, that determines not only the exchange rate but ultimately the internal price level also.

Racketeering in Washington. By Raymond Clapper. L. C. Page and Company. \$3.

Graft and inefficiency in government are here depicted in a most convincing manner. The same field has been explored by other writers, but while they have touched upon special aspects of the subject, Mr. Clapper has attempted to cover virtually every phase, at least in so far as the misuse of government funds is concerned. He could not, of course, give us a complete picture within the covers of a single volume. But he has included more than enough factual material to prove his contention that there exists what he calls racketeering in almost every branch of the government. This ranges from the petty graft of the Congressman—who assumes it to be a matter of right that he should allow the taxpayers to meet the costs of his restaurant service and his toilet water, and who believes it to be perfectly ethical for him to put his relatives on the federal pay roll, though they do no work—to the downright thievery connected with the granting of many government contracts. It is only when the author examines certain expenditures by the Department of Agriculture and other branches of the government that he gets into difficulty. The use of tax money to promote blister-rust control and stimulate the sale of American goods abroad may be criticized on social or economic grounds. But except in instances where graft or special privilege has entered into such expenditures, this particular use of government funds can hardly be called racketeering.

Black River. By Carleton Beals. J. B. Lippincott Company. \$2.50.

"Black River" is primarily a book about the oil boom in Mexico, secondly a story about a number of people involved in it. The author dislikes or despises most of these people, pities some, and is paternally sympathetic to the couple who provide the love story. It is hard, therefore, to be much moved by what happens to these people as individuals. They are swallowed up, totally overshadowed, by the big story, the oil conquest. Beals is very familiar with this piece of history. He knows its

economic significance, is familiar with the way oil money manipulates American and Mexican governments, steam-rollers civil and human rights, starves, murders, steals. And in telling the story he sticks to facts, changing a few names only. Thus "Black River" is a piece of truthful reporting which, perhaps because no one would publish it as such, has been turned into "fiction" by the telling of a few personal stories. As a piece of reporting it is a fine job, in spite of Beals's fondness for superlatives, as if he were talking throughout at the top of his voice. He gives the "feel" of sticky, scrambling, honky-tonk, under-worldish Tampico—a combination of frontier town (gold boom, especially) and conquest colony—and the picture is typical also of Americans all over Spanish America, engaged in "building an empire" in the way that empires have always been built—by pillage and sack. It is such an enormously brutal, tragic story that it is hard to make it sound real, and Beals does not quite succeed in embracing its full volume. At times "Black River" becomes pure melodrama and whenever it touches the hero, a noble young man who is the nephew of the buccaneer but who loves Mexico and a lovely Mexican girl, it is idealistically sentimental. Despite these weaknesses and its lurid, uneven, jerky manner, "Black River" is a vigorous book, worth reading as a story and as an introduction to the modern history of our country.

The Voyage. By Heinrich Herm. Translated by Margaret Goldsmith. Farrar and Rinehart. \$2.50.

In this story of hysteria and anarchy aboard a crippled luxury liner Heinrich Herm has skilfully applied the formula of Conrad: the interweaving of the adventure-at-sea story with psychological introspection. "The Voyage" is an absorbing drama of man against the elements, and at the same time an interesting study of the emotion of fear.

Drama

Three Sisters in Five Parts

WHEN "The Barretts of Wimpole Street" was running in New York I happened to be on a distant shore. I cannot, therefore, undertake to say whether or not that popular drama would have confounded my opinion of the Writer as Hero, but I do know that it was confirmed last week when Dan Totheroh's chronicle of the Brontës was displayed under the unfortunately tongue-twisting title of "Moor Born" (The Playhouse).

Emily and Charlotte and Anne were uncommonly interesting girls. Their lives were played out as a somewhat obscure drama, and if they had happened to be merely private persons they might have furnished some interesting material for a psychological novel if not, perhaps, for a play. But they were more than private persons; they wrote novels and poems which made some stir in the world and they can hardly be exhibited with "Jane Eyre" and "Wuthering Heights" left out. Yet the fact remains that the world affords no less exhilarating spectacle than that of a writer writing—unless perchance it should happen to be that of a thinker thinking. Except for "Hamlet" I can remember no really thrilling play about any intellectual, and I recall none at all about any sort of artist—not even about a painter, though he, at least can dress up for his task in a picturesque smock and make a romantic sort of litter in connection with his work. Shakespeare himself in the throes of composition would be dull for the simple reason that the motions he made in writing out "King Lear" would be indistinguishable from those of Eddie Guest striking off the first rough

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draft of "It Takes a Heap O' Lovin'." Mr. Totheroh does the best he knows how in the effort to overcome this essential difficulty. He begs us to remember our literary history and the judgment of posterity. But it is really no go. You can't make a "curtain" out of three girls deciding to publish their poems even if you do assure the audience that the poems were really good.

"Moor Born" is in five acts which, for some unexplained reason, are called not acts but "parts." It begins just before the publication of the "Poems," has a good deal to say about the ne'er-do-well brother Bramwell, and ends with the death of Emily. There are laudable efforts to create atmosphere by the unremitting use of a wind machine and the occasional use of an excellent barking-dog effect off stage, as well as by frequent references to the trying atmospheric conditions of Yorkshire and the unfailing solace of the heather in bloom. Everybody is appropriately repressed and dour; there are very satisfactory performances by Helen Gahagan, Frances Starr, and Edith Barrett, but whenever it begins to look as though something interesting were about to happen, a book has got to be written at an awkward moment or Charlotte has to discover a review in some important magazine. Before the curtain went up on the last part it occurred to me suddenly that the only action left was the receiving of another bunch of clippings. I was partly wrong because Emily died at the end, but I was also partly right. The clippings did come.

"Brainsweat" (Longacre Theater) is a play about a Negro who decided to give up work in order to think out a scheme for getting rich and who, to the surprise of everybody except the audience, finally succeeded. It is somewhat clumsily constructed, but as acted by an all-Negro cast it has a folk-play quality much more ingratiating than one might imagine. A new Gilbert and Sullivan season has begun at the Majestic with a company almost identical with that seen last year. As usual I enjoyed "The Mikado" and expect to enjoy "The Pirates of Penzance," which should be on when this appears.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

Films

The Children's Crusade

UNLIKE most of the recent films that have come to us from the Soviet Union, "Broken Shoes" (Cameo) makes its points by means of persuasion rather than argument. It makes its points, that is to say, by addressing itself to the feelings rather than the logical faculties of its audience. There is a minimum of that sermonizing, abstract discussion, that direct haranguing of the audience which have characterized such recent importations as Dovzhenko's "Ivan" and Pudovkin's "Deserter." The objective situation—a dock workers' strike in a German seaport—is presented rather than explained or analyzed; the characters are projected as individuals rather than as types or, what is even more disastrous to the imagination, "forces." The result is that, like "The Road to Life," which it resembles in subject matter as well as in quality, this film represents the propagandist film at its best and most effective. For propaganda in the films, as in everything else, is truly effective only when the particular ends toward which it is directed are identified with some more general and fundamental sentiment or emotion. If in Pudovkin's "Mother," which was undoubtedly the most persuasive revolutionary film ever turned out by the Russian studios, the theme of the class struggle was identified with the sentiment of motherhood and old age, here the revolutionary theme is identified with the pathos of childhood.

"Broken Shoes" deals with the effects of modern strike conditions on the children of the workers, their collisions with the guardians of organized authority in the classroom, and their efforts to assist in the conflict through boycotting of strike-breakers and participation in demonstrations. The predicament of these children is symbolized by the broken shoes of the title—the battered, soleless, and immensely over-size old boots which must all the same be shared by two children in the same family. In what is the most unforgettable of the many scenes illustrating their want and suffering, we are shown two of the youngest children scavenging in the city dump heap, where one of them picks up a piece of refuse and eats it with contentment. All of the picture does not consist in this kind of pathos, however, and there is real excitement in the pitched battle between the strikers' children and their fascist schoolfellows, as well as in the revolt which the former stage against the director and teacher of the state-controlled school. The classroom rebellion is of course a parallel to the strike which their fathers are waging elsewhere in the city; and here again we get an effective tying up of grievances—the immemorial student-teacher antagonism with the class struggle. This is followed by an ill-fated attempt on the part of the children to join in a mass demonstration of the workers, as a result of which one of them, a child of four or five, is shot down by the fascist guards. Although the propaganda emerges hard and clear in such a summary as this, it must be repeated that what we respond to throughout the picture is not so much any logic of argument as the direct representation of experiences to which we are already conditioned to respond in a certain way. In other words, the director, who is a woman, chooses to concentrate our interest on particular people, events, and conditions, with the sound realization that it is only through a deep immersion in the particular that we can ever come to any understanding and acceptance of the general.

Of "Riptide" (Capitol), which is an expensive, over-advertised, and generally pretentious product of the flustered Hollywood studios, no summary can be offered for the very good reason that the director himself seems to have dispensed with anything like a prearranged script. It has something to do with a woman-with-a-past (Norma Shearer), with a handsome English lord (Herbert Marshall), and with the theme of adultery drawn out to at least three major climaxes. Except for the too few moments in which Mrs. Patrick Campbell appears in an excellent impersonation of herself at seventy, the picture is an unrelievedly tedious accumulation of sweepings from the last two or three seasons.

WILLIAM TROY

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Contents

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS	455
EDITORIALS:	
It's Time to License Business	458
Hitler and the Vatican	459
In Sunny California	459
Viereck Kisses the Rod	460
ISSUES AND MEN. ON A CERTAIN NEWSPAPER PRO- PRIETOR. By Oswald Garrison Villard	461
CARTOON: SOLVING THE PROBLEM WITH A CORK. By LOW	462
LABOR SEEKS A NEW MESSIAH. By Rose M. Stein	463
THE MENACE OF JEWISH FASCISM. By William Zukerman	465
IN THE DRIFTWAY. By the Drifter	467
CORRESPONDENCE	468
THE INTELLIGENT TRAVELER. WHAT WILL A DOLLAR BUY? By John Rothschild	470

SPRING BOOK SECTION

THE ART OF AMERICAN FICTION. By Mark Van Doren	471
HISTORY, SNOBBERY, AND CRITICISM. By Lionel Abel	474
SEAN O'CASEY. By Florence Codman	476
POEM: IT IS A MOVELESS MOMENT. By Mark Van Doren	477
BOOKS:	
Twice as Natural. By Joseph Wood Krutch	477
T. S. Eliot, Grand Inquisitor. By William Troy	478
The Art of William Faulkner. By Philip Blair Rice	479
Roots of Our Foreign Policy. By Harold J. Laski	479
Report on the Vatican. By Arthur Livingston	480
The Enlightenment. By R. S. Crane	481
Lloyd George Betrayed. By Oswald Garrison Villard	482
H. L. Mencken Reflects. By George Genzmer	484
The Art of Yielding. By Kenneth Burke	484
Recent Fiction	486
Architecture: The "Fortress" Homes of Vienna. By Douglas Haskell	487
Drama: Spring Is Here. By Joseph Wood Krutch	488
CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE	490

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THE NATION, No. 20 Vesey Street, New York City, Cable Address: NATION, New York. Muriel C. Gray, Advertising Manager. British Agent, Gertrude M. Cross, 23 Brunswick Square, London W. C. 1, England.

ONE of the chief purposes of the New Deal, indeed the most important in the opinion of progressive thinkers, is its avowed intention to obtain a wider distribution of the national income. This purpose not only was clearly proclaimed by President Roosevelt at the outset of his Administration, but it is reiterated by him in his recently published book, "On Our Way," in which he states one of the three ends sought by him as "a swing back in the direction of a wider distribution of the wealth and property of the nation." In furtherance of this purpose the Agricultural Adjustment Administration is seeking a larger share of the national income for farmers, while the National Recovery Administration is seeking more for the lower-paid industrial workers. *The Nation* is entirely in sympathy with this effort, but in so far as it has been successful it has achieved results by raising prices. It has been in effect a sales tax, and the benefits for farmers and low-paid wage-earners have been obtained at the particular expense of the higher-paid industrial workers and the small professional and business groups. In other words, it has been a special levy on the lower middle class. The only way to make this burden tolerable or just is to

accompany it with a drastic program for taxing the income and property of the well-to-do. This has not been done or even envisaged by the Roosevelt Administration. Neither the Senate nor the House revisions of the present income-tax law are adequate. The Senate's action in raising the inheritance tax is a step in the right direction, but its income surtax begins with too little gradation and does not cut nearly deep enough into the higher incomes. Senator La Follette's proposal to raise the surtax on incomes of over \$1,000,000 from 55 to 71 per cent—and that is not nearly high enough—was defeated in favor of a picayune increase to 59 per cent. Not until the people raise a loud and insistent voice for a tax program aimed at the well-to-do can Mr. Roosevelt's avowed purpose of obtaining a wider distribution of the national income be realized in any but an inadequate and unfair way.

THE SENATE'S ACCEPTANCE of Senator Nye's proposal for an investigation of the manufacture of munitions in the United States is most gratifying. The Vice-President is to appoint a committee of seven Senators, and they have received sweeping powers to investigate all individuals and corporations "and all other agencies in the United States engaged in the manufacture, sale, distribution, import, or export of arms, munitions, or other implements of war." A second purpose is to report upon the adequacy or inadequacy of legislation for the regulation and control of the traffic in arms. A third is to inquire into the desirability of creating a government monopoly of the manufacture of implements of war and to submit recommendations in regard to it, while a fourth is to review the findings of the War Policies Commission and to recommend specific legislation. If the right man heads this committee and it means business, we shall have astounding revelations as to the character of the munitions trade and its menace to the peace of the world and to the United States.

WE WELCOME Postmaster-General Farley's intention to relax the ill-advised policy of curtailing service and employment in his department. In our last issue we pointed out that the federal government was the chief obstructionist in carrying out its own avowed policy of reducing hours and maintaining wages, and noted that the Post Office was among all the departments the worst offender. Mr. Farley justifies his new and more liberal policy on the ground of increased business. There may well be more business, but the new order requires no such justification. Indeed, the worse the condition of business, the more need there is for the government to maintain—and increase—the number of its workers. There is no way in which the government can spend money for unemployment relief more usefully and effectively than in its own services. Mr. Farley must have had his tongue in his cheek when in his new order he spoke of the "sympathetic cooperation" of employees and public in carrying out his previous cheese-paring. Although the public was only mildly eruptive over the inconveniences wished upon it, postal employees—especially starved substitute carriers—were vigorously vocal in their opposition to

reduced employment and lessened pay, and their militant attitude was probably the chief reason for Mr. Farley's change of front. But it is to his credit that he capitulated gracefully instead of sticking stubbornly to a position once taken. Sometimes it is a merit to be a politician.

AS AN INDICATION of the temper of the people in the Middle West the attitude of the Farmer-Labor Party of Minnesota is worth notice. For some time the Farmer-Laborites, with Floyd B. Olson in the Governor's chair, have been the controlling political power of the State, and have broken the old party fences beyond hope of repair. Ten years ago the Democrats practically abandoned the field, obliterating themselves as an individual party by supporting the then more numerous Republicans. Later the Democrats, or at least the dominant faction, decided they had more to gain by playing with the Farmer-Labor Party. In 1932 the Farmer-Laborites and the Democrats united in support of Mr. Roosevelt. Evidently the Roosevelt policies are not satisfying the Farmer-Labor group, for at the recent State convention a platform was adopted calling for the abolition of capitalism and the establishment of socialism, including government ownership of factories, mines, banks, insurance, transportation, and utilities. In consequence, the Democrats have broken away and are again uniting with the Republicans, or more correctly the Republicans are supporting the Democrats, as the now more numerous party. Governor Olson is a close observer, and in swinging his party to the left he indicates his judgment in regard to unrest in his neck of the woods.

FIRST PRIZE in the students' anti-war demonstration on April 13 goes to Vassar College, which marched 300 strong, with President McCracken and a group of trustees in the front line, through the streets of Poughkeepsie carrying banners calling for international peace. In New York City, where between 10,000 and 15,000 students from different schools and colleges took part in the demonstration, Columbia University carried off the honors in point of numbers, with a mass-meeting of 2,000 persons, including faculty members, which listened for two hours to speeches denouncing war, and sent a few hundred representatives to boo and hiss a counter-demonstration attempted by Eugene S. Daniell, Jr., famous as the man who threw a stink bomb into the New York Stock Exchange. The booby prize in the shape of a fine large onion was won by the mother of American universities, Harvard itself. There the young gentlemen who were not interested in the peace meeting, except to annoy it, amused themselves by shouting "Heil Hitler!" and by throwing eggs and tomatoes at the speakers. On the whole the demonstration was a huge success. It aroused a large amount of interest among students and faculty, it received generous notice in the press, it brought to a climax the silly season among deans of colleges, noticeably in the actions of Dean Gottshall of the College of the City of New York, who refused permission for a campus meeting and went himself to help the police suppress it when it was held despite his protests. There is every reason to believe that a strong pacifist sentiment exists among American students. The Student League for Industrial Democracy and the National Student League, which sponsored the anti-war strike, deserve great credit for helping to make it manifest.

IT is generally conceded that the swellest party of the year—indeed, the most handsomely mounted social event since the war—was the reception given by the Soviet Ambassador and his wife to the elect of Washington. The old Russian Embassy was done up in new paint, resplendent iron grillwork, priceless Bokhara carpets, and considerable gilding. Three servants were required to dispense vodka to the thirsty guests, besides champagne and rare wines of all sorts; there did seem to be a slight shortage of caviar, but otherwise the affair went off without a hitch, and even Heywood Broun, that old hermit and eschewer of parties, had a good time. There were one or two noteworthy absentees: one was decorations from the breast of the Ambassador. Mr. Troyanovsky displayed not a single medal, although his predecessors in the days of the Czars had trunkfuls and wore most of them at one time. Also, if there was a delegation from the American Communist Party it must have come disguised in tails and white vests, because its presence was not remarked. Senator Smith Wildman Brookhart distinguished himself by being the only gentleman not in full dress—except, of course, the aforementioned Mr. Broun. But the finest touch of the evening was the clock on the mantelpiece in one of the drawing-rooms. It was an ornate affair, rather more ornate, indeed, than handsome, but it carried in high gold relief the monogram of the late Czar. The Czar's monogram commanded one room, the bust of Lenin another, and in between, the representatives of the people—of two peoples, in fact—walked about in tails and had a good time. No bombs were thrown.

WHOLESALE DISMISSALS of CWA workers who refused to take the "pauper's oath" have marked the transition of Civil Works to public relief in New York City. The "pauper's oath" is the means test devised by the local welfare department to comply with a federal ruling that jobs formerly held under the defunct CWA can be kept, under work-relief bureaus, only by showing proof of financial need. The questionnaire used is four pages long and asks more than 400 questions, although a few simple queries, relief officials now admit, are enough. It aroused a storm of protest not only for its irrelevance and impertinence and its threat to a worker's professional standing, but because it gave those who signed it the status of public charges. The latter objection has a serious national bearing. Some States, Virginia, for example, do not permit paupers to vote. "Pauper" or "public charge," the principle is the same. And nearly all States have laws limiting one's right to establish a legal residence in one locality after getting public relief in another. However, the objectors were ousted without regard to need. Delegates of the workers' union (United Action Conference on CWA and Unemployment), now demanding the reinstatement of those laid off, are told that the questionnaires must first be answered. Asked why a few essential questions could not be substituted, Home Relief Director Corsi replied that the thousands who filled out the original form would complain that the protesters were getting preferential treatment. Asked if they did not deserve it, for their energy and initiative, Mr. Corsi—who incidentally inherited this mess from a predecessor only a few weeks ago—made no answer. That it pays to revolt against arbitrary bureaucratic rulings is a lesson which few public officials care to have people learn.

AFTER two and a half months of political maneuvering, some of it of the shadiest possible sort, Mayor LaGuardia's New York economy bill has become a law. The bill was considerably modified before it passed, and one wonders that the Mayor consented to receive it in its present emasculated form. As it is, after about a thousand jobs have been eliminated and savings have been effected by salary cuts and payless furloughs, there will remain a deficit of some twelve million dollars in the city budget. The 1934 budget was made up with an allowance of \$23,900,000 to pay interest on city bonds in the so-called bankers' agreement; \$50,000,000 has been allocated for the same purpose in 1935. It is evident that large additional funds must be found to meet these obligations. They cannot come out of the salaries of city employees; everything that can be asked of these persons has been asked. Some of this money must come from the taxpayers, and Mr. LaGuardia has already proposed a city business tax. It is expected that great pressure will be brought to increase the five-cent fare. This will meet with popular disapproval, which will react strongly against Mayor LaGuardia. It is hard to see why he does not take steps at once to head off this loss of popular support by a firm stand in favor of amending the bankers' agreement. This cannot be done except by the consent of the bankers, but there are a number of things that the Mayor could do to bring the bankers to terms. He might, for example, propose the establishment of a municipal bank. At any rate, along with the inevitable proposal to increase taxes should come a plan to loosen the chain the bankers have placed about New York's neck.

THE Philadelphia *Public Ledger*, which gave up its lusty, crusading birthright for a mess of Cyrus H. K. Curtis's *Saturday Evening Post* pottage, died last week after a varied and sometime honorable career of ninety-eight years—but, as Norman Thomas told the Academy of Political and Social Science, the loss to American journalism is not great, "because the comic strips have been saved." The *Ledger* was swallowed up by the Philadelphia *Inquirer*, and the consolidation will retain the worst features of both papers, but fifty comics will be published every Sunday, and the circulation is expected to increase by leaps and bounds. J. David Stern's far-seeing *Record*, the only competitor in the morning-newspaper field, has taken up the gage of battle, and it too will print fifty comics, all different. A lively circulation war is obviously in the making, and perhaps it can be settled definitely whether there is any use in printing news at all or whether it would be better simply to print 120 pages of comics, as so many disillusioned newspapermen believe. But the death of the *Ledger* is proof in itself that the first duty of a newspaper is to print the news. The *Ledger* did not; it printed its own interpretation of the news. The *Inquirer* has been barely a step removed from the *Ledger* in reactionary policy, and that only because of the last vestiges of the influence of James Elverson, the onetime publisher.

PRICE-CUTTING is a subject on which the consumer and the seller will never agree. Your average citizen may admit on Sunday that it is poor sportsmanship for a department store to sell books for less than the wholesale price and make up the loss by selling something else for more than it is worth. In his thoughtful moments he will recognize

the cultural value of the neighborhood bookshop and comprehend the piquant but persuasive logic which maintains that if that cultural value is to be preserved, the owner of the bookshop must be allowed to make a profit. But on Monday when the average citizen turns customer and wants to buy a book, or a can of sardines, he will be found at a cut-rate counter, first, because he has always been taught to get as much for his money as possible and, second, because he knows that is the only way he can make both ends meet. He wants, in other words, to have his culture and eat it too. For such reprehensible consumers it is well to have codes setting the price level below which they may not sink. The new booksellers' code provides that no book may be sold within six months after its date of publication for less than the price set by the publishers. That will certainly fix the unscrupulous cut-rate department stores. But will it send the customer back to the small shop to pay more for his books, thereby preserving our bookstore culture? Or will he merely buy fewer books? Time alone will give the answer, which will be particularly interesting to those who feel that even at cut rates the prices of books are in general too high from the point of view of cultural development.

FOR WEEKS, while we waited for spring, we followed with breathless interest the efforts of the Soviet Government to rescue the survivors of a shipwreck who were marooned on a cake of ice that was slowly breaking up and drifting toward the Arctic Ocean. Rescue planes darted busily back and forth above the polar waste in vain. Sometimes they got lost and did not turn up again for days. Sometimes they could not even leave their bases as blizzards raged across the top of the world. Sometimes there was no news at all in the daily papers. The suspense was terrible. We gradually began to feel as if we were living on an ice floe that was slowly but surely cracking and drifting and melting away at the edges. Every warm day filled us with apprehension; cracked ice in glasses made us as nervous as a cat. The night the ice broke under one of the wooden huts and half of it floated away we retired into our hastily improvised igloo and waited for the end. The rescue planes finally did arrive. By that time all of us, the survivors and ourselves, were slightly groggy from anxiety, exposure, and weeks of short rations. Dr. Otto Schmidt, the commander, had finally gone to bed with pneumonia and a high fever. It was a great moment when the deliverers appeared after two long Arctic months. But let the news dispatches of April 11 describe the unforgettable scene that took place on that ice floe which was still drifting slowly but surely toward the Arctic Ocean.

On entering the camp the first thing Ushakov [the copilot] did was to call together all the members of the marooned group in a soviet. He then gave them a full report of the results of the Seventeenth Communist Party Congress which was recently held at Moscow.

What happened after that can at last be told, now that we have returned to America. We sealed up the copilot and his report in an igloo, took his plane, and with our departing foot gave the ice floe a gentle shove toward the north.

[Some figures in regard to Russian trade with Germany appeared in these pages in our issue of April 11. Through error the figures were given as dollars when they should have been marks.]

It's Time to License Business

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT returns from his bout with the fishes to a new Washington. In the last few weeks Congress has overridden his wishes in a series of measures not of vast importance in themselves but indicative of an effort to take back the practically autocratic authority which it vested in him last spring. This authority, of course, was never voted willingly. It was granted in a belief that the people demanded it and a fear of defying that mandate. Congress now suspects that the mandate is no longer operative. As Arthur Krock, Washington correspondent of the *New York Times* puts it: "The legend of invulnerability has been shattered."

But in our belief the President's danger from Congress is inconsequential beside his danger from himself. No defeat from outside is comparable to the defeat which he administered to himself in the automobile settlement. In that he allowed himself to be deflected from the avowed purposes of the New Deal to an indefensible concession to the demands of big business, which feels that it has now obtained enough in the way of recovery so that it can cut loose from federal assistance—and restraint—to wallow once more in its old familiar mudhole. Writing from Washington in the *New York Post*, George Durno offers the following explanation of the automobile agreement:

Those who should know say Mr. Roosevelt privately—and bluntly—threatened the auto magnates with imposition of federal licenses to operate. And the manufacturers are reported to have blandly told him to go ahead and see what happened. . . . Bear this in mind, however—President Roosevelt and General Johnson didn't turn tail because they feared the auto industry per se. The movement to the rear was inspired by very definite knowledge that the auto men were merely a spearhead for big industry as a whole.

We are disposed to accept this as a plausible explanation, but we dissent vigorously from the conclusion:

The Administration could have cracked down all right, but it knew industry had decided to stand its ground and see how much of a dent was made. This would have forced the issue in the grand manner. Unfortunately, it would have raised hob with the country generally. It was imperative to apply the old theory of the greatest good for the greatest number.

On the contrary, the defiance of the automobile makers was a definite challenge to the New Deal and should have been accepted. The time has come when Mr. Roosevelt must fight, even at the risk of defeat, or experience the far more humiliating and crushing disaster of repudiation by the people and relegation to the limbo of Just Another Politician. We believe Mr. Roosevelt's popular prestige is not yet seriously impaired. He can still reassert his authority in Washington, but he must fight big business to do it.

Mr. Roosevelt stands today precisely where Woodrow Wilson stood at Versailles. Mr. Wilson went abroad as the champion and the hope of the people of the world to contend with their industrial masters in the guise of a group of wily and sycophant politicians. Instead of fighting and if necessary disrupting the conference, Mr. Wilson conceded left

and right in order to win his pet project, a League of Nations. He won his League, but only to find it and himself repudiated by his own disillusioned countrymen and to see the organization born as a sickly infant capable of no strong action. In a similar way, Mr. Roosevelt may for a time preserve unity in the Democratic Party and the outer semblance of the New Deal by a series of compromises with big business. But eventually—and possibly pretty swiftly—he will be discarded both by his party and by the public. On the other hand, he may fight for the New Deal, probably disrupt both of the old parties, and become the leader of the more progressive group in a realignment. Whether subsequently this new party won or lost, Mr. Roosevelt would be assured of an outstanding place among American Presidents. Mr. Roosevelt cannot be ignorant of the tremendous increase in the worldwide distrust of the efficacy of political democracy in an industrial system guided and propelled only by the spur of profits. Radicals have long held that in such circumstances government could not control industry but that industry was bound to control government because government was inevitably the creation and servant of industry. Fascists have lately expressed the same distrust of the efficacy of political democracy, but they have foolishly concluded that the remedy lay in surrender to the complete control of the privileged masters of profit-propelled industry. Mr. Roosevelt, neither radical nor fascist, still believes in the power of political democracy to dominate industry. He has a unique chance to give battle and test his philosophy. It may, not improbably, be the last such chance offered to an American President.

If Mr. Roosevelt elects to fight big business, he must use the one edged weapon which he possesses—he must invoke the licensing clause of the National Industrial Recovery Act before it expires at the end of its first year. Otherwise it will not be renewed by Congress, and the New Deal will soon be swamped in a series of long-drawn-out and inconclusive court actions, if it does not die first of administrative paralysis. Congress is thought to be ready to sabotage the NIRA if it is again opened for discussion. Mr. Roosevelt must defeat that plan not by refusing to put the measure again in the hands of Congress but by proving to the country that the licensing clause is capable of making the New Deal real and thus developing a public demand for a continuance of the power which Congress will not dare to ignore. Without question the licensing clause is the cutting edge of the NIRA. If Mr. Roosevelt invokes it in respect to any industry, he need no longer plead or compromise with business to carry out his ideas, nor rely upon the doubtful penalty of fines in case he succeeds in getting courts to assess them after a tedious and disruptive process of litigation. If any business under a license refuses to comply with federal orders, Mr. Roosevelt has only to revoke the license and thus end operation or carry it on under government direction. Undoubtedly exercise of the licensing authority conferred by the NIRA opens an avenue to executive abuses, but this is a danger that must be faced unless the New Deal is to be abandoned before it has been fairly begun.

Hitler and the Vatican

SINCE Hitler's Germany concluded its concordat with the Vatican, conflicts and friction between National Socialists and Roman Catholics have increased rather than diminished. Indeed, during the last two months the rupture between them has widened so perceptibly that it is questionable whether the agreement between the Reich and the church will hold much longer. The struggle has narrowed down to one for control over the younger generation. The Hitler Jugend, in which the National Socialists have coordinated all the young people's organizations, insists on its right to dominate the 300,000 young men and women in the Catholic Youth Association. To Rome the Nazis had promised merely that these young girls and boys might receive a Catholic training. But the Catholic clergy, fully conscious of the permanent significance that lies in its cultural influence on the younger generation, demands a more complex relationship.

Cardinal von Faulhaber, who because of his important social and church connections can still say what others hardly dare to think, recently formulated the issue in these words:

The reasons for the growing discord between our church and the present state are not hard to define. The program of the National Socialist Party propounds a religion that can never be ours. "There will come a time," it says, "when the German people will find a form for its understanding of God, for its consciousness of God, that is in harmony with its Nordic heritage. Not until then will the trinity of blood, faith, and state be consummated." With this conception of religion we have nothing in common. When the concordat was agreed upon, the church was under the understandable misapprehension that this heathen definition of faith had been abandoned.

That was unquestionably the case. Rome believed that the situation in Germany offered an analogy to that of Italy in the first years of Mussolini's rule. The Lateran treaty between Mussolini and the Pope reinstated the Holy See as the temporal sovereign of the ecclesiastic state. In Germany the church could neither demand nor expect a similar gesture. Yet it made the same concessions because it hoped that it would thereby automatically become a recognized factor in the new Germany. What it evidently failed to recognize was that the Nazi conception of Nordic superiority is inimical to the very essence of ecclesiastic religion. Its superman philosophy opposes not only democracy and socialism, with their fundamental belief in equality for all mankind, but the concept of an inherent brotherhood of all mankind, the Golden Rule of all Christian religion as well. To the believing Christian the Nazi theory that the spiritual attributes of man are eternally conditioned by his bodily heritage must appear as gross as heathenism.

But the Catholic church is more than a religious ideal. It is a mighty organization with tremendous material interests at stake. These interests it hoped to safeguard by coming to terms with the fascist state. That was its second great mistake, a mistake for which it is now paying dearly. By giving up without a struggle its vehicles of political expression, the Centrist and the Bavarian People's Party, it de-

prived itself of its most important bulwark against the National Socialist regime.

The Catholic church is not opposed to fascism. It made its peace with Mussolini and actively participated in the fascist domination of Austria. As fascism developed from a small sect to a mass movement, the church discovered much of which it approved and by which it might profit. Fascism may divide church and state and may deprive the former of some of its prerogatives, but it fosters religion and its concrete expression, the church, as the most effective means of bringing the masses to humble obedience to authority. Mussolini, the Anarchist-Socialist of an earlier day, introduced the cross into the classroom and religious instruction into the curriculum of every public school in the land. In the same way Hitler ordered that the schools of the country be permeated with religion—his religion to be sure—to lay the spiritual foundation for the acceptance of National Socialism's ideals.

The Catholic church in Germany is putting up a courageous fight against a state which in the view of the church distorts Christian faith with heathen perversions. Backed by Rome, it is today the strongest force that can be brought into action against the National Socialist regime. And yet it may take its stand in line with German fascism if and when the Hitler regime accedes to its demands.

In Sunny California

THESE fellows have to learn that when we make no profits, they must be willing to work for even less than starvation wages." "We are interested in prices that mean profit to the grower and the shipper. Labor must be satisfied with what it can get—if anything is left." "It is all a matter of demand and supply. If there is more labor than is needed—well, that's just too bad; but under the circumstances, these people can't expect a living wage."

These ideas, expressed without hesitation to Simon J. Lubin, member of the federal commission appointed to investigate labor difficulties in the Imperial Valley, California, were uttered by fruit and vegetable growers and shippers, and show the ragged nerves and jittery state of mind out of which more troubles may spring when the melon harvest starts about the first of May.

The Imperial Valley is one of those rare spots of the United States where a crop can be made all the year around. Lettuce is followed by peas; peas precede melons; by the end of the long, rich melon season it is time to cultivate the ground for lettuce again. The work of preparing the ground and planting the crops is done in the main by residents of the valley. The harvesting is performed by transient labor, which moves from crop to crop, is housed at the expense of the grower, and must somehow manage to survive from the gathering of one crop to the ripening of the next. The low wages paid by the employers in the Imperial Valley have resulted in labor disturbances, attempts at unionization, and abortive strikes. The living conditions of the Mexican and Filipino labor which does the picking are foul and desperate in the extreme. There is not even proper drinking water, and the wages of something like a dollar a day—and often

less than that—are obviously below the level of subsistence. On the other hand, the employers point out that they have lost an average of \$3,500,000 a year for the past few years. Although the melon acreage, for example, has been reduced from 52,600 acres in 1930 to 35,700 in 1933, prices continue to stay down and profits to remain scarce. The reduction of acreage has resulted in a corresponding surplus of labor, which has added to the tension. Employers have made no attempt to divert the stream of laborers seeking work that has poured into the valley, and indeed it is generally believed to be salutary if two or three workers apply for every possible job—it keeps the laborers in their place and tends to prevent trouble.

The result of this combination of nature's plenty and the economic depression has been a great wave of labor unrest. Attempts of the workers to organize have resulted in the creation of vigilante committees which take the law into their own hands, do not hesitate to employ violent methods in suppressing meetings and coercing labor leaders, and join with officers of the law in the most severely oppressive measures used against workers who are seeking something more than a starvation wage. Eighty-six arrests were made in the valley in the fortnight between January 9 and January 22. Tear gas was freely used to break up otherwise orderly meetings. Guns were brandished without reason or restraint. And the culmination of the lawlessness on the part of peace officers and the citizens of the locality was the kidnapping of several persons trying to hold lawful meetings, one of whom describes his experiences in the correspondence columns of this issue of *The Nation*.

An appeal for relief from intolerable working conditions was made to the National Labor Board at Washington. A federal commission of three persons was named to investigate conditions in the valley, and its report, admirable in tone and containing highly intelligent recommendations, was made public on February 11. The report urged that the rights of free speech, free assemblage, and free press be preserved, that the federal government encourage workers to organize in order to effect, through collective bargaining, a suitable adjustment of wages and working conditions, that State and county organizations be urged to improve living conditions for workers, and finally that the growers and shippers be in turn urged to organize to consider the question of more intelligently distributing their crops, which would, in time, provide for a more humane and sensible distribution of the transient labor to harvest them.

The federal commission's report was received with distaste by the citizens of the Imperial Valley. The Associated Chambers of Commerce voted to denounce it; an attempt was made to break down the hotel-room door of J. L. Leonard, chairman of the commission; the newspapers consider the report unpatriotic and unjust to the growers and refuse to condemn the lawlessness of public officials and private citizens in suppressing meetings and strikes. Meanwhile the melons ripen. The workers are described as determined not to pick them for the starvation wages the employers will offer them. The growers are equally determined to stand no "nonsense" from the help. The most encouraging aspect of the situation is the recent appointment of Brigadier General Pelham D. Glassford, who resigned in 1932 as Washington chief-of-police in protest against the treatment of the bonus army, as federal conciliator.

Viereck Kisses the Rod

THAT New Age of Faith which both the fascists and the Communists insist upon ushering in is bound to introduce again certain delicate problems which have been largely neglected since the Renaissance established the happy-go-lucky maxim about being true to oneself. We have always wondered just what sort of spot the reconciled heretic found himself in when he was compelled to believe something he did not believe at all, but we are sure that we shall, from now on, have frequent opportunity to study the situation. Consider, for example, the case of George Sylvester Viereck, a prominent and indeed well-nigh unique example of the pro-Jewish Nazi. A few years ago he wrote in conjunction with Paul Eldridge a novel entitled "My First Two Thousand Years." Its hero was the Wandering Jew, and the Leipzig authorities have just confiscated all copies. What, under these unhappy circumstances, does Mr. Viereck do? Does he rage, as a bourgeois decadent full of rotten ideas about the individual conscience would rage, or does he even permit himself an "e pur si muove" while bowing his head to superior authority? He does not. He kisses the rod like a good Catholic, a good Communist, or a good Nazi. He says:

Our Wandering Jew . . . refuses to accept any conclusion that cannot pass muster before his reason. . . . The National Socialist German Revolution is a conscious protest against the overemphasis of the purely intellectual point of view, as against the instincts and feelings which may be more infallible than reason. The philosophy of Cartaphilus . . . clashes with the conception upon which National Socialism is building the New Germany out of the wreck of the old. . . . For that reason it would seem to me entirely logical if she did not harbor, for the time being, so disturbing a guest as my Wandering Jew. What is the fate of a book compared to the fate of a nation? Although I have warmly defended National Socialist Germany, I do not accept its anti-Semitic doctrine. Why should National Socialist Germany accept my Wandering Jew?

Mr. Viereck does not explain just how it is possible warmly to defend a philosophy when one is opposed to one of its major tenets. Neither does he seem to perceive that the "fate of a book," instead of being of little account beside the "fate of a nation," may—and in this case does—imply the latter, for the simple reason that the fate of a nation which meets ideas with a bonfire is already sealed. Mr. Viereck obviously resembles Jonathan Edwards, who finally succeeded in persuading himself that he was willing to be damned for the glory of God. Mr. Viereck is also just as plainly a new Nathan Hale regretting nothing except that he has not more than one book to give for his country. Only one further stage is possible to the ecstasy of faith, and that is the one achieved in the step taken by Rasputin when he sinned repeatedly in order to provide himself with opportunities to repent and to receive forgiveness. Will Mr. Viereck write more books in whose suppression he can joyously concur? It is almost his duty to do so. Besides, suppression makes grand publicity for use in backward countries like the United States where the heretical works can still be sold.

Publisher's Note: Mr. Viereck has consented not to withdraw "My First Two Thousand Years." At all bookstores.

Issues and Men

On a Certain Newspaper Proprietor

I HAVE felt keenly the death of James Kerney, the proprietor of the *Trenton Times* and the *State-Gazette*. This is not merely because of a warm friendship or because of Mr. Kerney's own personal charm, his rare wit, his unfailing kindness, his interest in everything and everybody. He was an example of the type of newspaper proprietor-editor we cannot afford to lose in that he felt deeply his responsibility to the community in which he was the journalistic autocrat, owning, as he did, both of the newspapers published in Trenton, New Jersey. There are so many proprietors today of a different type that one cannot deny oneself a feeling of personal injury that this particular man had to die at the beginning of his sixties. For he had the wisdom that comes with long experience, the unfailing patience which is a sign of true greatness, and a great intolerance of injustice and oppression. I do not mean that he was a flaming reformer with an eloquent voice to stir men's hearts or with a pen always able to rouse them to action. His best work was done quietly behind the scenes, where his influence was not to be measured by the fact that he was in command of two daily journals. But no one could go to him and appeal to him about some wrong and be turned away. Nor must it be thought that he was unwilling to attack directly and vigorously when occasion demanded. As a foreword to his remarkable book, "The Political Education of Woodrow Wilson," he printed these lines from Byron:

Without, or with, offense to friends or foes
I sketch your world exactly as it goes.

So it came to pass that his entire community and almost the whole State recognized that here was a great citizen. When the Governor of New Jersey chose him to be a lay judge on the Court of Appeals, the highest court in the State, everybody applauded the selection. He served only two years in this position, but it was long enough for him to endear himself to the lawyers who sat beside him, and to enable him to bring about various improvements and changes in the procedure of the court. The loving cup that his associates gave to him when he retired was no idle perfunctory gift; it carried a profound appreciation with it. As a neighbor he was unsurpassed; every happening concerned him. As a journalist he kept his newspapers clean and honest. He was essentially a family man in the happiest of home circles, and he was never willing that the papers which were to come into that home should reflect the gutter. He was a churchman and devoted to his faith, but there was never anything intolerant about him. Mr. Kerney never sought office, but offices sought him. I have written before that he and Joseph Tumulty were the men behind the Governor whose name was Woodrow Wilson. To put it better, they gave the necessary political information and guidance to one who had for years been president of Princeton University but had remained ignorant of almost everything that was going on about him in the politics of the State and unaware of its chief political personalities. Here James Kerney sub-

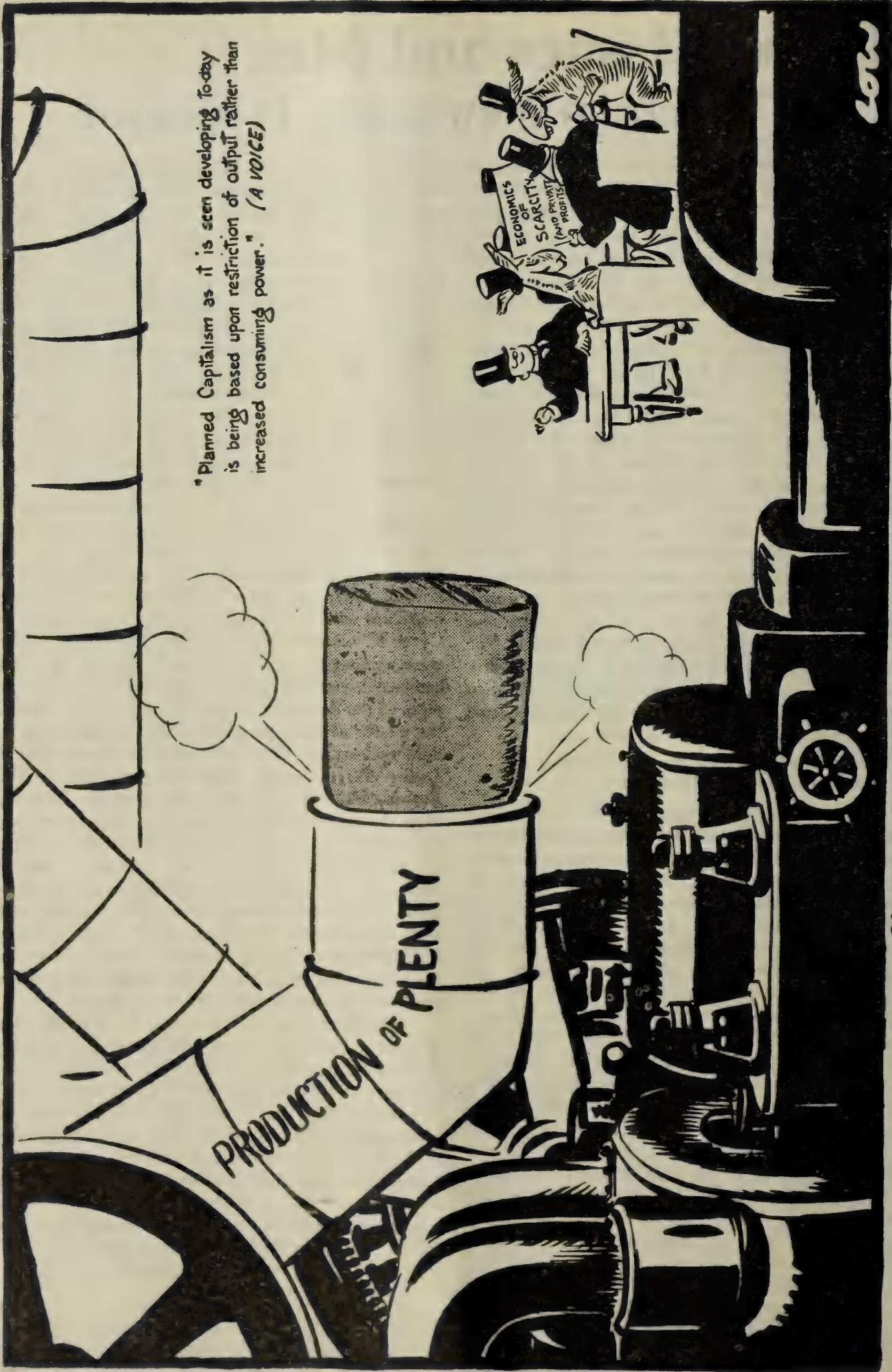
ordinated himself with characteristic modesty, nor did he ever ask a favor for himself. But day after day his service was extraordinarily devoted. He could surely have had distinction and honor had he asked for them when Woodrow Wilson became President. He was without that kind of ambition. But when the President asked him in February, 1918, to direct the distribution of all official information regarding American war activities to the European governments, he went to France gladly and stayed there until shortly before the Armistice. The readers of *The Nation* will remember with what satisfaction *The Nation* announced his appointment by President Hoover as a member of the Haitian Commission; the success of that inquiry, which has led to the almost completed evacuation of Haiti, was considerably the work of James Kerney.

On almost the same day on which the news came of Mr. Kerney's death appeared the announcement of the coming demise of the Philadelphia *Public Ledger*, one of the historic American newspapers. One can understand best what kind of newspaper owner Mr. Kerney was if one contrasts his record with the mischief wrought by the John C. Martin-Cyrus K. Curtis invasion of daily journalism. Those men were without liberalism or vision, I had almost said without conscience, certainly without understanding of the real purposes of the American democracy, and were actuated only by the motive of piling up more wealth in addition to the millions that accrued from the *Saturday Evening Post* and the *Ladies' Home Journal*. They ruined the historic New York *Evening Post*, they long ago killed the *Public Ledger*. Now they are turning into the street the men and women of the *Public Ledger*. Proprietors like these are utterly removed from the bulk of their constituents, from the real needs, the real ambitions of the people among whom they live. Theirs is the point of view of big business, of the rich and the privileged. Their motto is America by big business, for big business, with big business. They are of the men who have dugged the pit into which has tumbled ignominiously the social system that they served and worshipped.

No, there is no value but only harm to the people and to the country in newspaper proprietorship of that type, and in the long run it cannot survive. My mind revolts from this record; it turns back with joy and satisfaction to that life just ended, so well lived, a life of fidelity, I should say of true service if that word had not been rendered worthless by its abuse by rotarians and chambers of commerce. No wonder there was such an outpouring of men and women of all walks of life. They knew James Kerney as a prince among men because he had a heart, because there was not a selfish trait in him, and because they could ever come to him for sympathy, for understanding, and for justice.

Isabel Garrison Villard

A Cartoon by LOW



SOLVING THE PROBLEM WITH A CORK.

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Labor Seeks a New Messiah

By ROSE M. STEIN

Pittsburgh, April 10

IF an attempt were made to compile comments made in the public press since March 25 upon the automobile settlement and the 10 per cent wage increase in the steel industry, the volume, in terms of size, would probably be the largest that any publisher has ever attempted to put out. Yet in scanning these comments, one would find nothing that would give one a clear picture of what the rank-and-file automobile or steel worker, or the worker in any other industry, thinks of these two important events. Had the automobile workers gone on strike and taken, as was expected, the steel workers with them, probably half a million men would have been involved. What do these half-million men think, if they think at all, of the events that averted the strike? Do they think that the issue was really settled or are they merely biding time? True, mention is made of William Green's tepid enthusiasm over the automobile settlement, but that only raises the further question: What does the rank-and-file worker think of the American Federation's president and the part he played in this controversy?

To find an answer to these questions I covered a number of industrial communities. Steel, glass, and aluminum were the chief industries in the region. I sought opinions from various classes of workers, organized and unorganized, local union leaders and rank-and-filers, black and white, American and foreign. I made no effort to use a direct questionnaire method but I designed and conducted the conversations, so far as possible, to answer the following questions:

What do the workers think of the automobile settlement and what effect may it have upon workers in other industries?

What do they think of President Roosevelt, the NRA, and the attitude of these toward labor?

Are they satisfied with the stand taken by William Green in the automobile settlement and what do they think of him as a labor leader?

Are they satisfied with the 10 per cent raise and how close will this bring them to the pre-depression wage scale?

Basically there was little difference of opinion. Each community, however, supplied its own peculiar color. Duquesne, Pennsylvania, is the home of a Carnegie Steel Company plant that employs about 4,000 men, more than half of whom have this year joined the Amalgamated Association of Iron, Steel, and Tin Workers, an affiliate of the American Federation of Labor. The incumbent of the town's city hall is the same Mayor James S. Crawford who during the 1919 steel strike boasted that "Jesus Christ himself could not speak in Duquesne for the A. F. of L." He has not changed his views in the last fifteen years, but the New Deal has made it necessary for him, and the steel company he serves, to employ somewhat different tactics. "You see," the men explain, often in broken English, "they don't exactly fire you, they just keep you starving. They give you maybe two days' pay. That's not enough to live on but when you come for relief they say 'too much earnings.' You know why? Because Mayor Crawford, he says who gets relief and who

don't. If they'd give us only one day's work we could get relief, but no, they make it two. You know, sometimes, by golly, I play sick and don't work second day, so I get relief."

What about the 10 per cent increase? They laugh good-naturedly at the questioner's naivete. "How much is 10 per cent of next to nothing?" asks one of the union officials. "Here's something that will convince you." He points to a stack of reports filed by some 500 steel workers. They give official earning figures for 1933 as reported by the company for income-tax purposes. They also show deductions, debts, and whether or not the men are, or have been, receiving unemployment relief. Fifty of these are picked up at random and tabulated. The secretary regrets that he does not have here the rest of the reports. They are at his home. "You'd see some real figures," he says, "debts that would knock your whiskers off." These fifty tell a sorry enough tale.

The year 1933 embraced nine months of the New Deal, six months of the NRA, four months of the Steel Code, and five and one-half months of a 15 per cent increase over previous wages in the steel industry. The tabulation shows that the average gross earnings per worker are \$376.88, the highest being \$614.94, the lowest \$177.30. From these earnings was deducted in some cases \$13.80, in others \$27.60, for insurance, and an average of \$11.70 for relief boxes given out by the company during "hard times." All the men listed are heads of families containing from three to ten members, with an average of six. Practically every worker, according to these reports, staggers under a load of debt far in excess of his last year's earnings. At one time more than half of the workers owned their homes. Many of the homes have been lost. Those who still hold on owe an average of \$273.56 in taxes, others owe an average of \$300 in rent. Approximately 75 per cent owe grocery bills averaging \$165; an equal proportion owes large sums to relatives and especially to doctors and hospitals. "There ain't none of us quite own our youngest babies," one young Slav explains, "we owe that much to the doctor and hospital for them."

"Now you can see what we think of the 10 per cent raise and the New Deal, both. Sure they're gonna give 48 cents an hour but it ain't common labor they're paying that for. I can show you hundreds of fellows that do a skilled job for these wages." A Negro worker corroborates this statement. "Shuh enuf, I ain't no common laborer. I drives a crane and all I gets is \$3.52 a day."

The president of the local is not altogether comfortable when asked point blank what are his plans for the future of the organization. He does not know. What can he do? He went to Washington and petitioned the National Labor Board to hold an election. Nothing came of it. "The international office of the Amalgamated didn't like our going there. They don't seem to like anything we do. I guess neither does Billy Green. That makes it even for we don't like anything he does. Here's one thing we are doing." He points with pride to a stack of printed postcards that are being distributed among the men to be signed and mailed. They are addressed to Father Coughlin and read:

Reverend Father:

As you have supported our President and prepared the way in driving the money changers from the temple, we know that you can, by your support of the Wagner bill, bring the workers of our country out of the present existing deplorable conditions under which they have been working. As you favor the six-hour day and the thirty-hour week at a saving wage, we are supporting you.

"Why don't you petition the President directly?"

"Father Coughlin seems more like the workingman's friend," is the reply.

In Weirton, West Virginia, "Billy" Long, fiery Irish leader of the local Amalgamated, who weighs 128 pounds and holds the world's record for steel rolling, has a hard time keeping up his courage although he takes good care not to let any of his men know it. "Yes," he admits, "we have been let down by the President, by Senator Wagner, and by the whole machinery on which we pinned our hopes. That automobile settlement is the worst sock in the eye labor got in a long time. And they expect a 10 per cent raise will cover it all up!" Mr. Weir made the statement that this increase would restore the wage level to the one "effective during the boom years of 1926-29." The Weirton workers can't quite figure this out. The schedule they have tells a different story. It runs something like this:

Wage Scales and Earnings in

	1926-1929	1934 including 10 per cent raise
Common labor	50 cents an hour 60-hr. wk.—\$30	46¾ cents an hour 40-hr. wk.—\$18.70
Millwrights		
day turn	49½ cents an hour 60-hr. wk.—\$29.70	46¾ cents an hour 40-hr. wk.—\$18.70
night turn	54½ cents an hour 60-hr. wk.—\$32.70	46¾ cents an hour 40-hr. wk.—\$18.70
Machinist	76 cents an hour 68-hr. wk.—\$51.68	73 cents an hour 40-hr. wk.—\$29.20
Blacksmith	69 cents an hour 68-hr. wk.—\$46.92	64 cents an hour 40-hr. wk.—\$25.60
Tonnage		
Process No. 1 per 100 ton		\$4.37
" No. 2 " 100 ton		3.30
		\$3.63 2.86

It is much the same story in other mill towns. In McKeesport, where the National Tube Works and the McKeesport Tin Plate Company employ 10,000 workers, the Amalgamated claims a membership of close to 90 per cent. "Even the 10 per cent raise came because steel workers began to show signs of life and a tendency to organize, but we're not bragging about it. It's not what we want but we're laying low for a while to see what happens."

"What do you think of the automobile settlement?" an Aluminum Company worker was asked. "It's a crowbar specially made to break the backbone of labor," was his quick reply. The 10,000 Aluminum Company workers have a whole series of grievances. They are fairly solidly organized under the A. F. of L., but are forced to operate under cumbersome federal charters. Their request for an industrial union was left in the hands of a hostile committee headed by Matthew Woll, arch enemy of vertical unions. A recent strike in the New Kensington plant resulted in complete defeat. The local president accepted a foreman's job and quit

the union on the first day of the walkout. The Regional Labor Board ordered the strikers back to work, and a representative of the district A. F. of L. office threatened to revoke their charter, while the Aluminum Company allowed a rumor to circulate to the effect that orders would be transferred to the Alcoa, Tennessee, plant, thus effecting a lockout. On Tuesday evenings a group of New Kensington workers conduct an open forum. Here they discuss their problems frankly and earnestly. "If they revoke our charter, we'll tell the A. F. of L. to go to hell. If that Pittsburgh organizer—disorganizer he should be called—comes around here again, we'll throw him in the river. But where do we go from here?" they ask. "Supposing an election for President would be held tomorrow, who would we vote for? The New Deal has flopped, Roosevelt has turned against the workers in that automobile settlement, and he isn't rushing all over himself to support the Wagner bill either. We don't want another Hoover, and we don't like the reds. We're in what you might call a hell of a fix."

The only ray of hope one finds in this area is in the glass industry. Here 10,000 workers, representing the vast majority in the flat-glass branch and employed by the three largest manufacturers—the Pittsburgh Plate Glass Company, the American Window Glass Company, and Libbey-Owens—have recently organized the Federation of Flat Glass Workers of America, a straight industrial union under the A. F. of L. banner. According to Ferdinand Bindel, the very modest and unassuming leader of this organization, it all began at the round table in the Creighton, Pennsylvania, plant of the Pittsburgh Plate Glass Company, where Bindel is employed. At this plant all employees got an hour for lunch—an oversight the company union sought to correct as soon as it was organized. But it was too late. During this hour the men would sit around the table provided for them in the lunch-room and discuss many topics. Unionism, organization tactics, and socialism were the favorites. When in August, 1933, a company union was organized and Ferdinand Bindel was elected as a representative, he decided to make the most of his opportunity. He had already learned at the round table that the workers had many grievances and no faith in the company union as an instrument for adjusting them. He asked the management for permission to hold a mass-meeting where the workers might have an opportunity to voice their complaints and instruct their representatives. The management hesitated. Company-union plans do not provide for mass-meetings. But Bindel persisted and won his point. At the mass-meeting 800 workers—all the hall could hold—organized into an A. F. of L. union. This set off the needed spark. Other departments and plants followed suit.

The companies did not give up without a fight. They proposed other "inside" union plans, showered the workers with bulletins urging them "to do some real thinking and to select wise, honorable, and efficient leadership." They hammered away at the dues-paying and racketeer features of the A. F. of L. The leaders agreed; they too wasted no love on Billy Green and many others in the federation. But that was no reason for relaxing their organization efforts. In the end the companies gave in. They recognized the grievance committees and the check-off.

Something less than the millennium has been attained even here. The industry has been highly mechanized within recent years, and as a result many have been thrown out of

their jobs. To absorb some of these unemployed the work week has been reduced to twenty-four hours and less, so that even at the high rates of 70 and 80 cents an hour a man scarcely makes \$20 a week, hardly enough to support a family. Then there is the added grievance that many processes have in the course of mechanization been made so safe and simple that women can do the work just as well as men, and they do it for 30 and 35 cents an hour. Still, the initial fight has been won and the workers proudly add, "We did it all without the aid of Washington or the A. F. of L."

From all this and from many additional observations that cannot be included in the brief space of this article, there emerges inevitably the conclusion that the poverty of leadership in labor organizations is appalling. It is the really great American tragedy. Last summer when the A. F. of L. began its organization drive in the heavy industries, the organizers had but one story to tell: The government wants you to organize. Roosevelt wants you to organize. At that time it mattered little what was said. The men applauded and signed on the dotted line. But the captive-mine and Weirton controversies made this argument sound a trifle silly. Workers began to stay away from union headquarters; the enthusiasm died down. Perhaps all that was needed was a good new story, a new "line" that would sound more convincing, but none was offered. Instead, the district offices withdrew most of the organizers from the field. Where strong local leadership developed, as in Weirton, McKeesport, Duquesne, and Brackenridge, the unions more or less flourished; where local leadership was poor, as in Homestead, Braddock, and Clairton, the unions languished. There is no concerted effort,

no directing or unifying guidance. Each local leader tries to find some effective spur. Sometimes it is making a trip to Washington, at other times it is writing to Father Coughlin, at still other times it is inviting Cornelia Bryce Pinchot, wife of Pennsylvania's Governor, to speak. Mrs. Pinchot makes a very good speech, but it consists more of criticizing the political machine than of explaining the principles and purpose of unionization.

Here, then, is a large mass, loosed from the stranglehold of the lords of industry, disillusioned about President Roosevelt, largely convinced that the NRA holds nothing in store for the workers, prejudiced in the extreme against Communists and "reds," ready—for what? That is the important question. In the main the workers have very little sense of their power and very little confidence in their own intelligence. The few who rise above the intellectual level of the mass only rarely become leaders. Men like "Billy" Long and Ferdinand Bindel are exceptions. For the most part the intelligent worker retires into himself and becomes a futilitarian or a believer in the gradual awakening of the masses, which, however, he himself makes no effort to hasten. The mass thus remains helplessly inarticulate. But, whether organized or not, it seeks deliverance, not through its own inherent strength but by a messiah. The leader who captures the confidence of this mass will become very powerful indeed. President Roosevelt has not entirely lost his chance. A decisive step on his part honestly favoring labor would restore his popularity in a flash. This opportunity cannot, of course, remain open indefinitely. If he fails to redeem himself, then the candidacy for a messiah is open.

The Menace of Jewish Fascism

By WILLIAM ZUKERMAN

London, April 2

FOUR years ago, when a speaker at a Zionist Congress at Basel casually uttered from the platform the words "Jewish Hitlerites," the storm of protest and indignation which arose was so great that the session broke up in tumult and riot; the speaker was obliged to withdraw his words and to apologize publicly for casting the shadow of an ugly suspicion upon a Jewish party. To Jews then, as to non-Jews today, it seemed preposterous that a growth so closely allied to anti-Semitism should ever strike roots in Jewish life. But now the words no longer evoke any protest and no one dreams of contesting the reality which they stand for. Fascism is too glaring a fact of Jewish life for denials. Strange as it may seem to an outsider, a Jewish Fascist Party not only exists but has already passed the point of struggling for recognition and is aspiring for power within the best-organized Jewish social movement. The party has an organized membership of 50,000; it controls a large press; it exerts a strong influence on Zionist policy within and outside Palestine; it dominates Jewish public opinion in Poland, and sways Jewish sentiments all over the world. It may sound like a paradox, but it is nevertheless a fact that the Jews, especially in Eastern Europe and Palestine, probably more than any other people except the Germans are stricken with the virus of fascism.

The grimness of the paradox is increased by the fact that Jewish fascism is in its origin, aims, and tactics more akin to the Teutonic brand of that movement than to the Italian. Not only is the uniform of the Jewish Fascist Party brown, but its driving force, like that of the Germans, is also a strong feeling of national wrong, and its source of inspiration is one of the treaties resulting from the World War. Its following, like that of the Nazis, is recruited from among the nationalist youth. The movement, naturally, also has its Leader, a journalist of great proficiency well versed in the art of stage dramatics, and its forces, like those of the Nazis, are also divided into storm troops (*Brith-Trumpeldor*) and bodyguards (*Brith-Chail*). To complete the comparison, Jewish fascism also advocates "revolutionary" action against both Marxists and a foreign government, and its forces are drilling under Polish military officers in preparation for some war known only to their leaders.

The seat of Jewish fascism is Palestine: the field of its activity is the Zionist movement the world over but especially in Poland; its backbone is the dying Jewish middle class, which is being mercilessly ground between the millstones of anti-Semitism and the post-war economic development; its driving force is its grievance against the Mandatory Power in Palestine. It is these real economic, political, and social forces which give the movement a solid basis.

Before the war Zionism was more a movement for Jewish social reconstruction than for economic betterment. It aspired to make over all that abnormal life which had been imposed upon Jews by the old ghetto and the newer anti-Semitism. The war and the post-war settlement entirely revolutionized this ideal. The Treaty of Versailles, by breaking up the former economic units of Eastern Europe, swept away whatever economic position the Jews had in that region. In addition, all the newly created states began their political careers with a wave of violent anti-Semitism whose purpose was to drive out the Jews from even those occupations still left to them. Worst of all, the countries overseas which before the war had absorbed the surplus Jewish population from Eastern Europe, and thus eased the situation, closed their doors to new immigration. Jews in Eastern Europe—which means primarily Poland, for in Soviet Russia Jews have found an altogether different solution to their problems—found themselves in a situation almost without parallel even in their long tragic history. The state of subjection to which the Nazis in Germany are striving to reduce the German Jews has already been achieved in Poland.

Under such transformed circumstances the early aspects and aims of Zionism have also been transformed entirely. From a spiritual center the National Home has become chiefly an economic refuge. From a subjective liberal experiment Zionism has become an exclusively political utilitarian movement. Palestine has become the primary country of Jewish immigration. Jews have begun to turn to it with hopes and aspirations which neither the pre-war Zionists nor the framers of the Balfour Declaration ever envisaged. The settlement of Palestine has passed chiefly into the hands of Jews from Poland, who have brought to the country an immense store of enthusiasm and enterprise which is still of the old, individualistic kind, the kind which the Russian Jews have sought to abandon—an enthusiasm for building up big businesses and private fortunes. Together with the old *Halutz* (Jewish pioneer and land laborer), there have begun to come to Palestine in greater and greater numbers the ruined shopkeepers, petty traders, bankrupt business men, brokers, agents, and middle-class men of all kinds who can no longer exist in Eastern Europe. These people come to Palestine not with the old idea of transforming their own lives, but with the idea of transforming the country to fit their old economy; not to escape from the ghetto, but to transplant it; not to build a new home on entirely new social foundations, but to resurrect the old one—the ideal of the middle-class fascist the world over.

It is this new immigration into Palestine that forms the social and economic basis of Jewish fascism and makes it the serious danger that it is. The newcomers are not only the victims of fascism but spiritually also its supporters. They come to Palestine not because of any idealism, but because all other places are closed to them, and because that is the only country where they can have a fascism of their own and where they can hope to revive the glory of their passing world. The recent prosperity in the National Home has served to enhance these hopes. In this respect this windfall, like so many others, has proved a mixed blessing. The legends of the great boom are attracting people of a most undesirable character and raising most undesirable hopes.

Already the character of Jewish Palestine is changing appreciably. The agricultural, labor, and productive aspects

of the settlement are being obscured by the financial and speculative aspects. Social enterprise is giving way to private adventure of a pernicious type. Land speculation is rampant. Private enterprise is in open competition with the National (land) Fund, and in certain districts the National Fund has to withdraw altogether. Tel-Aviv is rapidly becoming a miniature European metropolis with all the evils and artificiality of uncontrolled Western civilization. The boom is on. The speculators, brokers, small shopkeepers, petty traders have found the Promised Land again. These people take their revival in the National Home more seriously than does Hitler's *Kampfbund des Mittel-Klasses*. Their fight against "Marxists" and labor is more bitter than that of the Nazis. There is hardly another Jewish community in the world where the class struggle is being fought with so much hatred and venom as in Palestine now, and nowhere else is party strife so savage. In short, the social and economic reorganization of Palestine along fascist lines is in full swing.

The menace of Jewish fascism appears at first sight to be negligible. The party itself, its Brown Shirts, its military drills in the backyards of Poland, its fight against the Mandatory Power and Marxism, its attempts to restore the decomposing body of the Jewish middle class—all this appears to be a comic-opera imitation which has no basis in Jewish reality. But this is only a first and partial view of the manifestation. A closer analysis reveals a situation much more complicated and menacing. Behind Palestine there is always Zionism, and that movement is so intricately interwoven with Jewish social life the world over that if it succumbs to fascism, a porthole is opened for fascist sentiments to flow in freely and flood every Jewish community. The real danger of Jewish fascism is not in its own organized strength but in the influence which it exerts upon other parties standing near to it, which are ostensibly far from fascism. This was the case with the Germans and it is true also with the Jews. The Zionist movement, like all nationalist movements, is the most fertile field for fascism. Under the guise of nationalistic grievances and demands, fascist sentiments can easily pass unnoticed, and they now do in Zionism. Jewish orthodoxy openly embraces the fascist program, political as well as economic. Other parties, not so frank in their avowal, are tacit supporters of the most extreme demands of fascism. In Poland there is no longer any distinction between the fascist and the Zionist press. In America the "revolutionary" anti-British stand is awakening sympathy. In Palestine, it is true, labor is putting up a brave and strong fight, but it is a lone fight which has the support only of a few individual Zionist liberals. The bulk of the Zionist movement gravitates toward fascism, although Zionists are mostly not aware of it, and the majority would indignantly deny that their pure, selfless nationalism, which wants nothing of others, or even that their "Great Zionism," as Jewish fascism often calls itself, has anything in common with the brutal fascism of Germany.

The situation resembles very much that in Germany before March, 1933, when the Nazi dictatorship, with its Brown Houses and concentration camps, had not yet been officially proclaimed, but had been made possible by the tacit acceptance and support of the whole nationalist part of German society. There was scarcely a nationalist German, no matter what his party, who did not think inwardly what the Nazis said aloud to the world, and who was not convinced of the justice of the German grievance and of the

right of the Nazi demands. It was this moral disintegration of non-Nazi society, not the hordes of Hitlerism, that brought about the fascist victory in Germany. Exactly the same disintegration and the same danger exist now within Jewry.

For it must not be forgotten that Jews are predominantly a middle-class people, and that class has been more thoroughly ruined among Jews than among any other people. While other nations have strong agricultural and industrial classes to offset the ruin of their middle classes, the Jews have none of these. The ruin of the class means therefore the ruin of the nation. In addition, the anti-Jewish outburst in Germany has aggravated a tragedy which was hardly capable of further aggravation. It has revealed that the Jews not only have natural economic forces working against them but that they are surrounded on all sides by a bitter, personal hatred which has no parallel in modern times. Jews have encountered the enmity of men before, but never social forces allied with personal enemies. The very foundation of their economic existence is being knocked from beneath their feet. Communism on one hand and fascism on the other are both working toward the elimination of the Jews from their middle-class positions. The former does it constructively and with consideration, the other destructively and with hatred and curses, but the direction of both is the same. There is certainly no mistake about the trend of events for Jews. The age of individualism, which was on the whole favorable to them, is passing. They will have to reconstruct their economic lives as they did in Soviet Russia.

That a portion of the Jews fighting under such stress should turn to a fascism of their own creation in the hope of retaining their old position is no wonder. But if Zionism shows itself as blind as German nationalism, and impelled by legitimate national grievances and economic despair, opens the door to fascism among Jews, the moral disintegration which will set in will not be less than that which led to the establishment of the Brown Houses and concentration camps. The crime of Zionism will be even greater, for it has already the lesson of German nationalism before it, and there is no excuse for ignorance and blindness now. Zionism today is fighting a terrible battle. It fights not only for its own soul but for the soul and even the physical existence of the Jewish people.

In the Driftway

TWO items of information have come to the Drifter's notice lately which are perhaps worth considering side by side. One is the account, appearing in the London *New Statesman and Nation*, of her weekly budget by a wife whose husband is on the dole. The family consists of husband and wife and three children; the weekly allowance totals £1 9s. 3d., or about \$7.50 at the current rate of exchange, and it is intended to cover all items of living, including rent, light, and insurance. The wife points out that it is a good plan to "first pay the rent, insurance, and the doctors' club. . . . Next get half a cwt. of coal and 3d. firewood." Food is purchased as follows:

At the present moment bread is 4½d. per new large loaf, but new bread is not good for adults or children, and a "yesterday's" loaf is 4d. at any baker's. Here you may

save 1¾d. a week. A family with medium appetites will use 14 pounds of potatoes in a week. These cost 1s. The man who sells his own vegetables will generally let you have a nice cabbage or marrow for about a penny or 1½d. and a nice little mixture of carrots, onions, etc. for stews for 3d.

It is impossible to give the children the full amount of milk they need, but they can have milk pudding three times a week. Meat is always a problem, but if children have vegetables and gravy, with a good nourishing pudding after, they need little or no meat, and an unemployed man does not need so much as one who works hard all day.

These are a few suggestions for cheap but satisfying dinners. Quite a nice little piece of beef can be got for 1s. 6d. if you reason with the butcher. Have potatoes and cabbage with this, and finish with a tapioca pudding. Next day have cold meat and potatoes mashed with margarine, followed with plain suet pudding and treacle. If there are a few little pieces left, they can be used for cottage pie with a little corned beef to make up. Get a ¼ lb. with the 2½d. in hand. . . . Shin of beef cooked in the oven makes good gravy for the children, and six pennyworth should do the adults two days. Have boiled rice and the rest of the prunes for pudding. One day will not hurt any of us to be meatless, so have the Symington tomato soup with mashed potatoes, and make an extra big plum pudding. Of course this means currant pudding. . . .

We are very thankful to get the dole, and every wife should do her best to make it go as far as possible, and not waste what other folks may be glad to have.

The Drifter finds it impossible to comment on the foregoing document, except to say that the *New Statesman* guarantees it to be authentic and not to have been changed in any particular. It is accompanied by an itemized list of expenditures, which gives the cost of weekly rent at 10s., the weekly allowance of flour at 3 pounds, of butter at ½ pound, of prunes at 1 pound, and allows for one halfpenny candle as the week's quota of light.

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HIS other document the Drifter had cut out of the Baltimore *Sun* a week or so ago, and had intended more or less jocular comment on it to show that the good citizens of Baltimore still like their vittles and lots of them. It is a menu for a day—three meals a day, incidentally, which the English woman living on the dole did not specifically mention—and it begins with a suggested breakfast of sliced orange, cereal with cream, baby lamb chops, muffins with marmalade, and coffee, also presumably with cream, although the menu did not think it necessary to mention it. The Drifter had intended to poke gentle fun at Baltimoreans who eat a breakfast of this size, to point out that, judging by such a menu, the good old days of American eating have not disappeared, and to call New York's classic breakfast of orange juice, toast, and coffee a decadent and feeble gesture unworthy the ancestors of our noble race.

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AND then somehow, after reading the dole budget, the heart went out of him. He remembered the famous episode in "Little Women," just called freshly to mind by the motion picture, which showed the sausages and the muffins and the real coffee that the March girls had just been about to sit down to as a great and especial treat on Christmas morning and then had decided to carry to the family

which had nothing at all. The Drifter imagines that not a citizen of Baltimore but would gladly give over his breakfast of cereal and lamb chops to Mrs. English Dole, and experience the keenest pleasure in going without a bite while she enjoyed it. But, unfortunately, this generosity, which springs so freely in the human race when a particular touching circumstance is described, is not enough. We cannot feed the world by giving away our breakfast. If we ever do succeed adequately in feeding it, it will be only after considerably more ratiocination than to date has been expended on the problem. Our friends the Communists think they know the answer. But one can only be sure that our friends the capitalists do not.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

They Wear Garters, Too!

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

I must be excused for the tardiness of a reply to Margaret Green's article of January 10 on The Russian Revolution in Clothes. Moscow is a long way from New York and I don't receive *The Nation* regularly. Miss Green writes, "The Soviets have discarded tradition in clothes as well as in ideas."

In Moscow there opened in 1933 a chain of five high-class tailoring shops (the plan calls for more of them) for men and women which guarantee the style and workmanship of their merchandise to be exact copies of the models which the customers select—from the latest European fashion books. In the largest department store in the city a six-foot sign reads, "On view—the latest fashions from abroad," and calls attention to a section where fashion books can be studied for the price of a ruble. Patterns are on sale and clothes can also be made to order in the store. There is always a long line of impatient style hunters waiting to pay their ruble. The leading women's magazines, which concern themselves with such light reading matter as industrialization, collectivization, and international relations, also carry style supplements which include everything the Canton, Illinois, housewife is accustomed to find in the fashion section of her favorite weekly. There are scores of dressmaking establishments run by cooperatives and additional scores of dress-makers who work at home.

It is quite true, as Miss Green says, that the Russians want to develop their best talents in their own way—but not by sticking their bus tickets in their ears, as she indicates. "Their own way," if one is to speak of clothes only, seems to be in the direction of mass production of wearing apparel that is closely patterned after the clothes worn by their bourgeois neighbors. However, in the Soviet Union dress is not a fetish; it is not a mark of class distinction; nor is it manipulated by considerations of profit. But Soviet girls do wear their berets cocked well over one ear just like Tillie the Toiler (if Tillie still does that), and Berlin styles have done a great deal in influencing that fad.

It is in the nature of Soviet economy that when changes take place they affect almost everyone. Although as late as 1932 women did go to the theater in what we would call bedroom slippers, today that is no longer so. In the past year shoes have flooded the market, and the woman who goes to the theater goes in shoes—with high heels. This winter theater audiences are so well dressed that a foreigner has to wear a diamond coronet to attract any attention.

The second Piatiletka is turning out mountains of gewgaws, dress goods, and ready-made clothes. The remotest vil-

lages are being supplied, and every kolhoznitza and kolhoznik is getting a share of city clothes. The Tolstoy blouse which Miss Green likes so much is rapidly being replaced by shirts with attached soft collars, and the peasants and workers seem to like them.

Without a doubt Miss Green's chance acquaintance, Lola, was more interested in ideas than the average girl of bourgeois countries, but the fact that the two met when Lola was searching for a beauty parlor is an indication that having ideas does not exclude a desire to be pretty and well-dressed. Dusia, my houseworker, has just had a permanent wave for which she paid almost a month's wages. Manicured nails with pink nail polish are as common here as in New York. If Lola did not rush to a mirror when Miss Green presented her with a Woolworth string of pearls, it may have been because the Russian girl was being polite. In the summer of 1932, when I arrived at the Soviet border town of Nigoreloe, the first shock I had was to see a barefooted peasant woman wearing a string of cheap pearls. At that time I arrived in Moscow with a wardrobe such as wholesome girls take to summer camp. I soon discovered that my Russian friends thought me a little eccentric. They found it difficult to understand that one would put nice clothes into cold storage when nice clothes could be worn. On my second visit I did better, but I still did not bring a silk dress. To my embarrassment my Russian guests persist in wearing their best and I find myself feeling apologetic. As for the mystery of how stockings are held up in the Soviet Union, I can't imagine why Lola didn't know the secret. Any day of the week in the Arbatsky market, which is the least well-equipped place to shop in, one can find a long string of bright pink garter-belts hanging where the whole world can see!

Moscow, February 25

BELLA KASHIN

[In justice to Miss Green, it must be confessed that her article was written and accepted for publication in *The Nation* a full year before its appearance. Miss Kashin's reply may merely indicate how fast, even in Soviet Russia, styles change.—EDITORS THE NATION.]

Kidnap Valley, California

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

The notorious Imperial Valley has earned the more appropriate name of Kidnap Valley. Stories of the lawless and high-handed treatment of workers and their attorneys, culminating in the particularly outrageous kidnapping of A. L. Wirin, attorney for the American Civil Liberties Union, have been widely published. It was hoped that the widespread indignation over that event, together with the scathing authoritative report of the federal commission appointed to investigate conditions in that benighted district, would influence the officials to abandon their extreme lawlessness.

Not so. They are determined to continue their blundering and badgering to the bitter end, as is evidenced by other exceptionally vicious kidnappings, of one of which the writer of this letter was a victim. On March 25 Alexander Irvine, well-known minister and author, his niece, Miss Lenore Hardin, and I went as representatives of the American Civil Liberties Union to attend meetings in the valley which were under the protection of an injunction from the United States District Court. Leaving Mr. Irvine and Miss Hardin to attend a Brawley meeting, I went on to Calexico. Finding that the meeting of the workers had been packed by the growers and the workers intimidated, I left the hall for a moment to make a telephone call. Outside the hall I was rudely accosted by a burly individual, but I kept silent and went on. A moment or two later, how-

ever, as I came to the rear of the corner building, I was set upon suddenly from behind by a gang of men and rushed into an open space. One of the men, the same who had previously accosted me, struck me in the face with his fist. Others hit me in the back. They then surrounded me, emptied my pockets, and questioned me. Some of my effects they kept but returned the rest.

They next shoved me roughly into an automobile with four men and drove rapidly off. After going a few miles, I was made to lie face down on the floor of the car with a leather jacket over my head. Throughout the drive of about forty miles to a remote point in the desert, much of it over a rough, sandy desert road, there was a steady stream of cursing, with threats of flogging, shooting, hanging, and other methods of disposing of me. They said I would never get back alive. When we finally stopped, I was led, blindfolded and hands tied, up a short steep canyon in the low desert hills, where I was abandoned without further injury. This was about 6.10 p. m. and night had already fallen. I began the long, weary walk back in a forty-mile desert gale, a walk that proved to be about six miles through the sand to a road and four miles farther to a primitive filling station. Cars and trucks passed, but none would stop. When I reached the filling station, the two attendants seemed to be wholly without interest in my plight, as if they had been warned by the thugs to refuse me assistance. The nearest house was fifteen miles away. I could not walk to it, and the desert gale was too biting to permit me to stand on the road in the hope of flagging a friendly samaritan, so I finally prevailed upon the service-station man to allow me to crawl into his closed car out of the wind, and there I spent the rest of the chilly night.

In the morning I managed to get a lift to San Diego. At the newspaper office there I was told that nobody knew what had happened to me, although at least fifty people must have seen me grabbed in broad daylight (about four in the afternoon). I was further told that Irvine was safe, having been taken to the Brawley jail for safekeeping from the mob of growers. I was glad that he had not suffered from maltreatment as I had, but I later learned that the press dispatches were just as unreliable with regard to him as to me and that he had also been kidnapped, taken to an even more remote place in the desert, and even more roughly handled. After walking five or six miles through the desert Irvine, who is over seventy and not in good health, had been about to sink down from exhaustion—he could easily have suffered seriously from exposure to the cold and from thirst—when, by a miracle according to those who know the country, a truck came along at that late hour, about midnight, picked him up, and took him into Brawley, where the authorities assigned him a cell in the jail for his protection from the mob, which renewed their threats upon learning that he was back in town. After Irvine had been snatched from her side as they walked on the highway, Miss Hardin was not further molested, and was helped to a hotel by a friendly citizen, but throughout the whole night nobody brought a word as to the fate of her uncle. At this writing, seventy-two hours after the occurrence, Irvine is still suffering from body bruises, aching joints, general exhaustion, and a painfully aggravated condition of a chronic ailment.

Volumes of interpretation will be written around this outstanding bit of capitalistic stupidity and brutality. The growers, realizing that they have brought the name of "vigilante" into irredeemable disrepute up and down the agricultural section of California by their disregard of simple decency, have made some concession to public opinion and rechristened themselves "anti-Communists."

As a concluding word, it should be said that the two leading press services showed up very badly in this affair. Although both kidnappings were witnessed by a number of persons, the

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correspondents sent out not a word of it, but instead misquoted Irvine to the effect that he had no complaint. Later they gave credence to the assertions of the "anti-Communist" growers, shippers, and bankers that no kidnappings had occurred and that both Irvine's story and my own were merely hoaxes.

Los Angeles, March 30

ELLIS O. JONES

The Intelligent Traveler What Will a Dollar Buy?

III

SPAIN

SPAIN is off the beaten track, and less is known of that lovely country than of any other of its size in Europe. The variety of its ethnic groups is its chief charm; there is no single "Spanish type." Each region has its distinct dialect, its own peasant customs, religious observances, and traditions in art, its own physical type.

The pleasantest way to see Spain is by automobile. Its roads are said by automobile authorities to be the best engineered in Europe; a new surfaced system of 8,000 kilometers has been completed in the last three years. Distances are great in Spain, and village accommodations in a country so completely rural are not good, but the government has built a series of *albergues de carretera*, simple hostels or inns, wherever the distance between comfortable hotels is too great for a day's easy drive.

The American organization "Europe on Wheels," 218 Madison Avenue, is extending its "drive-yourself" automobile service to Spain this summer. Headquarters will be at Gibraltar, thus making a stopover on the way to Italy an easy matter.

The best of Spain is in her old cities. There are fewer little out-of-the-way places of interest than in France, for instance. If you have only a week to spend in an automobile tour, you should not try to do more than see the cities of southern Spain—Granada and the Alhambra, Cordova, Seville, Algeciras. A second week will include Madrid, with stops on the way at Toledo and at Guadalupe, where accommodations are in an old monastery and the visitor leaves a gift instead of paying a bill. A three weeks' trip will include the north-coast cities of San Sebastian, Santander, Santillana del Mar. The best bullfights of the summer season occur in the first-named cities and in Bilbao. Near Santillana in the Caves of Altamira are the most perfectly preserved prehistoric drawings in the world. The representations of bison, wild boar, antelope, incised and

painted or in bas relief on the walls and ceiling of the cave, surpass the French examples.

Motor costs are not yet announced, but probably will be between \$8 and \$9 a day per person for a party of four. This figure includes hotels, meals, automobile, gasoline, and oil.

Rail travel is cheap in Spain. A journey of 300 kilometers, second class, costs \$5.04; there will be some advantageous excursion rates not yet announced here.

With the peseta at fourteen cents you can live in a second-class hotel for between \$2 and \$2.50 a day for room and meals. Unless you have previous experience to guide you, it is best not to attempt the native food, which is too hot with garlic and chili for the American taste. This makes the "pension" type of accommodation inadvisable.

Spain has discontinued its Tourist Information Service in this country. The consulates (in New York at 1071 Sixth Avenue) can give general information. "Europe on Wheels" has up-to-date facts, gathered in the course of its survey for establishing a service there.

AUSTRIA

Austria's greatest attraction is the Salzburg Festival, which takes place from July 28 to September 2, with Richard Strauss, Bruno Walter, and Clemens Krauss conducting, and with Max Reinhardt directing "Everyman" and Goethe's "Faust." Native expression of the Austrian gift for the dramatic is to be found in the Passion plays and folk dramas of the villages. There are interesting ones at Thiersee, Feilpmes, Innsbruck, and Brixlegg. Village processions, harvest festivals, and fairs, all brilliant with native costumes, are best discovered on the spot; few of them occur on dates fixed far in advance.

Austria's mountain resorts offer a variety of sports. For out-of-door people there are fine canoeing, swimming, hiking, and climbing. The sports-loving Austrians have developed a network of marked trails and "huts" at easy distances which foreigners may use. Mountaineering includes the high Alps with their glaciers and less dangerous climbs in what the Austrian guidebooks quaintly describe as the "outspoken rocky districts." Outsiders may stay in the "huts," which often are large and comfortable inns, for about \$1.50 a day; members of the German-Austrian Alpine Society pay as little as twenty cents, and one may become a member upon recommendation of two Austrians. Lazy mountaineers can "do" the big peaks on one of the eleven cable railways in the country. A boat trip down the Danube is an unforgettable seven hours of beautiful water and picturesque shores; it costs about \$3.

The Austrian schilling has risen from fourteen cents to nineteen cents (tourists are allowed a discount which makes their schillings cost eighteen cents). Hotel prices have decreased about 30 per cent since 1931; one can stay at a good hotel in Vienna for \$2.50 a day including meals. In the resorts prices are lower; room and meals may often be had for \$1.35 a day.

Railroad rates have advanced with the exchange—a journey of 300 kilometers, second class, costs \$8.50, but to this one may apply all sorts of discounts. To encourage visits to the resorts the government offers a 50 per cent discount on rail fare if one stays ten days in one resort. On excursion tickets there is a discount of 25 per cent. The most ingenious rail discount in Europe is the "family ticket" by which the head of the family pays full fare, the second member gets 50 per cent off, the third member 75 per cent off, and the rest travel free!

Complete information on travel in Austria may be had from the Austrian Tourist Information Office, 500 Fifth Avenue, New York.

JOHN ROTHSCHILD

[In previous articles Mr. Rothschild discussed the cost of travel in other countries of Europe. In his next, which will appear shortly, he will describe the numerous tours to Russia planned for this summer.]

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The Art of American Fiction

By MARK VAN DOREN

FIVE or six years ago it was the fashion to explain the popularity of Thornton Wilder's "The Bridge of San Luis Rey" by saying that it was short, that it was beautiful, and that it was not American. The country, if we were to believe our contemporary chroniclers, had all at once grown tired of social epics in homely prose, of the unwieldy Dreiser and the too baldly accurate Sinclair Lewis. We were sick of reading about ourselves; we wanted wit, form, grace, and a radical change of scene. Hence, it was said, the rage for Mr. Wilder, who was taking us back and away to seventeenth-century South America and who, incidentally, was even then engaged upon a still shorter work about a lady of ancient Greece. The future was to bring us many more such novels. Already Miss Cather was turning to the Southwest and to the St. Lawrence; and of course Mr. Cabell had all along been airily ironic about this world. We were to have, in short, an experience with the fine art of fiction; we were to know that novels can be art, and we were to develop a criticism capable of keeping our storytellers in a properly self-conscious state.

The prediction was only partly wrong. The scene of fiction has not shifted; it is still America, and for that matter Mr. Lewis keeps on having his day, as Mr. Dreiser continues to be called the one great novelist of the century. But neither have we ceased to be aware that fiction has aesthetic as well as social problems to solve. Neither have we failed to appreciate the fact that Ernest Hemingway, Elizabeth Madox Roberts, William Faulkner, and Erskine Caldwell, to name only four novelists whose work falls within the period since 1925, are artists of delicate and original endowment. Whatever their views of the contemporary scene, they have written in such a way as to remind us that the immemorial difficulty of the American novelist is the difficulty of forming and refining his material, of discovering how to keep it within bounds so that he can do something with it sufficiently simple, sharp, and clear. Not many Americans, naturally, have made the discovery. None too easy to make in any art, it is particularly difficult to make in fiction—above all, it would appear, in America. Cooper learned the secret in his long-winded way; so in their different ways did Irving, Poe, Hawthorne, Melville, Mark Twain, and Henry James: the result being that we know exactly how each one of them saw the world. Each one of them was successful in that he saw it consistently and with a narrow creativeness, excluding everything not essential to his vision. In the long run it is unimportant that a novelist should see all of the life about him, or even see it truly. Cooper and Poe were contemporaries; which saw America "whole"? Mark Twain and Henry James not only were contemporaries but on several occasions dealt with the same theme, Europe versus America; which was "right"? In the long run it is important only that the novelist should know how to be blind to everything that does not interest him, and how to make us similarly blind. The trouble in America perhaps is that we ask our

novelists to show us too much; or that they themselves forget the secret of being an artist, which is the art of seeing less than other men—less, and more clearly.

If the four young novelists named have made noticeable progress in the desired direction, it is not because they were without predecessors with whom they could touch hands. Leaving aside those bulky elders who had dominated the situation between the World War and 1925, there was at least the memory of Stephen Crane, there was the still obscurely famous "Three Lives" of Gertrude Stein, there were Sherwood Anderson's shorter narratives, there was Ring Lardner, and in 1925 there was Scott Fitzgerald's "The Great Gatsby." Here in each case had been a point of view, with oftentimes brilliant invention or observation to bring it out. And in each case also there had been a style. Style in a story-teller is a guaranty that he is telling you all he knows, that he is showing you all he sees; in so far as it achieves distinctness it is a proof that the writer has explored the limited world he views. It is not an accident, then, that the four novelists in question have been equipped with styles.

If Mr. Hemingway's is wearing out, and there are those who say it is, the defect lies not in it but in Mr. Hemingway, who is guilty then of having failed to realize enough of its possibilities. The possibilities of any style, as of any vision, are actually innumerable, and surely in the present case they are not exhausted. Mr. Hemingway has been equally divided between the fascinations and the terrors of brutality. His style has been a laconic caress to cruelty, at once thanking it because it is the only thing which makes life interesting to him and reproving it for the unthinkable thing it is. With such a twofold vision one can go on seeing and saying much. Mr. Hemingway has depended upon drunkenness and bull fighting as the glasses through which he should direct his gaze. Even so confined, there is more that he can see; yet when he ceases to be charmed by gin and blood he still will have his twofold vision. There is the wide universe to be ironic about.

The excellence of Miss Roberts, Mr. Faulkner, and Mr. Caldwell does not consist in their being Southern, though the interest we continue to take in sectionalism makes us talk sometimes as if it did. The South may be proud of having produced them, yet it is more to the present point to speak of them as American novelists of a new order. With Mr. Hemingway they form a group which, if it were actually a group, might take the name of symbolists. They proceed by indirection. They are conscious of being literary artists. Their subject matter, their field of human concerns, is in each case highly specialized; and from their almost trancelike absorption in this subject matter they have learned, by selecting certain details upon which to concentrate our attention, how to suggest a great deal more than they ever say.

Miss Roberts has never said, for instance, that the physical universe exists for her in a special way—so special a way,

JOHN DOS PASSOS

In All Countries

John Dos Passos has written a swift-marching narrative of the most dramatic events in the recent careers of Spain and Russia, Mexico and America, and, because the same things are happening today in every nation of the world, his story may be said to span all countries. It details some of the fiercest examples of the continuous and unromantic war that is tearing the modern world apart. So that the book, in a very positive and special fashion, is history, for as Dos Passos himself once pointed out—"The writer who writes straight is the architect of history."

Probably no other American writer has traveled so widely and so persistently as John Dos Passos. Year after year he has covered the globe, reporting, lecturing, touring, standing in the crowds, watching the merry-go-rounds and the pitched battles, being always the restless dynamic and un-innocent bystander. The result is that his book contains a great deal that is fresh and striking, the stories that do not appear in the papers, the sidelights that reveal more than the false fronts. A particularly effective section describes the new Congress of 1934, the grand opening of the lively political stage in Washington.

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indeed, that the ordinary person would scarcely be willing to suppose it existed for her at all. Yet her novels say this after their misty and murmurous fashion. Her heroines manage to experience life not at the close range at which we are accustomed to think we feel it but in some indeterminate region beyond the senses. The talk of her Kentuckians comes to us from a sleepy distance, through veils, as if we overheard the music of an invisible race inhabiting the very houses of our chatter. It is endless, unaccented, and very soft. The senses of Miss Roberts's people have a curious way of exchanging functions; they feel when they should see, they stare when they should hear, and they touch things with an almost holy reverence. Some world, if you like, is there. But it is not the world about which anyone besides Miss Roberts and her heroines is concerned. It is the world, perhaps, of Bishop Berkeley, whose book the heroine of "The Great Meadow" was so ready to understand. It exists only in the mind, and in Miss Roberts's beautiful, attenuated narratives.

Mr. Faulkner has never said what it is that he is doing in the novels he writes about the incredible citizens of Jefferson, Mississippi. Until he speaks it will be rash to assume that he has the same feeling toward his degenerates which many a reader has. They are not horrible examples of anything—of life in a Southern State, for instance. Their interest, whether for him or for us if we read him as he writes, is less for what they represent than for what they are. They are for Mr. Faulkner, one may suppose, the perfectly plastic material he desires to have about him as he works; their moral shapelessness is something of which he can avail himself as he proceeds to mold a decorative and terrifying design. If his people were more stubborn, more strong, he would have to let them obey the laws of some known life. As it is he can twist them into whatever shape his rather feline fancy, playing so cruelly with depravity and death, chances to devise. He is perhaps as innocent of the sociological motive as a contemporary of Dreiser and Lewis can be, and as bent upon the business of pure, irresponsible creation.

His hand is a fine one, but feeble compared with that of Erskine Caldwell, who endows his Georgia degenerates with a weird and garrulous and curiously natural energy. The monologues of Ty-Ty Walden and Jeeter Lester, spoken in the midst of events as violent as thievery and murder and rape, maintain some sort of contact with the perennial truths of literature. The truths of literature are not the truths of life; "Tobacco Road" and "God's Little Acre" are as full of fictions, of artificially arranged contrasts, as "Huckleberry Finn" and "Tom Jones," with which they have been compared. And that is their distinction, paradoxically enough. They have come like a great breeze, sunwise and wholesome, because they have come whence the best books always come, from an imagination which accident or genius has made free. Mr. Caldwell's shameless old fools are as irrepressible as Falstaff, and as ingenious in avoiding the necessity of explaining themselves. That is the kind of strength they have—and another reminder that their existence is so charming for the simple reason that it is so literary. God help Mr. Caldwell when he is called upon to say whether Ty-Ty and Jeeter are "true to" the country around Augusta; or why it is that the Maine farmers in "American Earth" and "We Are the Living" are so much like Lov and Buck; or, finally, whether Griselda and Darling Jill have any more

reality than Doll Tearsheet and the Nut-Brown Maid. All of these people are true to the books they live in, as the books are true to their author, and as he is true to that instinct which tells him to make merry with his half-wise, half-witless puppets. He is the one young novelist of America who promises at the moment to reveal a great and agreeable genius.

If there are many others of whom this cannot be said, the reasons are various. Thomas Wolfe's one novel to date, "Look Homeward, Angel," needs to be followed by others before anybody can know whether Mr. Wolfe is an artist in anything beyond autobiography. Old Gant was the masterpiece of that work, and as such is testimony to Mr. Wolfe's undeniably huge talent in characterization. But Gant had a son, and the son so weakens the book with his self-pity that the public is justified in asking Mr. Wolfe whether he can keep himself out of the picture in books to come. It is necessary to him as an artist that he should, at least if his art be fiction, which is a less aimless art than autobiography, as self-pity is a more boundless thing than self-knowledge. When a writer knows himself he can forget himself in knowing others—a secret unguessed so far by Vardis Fisher of Idaho, who after several years falls heir to Mr. Wolfe's chief defect. "In Tragic Life" and "Passions Spin the Plot" are the first two of four novels which Mr. Fisher is writing, it would seem, about himself. They have a kind of horrible and bloody beauty, but the power in them is always threatening to go to pieces with the hero, Vridar Hunter, whose hysteria is controlled neither by his own reason nor by Mr. Fisher's art. We are expected to feel pity for one so unable to cope with life, and we do; yet there is always the danger that this pity shall become impatience, as there is the danger that we shall grow tired of Vridar's vomiting. He vomits at most of the crises, as genteel ladies used to swoon and strong men weep. This, by the way, is becoming a habit with the heroes of American novels. No doubt it proves that American life is indigestible, but it does not seem to make the novels any better.

The novels of John Dos Passos, particularly "Manhattan Transfer" and "The 42nd Parallel," have been praised for reproducing the chaos of our society. But they do not reproduce it, they imitate it; they try to cover its ground, and naturally fail. No novel could be long enough to do what Mr. Dos Passos wants to do in his, though a shorter one, proceeding by concentration and analysis rather than by extension, might do the thing surprisingly well. One American's life might anatomize the general chaos as twelve lives—or is it twenty-four in Mr. Dos Passos?—never could. If twenty-four, why not 120,000,000? One person would suffice, as in a sense the Studs Lonigan of James T. Farrell does suffice. Mr. Farrell, confined though he is in "Young Lonigan" and "The Young Manhood of Studs Lonigan" to a single Chicago boy and his tough young friends of Indiana Avenue, finds more to say about Studs's generation than Mr. Dos Passos finds to say about all of that America which he sees as the newsreel sees it, breathlessly and unrememberably. The Lonigan books are genuinely terrible. Those of Mr. Dos Passos are what no book can afford to be; they are chaotic.

It is too soon to say how many class-war novels we shall have, or under what star they will be written. Not, it is to be hoped, under Mr. Dos Passos's star, though William Rol-

lins, Jr., has taken up a position there, and in "The Shadow Before" has done in the circumstances all that could be done with a New England mill strike. Mr. Dos Passos has taught Mr. Rollins how to unsettle the reader's peace by showing a whole world in restless motion. But he could not teach him how to achieve that effect of complexity which is so much more telling than the effect of confusion, and which it is possible to imagine a simpler, tighter method producing with unanswerable success. Jack Conroy in "The Disinherited" has departed far enough in this direction to prove how effective a novel can be through pretending to do less than it does. Mr. Conroy's comparatively few people—miners and farmers in Missouri and automobile workers in

Detroit—are eloquent of a mass which they are made with considerable skill to represent. Further progress, however, can be made, and for all anyone knows it will be made in the direction of Pearl Buck. Whatever her intention may have been, Mrs. Buck happens to have written the best substitutes for proletarian fiction that we have. They may be, indeed, the thing itself, with their young men who go off at the end and join the Communists. At any rate they are the work of an artist who is both painstaking and imaginative, and who consequently knows how to make one word, one gesture, do the work of twenty. Proletarian fiction in America, like any other kind of fiction, will need at least that much of conscious art.

History, Snobbery, Criticism

By LIONEL ABEL

IN the nineteenth century the historian's pretensions to positive knowledge were universally revered and feared. A few voices were raised against them, Nietzsche's for example, but they were soon silenced by the headlong fury for historicism. Hegel identified philosophy with the history of philosophy; Marx's materialism attempted to absorb the problems of economics in a new historical technique; and historical investigations of the origins of Christianity fathered the opposition to the church. Darwin's evolutionism was the inspiration for the genetic schools of criticism, all of which agreed that for the understanding of a belief, tradition, ideal, it was sufficient to determine its genesis, growth, and decline. Even Nietzsche, though he protested against the prevailing historicism, wrote the "Birth of Tragedy" and the "Genealogy of Morals," works whose titles betray the typical nineteenth-century optimism in the historical eye, which, it was supposed, did not see as in a glass darkly, but was capable of a scientific focus on the multitude of facts before it.

Today the picture is greatly changed. Not that histories are not being written, not that history is not being invoked by every political party and for every economic program, but that the serious historian is disillusioned, his pretensions to "a conquest of the real by reason" (Meyerson's definition of science) have undergone successive and ever more terrible humiliations. It is questioned by contemporary theorists whether history can be a science even when stripped of its power of generalization and limited to a termite assemblage of facts. M. Seignobos, pursuing the critical methods of Cournot, declares that the French Revolution was a "colossal accident." It would be impossible to blaspheme more roundly against nineteenth-century historicism. Oswald Spengler, it is true, set forth in this very decade a philosophy of history which for arrogance is unequalled either by Hegel or by Marx. Situating the Western world exclusively in history, Spengler attempted to place Western man at the absolute mercy of the historian. But he was forced to base the correctness of his hypothesis on a type of intuition incredibly bold, incredibly exact, incredibly dependent on the "Encyclopaedia Britannica." "The Decline of the West," having made a furor among the ignorant, appears most significant, for all its ostentatious pessimism, as the last philosophic crime of his-

torical optimism. Marxism, projected as a historical dialectic, has been revised by Sorel and the French Syndicalists into an imaginative expression of the proletariat's will to power. As Fernandez says: "While respecting the language of Marxism, the revolutionary disciples of Marx, whether under the influence of anarchy, of syndicalism, or political empiricism, have come to consider the revolution as an absolute change, as a rupture provoking a social life incommensurable with the social life previous to the revolution. The revolution to an intellectual revolutionist owes its value to the discontinuity it introduces into social life." To save the revolution the modern Marxist has been forced to wrench it from the context of historical necessity in which it was framed by Marx. It is generally agreed that the historian's inability to formulate scientifically rigorous laws or to lay claim to a scientific prevision of events is made to serve the needs of those who seek historical justifications for acts they have already determined to perform. Furnishing the future with excuses, rationalizations, frauds—a factory of cosmetics, costumes, masquerades—history is the great indulger of our will to deception. History is the prophecy of the future, as the nineteenth century well knew; and also the hypocrisy of the future, as we understand it today.

The snob, however, feeds on the frustrations of the scientist, even as the man of action is too busy to become aware of them. The impotence of the serious historian in some miraculous manner becomes transmuted into the prowess of the snob critic and the man of action. The Communist Party is completely indifferent to a resolution of the theoretic dilemmas of Marxism. Again, a school of criticism has sprung up, including Edmund Wilson, Granville Hicks, and Malcolm Cowley, which manipulates a form of critical snobbery, what I would call the historical snub, with a confidence that would bewilder any serious historian. These critics, when attacking a belief, tradition, or ideal, instead of setting forth their reasons for disliking it, simply proclaim that it is dead. Instead of concrete analyses, they serve up what amounts to no more than funeral orations, decked out often enough with some ornate nostalgic patronage. That the trick is effective is demonstrated by the popularity of the method. Mr. Wilson, for example, proclaims the bankruptcy of the poetic imagination because, aside from protesting

against the present order of society, it is doomed to cultivate its fancies like Axel or make off to Africa like Rimbaud. Who has condemned the imagination to these limiting possibilities? Mr. Wilson does not answer this question directly, but infers that the judgment has come from history; the "times" allow no other courses of significant imaginative action. Malcolm Cowley believes that there are more than two possibilities before the poetic imagination; there is that of Paul Valéry's *M. Teste*, as well as those of Axel and Rimbaud. But he is in agreement with Mr. Wilson in regard to the sterility of all these avenues. Granville Hicks asserts that important works of art can be produced only by writers who have allied themselves with the masses. Mr. Hicks does not say that he, as a Communist, is interested only in those literary productions that assist the cause of the proletariat; he states categorically the unimportance of any other direction taken by the creative will. All these critics refer their categories to history, to the "times," to the historical predicament of the modern will. In short, at the very moment when critics of Marx, attempting to salvage the revolution, separate it from historical necessity and relate it to man's will to revolution, these literary gentlemen insist that the will to create works of art has come upon a historical situation that it simply cannot surmount. The will to create is characterized as historically dead whenever it appears divorced from the will to revolution, which enjoys in contrast a sort of historic "life." These notions of historic "life" and historic "death" in terms of which an ideal is approved or discredited are of course very popular with the snob mentality. For the snob, disliking the rigors of analysis, willing to stomach analysis only under duress, is hereby provided with his heart's desire—news, intellectual news, handed out in an easily assimilable form.

Malcolm Cowley's essay "The Religion of Art" is an excellent example of the historical snub under well-nigh perfect snob control. Having suggested that the contemporary lack of interest in the Dada phenomenon was due to some such snob criticism as I have described, Mr. Cowley went on to apply this very method to a belief which he did not even clearly define. The belief Mr. Cowley attacked was the belief that life can be justified on only one plane of experience—the aesthetic. And his criticism took the form of a somewhat sentimental funeral oration on the death of symbolism.

Mr. Cowley bands together the notion that existence can be justified only by an aesthetic act, and its corollary belief that the imagination can become autonomous, under the banner "religion of art." These beliefs, he declares, had a duration of about eighty years and were first formulated by Gautier and Flaubert. Their hardiest offspring was symbolism, which in turn gave birth to such various art movements as post-impressionism, cubism, neo-classicism, vorticism, imagism. "At the summit of this literary movement came Dada like a last act that cast a light of farce on the preceding act, like a capstone self-crowned with a dunce-cap."

If Mr. Cowley is to be believed, the "religion of art" was completely circumscribed by a set number of years, endured from the middle nineteenth through twenty-odd years of the twentieth century. It had a beginning, a middle, and an end; it is now dead and we can at last become aware of its history. This Mr. Cowley attempts to relate for us. "It is written," he writes with a rather Biblical solemnity, "that no tendency, no formation of the human mind, is forsaken

until every path has been explored, every possibility has been exhausted, nor even until the whole search has been ridiculed by the searchers. Seen from a perspective of years the process is as logical as the growth of a tree: one might say that the Dada movement and its ending were both foreshadowed in the letters of Gustave Flaubert." According to this interpretation of the literary events of the last eighty years, the will to create works of art for the disinterested joy of so doing is dead and done with. By what technique of discovery has Mr. Cowley arrived at such an important bit of news? He gives no indication of his methods of discovery, he even makes no mention of the fact that he is a Communist and fronts the contemporary scene with the Marxist point of view. The inference is that the "religion of art" is so palpable a corpse that no technique is necessary to prove its death. It is sufficient to regard it from a "perspective of years." I hate to raise a point of obvious protest, but nothing can, has, or ever will be seen from a perspective of years. But by simulating an objective view of the art religion in its formal development, "logical as the growth of a tree," Mr. Cowley is enabled to describe symbolism as a nineteenth-century organism, a conception derived from Spengler, and one which it would be hard to reconcile with an informed Marxian criticism. But one could quarrel with a point of view; who can refute the vision of the impersonal perspective of years?

That beliefs lose their importance and vitality is indisputable. But that beliefs endure like organisms for a determined span of years, that they obey an organic law of growth and decline, is an assertion that even the formidable metaphysical apparatus of Spengler was insufficient to sustain. The question of the death of a belief not only is an exceptionally subtle one, but imposes specific responsibilities on the critic. When a critic declares a belief to be dead and ignores these responsibilities, I think he can be called a snob. Ramon Fernandez has made admirably clear the responsibilities which the critic of a belief cannot ignore: "It is permissible to speak of the death of a belief provided we specify our meaning: a belief is bankrupt when the actions that it inspires are too flagrantly out of harmony with the actual situation, and when the explanation offered by sponsors of the belief seems less true than that offered by their adversaries. It is easy to see why these two conditions hang together and why we should examine such questions with an ever alert skepticism."

The twin conditions postulated by Mr. Fernandez, on the basis of which a belief can be said to be dead, have this superlative value: they make impossible historical snobbisms, all vague references to organic decline, and they transform a problem of historical reporting into one of spiritual conflict. The death of a belief, according to these excellent terms, cannot be simply *noticed*. For a belief to die, its deficiencies must be exposed—the contradictions it engenders, the hypocrisies it sanctions. And the critic who is to make the exposure must be secure in a profounder and more comprehensive point of view. I do not say that these conditions actually determine the bankruptcy of beliefs. They are far too ideal to be strictly true. In most cases and for most people a belief is accepted or rejected much too mechanically, donned in indifference and doffed with apathy. But unless a belief is rejected because of the defeat of its sponsors in spiritual conflict, how can its bankruptcy be worthy of notice, what moral or intellectual meaning results from saying that

it is dead? Democratic liberalism may be said to be dead, not because the world is in a state of economic paranoia, not because a great number of people no longer sponsor it, but because the critics of democratic liberalism, the Marxists for instance, exhibit a profounder understanding of the real structure of democratic society than do the liberals. The news of the death of democratic liberalism seems to have leaked out only recently. In an ideal sense, liberalism was dead in the nineteenth century, supposedly the period of its apotheosis, dead at the hands of its great nineteenth-century critics, Marx, Nietzsche, Dostoevski.

Behind the pronunciamientos of Mr. Wilson, Mr. Hicks, and Mr. Cowley, whether asserting limited possibilities before the imagination, the necessity of merging the imagination with the revolutionary will, or declaring that the aesthetic beliefs of the past generation are dead, there basks a complacent, unaffirmative fashionableness. For Messrs. Wilson, Hicks, and Cowley not only make little effort to understand the beliefs they attack; they make the fact that these beliefs are dead their very point of departure. They base their judgments on unknowable principles of historic necessity. But we hear today on every side the confessions of serious historians that it is impossible for them to rest their dialectic instruments against the heart of history without hearing their own hearts beating.

Sean O'Casey

By FLORENCE CODMAN

SINCE the production in Dublin in 1924 of "Juno and the Paycock" Sean O'Casey has received the pellets of the critical firing squads of almost all opposing factions, conservative and radical. He has been hailed as the man who saved the Abbey Theater from death by his plays of Dublin slum life. He has been accused of not portraying that life accurately, although he was born and lived over half his life in it, because he is a Protestant. It has been pointed out that he has not written a workman's drama and it has been lamented that he does not take sides. He offends because he does not use the idiom of extreme political partisans and because his orthodoxy is suspect. He has, in other words, been upbraided for not being a political or economic theorist, and for not being a social or religious reformer. In reply, he has kept right on developing, after his own fashion, his unusually good gifts as a playwright.

The stumbling-block for his critics seems to have been the settings of his plays. In "Juno and the Paycock" and "The Plough and the Stars" he has written of the Irish Revolution, and in "The Silver Tassie" of the war, and his fault appears to be that he has not written propaganda. As a matter of fact, Sean O'Casey's concern in these plays is not with the setting, that is, with the issues about which the fighting takes place; what he is interested in primarily is the effect of such a setting on the lives and characters of men and women. The choice of insurrection and war as backgrounds are natural ones to expect of a man of imagination and perception who was a member of the Citizen Army, but with O'Casey these factors are only two among others to be considered as elements conditioning the actions of his

characters. To these he adds the simple assumption that when the vigor and well-being of human life are set upon and destroyed, a catastrophe results. By showing the influence of this catastrophe on plain but passionate people he places his plays within the shadow of tragedy. It is, of course, a very old conception of tragedy, this disruption of human life and relationships, but it serves a good purpose in the proper hands. Juno, Bessie and Nora, and Harry, with their maimed and broken lives, are figures of tragic stature.

The foundations for the proportions of his early plays O'Casey lays by his use of certain technical devices and by his great gifts for characterization and language. The plot of "Juno and the Paycock," the poor man who splurges for a brief time on wealth that he does not have, is old and familiar. O'Casey makes an original and impressive play out of it by his sense of comedy and by his use of comedy for dramatic contrast to the heroic figure of Juno and the treachery of her son. Here, as in his other plays set in Dublin, O'Casey displays his ear for the qualities of Irish speech. Like that other Dubliner, James Joyce, his words vibrate, although in a simpler way, with the lovely sound of a language still colored by natural metaphors and timed by the cadence and rhythm of the liturgy. Here, also, is found the first full evidence of the variety and intensity of his power to create personalities, and of the degree of that power in producing tragic sequences.

It is at the end of "Juno and the Paycock," also, that the first intimation occurs of what has lately become O'Casey's chief dramatic problem. Juno realizes, as she goes to identify her dead son's body, that she has not been sorry enough when her friend's son died, because he was a diehard, and remembering that there is a commoner lot for women than differences of political opinion, she repeats Mrs. Tancred's cry of a mother to the Virgin. This suggests the question of how O'Casey is to emphasize a more general significance in his theme than is contained in the mere plot. In "The Plough and the Stars" he uses Fluther and Bessie as spokesmen, and in "The Silver Tassie" he resorts to the antiphonal chanting of the soldiers in the second act. It is, moreover, quite a different problem from mere partiality about extraneous issues suggested by a plot, or from the problem that besets Eugene O'Neill. O'Neill's attempt to show both the natural and the social man deals more with the nature of man. O'Casey struggles to emphasize the universal significance of what happens to man, and his concern leads him (here his theoretical critics may well enter) to the spiritual and religious problems dealt with in his latest play.*

"Within the Gates" is O'Casey's dramatization of the Waste Land of the post-war world, a park where nature continues its seasonal changes uninterrupted, where a statue of a soldier stands as an ineffectual reminder of human folly, where a healthy and employed gardener needs only to know that "desire for a woman's both worship and play," where there is no hope for the unemployed, no faith for a prostitute who cries for it, no living belief left in a bishop. In contrast to the descriptive titles, such as "tragedy" or "tragic-comedy," which O'Casey has given to his other work, he calls this simply "A Play in Four Scenes in a London Park." As far as possible everything about it is stylized. No one bears a name other than one indicating his most obvious as-

* "Within the Gates." By Sean O'Casey. The Macmillan Company. \$1.75.

pect: Bishop's Sister, Chairman, Dreamer. No character is individualized. The pleasant use of lyrics continues, also the antiphonal chanting, and the chorus assumes a definite place within the broad structure of the play; all these become for O'Casey, solutions analogous to O'Neill's use of masks and soliloquies. This firmer technical synthesis, however, only increases the impression that in this instance O'Casey is trying to express a mood, a modern temper, in terms of drama.

From a mere reading of the play one gets an effect of vagueness, and doubt about its success. Can a single mood be the sole motif in a play, or better, has O'Casey realized all the dramatic possibilities in creating such a mood? Does he convey dramatically the complete destitution of such an attitude? The answer from the printed text is, Not in "Within the Gates." The improvement in structure has been made at the sacrifice of dramatic effect and interest. Whether or not it is just the change from Dublin to London, certainly most of the language—except in the lyrics—has lost its richness. Action, that is, progression through inevitable sequence, has been relegated to the slender history of the two chair men. The figures of the Whore and the Bishop are static conceptions. They are hollow creatures of no great importance. Nothing really happens to them throughout the play that has not already been indicated in the first act. The impression is of a dehumanized pattern too inconsequential for the technique supporting it.

The one thing still to be remembered about O'Casey is that he is a playwright with strong, distinguished talents who treats his art with honest intelligence, and who is never content with repetitions of past successes. O'Casey is confronting the changing aspects of his material with new ventures in construction, and by so doing he attempts to pose and solve problems which, in the British Isles and the United States, are met too often only by stage designers and directors.

It Is a Moveless Moment

By MARK VAN DOREN

It is a moveless moment, with no wings,
No feet to bring it flying. There it stays,
And there it would be always, like the dead,
But that we turn and find it on some days.
The merest turn; the neck would hardly know;
Then the sky dips, and all the landmarks go.

So is the world contracted to our eyes,
That, lacking any room for more, for less,
See all of it together, fine and small,
With no mark on it of our nothingness.
The littleness is lost that we could measure—
Knowing not then of this compacter treasure.

It is the moment when we understand,
Relaxing every effort to be wise.
It is the moment of our boundary's fall—
Proud stone, that we had armed against surprise.
It is the merest moment. Then again
We turn and are distinguishable men.

Books

Twice as Natural

Some People. By Harold Nicolson. The World's Classics. Oxford University Press. 80 cents.

WHEN Harold Nicolson's little volume first appeared in the United States it was missed by a great many persons including myself. Indeed, very few copies were, I believe, actually sold, and under the circumstances I see no reason why it should not now be reviewed in this reprint from the Oxford University Press. It is not the sort of thing which is acclaimed with noisy cries, but it is destined nevertheless to an enduring life. Individuals will discover it with glad surprise and friends will regard one another with renewed respect when they learn that each, unknown to the other, has read "Some People" with enthusiasm. Those who like to employ such labels will call it "minor" but that does not matter. It is one of those very rare things quite perfect in their kind.

A warning on the flyleaf reads: "Many of the following sketches are purely imaginary. Such truths as they may contain are only half-truths." That, I suspect, is an overstatement, and I fancy that except for the fictitious names the portraits are taken from life. But be that as it may, the nine personages described ought to have lived even if they never did. They are more like persons we know than the persons themselves, and if they are not bigger than life they are at least twice as natural. Mr. Nicolson, an anatomist of souls, paints from the inside out, and he manages somehow to define in each case the characteristics of a type while seeming to describe a perfectly definite individual. He has selected his specimens from all over the face of Europe and each has a very definite habitation and name. Lambert Orme could have come only from Oxford, Titty could have been born only in an upper-middle-class English home. And yet they are more than individuals. The first contains in himself much of all aesthetes; the second is eternal mediocrity embodied for this brief time in a member of the British Foreign Service. Moreover, Mr. Nicolson is no less successful in presenting in a few vivid scenes the three or four historic characters who mingle in his pages with the ostensibly fabulous personages. Lord Curzon reposing in "the simple squalor of my bedroom" and Marcel Proust elaborately arranging to introduce the author to a French count whom the former already knows are unforgettable apparitions.

No doubt everyone who has written about the book has compared it to the work of Max Beerbohm and, specifically, to "Seven Men." Undoubtedly, moreover, the resemblance is, in many respects, real enough. Mr. Nicolson also is a writer's writer, a man of the utmost sophistication who devotes himself here to the exquisitely etched delineation of the foibles of human beings and addresses himself only to those who are capable of at least appreciating an almost morbidly acute sensitivity. But Mr. Nicolson's cleverness is not, like Beerbohm's, completely dehumanizing. There is a substance, a warmth, which Beerbohm lacks, and no tendency on his part—as there certainly is on that of Beerbohm—to flatten the characters out into mere parodies. He is less brittle and also less brilliant—if the latter adjective be taken in its literal meaning and not as a vague term of praise. Mr. Nicolson, in other words, does not merely sparkle and glitter. There is a richness and a warmth about his creations. They are all either fundamentally or at least incidentally ridiculous, but they are not exclusively either. He does not, like Beerbohm, merely see through his subjects; he comprehends them also.

It is difficult to choose a single illustration capable of even

suggesting his quiet but compact and continuously meaty style. Nevertheless, I select a few sentences from the conclusion of the sketch devoted to Jeanne de Hénaut, who coached Mr. Nicolson for his French examination. It was not until after the war that he met her again, and when they talked of the air raids in Paris he suggested that of course she had been able to find refuge in the cellar:

The eyes flashed for a moment with their old fire: she drew herself up with the old Theodora manner: "Non, monsieur," she exclaimed in her resonant baritone, "non, monsieur! La cousine germaine du Général Mangin couche au cinquième."

I did not see her again: she died soon afterwards; and in 1919, meeting General Mangin at a dinner party, I told him about Jeanne and the air raids, thinking he would be diverted by the story. He was not diverted. He failed, I think, to observe in it anything either of pathos or of humor. He drew himself rigidly to attention. He struck his chest so that all the medals thereon danced like harebells upon the downs. And then he started shouting. "Ah, ça!" he shouted. "Ah, ça! C'est bien elle; c'est bien la France!"

On recovering from my astonishment at this outburst, I reflected that, after all, the General might be right.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

T. S. Eliot, Grand Inquisitor

After Strange Gods. By T. S. Eliot. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$1.25.

IN a curious preface in which he seems to apologize for putting these three lectures into print at all, Mr. Eliot announces that he has no desire to preach (this is the word that he uses) to those whose views are fundamentally opposed to his own. Controversy, in our time at least, he believes to be entirely futile: there are not enough common assumptions, and the most important assumptions are, in any case, those that are felt rather than those that can be formulated. This should be properly discouraging to most readers—to all, in fact, except those whom Mr. Eliot designates as the "possibly convertible." It should probably serve as a sufficient warning to all others to absent themselves from Mr. Eliot's services, to leave him at peace among his candlesticks and prayer books. But there is a certain note of challenging arrogance in this reasoning. It consists not so much in the implication that the assumptions Mr. Eliot is going to make are the only right ones as in the implication that these assumptions are necessarily peculiar to the particular point of view which Mr. Eliot has expressed in all his recent criticism. The most fundamental of these assumptions is of course the importance for criticism, the primacy over all other kinds of problems, of the moral problem—"the conflict between Good and Evil." And in his preface to the present collection Mr. Eliot warns us quite fairly that it is once again in the role of moralist that he ascends the platform; the subtitle of his book is "A Primer of Modern Heresy." He is perfectly right, therefore, in insisting that all those not interested in his subject should withdraw from the congregation. But it does not follow that anyone interested in morality in general, or in the particular question of the relations between morality and modern literature, should pay him the same courtesy. Morality is one of the broadest of the many broad terms that we are in the habit of using in criticism; and it is the right, indeed the duty, of anyone genuinely concerned about modern literature to examine a little into the application of the term that Mr. Eliot makes in this collection.

Tradition is again Mr. Eliot's principal subject in these lectures—that view of tradition which is the fruit of the gro-

tesque misalliance in France at the beginning of the present century between American pragmatism and ultra-montane Catholicism. As a view of society and culture requiring a fundamental religious emotion at its base to give it any true validity for this or any time, it reveals its weakness through the inappropriate ardor with which it is usually expressed—an ardor that is much more distinctly of the mind than of the heart. Like his masters, Charles Maurras and Jacques Maritain, Mr. Eliot makes the mistake of protesting quite a little too much; his logic is much too fluent; and in such a passage as the following what we hear is the accents of a man trying hard to convince himself of something rather than those of a man who is completely—that is, emotionally as well as intellectually—persuaded of what he is taking about.

What we can do is to use our minds, remembering that a tradition without intelligence is not worth having, to discover what is the best life for us not as a political abstraction, but as a particular people in a particular place; what in the past is worth preserving and what should be rejected; and what conditions, within our power to bring about, would foster the society that we would desire.

Obviously in such a statement Mr. Eliot is more concerned with expressing a desire than with recognizing a reality. His confusion is a result of failing to distinguish between what is, at the present stage in the development of Western European culture, possible and what his sensibility sets up as desirable. Mr. Eliot is a poet, and since poets not infrequently fall into such confusions, he may be understood—if not altogether pardoned. For the danger of such a confusion becomes apparent a little later on the same page when the corollary that homogeneity is necessary for tradition leads Mr. Eliot to conclude that "reasons of race and religion combine to make any large number of free-thinking Jews undesirable." Using such a remark as a basis, we need not stumble over ourselves in the effort to prove that Mr. Eliot is a fascist. Theoretically, Mr. Eliot is for royalism rather than for fascism, which are not the same thing in theory, although in actuality they may be the same thing today. What the remark illustrates is the kind of inhuman and unrealistic conclusion to which Mr. Eliot's confused and sentimental view of tradition inevitably leads the moment that he touches a particular contemporary reality.

And this brings us back to the fundamental question of morality as it enters into Mr. Eliot's inquisition of modern letters. For it is possible to discover in the confusion just pointed out, in Mr. Eliot's persistent refusal to see the modern world as it is, a wilfulness that is at least as morally reprehensible as any of the sins of the several heretic modern writers whom he singles out for rebuke. D. H. Lawrence undoubtedly suffered from being cut off from a settled religious and social tradition; his work is tainted to a marked degree with the modern vices of "sincerity" and "personality." It is even possible to agree that in many cases his influence has been more harmful than good. But what still gives to his work a moral justification, what cancels whatever incidental unmoral or "diabolic" elements may be found in it, is his effort, the essentially moral effort, to include all of the truth as he perceived it in the vision of the modern world that he left at his death. There was in him no sacrifice of honest perception for the sake of an intellectual structure which, however appealing it may be to the dialectic faculties, no longer has sufficient feasibility for our time. A distinction that may be made, therefore, is between the morality of the writer conceived as effort—the unrelenting effort to integrate his perceptions with his beliefs, to reconcile the actual with the ideal—and the morality of the artist conceived as conformity to a systematized body of beliefs deriving from the conditions of an earlier period of religion and culture. Of these two views of morality Mr. Eliot has chosen the sec-

ond; and the unfortunate consequences of his choice are revealed not only in his verse, in the progressive weakness of everything that he has written since "The Waste Land," but in his prose, in such a frank admission as this of the separation in the same personality between the artist and the critic: "I should say that in one's prose reflections one may be legitimately occupied with ideals, whereas in the writing of verse one can only deal with actuality." In psychological terms, this amounts to nothing less than a "schizoid" state of the personality; and since one of the objects of morality is the unification of the personality, one can only conclude that there is something profoundly wrong with Mr. Eliot's view of morality. For the poet nothing could be more useless or infertile than a system of beliefs which cannot stand up under the pressure of the actuality with which he has to deal. And in the critic who, like Mr. Eliot, is also a poet nothing could be more indefensible than this blithe acceptance of the divorce between "ideals" and "actuality." Do we not have here an example of that *unregenerate* self-deception which, as everyone knows, is one of the ways in which Mr. Eliot's favorite antagonist, the devil, works in the modern world?

WILLIAM TROY

The Art of William Faulkner

Doctor Martino and Other Stories. By William Faulkner. Harrison Smith and Robert Haas. \$2.50.

ALTHOUGH Mr. Faulkner is on a number of counts the most interesting contemporary American writer of fiction, there is good ground for doubting that he is on his way to becoming quite first-rate as a novelist. All his readers agree that he can tell a story and that his use of language is dazzling; the general public buy his novels also because he gives them shivers and satiates their prurience; while the aestheticians are fascinated by his experiments in form. He is perhaps the only American whose achievement in this latter respect is at all comparable with that of Joyce, Mann, or Mrs. Woolf. After their several fashions, these writers have brought the novel closer to poetry, which in turn has aspired to the condition of the even more formal arts of music and painting. It is likely that the novel can no longer be the amorphous and pedestrian affair that it has been too often in the past, but there is also reason to believe that its matter will continue to be no less important than the manner. Mann and Joyce are bulky at least partly because they have something of consequence to say, while Mrs. Woolf's work appears slighter and Faulkner's tangential because their virtues reside almost wholly in the saying.

If Faulkner as a novelist is something of an eccentric, he is nevertheless quite in the main tradition of the short story. One hesitates to mention a novel of his in the same breath with "Tom Jones," "War and Peace," "The Brothers Karamazov," or "The Magic Mountain," but he seems the legitimate heir of Poe, Maupassant, Bierce, and Gorki. It is not only that the short story is largely a feat of craftsmanship: Faulkner's violent and morbid subject matter is better suited to the briefer type of fiction. In the short story a kick is obligatory; a few cocktails in the hour before dinner are in order, though one soon becomes groggy in the attempt to make an evening of them.

Faulkner's principal structural device, likewise, is more adequate to the short story than to the novel. It has been remarked that for all the abundance of action in his writings most of Faulkner's characters are static. The interest lies in the gradual revelation of character and of situation rather than in their development. When, toward the end of "Sanctuary," the reader at last finds out what happened in the barn and what is the matter with Popeye, he may very easily conclude that it was not worth all the mystification and the pother. This

method, however, with the jolt of realization on the last page, is an admirable device of economy in the short story, and it supplies the structure of many of the best tales in the present volume. Turn About, a war story, builds up to the discovery by an American aviator that a childish-appearing English midshipman who goes about playing beaver with his captain is really engaged in operating a particularly dangerous kind of torpedo boat. In Doctor Martino a college man slowly comes to understand the Svengali-like spell that an elderly physician with heart trouble has over his fiancée. (The story, however, does not end here, but is forced on to a conventional melodramatic conclusion.) Death Drag reveals the preternatural stinginess of a Jew who risks his life daily by a leap from an airplane.

The device is, in fact, closely akin to the stock in trade of the detective author; and in Smoke, Mr. Faulkner has written a perfectly orthodox, although superior, mystery story, with the classical list of suspects and the trick of the lawyer-detective to catch the murderer at the end. The Hound, too, would not seem out of place in Miss Sayers's next "Omnibus of Crime."

Although Faulkner has gained renown almost exclusively for his blood and thunder, there are passages of humor here and there which are more than sardonic, which are almost cleansing. There is also not infrequently an authentic note of tenderness and wistfulness. It would be hard to surpass the deft portrayal, in Fox Hunt, of the glamor which an utterly lost lady has for the poor white boy ("She's got her hair down. It looks like the sun on a spring branch"), and his inarticulate grief at the end upon learning that she can cry; or the glimpse of the great world that the Confederate major brings to the Tennessee mountain youth and his sister in Mountain Valley. Such touches, romantic and slightly sentimental as they are, testify to a side of Faulkner which is capable of development into something less fragile.

His ventures into the realm of ideas, on the other hand, are rather distressing. There is the confused and pointless essay in eschatology entitled Beyond, and the gratuitous conclusion of Turn About, where one comes upon this thought which is placed in the mind of the aviator who hurls his plane, with its two remaining bombs, at the château which serves as enemy headquarters: "God! God! If they were all there—all the generals, the admirals, the presidents, and the kings—theirs, ours—all of them." This morsel of social philosophy, crude and trite enough in itself, has not been in any way prepared for in the story, which is a plain tale of personal courage. Perhaps it is well that Faulkner generally leaves ideas alone and sticks to the craft of story-telling, in which he is unexcelled.

PHILIP BLAIR RICE

Roots of Our Foreign Policy

The Idea of National Interest. By Charles A. Beard. The Macmillan Company. \$3.75.

THIS is the first of two volumes in which Dr. Beard, with that combination of erudition and pungency which gives him an outstanding place among American political thinkers, proposes to discover what may be called the roots of American policy in the international field. This first volume presents the historical evidence. It is a valuable survey of the substance embodied in the conception of national interest for which Americans have worked and intrigued and fought and died since the foundation of the Republic. A later volume will pass judgment upon the ideas here revealed.

No one can read through this first instalment of the book without real interest and constant illumination. It is, perhaps, a little disappointing to have to wait for Dr. Beard's comments until a later stage; there is hardly a chapter of his narrative

which does not cry out for interpretation. But this vital theme has never before been so profoundly illuminated. Even at this stage the book is a contribution of decisive importance to what may be termed the physiology of the national state. The meaning of the history here unfolded begins clearly to emerge. It is one more instance of the vital part played by economic interests in shaping the psychological concepts by which a people lives. When Madison wrote in the *Federalist* that "the only durable source of faction is property," he gave the major clue to the understanding of American history. The substance of the idea of national interest has been the result of ways of thought among the major economic groups in the United States by which they sought to increase their wealth. They identified this effort with the national interest, and where they were able to dominate the political machinery of the State, they dragged the masses behind them in their struggle. American history, in a word, follows the same path as that of all the chief capitalist states. The differences in its texture are of degree rather than of kind. No statesmen show the same ability to wrap up the simple formulas of economic imperialism in the high-sounding phrases of moral obligation as those of England or France, Germany or Italy. The likeness, for example, here illustrated in invaluable detail, between the habits of Theodore Roosevelt and those of Cecil Rhodes would make a tragi-comic essay of high interest. An ardent Marxian would have a happy time with Dr. Beard's rich storehouse of material. Business men are business men all the world over; the only difference between them is one of accent.

It is now about twenty years since the accident of an American adventure first brought me into contact with Dr. Beard's writings. I should like to take this opportunity of expressing the debt that I, in common with innumerable students, owe to him for the light he has thrown on some of the major problems of the social sciences. No American scholar with whom I am acquainted has done finer work than he in clearing the ground for those interpretative generalizations out of which alone a satisfactory social philosophy can be made. He has not been satisfied, as too many American scholars have been satisfied, to analyze material without evaluating its significance. He has attacked always the major issues at their central point. He has not been content with the uncritical acceptance of those formal concepts which so often conceal the actual drive of interests behind them. It is true that he has formulated no consistent or systematic philosophy of politics; none has been formulated in the America of our time. But it is clear that the day for such a formulation is rapidly approaching. When it comes, I believe it will be found that no one has made a more solid contribution than Charles Beard to the elements from which it will have to be fashioned.

HAROLD J. LASKI

Report on the Vatican

The Vatican: Yesterday, Today, Tomorrow. By George Seldes. Harper and Brothers. \$3.75.

MR. SELDES'S "Vatican" is a superb piece of "reporting." He approaches the church in its capital, its buildings, its organizations, its institutions, its personnel, very much in the attitude of a newspaperman newly arrived on this planet who has never heard of the church before, is discovering it with all the enthusiasm of a man who is certain of making a "scoop," and hurries off a description of it, simple, clear, well-informed, omitting all that is pedantic, keeping everything that is picturesque, curious, stirring, truly important. Everybody knows something about the Vatican and the organization of the church; but there are few indeed who are so familiar with it that they cannot read with profit and entertain-

ment every one of the chapters in this book. What happens, exactly, when a pope dies? How, exactly, is a new pope elected? How does a pope pass his day? What does he have for breakfast? What, exactly, is Saint Peter's, or the "Leonine City," or the Vatican Library? How does one get an audience with the pope? How is a saint sanctified? What is the Index of prohibited books? How is it managed? What is its significance? In what sense is the church a nation or state, in what a strictly religious organization? What are the congregations, what the papal tribunals? Is the church still rich, and how does it get its money and what does it do with it? What is the relation of the church to politics and diplomacy, what its connection with Catholic political parties? Who got the best of it—Pope or Mussolini? What is the status of the church in Russia? What is Americanism and what are its chances? How about divorce? Miracles? Christian unity? Boni de Castellane? These, and a thousand other questions Mr. Seldes investigates in the best journalistic manner, bending over backwards meantime to avoid editorializing, putting a papal encyclical and the manifesto of the Ku Klux Klan on an equal footing (and may the best man win!), maintaining all along the conscientious aloofness and objectivity of the reporter. It is all instructive, it all makes splendid reading, for Catholic and non-Catholic alike. This, moreover, is a book one should have under one's arm before visiting the Vatican. As a historical guidebook, it has no equal.

Looking at the Vatican, and the church in general, from the standpoint of their immediate present-day interest, Mr. Seldes has to go back over nearly two thousand years of history and summarize it in the same rapid, clear, and simple manner, quite apart from the complexities of historical criticism. In such cases the newspaperman relies on his "authority," who, asked a simple question, makes a simple answer, and his interviewer, as regards the soundness of his information, can only trust to his luck. Catholic history, besides, is not history but Catholic history, just as Catholic "thought" is not thought but "Catholic thought." Mr. Seldes accepts this situation with the matter-of-factness of a reporter; and well he can, for the magician Arnuphis is surely not going to sue him for the theft, to the advantage of the Christians, of one of the most authentic of pagan miracles—the rescue of Marcus Aurelius (page 49); nor will any descendant of the Roman prefect Praetextatus write to the papers to protest that the good-humored chaffing which that pagan addressed to Pope Damasus on the score of his popularity with Roman matrons is here attributed to "jealousy" and even made to serve as proof of the prestige of the pope. So again, jumping over a few centuries, which count for little anyhow, since the newspaperman is interested only in tomorrow, only a few pedants can possibly object that the Albigensian Crusade is pictured upside down (page 153), since in that way, doubtless, the policy of the church looks more pious. All the same, one's faith in the possibility of popular education is shaken a little when, after all the effort and genius that have been spent by historians on such an important historical episode as the rise of the church, a journalist of the exceptional talents of Mr. Seldes can get, in his hasty glance, nothing more than the fairy story he offers (pages 46-55).

Of great interest, instead, and great authority, is the picture Mr. Seldes's materials leave of the present status of the church in the Western world. It is the picture of a struggling organization that is waging, with great assurance, a battle for survival against all manner of conflicting forces. Eclipsed in Russia, with matters even in the Balkans, on the defensive in the Latin world, definitely losing ground in South America, it can find consolation in the very definite recoveries it has made in the old Protestant countries, and especially in the United States, where immigration, and the prosperity of the immigrants, have made it an actual power that promises to increase. In

nationalism the church is meeting a peril quite as serious as the threat it encountered in the old days in the revival of learning, the Reformation, the democratic revolution. But in its war with the nations the church has the advantage of a many-sided front, so that if no victory is ever decisive, no defeat is ever irreparable: what it loses at one point it regains somewhere else. Over many, many centuries the church has been predominantly an Italian institution, reflecting the Italian temperament and especially the temperament of the Italian lower classes. That has enabled it successfully to weather all storms by holding aloof in characteristic Italian cynicism from all the moral and intellectual revolutions that have shaken the modern world, assuring on the one hand progress in civilization but on the other ever threatening the destruction of civilization. With the collapse of Austria the church lost its last citadel in the political world it had known for centuries. It was forced to become a self-contained state and to assume a definitely international status. This is bound in the end to weaken Italian influence, and the church therefore finds itself threatened with an inundation of Irish fanaticism rolling in from the United States and bearing on its crest an unmistakable foam of Puritan seriousness. One may speculate in any number of senses on the resultant that will materialize from these new forces. But if one looks at the church over the whole course of its history one is brought to the conclusion that the weight of the sentimental forces which it organizes and exploits is virtually constant in the peoples of the Western world. The ups and downs in church power are determined less by any variation in those forces themselves than by variations in the opposing forces. In times of decadence and bewilderment the church comes to the fore. In times of progress and boom it tends to drop out of sight. Any marked increase in the manifestation of church influence indicates a lowering of standards in the social fabric. On the other hand, any great diminution in church influence indicates an unstable equilibrium which may spell eventual ruin. That is the situation that is ever recurring in history. There is no great probability that it is any different today.

ARTHUR LIVINGSTON

The Enlightenment

A History of Modern Culture. By Preserved Smith. Volume II: *The Enlightenment, 1687-1776.* Henry Holt and Company. \$5.

THIS is an informing but not particularly illuminating book. As a compendium of facts about the cultural life of Western Europe and America in the century following the publication of Newton's "Principia" it deserves warm praise. The range of its themes is unusually wide for a work of the sort; there are chapters on the accomplishments of the Enlightenment in the various fields of learning—natural science, philosophy, political and economic theory, historiography, classical and Biblical scholarship; on the rise of the modern prose style; on the progress of the arts of poetry, drama, painting, architecture, and music; on "the propaganda of the Enlightenment"; on educational institutions and theories; on deism and skepticism and the religious reaction and revival; on the decline of superstition and persecution; on changes in laws, morals, and manners. The treatment, moreover, is characterized by the same qualities of solid and conscientious learning which have marked Professor Smith's earlier volumes on Erasmus, the age of the Reformation, and the seventeenth century. Errors of fact, it is true, can occasionally be found. But such blemishes are far less frequent than in most works by single authors embracing so large a field; and the reason is that Professor Smith, unlike many other recent writers of historical "surveys," has

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taken the trouble both to read the sources—or the more important of them—for himself and to make use of the best modern scholarship available on all the varied subjects included in his design. The admirable bibliographies, filling thirty closely printed pages at the end of the book, give some indication of how seriously he has gone about this part of his task.

Instructive the work undoubtedly is. What is not so certain is that it reveals either a fresh or an adequate understanding of the period with which it deals. The reader, for one thing, will look in vain for any satisfactory account of several of the most important general ideas which meet him wherever he may turn in the reflective literature and belles-lettres of the Enlightenment. There is no hint anywhere in the book, for example, of the profound influence exerted on the philosophy, science, and religious apologetics of the eighteenth century by the old notion of the Chain of Being. Nor is justice anywhere done by Professor Smith to the vogue of the sacred term "Nature" or to the real character and significance of many of the conceptions expressed by this highly important but ambiguous word. It is noteworthy that the bibliographies contain references to none of the valuable papers of Professor Lovejoy on these and other aspects of the history of ideas during the period.

But what makes one most dubious about Professor Smith's understanding of the Enlightenment is the formula which he uses to sum it up. "The distinguishing character of the Enlightenment," he remarks in his opening chapter, "was . . . the prevalent confidence in reason. It was the Age of Reason, the age in which the human understanding enjoyed a higher authority than it has ever enjoyed before or since." There is of course a sense in which this hackneyed description, when properly qualified, can still be used with reference to the eighteenth century. But to employ it, as Professor Smith for the most part does, without qualification is to do an immense disservice to the cause of historical understanding. For whatever else one may say about this age—the age of the deists, of the association psychologists, of the sentimentalists, of Bayle, Mandeville, Swift, Pope, Bolingbroke, Richardson, Hume, Buffon, Voltaire, Rousseau—it will certainly not do to describe it as a period distinguished by its peculiar confidence in the rational powers of man.

The more pronounced forms of anti-intellectualism represented by Hume or Rousseau were not, it is true, very widely prevalent. But it is seriously to misconceive the temper of the Enlightenment not to recognize in a large number of its most influential and representative spokesmen the presence of convictions hostile to many of the most cherished beliefs of both the remote and the immediate past concerning the capacity of the human intellect and the value of its productions. Such convictions found clear expression in many couplets of that most typical poem of the age, the "Essay on Man." They colored much of the current admiration for savages and the life of simple and unsophisticated peoples. They were a major force in the tide of sentimentalism which had begun to rise both in England and in France long before Rousseau. They were reflected in the tirades of Voltaire and numberless others against "metaphysics" and "systems" and in the growing skepticism, in spite of the persistence of the Newtonian tradition, of anything but "raw empiricism" in science. It must not be forgotten, moreover, that the central assumption of what is ordinarily called "the rationalism of the Enlightenment"—the assumption that the only sure or important truths must be those which are or can be known by all men in all places and times—carried with it a definitely anti-intellectualist implication. For obviously, on this assumption, "reason" is reduced to "common sense," and the only valuable or significant products of the mind are those which require, not demonstrative reasoning, but only immediate intuitions or easy inductions from the experience common to all. It was in the writings of the deists—those theologians who abandoned theology for social service and who

insisted, as Swift very unkindly put it, that religion must contain "nothing which cannot be presently comprehended by the weakest noddle"—that the tendency to depreciate the speculative intellect in favor of a "good sense which is more common, and of more use than distinguish'd Abilities" found its most thoroughgoing expression. But the tendency itself was too widespread in all fields of reflection to be neglected in any attempt to characterize the epoch as a whole. It was an epoch, as Hume clearly saw, which set a higher value on the "easy philosophy" which "considers man as born chiefly for action" than on difficult theoretical reasoning. "The fame of Cicero flourishes at present; but that of Aristotle is utterly decayed. . . . And Addison, perhaps, will be read with pleasure, when Locke shall be entirely forgotten."

R. S. CRANE

Lloyd George Betrayed

Lord Riddell's Intimate Diary of the Peace Conference and After. 1918-1923. Reynal and Hitchcock. \$3.75.

DAVID LLOYD GEORGE might well have prayed to be spared this latest volume of his would-be Boswell. Though Lord Riddell frankly admires his old chief, and frequently quotes Winston Churchill and others as exclaiming, "What a wonderful man this is," it is none the less plain that that chief was by no means always a hero to his journalistic valet and publicity man. Certainly an occasional criticism or showing up might well be pardoned anyone who comments upon the doings of one of the half-dozen men who got the world into its present mess, and did not know how to extricate it. But the damage Lord Riddell does to Lloyd George lies not in his criticism but in the whole portrait he draws of the Prime Minister with whom he golfed and dined so regularly, whom he advised, reported, and often steered away successfully from Scylla and Charybdis. How anyone can read this volume and believe that Lloyd George is a great man, without reducing ordinary men to the scale of mere pigmies, is beyond the understanding of the present reviewer. Indubitably Lloyd George in his prime had tremendous vigor, drive, and force, was able and shrewd, a marvelous debater hindered neither by consistency nor genuine principles nor much consideration for anyone. He was usually a remarkable judge of men, capable of recognizing their abilities quickly and of playing upon their vanities and weaknesses. He was extremely skilful in the conference *à deux*, but if anybody hereafter should assert that Lloyd George was deep or profound or high-minded, that he had an exalted vision or exalted aims, that he was an intellectual giant, Lord Riddell's diary will refute him.

Not one elevated thought does this day-by-day diarist attribute to the man who raised him to the peerage and largely gave him his opportunity to be the skilful press chief that he was. There is not even a single sentence which sticks in the memory to indicate that Lloyd George had any genuine desire to serve humanity and to make over the world. Only once is there a faint sign that England's second war-time Premier really felt grief for the thousands upon thousands he sent to their deaths. He was without any genuine plan to achieve the pretended aims of the war, and without any understanding—until recently—of the deadly blows he helped to strike at the peace and happiness of the world at the Peace Conference, the responsibility for which he has been so ready, of late, to lay at other people's doors. If one puts Lord Riddell's book down with an even clearer understanding of how the world has been betrayed by the stupidity and folly of the men who have headed its governments since 1914, one also wonders that with its destiny in such hands as these it survived at all.

Lord Riddell himself is the proprietor of a British weekly newspaper which has an enormous circulation—more than 2,000,000 copies—but which adds nothing whatever to the dignity or character of the British press. Indeed, there was sharp protest in England when Lord Riddell (then plain George Riddell) was originally selected by the London and provincial newspapers to attend the Peace Conference as an official link between the conference and the British press. However, the arrangement worked so well that he was subsequently asked to function at all the succeeding conferences, including the Naval Limitations Conference at Washington. He has ingratiating ways and made himself very popular not only with the British press men but with the Americans and with other foreigners. But he speedily became more than a mere link. He won the favor of Lloyd George, to whom he was often a frank critic, so that he rapidly became an intimate. Hence his book deals chiefly with Lloyd George. He served the Prime Minister and his government well; it was remarked at the various conferences that he was extremely skilful in getting over British propaganda and always presented the English case in the best possible light. Sometimes this led to violent protests, notably from the French. But he was a "good fellow" who mixed well, drank with everybody, and played his cards with great skill.

One thing we must credit him with. He writes now with such frankness that we get some extremely valuable historical data to confute those who still pretend that the Allied crusade against Germany was an altruistic, unselfish, high-minded adventure to save the world from the Hun and destruction. For example, here is Lloyd George's summary on March 30, 1919, of what England achieved at the Peace Conference, a long time before the signing of the treaty:

The truth is that we have got our way. We have got most of the things we set out to get. If you had told the British people twelve months ago that they would have

secured what they have, they would have laughed you to scorn. The German navy has been handed over; the German mercantile shipping has been handed over, and the German colonies have been given up. *One of our chief trade competitors has been seriously crippled*, and our Allies are about to become her biggest creditors. That is no small achievement. In addition we have destroyed the menace to our Indian possessions. . . . Our aim is to secure a peace that will last. [!]

We get also a great deal of light upon how Woodrow Wilson appeared to the men who so successfully took him into camp and undid him. Thus, Riddell quotes Lloyd George as saying: "I am one of the few people who think him honest. I think he is a genuine lover of liberty and is genuinely anxious to improve the conditions of the under-dog." Lloyd George did not think Wilson a good speaker, "but he said arresting things and was a good phrase-maker." To this Riddell replied that "Wilson had a very attractive method of delivery—very insinuating, and that he gave the appearance, at any rate, of sincerity." Lloyd George early discovered Wilson's greatest weakness: "He is very vain." This discovery of the weak joints in Wilson's armor was not difficult, but few men would have had Lloyd George's skill in making use of that knowledge, with the result that on May 4 Bonar Law remarked that he thought "Lloyd George had got the better of Wilson, who had to give up most of his Fourteen Points." On this occasion it was Riddell who summed up the extent of the British victories: "The freedom of the seas has been relegated to the background, and we have got the German colonies, Mesopotamia, and Palestine. Our protectorate of Egypt has been confirmed. They are big things." Which is sufficient commentary upon the hypocrisy of the whole mandate business. Riddell dwells also upon the fact that Wilson "showed in his manner the combination of the professor and politician—punctiliousness and craftiness." One thing more as

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to Wilson. Lloyd George, Hankey, and Riddell were discussing the President and the League:

L. G. and Hankey recalled that when Wilson brought forward the League of Nations he said that Jesus Christ had had the idea but had not put it into practical shape, whereas he, Wilson, was now prepared with a definite plan. "His plan," said L. G., "was borrowed from Smuts." He said, "I gave him Smuts's plan and begged him to consider it. He intimated that he did not want any assistance but, after reading Smuts's memorandum, swallowed it whole, and the League as propounded was merely a British production although fathered by President Wilson."

All of which is respectfully submitted for the information of the Woodrow Wilson Foundation and the League of Nations Association, together with the fact that as early as August, 1919, Lloyd George said: "The League, I am sorry to say, is a failure."

Is it any wonder that when a deputation came to Downing Street in 1919 carrying a banner bearing the inscription "God will see right done," Bonar Law's Roman Catholic governess remarked, "That banner is no good. They don't know God in this street"?
OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

H. L. Mencken Reflects

Treatise on Right and Wrong. By H. L. Mencken. Alfred A. Knopf. \$3.

MR. MENCKEN'S "Treatise on Right and Wrong" is a companion volume to his "Treatise on the Gods," which was published four years ago. It is constructed according to the same plan and of much the same materials, and offers the reader a similar melange of instruction and entertainment. In the earlier work he tried to show that an intelligent modern man can get along very well without religion, and in this one his main concern is with the correlative proposition that a sound morality can exist without religious sanctions. This opinion is at least as old as Confucius and probably came overland to Europe, toward the close of the Middle Ages, in the same caravan with playing cards and the formula for making rag paper. The value of Mr. Mencken's work does not lie, of course, in any novelty of research or thought but in the unique, personal, literature-creating quality that he can impart even to a random book review or to a routine newspaper story. In the "Treatise on Right and Wrong" he is at his best. The five chapters on the nature and origin of morality, its evolution, variety, Christian form, and present state, together with its elaborate bibliography and full index, give it the appearance of a systematic textbook. Mr. Mencken disclaims any such intention. All that he has attempted, he says in his preface, is to present some unearthings of fact that have interested him and to add a few reflections and ruminations upon them, and he acknowledges that he has allowed himself a certain amount of rambling in his exposition.

Read in that light, the "Treatise" is an excellent informal essay on the development of moral ideas, provided that one bears in mind certain of Mr. Mencken's idiosyncrasies. Although he considers ethics one of the sciences, he is so afraid of falling into pedantry that he evades the business of defining its field and the concepts with which it operates, and for that sin against the first principles of scientific method he is punished severely by the resulting confusion of thought. In consequence his discussion of reason and the social instinct is murky and superficial, and he judges the ancient Jews by their tribal morality, ignoring the prophets, and judges the Greeks by Aristotle, ignoring the rank and file of free Athenians, without suspecting the validity of his procedure. When he comes to Christianity he chooses to dis-

regard the distinction, made by all reputable theologians, between the Visible Church, consisting of all who profess to be Christians, and the Invisible Church, consisting of those who are. The latter are few in number, make no noise, and get no attention, but some of them are up front in every battle for a good cause, and it is misleading for Mr. Mencken to allude to them, when he alludes to them at all, as "heretics." Finally, much as it fascinates him, he has no particular talent for the apprehension of intricate philosophical thought. He can understand an Aristotle or an Aquinas, and understanding them, he admires them and praises them in noble and eloquent prose; but he fails to discern in Augustine the qualities that have made historians think of him as the first modern man, and his brief mention and dismissal of Kant is positively silly.

These lapses, singled out and tabulated, look more destructive than they actually are, for they do not damage his main contentions. They are regrettable chiefly because they can be used to discredit the book, which deserves to be widely read as propaganda for an ethics based on intelligence and good-will without borrowing authority from religion. It is the first popular work on ethics to demonstrate that organized religion, Protestant and Catholic alike, has been a fairly consistent foe of moral progress. It may be hoped, too, that Mr. Mencken's belief that it is a fundamental moral duty "to be intelligent, or, at all events, to be as intelligent as possible," will be duly pondered by his readers, and that the enthusiastic pages on Aristotle will induce some of them to read the "Nicomachean Ethics" for themselves. But the principal service of the "Treatise" should be to dispel the common notion that the study of ethics is dull, inane, and useless. Of that idea, at least, Mr. Mencken has provided a complete and triumphant refutation.

GEORGE GENZMER

The Art of Yielding

Stephen Foster, America's Troubadour. By John Tasker Howard. Thomas Y. Crowell Company. \$3.50.

They All Sang; From Tony Pastor to Rudy Vallée. As Told to Abbott J. Liebling by Edward B. Marks. The Viking Press. \$3.50.

"I FIND that I cannot write at all," we read in a letter by Stephen Foster, "unless I write for public applause and get credit for what I write." Foster was addressing E. P. Christy, of Christy's Minstrels. He had sold Christy the right to appear as the author and composer of "Old Folks at Home"; but following the great popular success of this "Ethiopian melody," he had considerably altered his plans for his career as a song-writer. In this same letter he explains:

As I once intimated to you, I had the intention of omitting my name on my Ethiopian songs, owing to the prejudice against them by some, which might injure my reputation as a writer of another style of music, but I find that by my efforts I have done a great deal to build up a taste for the Ethiopian songs among refined people by making the words suitable to their taste, instead of the trashy and really offensive words which belong to some songs of that order. Therefore I have concluded to re-instate my name on my songs and to pursue the Ethiopian business without fear or shame and lend all my energies to making the business live, at the same time that I will wish to establish my name as the best Ethiopian song-writer.

The art song, no matter how great its pretensions, falls clearly in the category of "business." It was written as a sales commodity in a civilization that was learning more and more to live by a purchase economy. Mr. Howard's thoroughly documented record of Foster's career appropriately has an entire

chapter headed Finances, the upshot of which is that Foster averaged something more than \$1,300 a year for the period between 1849 and 1860, his productive era as a purveyor of pleasant melancholy to millions.

As a fitting companion piece, the reader is referred to Edward B. Marks's colorful account of Tin Pan Alley from the nineties until today. However, in this second volume we have not a monograph but a panorama, an endless procession of agitated and unstable bohemians who quickly manufactured the raw materials of sentiment into salable objects, generally marketed with some song publisher for ten or fifteen dollars a few hours after their production. The one aim of these individualistic entrepreneurs, each of whom carried about a more or less efficient song factory in his head, was to turn out a commercially useful product. Working in close touch with the stage performers, or the orchestras and singers of the amusement dives, they had the most inexorable test to go by—the delight or jeers of extremely vocal audiences. Originality meant nothing: any work that caught the public fancy was immediately followed by an avalanche of imitators, each of whom attempted to abstract the factor he considered most responsible for the success of the piece, and to put together a commodity which would exemplify this factor still more intensively.

Stephen Foster was their reason for being. "Sober, they acquiesced in the fate society decreed for bohemians. Drunk, they gloried in it. Mostly they were drunk. 'Look at Foster,' they would say. Stephen Foster, their immediate predecessor, whom many of them could remember, had died in a cheap lodging-house in the Bowery, hadn't he? They considered their mode of life a confirmation of their talents, which, truthfully, were sometimes slim." The distinction between Foster and the great run of song-writers seems to have lain in the fact that whereas they were wholly opportunistic, and would write a song for a political campaign, the new electric light, the flying machine, or any other topic of the moment which might dispose the public's interest in their favor, Foster had one underlying principle of stability: his yearning for "home" was deep and permanent. He too seized upon anything that the occasion brought to the fore; but besides, he was possessed by melancholy imaginings of the "good life," a hope for the future which, in keeping with the ways of the times, he symbolized in plaintive contemplation of things far away and long ago. As a consequence, in addition to his host of purely "popular songs," he produced "folk songs."

Though I should be hard put to state just wherein the difference between a popular song and a folk song resides, I am sure there is one, and a momentous one. Perhaps it is only in the fact that the occasions for which the folk song is written are of longer duration, and the pattern of its melodies follows more closely the patterns of experience in our childhood. Yet there is another factor that enters here. For in going through the reminiscences of Mr. Marks, and reading many titles of works which are the essence of triviality, I find that they have strangely appealing overtones, surely not present at the time of their newness. In reading again the songs a nation sang, one must vaguely recall times when he heard them sung—hence their very names possess an evocative power, quite as some odor or natural sound might have did it possess associational linkages with past events. The magical powers which Proust attributes to Vinteuil's sonata can reside as genuinely in even a dingy piece, since life itself is not dingy, and a work heard when we were emotionally involved is a truly a significant part of the "environment" as sea or hills. It is perhaps for this reason that even a folk song, if written today, might have to incorporate something of the purely popular songs which were heard in the past.

The Foster volume is a piece of research rather than biography in the Strachey manner. It is a valuable contribution

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to the Foster archives, written by one whose understanding of Foster's gifts and limitations is obvious. The Marks volume is a good-natured and haphazard survey of a turbulent era as revealed in one of its most barometric groups, men who lived by their "weather eye" alone, who speculated as keenly on the daily fluctuations of the market as any in-and-out trader on the curb. But its narrator has been close to his subject for so long, having been in the song-publishing business through many decades, that he often speaks with great shrewdness, as witness this diagnosis of the decay of the minstrel show:

Mock dignity that grew upon its practitioners until it became real; grotesque exaggeration that mocked a vanishing ideal! When manners flourished in America, their amiable parodists were loved. When the substance departed, the shadow might not linger. It was not that the jokes were old. It was not that the public had seen too many minstrel shows. The public had not tired of them in the previous fifty years. The specialty acts that constituted the olio of the minstrel show continued in the form of vaudeville. The tear-jerking balladists still operate over the radio, and there has been no cessation of trick and soft-shoe dancing. No, the minstrel show passed because the public lost the courtesy which was the underlying motif of the whole institution. The humor of the highfalutin interchange between Mr. Interlocutor and Mr. Bones survives, but its audience has vanished. "What the hell are they batting about?" became the reaction of twentieth-century audiences to these high incongruities. "Get on with the show." And so they kept the tinsel specialty jewels and threw away the gracious antique setting.

Surely this paragraph is a remarkably acute critical appraisal of the relationship between an art form and a social background. The minstrel show was a comedy of manners, largely precommercial manners; it flourished while the manners were breaking under the impact of new demands but had not yet broken—and then for a time this art form survived vestigially after the manners had passed. Gradually the "irrelevant" features were eliminated entirely until today the minstrel show could appeal only as a "revival," not as the parody of an era, but as its restoration.

KENNETH BURKE

Recent Fiction

Bloody Mary's. By Geoffrey Dennis. Simon and Schuster. \$2.50.

In his first novel, "Mary Lee," Mr. Dennis wrote the story of a little girl who was beaten, starved, mocked, and left alone, all in the name of the Lord. But the glass slipper descended properly to her at last, and Cinderella married the Prince. In "Bloody Mary's," the Cinderella is a little boy at a boys' boarding school, at first the pariah of the school, at last its hero. And in between, the beatings and the mocking and the loneliness are all there and all recede gradually to a pleasant triumph. Around the little boy Abel's progress, and enriching it on every side, is the history of Queen Mary's Grammar School at Batling. It is the story of a boy at school, told by a man whose memory must extend back over some thirty-odd years. And in the interval the school doubtless underwent a heightening of character—it seems a little finer and a little crueler and a little more picturesque, and its headmaster's sticks grew more knobs on them in the imagination than they ever wore in fact, and his great height and prodigious learning and dashing rubricity of hair and beard have all been accentuated with time. This, of course, is to pay Mr. Dennis a high compliment: for we should never complain that his novel world was not really quite as fine or as bad as he made it if we did not believe firmly that it did

in some form exist. Its credibility therefore, is to be commended: its pitiful picture of Abel in his first year when he had not a friend; its recounting of the most significant part of the lives of a group of boys—their lives at school. And behind it, as in "Mary Lee," is the shadow of Dissentist theology, as dour and rude a faith as ever child was beaten for. It may be a comment on the compelling power of this faith that Mr. Dennis is likely to be more convincing when he tells of the sufferings of his characters than when he comes to their triumphs. But he is never sentimental or flabby, and at his best he displays real pity and power.

Here Today and Gone Tomorrow. By Louis Bromfield. Harper and Brothers. \$2.50.

In these four long short stories Mr. Bromfield has set his initials to the record of the 1920's, not indelibly but in a quickened pace that appropriately leaves one as excited and unsatisfied as the frivolous hours of that decade left those who survived them. Not indelibly, because Mr. Bromfield's speakeasy folk, his international-hotel Lowensteins and Kreugers, his deluxe transatlantic passengers, and his beauty-contest girls are too skimpy samples to give any complete idea of the whole multicolored pattern of those years or of that pattern's true meaning. They are the least of its gilt threads. Moreover, in his attempts to be earnestly realistic Mr. Bromfield eschews certain plausible means for prolonging his characters' lives as vigorously as any member of the happy-ending school fought shy of sadness and death. He writes glibly: dialogue, narration, and character sketches come easily to him; but this book only increases his security among the better *Saturday Evening Post* school—a little above Mrs. Rinehart and a good deal below Mr. Hergesheimer.

Belly Fulla Straw. By David Cornel DeJong. Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.50.

If there is no vanity mixed with pride and self-respect, and the ego is not wholly rewarded by material success, and memory is not short, and the flaws in the opportunities which the United States boastfully offers the immigrant are only too apparent, then, to judge from this first novel, there can be extreme differences in the Americanization of Dutchmen. Harmen Idema was no failure in the American sense. He established his family in the new country and made enough to retire to Holland when he was fifty. But he returned alone, despised, except for one daughter, by his children, because of a wisdom and humanness their American education prohibited them from understanding. Direct, honorable, and uninhibited, with a hatred for the façade of conventional religion, Harmen had no time for the American sins of the spirit. The opportunism and hypocrisy of his new environment never confused or submerged him; he simply had a fine distaste for them because he had known things which better suited him. Mr. DeJong tells his story fluently, with discrimination for character and a watchful care for the burden his sentences must carry. His novel deserves to be read, not as a repetition of a familiar indictment of America—which to Mr. DeJong's credit is a tertiary concern—but as the story of the man Harmen, neither martyr nor hero, but one of the most sympathetic human beings in this year's crop of novels. The title expresses a characteristic which Dutchmen who have been in the United States over six months find to be an inevitable and conspicuous condition in all their more newly arrived countrymen.

[John Strachey's review of "The Economy of Abundance," by Stuart Chase, did not arrive in time to be included in the present issue. Two other reviews announced for this week were crowded out for lack of space. These three reviews will appear in early subsequent issues.]

Architecture

The "Fortress" Homes of Vienna

WHAT sort of a home was Karl Munichreiter, the shoemaker of Vienna, defending when they dragged him out heavily wounded, and, wounds and all, took him to the scaffold to be hanged?

Reports from the victors say that this home—assuming that he was captured in one of the workers' "strongholds"—was a fort. They say that clever leaders planned them in this fashion, because the big structures dominated the industrial centers where the workers worked, and because the walls were capable of stopping rifle bullets. Yet any house in Vienna will stop bullets if built of masonry, and so will any house in America if the masonry is not just a veneer. And machine-gun emplacements in apartment houses—see the peace-time papers of Chicago or New York!

More important than the question whether these houses were forts is the fact, of which Mr. Birchall of the New York Times reminded a thoughtless public, that the same people in Vienna who are now talking about the "forts" were publicly of the opinion, just a week earlier, that the same structures were jerry-built contrivances so flimsy that a few years would see them fall apart. So whatever the houses were, it was wrong, and whatever might have been done by the people who built the houses was wrong too. First they were wrong for dividing their "workers' paradise" entirely among their own people, and then when the shooting began they were wrong again because among the occupants there were many others, not their own people, who were put in danger.

Such inconsistency points straight to hatred; hatred why? First we had better get a more objective picture of what the workers' "paradise" really was. Judged by the standard of its apartments, heaven itself is fairly modest for the Austrian. I have been in these apartments and have analyzed their plans. Over half of them consisted of a small bedroom, a living room, and a kitchen. One-eighth consisted of a single room with kitchenette, in total space equivalent to about eleven by twenty feet. They were equipped generally with individual stoves (no central heating) and individual toilets replacing the old system of one toilet to the floor; but none had a private bath or even a shower. You went to the large municipal bathing establishments for that; and although for the tourist these establishments were imposing monuments, their very presence testified to a lower standard than we would ever accept as a "model" in America, lower than was admitted in Frankfurt, Germany.

This modesty derived from the fact that the builders in Vienna, when they said that they would house the ordinary humble man, really meant him and not the fellow next above. There was a certain swank about the enterprise, to be sure. The great buildings of the first period, before the national government took away the right of land condemnation, had vast handsome exteriors; and the interiors throughout were orderly and clean; but all this came money-free. This aspect of architecture, being a gift from the planner's heart and brain, always does come money-free. There was a good deal of sunlight and fresh air, and out in the great courts there were playgrounds and green grass; but that came cheaply too. For in Vienna the main thing that had eliminated the light and air previously was not so much the money cost as the mental effort required of the ordinary builder to arrange his plans. "These people," so the usual builder came to explain it to himself, were getting as good as they deserved, and were probably quite happy anyway.

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As for the kindergartens and the libraries that knit the new buildings into communities, their cost was a mere nothing compared to what the guides can show you in Vienna by way of villas and palaces.

It is not to be inferred that the real-estate interests of Vienna, if in the past they had interfered with human health and survival, or if their slums were reputedly the worst in Europe, had harbored an evil intent. The owners were not inhuman but altogether human. They had been ready at any time to proceed with new building or "slum clearance," but there had always been a fatal bar at the particular moment. This bar was the threat to "existing investments." The time when the new work would threaten no such damage to "investments" was a time that never seemed to come—not for a hundred years and not for four hundred. Some of the tenements in Vienna must have been fully four hundred years old.

That the new work, in the face of such natural obstacles, was able to proceed at all was due to an emergency that involved survival itself. The circumstances are seldom fully explained in the literature of "housing." The industries of Austria had been deprived by the Treaty of Versailles of their domestic market. Austria was now a mere rump, and was obliged to export, therefore, against everybody's tariffs. Consequently Austrian industry was no longer able to pay a living wage, while its workers inhabited what was left behind by a dynasty of Hapsburgs plus four years of war and non-building. For these workers to survive at all it was essential that they have new homes; and these homes—for people drawing starvation wages—were something that the ordinary rules of real estate and of profitable building were simply unable to provide, though every incentive was given. I impute the Vienna municipal program, which went outside the ordinary rules, largely to "industry" for the reason that in a capitalist country "Socialist" enterprises can exist only upon the tolerance or with the assistance of a strong faction of the regular business community.

And it was this tolerance by industrialists and business men that was ultimately withdrawn. For as the work progressed it was found that more and more of the accepted rules had to be broken. It was necessary not only to tax, but to see that the taxes actually sucked at juicy turnips and not at dry ones. It was necessary rigidly to limit rents. And, finally, the computations showed what every technician in every country knows but scarcely dares admit—namely, that such a large-scale venture, for people of no "means," could afford only the very lowest interest charge or none at all. The municipality did not default. That, being more according to custom, might have been more acceptable. The municipality simply refused to borrow. It

paid cash. It raised houses for 50,000 families previously living in ruins, but in the accepted sense all the huge volume of construction represented no "investment." And, curiously, the more the rules of "investment" that are supposed to make for "prosperity" were broken, the more tangibly prosperous was the population. Though the municipality was under no new debt to bond-holders, two-thirds of the people felt themselves under a debt of gratitude and affection to the municipality and to Mayor Seitz.

It was this success against the rules, if an opinion may be ventured, that added insult to what was already injury. It was heresy against the religion of competitive "investment" and debt means of getting things done, at the very moment when debt from the outside had Austrian business men by the scruff of the neck, and consequently taxes really pinched. The shooting was only the culmination of a long and international war against the houses and what they stood for. In Vienna, architecture, the great peaceful art, the domestication of the earth, has for the moment succumbed. Austria is not to be half and half, but all slave. The victors will patch up the holes, and run it all after a fashion. Their discomfiture now that responsibility is theirs has already become evident. But their failure in technique is to be called the "will of God." It was the inquisitor who hanged Karl Munichreiter, shoemaker of Vienna.

DOUGLAS HASKELL

Drama Spring Is Here

W. S. GILBERT is the only playwright of his age whose works are even endurable on the stage today. What is more, he is, in America at least, very clearly the world's most popular dramatist. His works are produced at least four times as often as those of Shakespeare, and most of us who go professionally to the theater have seen "The Mikado" a good deal more frequently than we have seen "Hamlet." Indeed, matters have reached a point where those who like to hold a correct opinion are in something of a quandary, for the cult of the Savoyards is by no means exclusive. It is large enough to be almost vulgar, and some of the ultras would no more confess a liking for "Pinafore" than they would be caught making a quotation from "Alice in Wonderland"—which they regard as a comparable example of suburban whimsicality. Others, however, are made of sterner stuff. They will continue to hold Gilbert and Sullivan in a high, very particular sort of esteem even if the whole world insists upon agreeing with them.

As for myself I confess that I belong to this latter group. As the revivals come around, year after year, I watch carefully for any signs of boredom, any tendency to exercise that privilege of staying at home which even a dramatic critic can occasionally claim. But so far I have watched in vain and I am glad to report that other members of the audience continue to seem as well pleased as I. Nor do we indefatigable enthusiasts lack recruits. It is true that certain parents have told me how their miserable children found the music and the action too slow for temperaments developed in the more orgiastic atmosphere of today, and even—in one repulsive case—how a too sophisticated infant complained against the general innocence of Gilbert's words and Sullivan's melodies. But these, I conclude, did not really speak for the whole of the younger generation, and I note that the audience is by no means composed exclusively of graybeards. Last night, I like to think, someone heard "In silence dread" for the first time and discovered that "Hail, hail, the gang's all here" are not the right words for a familiar tune.

In certain external respects Gilbert's formula is repetitious



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enough. When he discovered an effective device he was not a man to forget it. The pirates, the peri, the aesthetes, and the Orientals are all essentially similar excuses for contrasting something fantastic with something very matter of fact. The heavy dragoons, the policemen, and the chorus of peers are all the same group of very manly men designed to stomp about the stage in pursuit of the same group of fragile Victorian maidens. But the repeated joke does not seem to grow stale and the satire lasts for the very reason that it is, for the most part, based upon classic themes hardly more novel than now. Gilbert's thrusts at pompous functionaries, dishonest lawyers, and trembling policemen probably never hurt anyone very much and most of them were not intended to. If he had attacked any evil likely to be remediable, his skits might have achieved their purpose and lost their interest, but they last because they were doomed to be ineffectual and to leave the victims they joked about always with us. Your Shaw does good and becomes a bore. Gilbert had the excellent judgment to satirize only invincible antagonists who can be punctured every spring and still remain with us to be deflated again the following year. Whatever pleasure one gets out of him is pure pleasure and nothing else.

The company now engaged upon a series of revivals is almost identical with that which Milton Aborn made familiar. It is not perfect, and for a really perfect performance there would be necessary a combination of qualities, vocal, acrobatic, and histrionic, which no human actors could possibly possess. But the company is very good if not perfect and, incidentally, gave a much better performance of "The Pirates of Penzance" than it had given of "The Mikado" during the first week. It would, for example, be hard to imagine a better singing of "Did ever maiden wake" than that achieved by Vivian Hart, and William Danforth is, as always, very funny. Now current is a double bill composed of "Pinafore" and "Trial by Jury."

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

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"The Philosophical Implications of the Biological Sciences."

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EVERETT DEAN MARTIN
"Alternatives to Revolutionary Activities."

Sunday, April 29th

PROFESSOR ERNEST SUTHERLAND BATES
"The Just State."

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EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS	491
EDITORIALS	
Silver Without Sense	493
Disarmament Retreats	495
A Word About Wirt	495
Three Cheers!	496
ISSUES AND MEN. THE HAPLESS AND HELPLESS REPUB-	
LICANS. By Oswald Garrison Villard	497
THE TRAGEDY OF TROTZKY. By Louis Fischer	498
SPRING IN WASHINGTON. By Paul Y. Anderson	500
WHO'S WHO IN NAZIDOM. By Miriam Beard	501
WHO OWNS CONNECTICUT? By Albert Léviitt	504
IN THE DRIFTWAY. By the Drifter	507
CORRESPONDENCE	507
FINANCE: A LESSON FOR VAN SWERINGEN BOND-HOLD-	
ERS. By Peter Helmoop Noyes	508
BOOKS, DRAMA, FILMS:	
Death Piece. By Theodore Roethke	511
Epic of Doom. By Haakon M. Chevalier	511
Lee and His Biographers. By Allen Tate	512
Thirteen Years After. By Carl Van Doren	512
Modern Logic. By John Dewey	513
Folk Miscellany. By Ruth Benedict	513
Art: Life Crashes the Art Salons. By Anita Brenner	514
Drama: On the Barricades. By Joseph Wood Krutch	515
Films: The Marquis de Villa. By William Troy	516
CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE	518

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JAPAN IS PREPARING to establish what will amount to a protectorate over China. A manifesto has been drawn up and copies have been placed in the hands of the Japanese Ambassador in Washington and other diplomatic representatives abroad and also, it is said, in the hands of the Nationalist Government in Nanking. The manifesto, described as "a restatement and clarification" of Japanese policy toward China, declares that the Japanese will hereafter "object" to the extension of foreign loans of a political nature and of military aid to the Chinese. Assistance from foreign countries "in the fields of economics and commerce" will not be objected to, "provided this does not disturb peace and maintenance of order in Eastern Asia." The recently resurrected spokesman for the Japanese Foreign Office added, however, that economic and commercial aid so often has political results that it will be difficult for the Japanese to distinguish between such assistance and political loans. Moreover, he intimated that Japanese "objections" would be forcibly sustained whenever necessary.

STATE DEPARTMENT OFFICIALS have suggested that advance reports of the manifesto have been deliberately allowed to leak out of Tokio for the purpose of serving as a "trial balloon." If other Powers show clearly that they are displeased or disturbed, the manifesto may never be officially published. Elsewhere it is suggested that Japan has

adopted this aggressive attitude toward China for the sake of using it for bargaining purposes at the forthcoming naval conference, much as its occupation of Shantung was used at the Washington conference of 1922. Unhappily, both of these views overlook a salient point in the Far Eastern situation. The proclamation of a protectorate over China would be but the logical sequence of Japan's historic policy. The domination of China has been Japan's objective for decades. It was revealed in the seizure of Korea, the Russo-Japanese War, the occupation of Shantung, the infamous Twenty-one Demands, the intervention in the civil wars of the last decade, the conquest of Manchuria, and the invasion of China proper in the vicinity of Peiping and at Shanghai. Every move has been a step toward further control. It is ridiculous, therefore, to dismiss this latest threat to Chinese independence as a mere trial balloon or as a straw man set up for bargaining purposes. Great Britain has sent a note to Tokio protesting against the Japanese position as a violation of the Nine-Power Treaty. It is to be hoped that other countries, including our own, will take similar action.

FRANCE HAS DECREED the expulsion of Leon Trotzky. At this writing it is not known where he may find refuge. If France refuses to give him shelter, it is unlikely that any European country will do so. The sensational "discovery" by the police of his hiding place (where he had been expressly permitted to live by the French government), the "revelation" that he was plotting the creation of a mysterious Fourth International (although the Fourth International has been announcing its existence to the full extent of its modest lung power ever since it was organized last summer), the demands of excited deputies that he be "driven out like a dog," all have served to make his problem of asylum more acute. It may be true, as Louis Fischer asserts on another page of this issue, that Trotzky is dead, but it is evident that the capitalist governments of Europe do not believe it and are unwilling to risk even a few feet of their soil for so lively a "political corpse." His power in Russia is undoubtedly gone; his chief followers have recanted; his new International so far comprises an insignificant handful of anti-Stalin Communists. But his unrelenting demand for revolutionary struggle in all countries, even in the face of the apparently inevitable fascist sweep, is destined, we believe, to provide an important focus for the revolutionary sentiment which still exists—the more so if the nationalist preoccupations of the Stalin Government continue to weaken the internationalism of the Third International. In an article to appear next week, Elliot E. Cohen takes violent issue with Mr. Fischer's interpretation of Trotzky's place in the world revolutionary movement.

AS WE GO TO PRESS, it appears likely that the South will, after all, not secede. Hostilities have been averted by General Johnson's administrative order restoring Southern wage differentials in the coal fields. Rage over the Administration's earlier effort to terminate the sectional differences in wage rates resulted in a virtual strike on the part of

Southern operators, and the situation became so acute that both General Johnson and the President were forced to back water in order to restore peace. But again, as in the automobile settlement, peace has been restored by surrender to the threats of big business. Certainly neither a logical nor an economic excuse exists for the large differentials established in the coal code. The prices of necessities vary in no such ratio between North and South. The difference is primarily a difference in the standard of living rather than in the cost of living; and the differential results merely in a discrimination against Southern labor. Moreover, it interferes with one of the chief announced objectives of the NRA, namely, the wiping out of competitive advantages derived from low standards of pay in certain sections of the country. The Administration might with equal logic abrogate the child-labor clauses in the codes. The only legitimate wage differential would be one based strictly on differences in living costs; but this would be difficult to establish and harder to adjust in relation to constantly changing price levels. It is almost certain that the principle of differentials will be generally applied to other codes to the detriment of living standards and to the disadvantage of employers operating on a higher wage level.

AFTER nearly a year's delay the NRA has finally withdrawn the "We Do Our Part" emblem from the Harriman (Tennessee) Hosiery Mills, thus bringing to a culmination a *cause célèbre* that dates back to last summer. In July the company began to discharge employees for union membership and activity. A strike, induced by these discharges and by the refusal of the management to deal with union representatives, started in October. From that time until the present the National Labor Board has been unsuccessfully seeking to persuade the company to negotiate with representatives of its employees. On January 10 of this year, all attempts at mediation having failed, the board issued a decision. On March 12, the company having remained obdurate, the board held a "show cause" hearing, and on the next day referred the case to the National Compliance Board with the recommendation that the company be deprived of the Blue Eagle. Week after week passed, and still the National Compliance Board remained quiescent, notwithstanding the findings of the Labor Board, the President's executive order of February 23, and the hundreds of idle employees who still walked the streets of Harriman because of the company's playing fast and loose with the statute. Finally, the American Federation of Hosiery Workers presented to Edward F. McGrady formal demands for the resignation of the compliance officers responsible for the delay. General Johnson's order was the fruit of Mr. McGrady's intervention.

THE RELUCTANCE OR FEAR of the NRA to go to the mat in labor disputes under Section 7-a of the Recovery Act has led to continual evasion, but an extreme instance is its treatment of the claim for recognition of the Progressive Miners of America, rival of the John L. Lewis-dominated United Mine Workers of America in the Illinois coal fields. We reported recently that the National Labor Board, of which Mr. Lewis is a member, had refused to sponsor an impartial referendum on the ground that the National Labor Board was of the same rank as the Coal Labor Board, and therefore not in a position to review acts of the latter body. Since then the National Labor Board has

sent the Progressives' case to the new National Recovery Review Board, headed by Clarence Darrow, only to have that agency disclaim jurisdiction. The brief notice which Mr. Darrow's group gave the case was distinguished by the illuminating observation of the chairman that when two unions get into a controversy "they will always fight it out." Fighting it out in Illinois, as the representative of the Progressives replied, had then cost thirty-one lives, and since that date two more miners have died in a factional shooting. How serious the situation is, and how derelict the Administration has been, can be judged from the fact that the Illinois Legislature has petitioned President Roosevelt to order a federally supervised poll and that in doing so the legislature overrode the frantic protest of one of its members, Representative Reuben Soderstrom, president of the Illinois Federation of Labor, which is allied with the Lewis group.

POSTMASTER-GENERAL FARLEY, in continuing to uphold the government cancelation of air-mail contracts, had on April 21 a number of unkind things to say about the commercial air companies which, until the middle of February, held contracts to fly the mail. Mr. Farley repeated that the contracts were "conceived and executed in fraud." In the light of this assertion it is with considerable interest that one finds the low bids for air-mail contracts submitted on April 20 in response to a request from the Postmaster-General to be in many cases from just those companies which Mr. Farley described in such unfavorable terms. It is true that the companies, in conformity with the demand of the government for "reorganization," are displaying a new list of officers' names, and that, for example, Transcontinental and Western Air, Inc., has become Transcontinental and Western Air of California, and American Airways is now completely disguised as American Air Lines. But United Air Lines did not even take the trouble to change its name, since its former contracts were by subsidiary companies. In other words, it is obvious to everybody—and one would hesitate to exclude the Postmaster-General from this category—that the same old air companies are submitting bids. The only difference is that they are bidding a considerably lower rate than appeared in their former contracts. Even though the former contracts were canceled as fraudulent, the government is now taking back the old companies on their promise to be good boys and not steal too much pie.

IF THE CITIZENS of New York had a nice sense of gratitude, they could not do otherwise than raise a statue to State Senator W. T. Thayer, since they owe it directly to his shady relations with the Associated Gas and Electric Company, and the timely exposure of them by the Federal Trade Commission, that Governor Lehman's entire utility program has been enacted by the legislature. Legislative bodies are not always responsive to even a strong public demand—anyhow not when powerful financial interests are tugging in another direction—but the action of the legislature at Albany is a signal victory for an aroused popular sentiment. Early in the session it looked as if Governor Lehman's program for a better control of utility companies would be lost almost *in toto*. Even after publication of the Thayer letters, showing brazen and continuous efforts on the part of a utility company to influence politics and legislation,

it seemed doubtful if the Governor would get all that he was asking for, but constant pressure by press and public finally carried the day. All ten bills have been enacted, including the key measure enabling municipalities to buy and distribute power.

A PARTICULARLY BRUTAL MURDER took place lately in the vicinity of Shreveport, Louisiana. The victim was a sixteen-year-old girl, the murderer a peddler more than twenty years her senior who has since freely confessed to the crime. Police officers in Shreveport, with the aid of the militia, succeeded in preventing the abduction and lynching of the prisoner by a mob of several thousand persons which fought for hours with the officers of the law. All credit must be paid to the officers who refused to give up their prisoners and who successfully defied the mob. Yet one or two things must be remembered in connection with the case. One is that the murderer was a white man. If he had been a Negro his chances of protection would not have been so good. Another is that the threat of a federal anti-lynching law, which hangs over the several States, is keeping them on their good behavior, a fact that was admitted by a judge at Hernando, Mississippi, in the recent trial of three assailants of a young white girl. The anti-lynching bill, now pending in the Senate, provides for federal prosecution of State officials who fail to protect prisoners and to punish lynchers. It also provides for punishment of lynchers themselves and would impose a penalty of from \$2,000 to \$10,000 on any county in which a lynching took place. Eminent lawyers have pronounced the bill constitutional; a strong point in its favor is that federal action in lynching cases is freer from local influences. That a federal law would be effective is indicated by the fact that in 1923, a year after the Dyer anti-lynching bill threatened to become a law, there were fewer than half as many lynchings as in 1922.

HANDWRITING on the wall in the form of mural decorations continues to upset the more solid citizens of America. In Seattle, Washington, out where the handwriting's a little stronger than some church members like it, the Reverend Fred W. Shorter has been expelled from his fashionable pulpit for allowing a young artist, Ross Gill, to paint seven radical murals on the walls of the Pilgrim Congregational Church. The murals depict, among other things, a Southern lynching scene; a disarmament conference at which business men are rolling dice with munitions-makers whose heads are skulls; a starving family huddled beside a vast pile of armaments under a banner, "Protect Our Homes"; a tattered farmer plowing under his crops. The conservative members of the church, little to our surprise, maintained (1) that the pictures have no place in any church; (2) that they are propaganda; (3) that they are "particularly gross in a place where children congregate." Having put the responsibility upon the children, the conservatives won their case, according to Mr. Shorter, by "bringing all the old people—people who hadn't been to church for years" to the meeting that dismissed him by a vote of 171 to 121. The children, as usual, were not asked. Mr. Shorter intends to start a church of his own. "Art and religion," he says, "should both be revolutionary. . . . I shall continue to preach the brotherhood of man even though church revenues diminish." It is well that he recognizes his problem.

Silver Without Sense

WHETHER or not the Dies-Thomas silver bill is enacted into law in some form, its appearance is certain to affect our silver policy, and it repays study, purely as a symptom, in the form in which it was unanimously reported by the Senate Agricultural Committee. For it illustrates how a special set of ideas, constantly reiterated with little criticism, can be pushed to more and more fantastic lengths, and how a special interest, meeting little opposition, can become more and more brazen.

The Dies-Thomas silver bill is a strange combination. It contains confusing provisions, it reflects a deep economic bewilderment, and it appears on the surface to be mainly the product of mere legislative ineptitude and irresponsibility. Yet it conceals a few shrewd jokers, and where subsidies to special interests are concerned it seems to be remarkably clear-sighted. It proposes that the government—through the Export-Import Bank—shall sell American agricultural products to foreign countries at their world price, and accept payment in silver coin or bullion at a value up to 25 per cent above the world market price of silver. The bank is then to deposit with the Treasury the silver it receives, and to get in return for it silver certificates based upon a value of \$1.29 a fine ounce. The bank is to use the certificates to pay for the farm products it sells to the foreign buyers. Farmers' cooperative marketing associations are authorized to act in the same way as the Export-Import Bank.

Let us see what this plan involves. It means, to begin with, another effort to "dump" American farm products abroad—a practice that our own laws forbid when it involves imports to this country, and a practice that could only provoke renewed resentment and retaliation elsewhere. For to accept silver at a valuation 25 per cent above its world market price would be, in effect, to sell American agricultural products at a 20 per cent discount from their world market price. No foreign importer would buy them, of course, with anything but silver, for this would automatically mean a saving to him of 20 per cent. This process would go on, under the terms of the bill, until silver had reached the fantastic price of \$1.29 an ounce, the famous "16 to 1" ratio (compared with a present market price of around 45¼ cents an ounce and with a price of about 30 cents an ounce before last December's silver legislation was passed). Another effect would be that in exchange for all our agricultural exports we should be taking silver, for which we have not the slightest need, instead of the ordinary imports which we do need.

The difference between the real world market price of American farm products and the 20 per cent discount at which they would in effect be sold would of course be paid by the government. In other words, on top of the huge subsidies already being paid to the farmers under the Agricultural Adjustment Act, this bill would provide them with still another subsidy. The sponsors of the bill say that it is impossible for the government to lose on the measure and that, indeed, it would actually make a profit under it. It would make this "profit," however, only because the measure involves the issuance of fiat currency. Even if silver were accepted at 25 per cent above its present market value, for

example, it would be accepted at 56 cents an ounce, and if silver certificates were issued against the deposit of this silver on the basis of \$1.29 an ounce, it would mean that out of every \$1.29 of new currency issued, 56 cents would represent silver and 73 cents would represent hot air. (On the basis of the present *market* value of silver, only 35 cents in every new dollar would represent silver, and 65 cents would represent fiat money.)

Farmers' cooperative marketing associations, as already pointed out, may also trade with the same advantages as the Export-Import Bank. This means that these associations would not only be recompensed for the 20 per cent discount involved in accepting silver at a 25 per cent premium, but by being able to turn in to the Treasury for \$1.29 an ounce silver accepted at 56 cents an ounce, they would make a nice little additional profit, for their private selves, of 130 per cent on their turnover.

The new silver bill does not end here. It merely gets off to a running start. The sponsors of the measure seem to have feared that up to this point they were doing more for the farmers than for the silver interests, in spite of the fact that the measure as it stood would have created an enormous new artificial demand for silver. So they proceeded to atone for this. It must be remembered—though the new silver bill makes no reference to the matter—that last December the President issued a silver-purchase proclamation which provided for the purchase by the United States government of at least 24,421,410 ounces of silver annually for a period of four years; the annual amount represented approximately the entire silver production of the United States in 1932. The price to be paid was the 16 to 1 ratio of \$1.29 an ounce, but with the deduction of a 50 per cent "seigniorage charge" the net amount to the silver producers was only 64½ cents. Even this, however, was about 50 per cent more than the market price of silver on the day on which the proclamation was made. This measure took care of the annual production of American silver producers. But that does not satisfy the silver maniacs. This new bill provides that the Treasury shall buy, at the highest market price on the day preceding the proclamation, all the monetary silver in the country, in no matter whose hands. This, of course, would take all the present American speculative silver off the market. Then the Treasury is directed to purchase silver bullion "at a rate of 50,000,000 ounces per month, wherever silver shall be procurable." This is at a rate approximately twenty-five times as great as the American production. It would constitute an enormous subsidy to foreign silver interests. It would even encourage foreign speculators to corner the market against our government, whose purchases would be mandatory, for this rate is not to let up until—if ever—the 1926 price level is reached and held.

Incidentally, in one innocent sentence the bill provides that "all coins and currencies of the United States (including Federal Reserve notes) . . . shall be redeemable in silver coins," which would shift us immediately from a gold to a silver basis, did not the bill somehow neglect to specify the rate of redemption.

Senator Thomas, in defending this preposterous measure, repeats the hoary myth that an increase in the price of silver "will open up the markets of the silver-using countries to American exportable products." The only silver-standard country in the world is China, which took only 2 per cent

of our exports even in 1929. It does not help China's outside purchasing power in the long run to raise the price of silver, but quite the contrary. China is an importer of silver, not an exporter of it. The rise in silver that has already taken place has brought a decline of prices in China which has upset its internal economy.

Silver is not even by the greatest stretch of the imagination a basic commodity. The entire silver output of the United States in 1932, as various statisticians have pointed out, was worth only 1 per cent of our national wheat crop in the same year, and was considerably less in dollar value than our output of chewing gum or eskimo pie. Silver does not account for one two-thousandths of our national income. As for there being any further need of "doing something for silver," it is worth recalling that the silver interests are already selling their product to the government for eleven cents an ounce more than its average price in 1929.

The silver bill, in brief, exists without the slightest sense or excuse. So far as the alleged need for "raising prices" is concerned, the argument completely ignores the 41 per cent devaluation of the gold dollar that has already taken place, which, even if there had been any truth in the myth about the "shortage of gold," would have been far more than sufficient to offset such a shortage. In spite of the atmosphere of uncertainty that still prevails regarding the future of the dollar, in spite of an only very partial revival of business confidence, the dollar devaluation has already been largely responsible for a 22 per cent recovery in prices. That recovery is virtually certain to go much farther, without additional devaluation, as soon as the country is convinced that a stable and permanent monetary policy has been adopted, particularly if that policy is adopted in collaboration with a similar policy on the part of Great Britain. Most economists feel, indeed, that the real danger even with the present devaluation is of an eventual rise in prices much above the 1926 level, as a result of which wage and salary workers are bound to suffer. The new silver bill, regardless of its immediate effects, would ultimately mean an additional inflation of an uncontrollable kind, for it would not even be silver inflation, but a combination of silver and paper inflation.

Mr. Roosevelt cannot evade his share of responsibility for the Dies-Thomas bill. He acceded to the acceptance of unnecessary silver as a left-handed way of reducing the war-debt payments. When he announced his silver-purchasing program last December, many commentators, while recognizing that the program was unsound, praised the President for his cleverness in using this sop to "head off" the silver agitation. The effect, of course, was precisely the opposite. The silver lobbyists soundly concluded that if you could get so much with a little yell, you could get a great deal more with a louder and longer yell. One of the compromises suggested in the President's talks with the advocates of the Dies-Thomas bill was the sale of industrial as well as farm products for silver, with the silver taken at 10 instead of 25 per cent above its market value. But this would merely extend the policy of international dumping to all our commodities, and a smaller but still unjustified subsidy would be retained. The silver lobby cannot be effectively opposed until it is opposed on the grounds of principle. Inflation of the currency always has a persuasive sound to the man of little means, but all history shows that he is the chief sufferer when it is put into effect.

Disarmament Retreats

IT would be idle to deny that the recent French and German notes on the question of disarmament are utterly discouraging. They justify the blackest pessimism and almost warrant the expectation that the whole effort at disarmament will shortly be officially abandoned. It is the more regrettable because France and Germany have twice within the last two years been on the point of reaching an agreement which would probably have led to the abolition of some of the offensive weapons for the elimination of which President Roosevelt has called. It seems as if, having been made mad, Europe were going to drift steadily toward destruction by the gods. As the French correctly point out, Hitler's reply to the British note inquiring as to the meaning of the great increase in the German military budget is "less justification than confirmation" of the fact that Germany is steadily arming in defiance of the Treaty of Versailles. The French point out, among other things, that air-dromes are being established in the demilitarized zones and that the Germans openly admit increasing their navy and their air force. The German note demands complete equality of air armament within ten years. Meanwhile, as everyone knows, Hitler is drilling all Germany as the Kaiser and his generals never dreamed of doing. Can Europe do nothing but drift into another and perhaps final catastrophe?

It would appear so. But Hitler is certainly following a course which will compel the Allies to show their hands. For example, will England be content to drop the question of Germany's arming now that it has received Hitler's defiant answer, or will MacDonald follow up his inquiry by vigorous and determined opposition to Germany's announced policy? If so, how far will he be prepared to go? And the French—will they permit Hitler to continue to arm and to violate the Treaty of Versailles without acting? If so, they will find themselves in an armament race which can have only one ending. On the other hand, both in England and France there is a very strong sentiment against another war; something like a pacifist wave has been noticed in France for a year past. But if not a preventive war—which heaven forbid—then what? The League of Nations is nothing to lean upon. A boycott? Quite possibly. But this is a dangerous weapon, not to be taken up lightly; not to be taken up at all unless a powerful group of countries is ready for it. And how can union in such matters be achieved unless the various nations concerned show a far greater readiness to act together than they have thus far displayed? Perhaps no such unity will be possible until the nations are much more frightened by Hitler than is the case today. Thus we are witnessing the final test of the post-war statesmanship of England and the Continent. If it fails now we shall see Hitler gaining steadily, arming rapidly, and threatening the imposition of his military will upon all his neighbors.

All of which presents a great challenge to President Roosevelt. He has twice appealed for peace and disarmament. He has urged the nations to abolish offensive weapons and to pledge themselves by solemn treaty never to permit their military forces to cross their own boundaries with hostile intent. Now is his chance to save the situation if it is to be saved. Let him follow his own lead and summon the

nations to immediate action, offering concrete American disarmament proposals precisely as Secretary Hughes did at the outset of the Washington conference of 1922, and committing the United States to consultation and united economic pressure upon an aggressor. No one else can take the initiative. Germany says France has wrecked all hope of disarmament by its latest note declaring that it will not disarm as long as Germany continues to arm and increase its military budget. France says that Germany has killed the hope of disarmament by its defiance of the Allies. England wrings its hands, and Italy looks on with cynical detachment, like a buzzard waiting for its share of the carrion that is sure to appear unless something is done. Russia's bona fide offer to disarm completely is brushed aside. Mr. Roosevelt may be criticized to some extent at home if he acts. But if it is plain to the American people that he makes no military commitments and enters no alliances in extending his good offices, if he lets them understand the dire necessity of action for the safety of civilization, to say nothing of the world's economic and financial recovery, the criticism cannot be for long. He has already made, of his own initiative, a constructive proposal. Why should he not follow it up in a way which will either insure action or finally make clear the impossibility of saving the world from its own folly?

The alternative is too dreadful to contemplate. Another armed struggle upon the Continent would probably bring down every existing government which might be involved, if it did not mean complete chaos and anarchy. We can only repeat that this is what impends if the policy of drift is to continue. Every responsible statesman in England has declared that if war comes it will rock the very foundations of our common life. Is there really nothing to do but to sit silent and let the disaster come?

A Word About Wirt

THE NATION has so far refrained from comment upon the great Wirt Rebellion because there seem to be so few sensible things that one can say about it. To point out that Dr. Wirt opened his mouth only to put his foot in it is redundant. To say that no such plots as he described are harbored in any responsible governmental bosom is only to repeat what the fantastic hearings brought out. Apparently Dr. Wirt heard some non-members of the so-called Brain Trust make a very few remarks which he did not quote. If he heard anything more than this we are forced to suspect that he did so when intoxicated—although doubtless only by his own unexampled verbosity.

But having admitted all this, one thing remains to be said in the Doctor's defense. His words may be wild, but his underlying fears have a modest basis in fact. In the eagerness of the Democrats to prove him a liar and themselves sturdy reactionaries, the fact has been generally overlooked that the Roosevelt Administration does include individuals who in the eyes of Dr. Wirt and his friends rate as revolutionaries. They are planning for and working toward fundamental changes in the political and economic structure of our society. They undoubtedly look upon the steps so far taken as merely preliminary to more thoroughgoing reform. They do not consider Roosevelt as a Kerensky or themselves

as potential Lenins and Stalins, for their hopes are fixed on an orderly process of change brought about through integrating the recovery measures so far instituted in a larger social plan to be developed gradually through legislative and administrative action. Lenin and Stalin and Marx would repudiate the hopes of these reformers as the self-deception of bourgeois minds, minds incapable of facing the inescapable conflict of social forces. But Dr. Wirt also repudiates their hopes. To him they are indistinguishable from revolution, for they contemplate permanent government control of economic forces that have in the past been allowed to swing wide and free. In the mind of this particular Old Dealer the heresies of the Administration's left wing naturally merge with the orthodoxies of communism.

To us they offer the single small measure of promise in a situation which conceals fewer and fewer reasons for hope. The Roosevelt Administration has from the start been compounded of contradictory elements. Reactionaries, radicals, and plain politicians have been struggling for power in every government department. Lately the radicals, those who see beyond the immediate demands of the emergency to the need for basic change, have been overborne by the sheer weight of financial and industrial power on the other side. Even without the dubious aid of Dr. Wirt, the right wing has been consolidating its strength in the codes, in the labor struggle, and in the awarding of government contracts. Open hostility is fast taking the place of acquiescence or mere passive opposition. If recovery continues, this tendency will almost certainly increase. Only if Mr. Roosevelt comes boldly to their rescue can the ranks of the reformers hold even the few inches they have gained on the economic front. Otherwise the "revolution" will be squelched—until the next crash comes to bury the fears of Dr. Wirt and the hopes of Dr. Tugwell under the same heap of rubbish.

Three Cheers!

WE salute Dr. Alton A. Smahl of New York City as the most useful citizen of that august metropolis. He is the type of man who does more for the practical improvement of the community in which he lives than a dozen of the usual reform societies or a thousand men who voice their grievances only in letters to the newspapers. He is one of those rare individuals who is willing to spend his time and money fighting abuses instead of orating or whining about them. Also—and perhaps most important—he is willing to be called a crank in order to fight for a principle which is important as such but is bound to cost in time and money a hundred times the financial consideration, if there happens to be a financial consideration involved. At the end of a seven years' fight, which has cost him about \$3,000 in cash and an uncountable amount in time and bother, Dr. Smahl has just won a verdict of \$5.40 for overcharges from the New York Telephone Company.

Seven years ago, when Dr. Smahl first made up his mind that the telephone company was overcharging him, he complained hopefully to the Public Service Commission. He was unaware then that such bodies have degenerated to a point where, in general, the commissioners are either mainly concerned with maintaining corporation profits or too timid

and obsessed with legalistic hocus-pocus to do anything for the public. Dr. Smahl's complaints were taken up at various "hearings," but that was as far as they got. The commission fell back on the excuse that a subscriber's record of calls had no standing. It got rid of Dr. Smahl by insisting that under the law it had to accept the company's records; it made no effort to put up a fight under the law or to get the law changed.

So Dr. Smahl decided to make a fight himself. He began last June to keep a record of calls which would command the confidence of any man with common sense. He made his secretary a witness, and allowed no one to make calls except himself. When he left his office he padlocked the dials on both his main telephone and his extension. Calls could be received but not made. When the telephone bill came in for June he found an overcharge of \$1.10. For July the excess was \$.35; for September, \$1.40; for October, \$1.50; for November, \$1.05. Dr. Smahl deducted the overcharge each month and paid the balance of the bill. The company sent him notices in regard to arrears but he dropped them in the wastebasket. On January 24 the company sent him a notice that it would stand no more nonsense and was about to discontinue his telephone. On the twenty-seventh the threat was carried into effect to the extent of stopping for three days all but incoming calls. Upon advice of his attorney Dr. Smahl sent the company a check for \$5.40, writing on the back of it, "Paid under protest as overcharges." He then began suit, wisely refusing to intrust the case to the decision of a judge but demanding a jury.

At the trial the company presented the usual battery of "experts"—engineers, accountants, inspectors, operators, and the like—enough to occupy two rows of seats in the courtroom. The physician sat alone with one witness, his secretary at the time of the overcharges. Company-paid witnesses testified that the padlock meant nothing, for if the receiver was unlocked one might get a number by jiggling the hook ten times and waiting forty-five seconds, when the operator would answer. But the jury believed Dr. Smahl. It deserves the thanks of the city, while the physician should have a public reception by Mayor LaGuardia and a parade from the Battery to the Bronx. He has done far more for the city than all the transatlantic fliers and Channel swimmers, and for once the leaves of telephone books might with poetic justice be torn to bits and tossed enthusiastically into the street by the company's subscribers.

Dr. Smahl contends rightly that the telephone company should be compelled to instal meters on the subscriber's premises, just as do gas and electric companies. The scandal of overcharges for extra calls is an abuse of much too long standing. The company always refuses to render an itemized bill of calls made, although no customer of a grocer or a butcher would be legally obligated to pay a bill without a statement of the articles purchased. The telephone company excuses its failure to render an itemized bill by saying that it does not itself keep an itemized account, which is a confession that its system is either inadequate or crooked.

Dr. Smahl is not through yet. He intends to bring another lawsuit to compensate him for the inconvenience and professional loss occasioned by the interruption of his telephone service last January. If we were the jury—and the same prediction can be made of those who are likely to be—Dr. Smahl would receive a gratifying sum as damages.

Issues and Men

The Hapless and Helpless Republicans

IF ever a political opposition was entitled to pity, it is surely the Republican. It is grasping at every straw to make headway against the President, and its headway is practically nil. Of course we hear a great deal of talk about the growing opposition, and we read of the departure for Washington from Lexington, Massachusetts, on the eve of the 159th anniversary of the Battle of Lexington of a delegation of patriots to protest formally to Congress against "unreasonable interference by the federal government" in the affairs of "a free people." We read, too, a denunciation of the New Deal by Colonel Theodore Roosevelt, that young man who will never grow up, on taking office as president of the National Republican Club. In the Colonel's mind the New Deal is "ominous," "bullying," "bulldozing," "reactionary," and "militaristic Prussianism." A "gigantic bureaucracy," it appears, has been built up, which at best is "stultified, narrow, and inefficient," and at worst is a "colossal and corrupt machine." The avidity with which the absurd Wirt charges were seized upon by the Republicans is further proof of their eagerness to get something on the President. But what happens? When the President returns from his outing he is given an unsurpassed reception at the Washington station by fully 200 Congressmen, and when the Illinois voters go to the primaries, for the first time there are more Democratic votes than Republican.

Truly, one cannot deny that the President is a child of fortune when one considers the total absence of any real leaders in the Republican ranks. We are actually only two years away from the next Republican National Convention, which is to nominate a candidate for the Presidency, and thus far not a single candidate is being talked about for the nomination—I mean not a candidate whose name would immediately interest and be known to the bulk of the voters. Ogden Mills is impossible, if only because he is a very rich man and usually reactionary. If I mistake not, there are only eight Republican Governors from whom a choice might be made. The term of one of them, Gifford Pinchot, expires this year, and he himself is unthinkable as a Presidential candidate. One hears something of Governor Winant of New Hampshire, but that is too impractical a suggestion to be worth considering. Nor is there any regular left in the Senate of whom serious mention could be made. Some of the Republicans are obviously going to be retired to private life, among them Mr. Fess of Ohio, Mr. Robinson of Indiana, and perhaps David Reed of Pennsylvania. As the *New York Times* says, Mr. Kean of New Jersey, Mr. Goldsborough of Maryland, Mr. Hatfield of West Virginia "seem bad risks," and perhaps Mr. Vandenberg of Michigan, too. But even if they are reelected, none of them is of Presidential timber. Look where you will, there is no one in sight on the Republican side who seems to measure up to the job.

But supposing there were some likely Republican candidate, on what platform would he stand? It is perfectly hopeless to think that any man could get an appreciable number of votes by reechoing on the stump Colonel Roosevelt's

words of denunciation. The voters of this country are going to ask anybody who advocates the destruction of the NRA and the reversal of our national policies what he has to offer in its place. They will agree that this present exceptional regime must not be allowed to retain indefinitely its dictatorial powers, but their minds are focused upon the immediate emergency, and they will simply say to the Republicans: Just precisely what is it that you are going to substitute for the NRA? Just what is your orientation anyhow? If the answer is that we should return completely to the regime of Hoover it will be as good as no response. If there is to be a modification and liberalization of Republican policy, then how far is the party prepared to go in the direction of the New Deal? Personally I feel that a good deal more noise could be made at public meetings and in the Republican press in opposition to Mr. Roosevelt without in any degree appreciably affecting the President's standing with the voters as a whole. I have already written that the Democratic Party could lose fifty or sixty seats in the House in the elections next fall without such an event implying any real decrease in the President's strength with the plain people.

Moreover, the temper of the people, if I am any judge, is increasingly radical. Look at the resolutions passed by the Methodist clergymen of the city of New York on April 14, criticizing the President for not being more radical. They voted a resolution which read: "We hope the NRA will be strengthened and extended so that its real objective, increase of purchasing power, will be reached . . . by such rigid enforcement of the codes that it will be demonstrated that the government and *not reactionary business rules*." Another resolution which was defeated by 175 to 125 called for public ownership of natural resources, basic industries, banking, transportation, and communications, "the same to be obtained by means of purchase; the redistribution of wealth by income and inheritance taxes; unemployment, sickness, and old-age insurance, the fact of existence being sufficient warrant for health, shelter, and food." It is not surprising that this resolution was denounced as purely socialistic, but it is surprising that it could have been introduced at all into any church convention. And can Colonel Roosevelt or any other Republican find in it a hope that even a part of the American people wish to return to the Republicanism of Mr. Hoover? President Roosevelt need not be alarmed; if the Republican agitation should become serious he has a weapon in his holster to make them thoroughly afraid. He can go on the stump for his program; he can use his wonderful radio power. If it was possible for Secretary Ickes to destroy one Republican Congressman by a single letter, how many Republicans could Mr. Roosevelt eliminate if he were to speak out against them and give their names to the electorate?

Isabel Garrison Villard

The Tragedy of Trotsky

By LOUIS FISCHER

Paris, March 20

THE recantation of Christian G. Rakovsky, the leading Trotsky partisan in the Soviet Union, proclaims the death of Leon Trotsky; he has been a political corpse for some years, but now his demise is official. Rakovsky, who was formerly Prime Minister of the Ukraine and Soviet Ambassador to London and Paris, a man of great moral integrity, will-power, and charm, has abjured Trotskyism, recognized the mistake of his protest-through-inactivity against Stalin, and offered to return from Siberia and work with the Soviet Government. Trotsky cannot attack Rakovsky as a bad Communist. As late as February, 1934, the *Bulletin of the Opposition* which Trotsky publishes in Paris took up the cudgels for the exile. While the bourgeois press printed frequent reports of Rakovsky's death at the hands of "Cheka tormentors," this little monthly constantly demanded his release. Now he has been released, but he goes to a position with the state. Sosnovsky, a brilliant writer, has also recanted.

In 1928 I spent a week with Rakovsky at his place of exile. At that moment Radek, Preobrazhensky, and Smilga, likewise prominent banished Trotskyists, had decided to repent publicly and seek readmission into the Communist Party. They were bombarding Rakovsky with telegrams to join them in this move. But he remained adamant, and he stubbornly maintained his anti-Stalin stand through five more years of what was certainly well-nigh intolerable physical, mental, and moral suffering. He was actuated, I believe, as much by his love and respect for Trotsky and an ethical incapacity to desert a defeated friend as by his faith in Trotskyist principles. But while cruel circumstances force Trotsky to play Don Quixote until he can no longer tilt his scintillating pen, another path lay open to Rakovsky. He could make a further tangible contribution to the revolution by working instead of sulking interminably in his Barnaul Siberian barrack. He must have remained loyal to Trotsky as long as he did partly because he still had some trust in the survival of Trotskyism. Today it is too obvious that Trotskyism is as dead as Trotsky.

Rakovsky knows from the sad experiences of his fellow-Trotskyists who preceded him to Canossa that, however important the executive post he receives, he can never regain any influence on Communist Party policy, and that is what counts most with a Bolshevik. But what was the alternative? Revolutionaries died in czarist Siberia after twenty and thirty years of exile; Rakovsky is made of the same unyielding stuff. Yet the physical isolation imposed by Nicholas II was not nearly so terrible as the ideological loneliness with which Soviet and world events have surrounded Trotsky and his dwindling band of fine, honest Russian followers. Trotsky's arguments are brilliant. They seem convincing. Some of his negative destructive criticism about the U. S. S. R. is correct. Rapid developments in and outside the Soviet Union, however, have undermined Trotsky's platform and robbed it of the little realism it ever had. Trotsky is a man crying in the wilderness.

Trotsky is therefore the most tragic figure of our time. Dynamic, full of zest despite his fifty-five years, he is probably the world's ablest publicist, with more ideas in a fortnight than many writers have in a lifetime. Bourgeois journals and journalists feed on his political analyses. He presumably retains his great talent for leadership and statesmanship. Yet this turbine of energy, this generator of thought, this great magnetic personality, is condemned to ineffectual literary pursuits and anti-Stalin pin-pricking. Only the tragedy of Napoleon on St. Helena compares with the modern tragedy of Leon Trotsky. Bonaparte had at least his hundred days. Trotsky cannot have them. He can never return to the Soviet Union though he helped to make it what it is today. At a recent important party conference in Eastern Siberia, Emilian Yaroslavsky, a member of the inner Bolshevik circle, spoke of the counter-revolutionaries hired by the bourgeoisie, and the delegates remarked that Trotsky too was in the pay of the capitalists. Yaroslavsky did not have the courage to deny this infamous accusation. His failure to do so was beneath contempt, as Stalin's effort to rewrite Soviet history so that Trotsky's role either disappears or becomes besmirched is beneath contempt. This whole attitude no longer serves the political purpose by which some Bolsheviks seek to justify or explain it; it can only serve to gratify a not very noble desire for personal vengeance. But moral indignation gets us nowhere. The fact remains that the propaganda against Trotsky has created a strong sentiment against him not only in the party and youth but among the general population which once revered him. His former supporters are bitterest in denouncing him, sometimes sincerely, for he is very open to attack. The official version that Trotsky is an "enemy of the revolution" and "objectively" an agent of the bourgeoisie finds acceptance. Few defend him. His books are proscribed; his record is erased. Even Lenin's widow, Krupskaya, paragon of honesty, a former Trotskyist, and too old and honored to have to give up her independent outlook, unhistorically ignores Trotsky in her reminiscences of the November, 1917, days, yet goes out of her way to speak of his haughtiness and prima-donna manners. Trotsky's quarrels with Lenin, his mistakes, are regularly recalled; his services never. The total effect is his elimination as a factor in the Soviet situation, and even if Stalin died no man of influence in the U. S. S. R. would think of bringing Trotsky back. He would not be needed. He could not be rehabilitated. The hate for him is too great. Those who count are too committed to anti-Trotskyism.

But the basic cause of Trotsky's political ruin is that events have proved him completely wrong. It is this circumstance that explains Rakovsky's recantation. Trotsky does not like the term Trotskyism. He always writes it in quotation marks. He calls himself a "Bolshevik-Leninist"; both sides try to appropriate Lenin and put him to all sorts of Talmudic uses. Nevertheless there is such a thing as Trotskyism. It may be defined, generally, as a policy based on lack of faith in Socialist success in the Soviet Union and on vast faith in the possibilities of that non-Socialist regime for

extending socialism to other countries. It was Trotsky who spoke of the Soviet "Thermidor." He believed the "New Economic Policy" would bring back capitalism. Radek said to me in 1922, and subsequently, I think, wrote the sentiment into a pamphlet published in Moscow, that unless revolutions took place outside, Soviet Russia would develop into a labor republic like Australia. Although Trotsky was one of the first to suggest the NEP, its actual manifestations in the shape of a demoralized political atmosphere, the recrudescence of an ugly, indecent private capitalism, and the rise of a kulak class frightened him and his followers and filled them with despair. Trotskyism, of course, has prerevolutionary and deep, theoretical roots, but its most recent political reincarnation was born of this despair. The natural corollary of Trotskyist Nep-time pessimism was the hope and the belief that world revolution could and would save the Soviet regime from ideological decay.

I trust that nobody will at this point quote Lenin to refute me and to prove that the master did not conceive of socialism in one country, that, Nep or no Nep, he believed the Soviet Revolution could not succeed without foreign insurrections. Lenin supplies ammunition to both camps because he said the one thing and the other. He changed his mind several times on this subject; he changed his mind several times on other subjects—three times on the important Urquhart concession. He was a keen observer and a realist. He never considered himself infallible, and when, for instance, the attempt to communize Poland by marching the Red Army to Warsaw failed he publicly admitted the error. There is reason to assume that toward the end of life, seeing the likelihood of world revolution diminish, he inclined to Stalin's present view that socialism could be established in the Soviet Union. But if he did not, it would make no difference. He was a genius but not a prophet, and the earth of 1934 is not the earth of 1923 when Lenin ceased to function on it. One must judge the actual situation in the U. S. S. R. And a dispassionate study has to yield this verdict: notwithstanding the horrible cancer of bureaucracy which robs the Soviet organism of much of its spiritual vitality, the destruction of the kulaks, the agrarian collectives, costly in organization and imperfect in operation though they have been, the state industries with all their inefficiency, and the huge mass of new construction are tremendous anti-capitalist facts. They also represent seven-league strides toward socialism. It was Trotsky's first serious blunder to assume that the capitalist revival which followed the introduction of the NEP in 1921 would be long lasting or irremediable. Trotsky advocated industrialization on a vast scale, but he did not suppose that socialism could thus be attained. The strengthening of industry and of the proletariat was to him merely a means of holding the Soviet fort against the incursions of the capitalist mujik. He did not conceive of the remaking of mujik economy, much less mujik psychology. Collectivization never presented itself to him as a major solution. His solution of the Soviet proletariat-versus-peasant conflict was not to bridge the gap by socializing agriculture but instead to bring the Soviet proletariat fresh reinforcements in the shape of the revolutionary world proletariat. This was Trotsky's second fundamental error. He put his trust in the world revolution. Pessimism with respect to the Soviet Union was matched by optimism about the prospects of an international labor revolt.

It is an indisputable fact, however, that the world revolution is as far away as when Lenin and Trotsky directed the Third International. Fascism, unable to arrest the decline of economic standards, creeps from country to country. The intensity of human distress is equaled only by the ferocity of political reaction. Europe never looked so dark and beyond hope as at the present time. Yet communism makes no headway. The Comintern is a dismal failure. The causes are many; people will differ about them. But to assert, as Trotsky does, that "without Stalin there would have been no Hitler victory" is to be ridiculous, non-Marxist, and dominated by that unbounded personal bitterness which blurs Trotsky's vision whenever he mentions Stalin. Between 1917 and 1923, when the Comintern operated under the guidance of Lenin and Trotsky, there were more and better opportunities for foreign revolutions than in the years of Stalin's supremacy. Were Lenin and Trotsky guilty of tactical mistakes, or did they refuse to place the resources of Soviet Russia at the disposal of outside uprisings, or did deeper economic and social factors outweigh all their fine plans, excellent theories, and good intentions? I think the last. Would it be correct to say that but for Lenin and Trotsky there would still be Soviet republics in Hungary and Bavaria? Human beings play a big role in history but not the sole role. Hitler lifted himself into power by frightening the petty bourgeoisie with the bogey of communism. If the menace had been more real, he might have been in power earlier. Fascism is capitalism's resistance to extinction. Assume for a moment that the world revolution is moribund because of Stalin's bad leadership of the Third International. But now Trotsky, after years of literary preparation abroad, has undertaken to organize a Fourth International. Four farcically small groups met to lay its foundation. Trotsky's own *Bulletin*, however, admits that no progress has been made. It even warns against hostility among the four sections—two German and two Dutch—after their failure to agree on questions of principle. The Fourth International has been still born. Trotsky too is unable to advance world revolution.

This was Rakovsky's dilemma and this is Trotsky's tragedy. Soviet internal policy displeased them. They hoped for salvation now from China, now from Germany, then from Spain, from Japan. Trotsky has grasped frantically at all such illusory revolutionary situations because, if they developed, they could save his position and justify his antagonism to Moscow. But one by one these "revolutionary situations" have melted into thin air. (If there is a civil war in Spain it will be the fault, or to the credit, neither of the Comintern nor of Trotskyism.) What is the result? The Trotskyists reject the Soviet Union; life washes the "world revolution" from under their feet; they are left suspended with no base to stand on. Rakovsky has bravely jumped to firm ground. Trotsky cannot.

In Rakovsky's telegram from Barnaul to the party's central committee he said that "the differences which separate him from the party lose their significance" in view of "the growth of international reaction." This is not a humiliating declaration. The differences exist, but the world is moving toward reaction, and therefore Rakovsky submits to "the decisions and discipline of the party" for the sake of "the socialist construction of the Soviet Union."

[Elliot E. Cohen will answer Mr. Fischer in an article entitled *Stalin Buries Revolution—Prematurely.*]

Spring in Washington

By PAUL Y. ANDERSON

Washington, April 21

SOME of my distinguished colleagues were recently predicting, for reasons known only to themselves and their Creator, that Roosevelt was about due to "swing to the right." His public and private utterances since his return from the South should suffice to make an end of such tosh. There never was any doubt on the subject in my mind, and had there been, it would now be dissipated. When the President told the welcoming delegation that he was "a tough guy," he was joking in earnest. He went away fighting mad because Congress had overruled his veto of the independent offices bill. He came back with his good humor restored, but with a heightened determination to drive straight for his objectives. In my judgment, he is prepared to employ whatever tactics are required to attain them. It is difficult for this fact to penetrate the thick skulls of certain gentry, such as those who oppose adequate regulation of the stock exchanges. They simply cannot bring themselves to believe that this really is a new deal, and that any retreat on the part of this Administration is not in the cards. However, the most massive layers of bone eventually yield to an ax in the hands of a resolute man. It is discouraging to reflect that in Roosevelt's efforts to preserve the profit system the chief opposition comes from the most favored beneficiaries of the system. It causes one to wonder uneasily whether the Communists may not be right, after all.

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DURING the last two weeks the popular topics of conversation in official Washington have been the Wirt incident and the reception at the Soviet Embassy. Concerning the former, the most charitable thing that can be said is that it served to enrich the language with a pungent new verb. Hereafter we shall hear people accused of "wirting"—although one trusts the number will be small. To "wirt," as I understand the term, is to perpetrate some peculiarly cowardly and despicable act, such, for example, as to accept a lady's hospitality, bore her and the other guests to the verge of extinction, and then go out and slander them for the purpose of obtaining publicity. Another result of the inquiry was to uncover one of the most incredible and obnoxious demagogues who ever defiled a seat in Congress. I refer to Representative Harold McGugin, of Coffeyville, Kansas. Like most of my colleagues, I had supposed that American politics in its lowest form was personified in Washington by Senator Arthur Robinson of Indiana. Now I am inclined to give McGugin the edge. He is quite as shameless as Robinson and is more grating and less intelligent. His efforts to tar unoffending government employees with the brush of communism and his gross disregard of all the rules of fairness and courtesy during the hearing constituted a display of partisan politics at its shabbiest. I had never heard of McGugin before, but inquiry discloses that he has been in the House for three years, and that he has rapidly been earning a reputation with the House press gallery similar to that enjoyed by Robinson in the Senate. They must

be queer people in the Third District of Kansas if they are content to be represented in Washington by such a character. However, all the scurvy politics is not played by Republicans. Two years ago young Joe Bailey of Texas was elected to Congress from the State at large, mainly, it seems, by the votes of people who thought they were voting for his father, the late Senator Bailey. Certainly he has shown nothing here that would warrant him in aspiring to higher things. Nevertheless, he decided to run against Senator Tom Connally in the Democratic primary. It is well known in Washington—and Texas—that Roosevelt desires to see Connally reelected, because of his record. A few days ago young Joe managed to wangle a two-minute interview with the President, during which he said that if Roosevelt preferred Connally, he would withdraw. The President, of course, replied that he was taking no sides in such contests, whereupon Bailey went out and told the reporters that he had offered to withdraw but, after "a very satisfactory talk" with the President, was still in the race. The implication was unmistakable that Roosevelt had persuaded him not to withdraw. If the President had ever hesitated between the two candidates, this performance would surely have decided him.

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CONCERNING the Russian reception, the lucky 800 who received invitations (it is said that 4,000 requests were unfilled) have talked of little since but the aplomb of the Troyanovskys, the excellence and abundance of the food and wine, and the good taste of the furnishings. To hear the talk, one would suppose that they expected to find the Ambassador in a smock and leather boots. The fact is, of course, that the Soviet Government has maintained diplomatic establishments in foreign capitals for many years, and so far as I know, their social conduct has always been unexceptionable. At any rate, the Ambassador's evening clothes were impeccable, and debutantes who arrived in red gowns especially ordered for the occasion were somewhat chagrined to find Mrs. Troyanovsky in a modish creation of peach. Heywood Bruen seemed uncomfortably conscious of his dinner jacket until ex-Senator Brookhart showed up in shiny blue serge. (None of his friends' evening clothes fit him.) To me the rarest sight of the evening was that of a Republican Congressman from Massachusetts leaning against a bust of Lenin, with a glass of Soviet champagne in one hand and a hunk of Soviet caviar in the other, gravely discoursing on the red peril in America as disclosed by the Wirt charges. Judging from appearances he was feeling no pain, and what he lacked in a sense of humor was made up in appetite. Grizzled dowagers who had not been out since General Grant's inaugural ball smirked and waved their reticules frivolously at one another, and all was merrier than the wedding bell. There is doubtless some salutary, if not shocking, moral to be drawn from all this, but thus far I have been unable to discover it. Personally, I had a swell time—partly, perhaps, because I didn't run into Ham Fish.

IF the Tugwell bill fails of passage at this session of Congress, as now seems likely, the responsibility will not rest entirely on the aggressive lobby maintained by the manufacturers of food, drugs, and cosmetics. Some of that doubtful distinction should go to certain self-styled "liberals," including Messrs. Kallett and Schlink, authors of "100,000,000 Guinea Pigs," who are conducting an active propaganda against the measure on the ground that it is not perfect. Of course it isn't perfect. No legislation ever is. Every observer with sense enough to find his way down Pennsylvania Avenue knows that reforms of this character are always obtained piecemeal, and that the proper method consists in achieving gains whenever possible and consolidating them for the next advance. The old Wiley act was full of imperfections, but would anyone have the cheek to assert that it is worse than nothing? To say that no bill is better than the modified Tugwell measure is to utter a brazen and atrocious falsehood. It is disheartening to find people who call themselves "liberals" lining up with the patent-medicine lobby in asking that the bill be smothered. Nevertheless, there is reason to believe they will succeed. In that event, it will still be lawful to advertise and sell horse physic, horse liniment, and extract of horsetail weed as remedies for such ailments as indigestion, tuberculosis, and diabetes. The manufacturers will continue to enjoy their swollen profits, the counselors of perfection will continue to await the millennium, and the sick will continue to die.

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GENERAL JOHNSON and Donald Richberg have returned to town after a realistic session with Roosevelt at Miami, and it is my guess that enforcement of NRA codes is about to produce some fireworks. A Division of Litigation has been established to collect evidence of violations, assist district attorneys in conducting prosecutions, and defend the Administration against applications for injunctions.

A large mass of evidence already has been accumulated, and indictments should be forthcoming soon. Gentlemen who have been preening themselves on the devices whereby they evade performance of their agreements may shortly find themselves looking through iron bars. It would have a salutary effect. Meanwhile, the courts continue to rival each other in supporting the recovery program. Ackerman of Florida has been reversed by his Circuit Court of Appeals in the AAA case, and another New York judge has emulated Knox in denying an injunction against the cleaners' and dyers' code. The Becks and the Reeds (Jim and Dave) may tear their hair and invoke the shades of the past, but the members of the judiciary apparently are convinced that the American people are not yet willing to lie down and starve to death in accordance with the most approved legal precedents. Somehow I find it difficult to grieve over this circumstance.

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OF all the falsehoods which have been given current circulation, none is more transparent or offensive than the assertion that the air-mail contracts were canceled "without hearing or trial." The fact is, as any casual newspaper reader knows, that the Black committee listened to scores of witnesses, that their testimony ran into millions of words, that the evidence of fraud was supplied almost entirely by officials of the companies and documents taken from their files—most of it uncontradicted—and that the Postmaster-General canceled the contracts under a section of the law expressly empowering him to do exactly that. The aviation officials may be expected to lie for their skins, but there is no earthly excuse for responsible editors and publicists who continue to parrot the amazing statement that the companies were "condemned without a hearing." I make an exception, of course, for editors whose families or friends are owners of aviation stock. By the way, might it not be a good idea for the committee to summon some of the latter to testify?

Who's Who in Nazidom

By MIRIAM BEARD

IT is the proud boast of Nazi leaders that they are amateurs in the art of government; their ability to rule "in an entirely novel manner," which they are demonstrating to the amazement of the civilized world, is, they aver, wholly due to this happy unprofessionalism.

They are amateurs in everything else as well, except propaganda and military science. In their ranks is no one who was ever a major figure in diplomacy, business, the professions, or the arts. Of the forty or fifty key men in the party, the overwhelming majority were either professional soldiers or veterans little acquainted with civilian jobs. Even Reich Bishop Ludwig Müller, now leading the Teuton Christians, was during the war an army chaplain in a German formation fighting with the Turks; after the war he was chaplain with the East Prussia Division of the Reichswehr, the part of the army that, persuaded by him, first embraced Hitlerism. Müller, rewarded for these services by the bishopric, is, he says in a new official handbook (Gehl: "Der Nationalsozialistische Staat"), determined to wipe out

all "unchristian pacifism" from the church. In official photographs he wears, over his clerical robes, not only an iron cross but an iron crescent, gift of the grateful Turks and appropriate reminder of the neo-paganism of the Nazis.

Such men are not bookish; they have derived their philosophy of force not from Nietzsche but from No Man's Land. They are soldiers who never found their way back from the trenches to a good berth. Some were cast out by the army when it was reduced; others would have beaten their swords to pruning-hooks, perhaps, but harvests were few in defeated and impoverished Germany. A few, not in the war, were made as homeless by the ensuing chaos; they too were "surplus men," a class more menacing, if less discussed, than surplus women. They hated peace and liberal society, in which they failed to carve careers; they thirsted for revenge on their own countrymen as well as on France. After the war they lived dangerously on the fringes of society, exercising the only trade they knew, hell-raising, as outlaws or, as they prefer, "martyrs, who for years have

known no security either of property or life . . . steel hardened in the flames of combat."

Upon their assumption of power they were a band of heroes risen from a night of anonymity; not even Hitler had reached the German "Who's Who." Since then a large part of their energies has gone into telling the German nation who its new masters are. This is by now sufficiently clear: they are *Landsknechte*.

Their resemblance to *Landsknechte*, the brawling brawn-salesmen of the Thirty Years' War, is so obvious that they notice it themselves. But they beg to be called, instead, "political soldiers." The Nazi Reitmann explains: "The *Landsknecht* puts his strength at the service of a material aim . . . the SA man is the modern type of political soldier." We are fully justified in drawing a sociological parallel between the Nazi movement and the plague of *Landsknechte* three hundred years ago; they ask us only to grant, if we can, that these purified swordsmen today are wholly oblivious to their gaping pockets.

An idealist is Captain Ernst Röhm, leader of the SA division of the Brown Army, Reich Minister without portfolio. A professional soldier since 1908, he was hard hit by the diminution of the number of jobs in the army after 1918—he had to sell his sword to Bolivia—but he never grumbles about cash aspects. He was concerned purely with the "degradation" of the army's "prestige" by a vulgar republic. "The Soldier must take precedence over the Politician," and a big new war of honor must be begun: "If Europe and all the rest of the world sink in flames, what is that to us?" The Captain is as careless of humanitarian as of pecuniary considerations.

In his autobiography (1928) Röhm calls himself "a political soldier": "I regard the world from my soldierly standpoint. Consciously one-sided." He cracks many a praetorian jest: "Peace broke out again in Bolivia. That was very painful." He avows: "War and upheaval simply make more appeal to me than good bourgeois orderliness." Sensational letters about his relations with boys, published over a year ago by the *Welt am Montag*, have never been contested by Röhm.

To the type embodied by Röhm conform most of the Nazi chieftains; and this grim collection of embittered and embattled bachelors was fitly headed by Adolf Hitler, now Chancellor, a projection of their composite image. Behind Hitler stood professional soldiers. All the external decorations, the pageantry, oratory, fanaticism of Teutons and "ardent youth" should not disguise the fact that the movement has a steel core; it was "put across" by regular-army men, arch-reactionaries who hated democracy because it had shorn the army of its old might, and who used the Nazi movement as the instrument of the army's revenge upon democracy.

General von Epp, Statthalter of Bavaria, is the second of the great trio of army Nazis. An old hand at suppression, before the war he crushed Chinese and Hottentots; after it he formed the Bavarian Reichswehr to put down revolts in Munich, Hamburg, and the Ruhr. But when he incited his troops against the republic he was dismissed from the army and joined the white hope of all jobless *soldateska*—Hitler.

Hermann Göring, Prussian Minister-President and Aviation Minister, was a war ace, just made general to go with his gorgeous new uniforms. Also a military adventurer, he is, like Röhm, accused of a secret vice, morphinism, which,

impressive documents are adduced to show, once confined him in an asylum and deprived him of the custody of his son. His public vice is ambition. His adoring biographer, Sommerfeldt, shows him sitting in a sumptuous red-and-gold room just beneath "a gigantic German hangman's sword," facing "the picture of Napoleon, whose visage often at night by candlelight leads him to dream. . . . This is Göring the Romantic." He is pestered by the great: "Now Thyssen . . . Prince Bismarck . . . a Minister . . . the Crown Prince invites him to dinner at Potsdam."

Such is Göring the Romantic, almost a legendary figure with his new forty-room villa, tennis courts, riding paths, granted him by the state—not to mention the airplane industry. The once poor *Landsknecht* now directs the terror in the morning, dines with a prince in the evening, and returns home to sit dreaming under a hangman's sword of a fellow-condottiere, the Corsican.

This great trio have used lesser legionaries. Philipp Bouhler, the party business manager, after war service tried three semesters of philology but "heard the voice of the Leader" and answered because "he is one of those who could never find peace in narrow bourgeois boundaries." Major Walter Buch, who headed a board to arbitrate party disputes, and Wilhelm Brückner, party leader in Silesia, were professional soldiers. Julius Schaub, Hitler's own bodyguard, was trained as an apothecary but never mixed a pill after the war. Rudolf Hess, acting party leader and Reich Minister, after the war joined anti-Semitic rowdies until he got shot in the leg; checked by this, he had thoughts of becoming a merchant but met Hitler and fought many beer-parlor combats, in one of which "a seidel of beer was set so ungently upon his head that a deep wound had to be sewed and even today on this spot no hairs grow." The Reich organization leader, now a Secretary of State, Colonel Konstantin Hierl, was an elderly drill-master who was put out of the army for subversive activities, joined Hitler, and in 1929 hymned war as the law of life.

This galaxy of rebel soldiers was aided by political terrorists, now rewarded. Manfred von Killinger, who aided the murderers of Rathenau, is now Statthalter of Saxony; Count Helldorf, who was responsible for the Berlin pogrom of 1931, is now police president of Potsdam; Oberleutnant Schulz, political terrorist, condemned by German courts for the murder of sundry poor wretches but freed, is now a high party leader in Silesia; his pal, Heines, who shot down one victim with his own hand and was also condemned, is now police president of Breslau. These deeds are the boast of the Nazi press; all that enemies can add to charges against Heines is that he was once thrown out of the Nazi Party for immoral relations with boys.

Below these leaders and prominent characters is a stratum of minor men who have not met an official Plutarch. They were two-fisted berserkers who wrought havoc untold among the beer mugs of Berlin, but all we know about most of them is: "Intellectual know-it-alls were not too numerous in these circles."

Some unstable characters appeared among men recruited from returned soldiery and reeducated in violence. The *Deutsche Freiheit* for August 3, 1933, gives a long list of party leaders said to have been condemned by German courts for aberrant behavior. On the extensive list are, for instance, Hermann Held, Youth leader, arrested in February,

1932, in Hofgeismar for sexual abuse of over a hundred children; Klemens Hessberger, leader of the Jungsturm in Halle an der Saale, condemned to prison for repeated offenses against youths in his care, one of whom was sent to a hospital; Ludwig Rauschoff, leader of the Munich Youth group, condemned December, 1931, for five instances of abuse of youths.

Supplementing these cohorts are clever propaganda-technicians who, though not all ex-soldiers, were all disgruntled and footloose and animated by hatred of a society in which they had proved failures. Goebbels was barred from the war by a clubfoot, Rosenberg and Hanfstaengl by foreign birth or residence, and Feder by a duel in which "a piece of skull covering was smashed through."

The genius of Dr. Paul Josef Goebbels found no outlet in republican Germany, where the art of Barnum was in small repute and belles-lettres were guarded by ribald critics allowed to run around without muzzles. Goebbels's novel, "Michael," was received with a chorus of jeers; it was a screed against learned women and the absurd notion that Christ could have been a Jew. The little, dark-haired, crippled Goebbels conceived a big blond, bellicose hero who convinced opponents in this fashion: "I am stronger than he. Now I seize him by the gullet. I fling him to earth. There he lies! Gasping, with bloodshot eyes. Die, thou carcass! I stamp in his skull." The hero of Goebbels's novel triumphed in Berlin: "I am no longer a man. I am a titan. A god!" And then the dream came true. Goebbels is no longer a man. He is a titan, a god. His detractors are in jail and his play is performed, to empty houses but to the frenzied applause of all surviving dramatic critics. He is supreme ruler over film, radio, theater, literature, and the greatest publishing house in the world, Ullstein's. As Propaganda Minister he can play the international Brown Barnum.

Alfred Rosenberg, head of the Foreign Office, official mystic, was an adventurer who taught drawing in Reval until he too found Hitler and began to edit the party paper, besides writing "The Crime of Freemasonry," "Immortality in the Talmud," "Houston Stewart Chamberlain as Prophet and Founder of a German Future," and other weighty tomes.

Gottfried Feder, a Secretary of State, barred from the war by insufficient skull covering, studied engineering and seems even to have supported a family, but he had plenty of time to "lay behind him 265,000 kilometers, which is the equivalent of a trip nine times around the world" in the service of Hitler. Walter Darré had one chance, after his war service was over, to enter a civilian career, but he flunked it. He was expelled in 1929 from the Königsberg Landwirtschaftskammer for incompetence. A few months after his disgrace he followed the well-beaten path to the Great Leader and became agricultural expert of the Brown House, with the delicate job of stirring up the yokelry while placating the Junkers.

Darré did this well. His *Renewal of Nobility*, an article in Hitler's monthly in August, 1931, declared that Germany without her aristocrats would be "a torso without a head, the hapless booty of better-led peoples." The early Teutons had aristocrats; so would the Nazis. They would give them "the possibility of passing their tested leader-blood on to a numerous progeny" and of rearing that progeny "in healthy circumstances . . . the fullest kind of socialism in

the German sense." Now Darré is Minister of Agriculture and busy explaining to peasants that all Nazi promises to them were meant "in the German sense."

Max Amann, director of the party publishing activities, after his return from the front did find a small post in a land bank, but chancing to meet Hitler in Munich and summoned by him to "help smoke out the sow stall," he replied with a hearty "You can count on me." Gregor Strasser, formerly a national organizer for the party, was a disappointed druggist who, intriguing among veterans, met Hitler and now is director of a great Berlin chemical firm which is accused of producing poison gas under the guise of "pharmaceutical preparations." Julius Lippert, chief writer of the *Angriff*, is soldierly: "He would fit well at the head of a storm troop." He was a veteran, jobless. Ernst F. Hanfstaengl, half-American adviser to Goebbels on propaganda for export, had composed a march dedicated to Hitler and obtained "the permission never before accorded a German house, of photographing pictures in the Louvre"; he is also famous for having traveled more widely than other Nazis.

Three culture experts have been rewarded with the guardianship of the new Germanic soul. Dr. Ley, a notorious rowdy and drunkard, condemned once by regular courts for assault, is leader of the German Labor Front. Dr. Leers, head of the renovated Hochschule für Politik in Berlin, is author of an illustrated work, "Juden Sehen Dich An," containing pictures of Elizabeth Bergner, Einstein, and others captioned by appropriate remarks, such as "not yet hanged." Dr. Rust, a veteran who early joined the Nazis, had been dismissed by a former Prussian government; he seems to have been involved in some case involving a sex offense and was able to plead in extenuation that he was not responsible for his acts. Testimony as to his incapacity for self-restraint was offered by the psychiatrist Professor Förster, of Berlin University, who cannot, however, be consulted further since he has committed suicide. Rust is now Prussian Culture Minister and is reforming the schools along early Teutonic lines. He recently told teachers: "Not social science, current events . . . do we intend to teach—but defense geography, race lore."

Such are the party leaders proper, the nucleus of defeated men around which gathered "shadow plants" of every description. About the Nazi movement as a focus of frustration clustered unpublished novelists, unheard singers, unfashionable architects, an inglorious diplomat, a beaten general, spear-carrying supers of the stage, unadvanced professors, doctors without practices, and noblemen without equipages. On the outer periphery was formed a "lunatic fringe" of Bible-burners, phrenologists, and exponents of the early Teutonic science of rune-healing.

Two overshadowed *littérateurs* turned Nazi. Hanns Johst, once a radical pacifist, did penance by glorifying Schlageter, was soon after made Nazi intendant of theaters, and got his plays produced at last. The other was Hanns Heinz Ewers, formerly known jocularly as Hanns Heinz Sewers because of his pornographic novels, such as "Vampire," and his unabridged editions of "Love Life and Love Customs in India," "Arabian Love Life—the Perfumed Garden of Sheik Nafzaui," and so on. He had admired Jews and in 1912 had written: "The closest possible assimilation of the two races appears to me very desirable. . . . Since nature will have it so, it is quite certainly desirable." Now

he has made up for all previous lubricity or liberalism by immortalizing, in a novel, Horst Wessel.

Appropriately, Johst and Ewers knelt before Schlageter and Wessel. It is a symbolic picture: two literary *Landsknechte* prostrate before two political adventurers. Leo Schlageter wandered after the war to Upper Silesia, to the "Gruppe Hauenstein," which is said to have achieved 200 political murders. He is said to have served as spy for the Polish War Ministry. He tried to enter civilian life by doing business in illicit weapons, but his partners eloped with the cash; bankrupt and footloose, he executed sabotage acts in the Ruhr for high pay from Berlin patriots, but not as a patriot himself, if one believes the protocols of the French Ruhr police published recently in the Paris *Temps*, in which he is shown repudiating patriotic motives and betraying his comrades in the hope (vain) of saving his own skin.

Horst Wessel, says his Nazi biographer Reitmann, "in 1926 came to the National Socialists not out of knowledge but disappointment" with underground defense leagues like the Bismarckbund and the Black Reichswehr. He led the Nazis nightly to attack in the slums of Berlin. He was an underworld character who lived with, and perhaps on, a Communist lady of the pavements, Erna Jänicke, a curious fact which is explained by Reitmann as "an over-great and

extreme idealism. A man of such moral strength as Horst Wessel could, without taking harm to his soul, descend into the deepest depths of human life." This descent was cut short by a bullet in 1930; he preferred death to a Jewish doctor.

Such are the two men now held up as ideals to all the male youth of the Reich. Schlageter, though never a Nazi, is honored by an eternal flame at Kaiserswerth, fed by the pennies of every Hitler lad. Wessel's marching song is the national hymn. They are the sacred twain, the Castor and Pollux whom the Nazi storm troopers, like the old Roman legionaries, see fighting in the skies above them. In them the Nazi *Landsknechte* recognize, with profoundly right instinct, their own images.

Like their heroes, the Nazis are friends neither to peace nor to organized society; they are unfettered by ties of family, property, or social responsibility; they are not attached, as even the most bellicose of former rulers were, to feudal estates, or bred in a chivalric code that imposed a certain respect for women and set other bounds to action. They form an "iron-collar proletariat" for a parallel to which one must look far—backward to the Thirty Years' War or eastward to China. No European land in recent times has been harried by so footloose and irresponsible a soldiery as that which now governs Germany from the guardhouse.

Who Owns Connecticut?

By ALBERT LEVITT

THE State of Connecticut is owned by the Connecticut Electric Service Company. This is not a rhetorical statement. It is a practical truth. The Connecticut Electric Service Company, by the express terms of its charter and by the express terms of the charters of its subsidiaries, particularly the Connecticut Light and Power Company, can take any land that it wants from the citizens of the State. The owners of the land cannot make any effective protest or objection in the courts. Furthermore, the company, through the political machine built up and bossed by J. Henry Roraback, president of the company, controls both houses of the General Assembly, dictates to the Governor, and manipulates the other executive and administrative officials as it sees fit. Not even the judiciary escapes. Judgeships in the town and city courts are the spoils of political deals. Appointments to the Court of Common Pleas are the rewards of political regularity and service to the dominant political machine. At times even positions on the bench of the Superior Court have been the reward for "service rendered" and the outcome of political "deals" which have been rotten in the extreme. Most of the judges of the Superior Court, however, assert and maintain freedom and independence from political control. And the judges of the Supreme Court of Errors have always been above suspicion. However, few persons can afford to start legal actions and carry them to the upper courts; so that personal and political rights are violated by the company, and there is no practical way of getting genuine redress for those who have been injured.

Mr. Roraback was elected chairman of the Republican State Central Committee in Connecticut in 1912. He did not come into control of the State until 1915. From 1911

to 1915 the Honorable Simeon Baldwin, a Democrat and retired Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Errors, was Governor. During Governor Baldwin's incumbency the old Railroad Commission was reconstructed and named the Public Utilities Commission. At the same time splendid laws designed to protect the people of the State from continued exploitation by the public-service corporations were passed. From time to time there have been enacted additional laws intended to give the Public Utilities Commission greater power and control over the public-service corporations.

But from 1915, when Mr. Roraback came into power by defeating the Democrats, until the present time the commission has steadily taken the position that it cannot move to regulate the public-service corporations until complaints are made by the patrons of the companies or by the State or by the companies themselves. The corporations did not need to bring rate cases as they could fix any rates they chose. When they filed the rates with the commission, the rates were in effect. The commission did not question them in any way or regulate them in any respect. The customers of the companies had to pay whatever the companies charged.

The State did not start rate cases because up to 1931 all the Governors were Republican. They were "made" by Mr. Roraback and did nothing to injure or antagonize him through the Public Utilities Commission. Indeed, the last Republican Governor was the Honorable John H. Trumbull, who held office for six years. Mr. Trumbull was president of several public-service corporations all the time he held office. He sold his businesses to the Connecticut Light and Power Company, and is now a director in that company. Of course he did nothing to make the commission

reduce the rates charged by the public-service corporations.

The patrons are deterred from starting rate cases by the high costs involved—costs which are promptly thrust back upon the patrons by the companies. In a recent case initiated by the patrons and just completed before the commission, the company involved stated that it had expended \$50,000 in defending itself before the commission. It wished therefore to amortize this amount at the rate of \$10,000 a year for the next five years. The commission held that the sum of \$50,000 was more than the company should have expended, but it did not say what the proper amount would have been. And it allowed the company to include in its operating expenses, as amortization of the expense of the rate case, the sum of \$5,000 a year for an indefinite period of years. The practical result is that the patrons cannot and dare not start a rate case. It is interesting to note that in this same case the patrons raised by popular subscription, through the collection of nickels, dimes, and quarters, plus a few gifts of larger sums, the \$685 necessary to put through the rate case.

In 1930 the Democrats nominated for Governor Wilbur L. Cross, former dean of the Graduate School of Yale University. Mr. Cross campaigned vigorously. Two of his most important planks related to Mr. Roraback's control of the State and to the light-and-power situation. Mr. Cross promised the people that if elected he would be Governor in fact as well as in name; that he would not enter into any deals with the Roraback machine; that he would make the Public Utilities Commission do its duty and protect the interests of the people; and above all, that he would not under any circumstances reappoint to the Public Utilities Commission Joseph L. Alsop, then serving, whose term of office would expire in July, 1931. This last promise is of importance, as will be shown later.

Mr. Cross was elected. But no other Democrats were elected to State office. And both houses of the General Assembly had a Republican majority. The fighting spirit of Mr. Cross oozed away. In his inaugural address he stated that he interpreted the election results as a mandate to him to enter into a "partnership" with the Republicans and that he would do so. He did so. He became a cog in the wheel of the Roraback machine. He called into conference Harry E. Mackenzie, the right-hand man of Mr. Roraback. Mr. Mackenzie discussed patronage. The Governor was told that he could have nothing whatever, that the Republican General Assembly would strip him of his powers, and that his nominations for public office would not be confirmed unless he reappointed Mr. Alsop to the Public Utilities Commission. The Governor haggled, dickered, and begged. But Mr. Mackenzie was adamant. Days went by. The Governor's power to appoint the lower-court judges was taken away. Then he surrendered. He agreed to reappoint Mr. Alsop and to make three other major appointments dictated by Mr. Mackenzie. But he had to "save face." He did so by sending in the name of Professor Richard J. Smith of the Yale Law School as his nominee for the post of Public Utilities Commissioner. He knew that Mr. Smith would not be confirmed. Mr. Smith was not confirmed. More days went by. The Governor insisted that it was his right to appoint a Democrat to the Public Utilities Commission. Mr. Mackenzie agreed.

This was the situation. The Public Utilities Commission consisted of three members. The chairman was Richard

T. Higgins, a former Democrat, whose appointment did not expire until July 1, 1935. The second member was Charles C. Elwell, a Republican, whose term did not expire until July 1, 1933. The third member was also a Republican, Joseph W. Alsop, whose term expired July 1, 1931. Mr. Elwell was in the hospital. Mr. Mackenzie sent him word that he had to resign his position on the commission. Mr. Elwell pleaded his faithful service to the Roraback machine, that he was ill, that he had no means of support except his salary as a commissioner, and that he had done nothing to deserve having his job taken away from him. But Mr. Mackenzie insisted. Mr. Elwell resigned. The resignation was handed to the Governor on Friday morning, May 1, 1931. That day Governor Cross sent in the nomination of Mr. Alsop and of Edwy Taylor, a former engineer with the New York, New Haven, and Hartford Railroad. The Governor "saved face." A dying man lost his job. The secretary to the Governor issued a statement on behalf of the Governor which said that the Governor "was happy that the situation was thus terminated. From the outset he would have been glad to reappoint Mr. Alsop if there had been two places. The unexpected vacancy permitted him to do it and to make an original appointment, which he felt as Governor he had the right to make." Thus the Governor's campaign pledge that "under no circumstances would he reappoint Mr. Alsop" was broken.

The newly constituted commission continued to do nothing. So did the Governor, as far as the light-and-power situation was concerned. In 1932 the Governor was renominated. Again in his campaign he stressed the light-and-power issue and the need to break the dominance of the Roraback machine. Again he was elected. And this time the Senate had a Democratic majority of one. The House had again a strong Republican majority. There was a deadlock. The Senate refused to allow the General Assembly to organize. The Governor once more called in Mr. Mackenzie. It transpired that three of the Democratic Senators belonged to the Roraback wing of the Democratic Party. They had entered into a "deal" in regard to the judgeships of the local courts. They too took their orders from Mr. Mackenzie. Mr. Mackenzie spoke. The Senate allowed the organization of the General Assembly. Once more the Governor sent in his bills to allow the Public Utilities Commission to institute rate cases on its own motion, to give the commission control of the issuance of securities of public-service corporations, and to have a commission appointed to investigate the light-and-power situation. All his bills were defeated. When the "deal" concerning the minor judgeships was disclosed publicly, the Governor protested. But he was promptly reminded by the Republican majority floor leader of the House that protests and high-minded indignation ill became him, since he, the Governor, had tried to make similar "deals" earlier in the session and had failed.

The irony of the situation is this. At any time after Governor Cross took office in 1931 he could have invoked and used an explicit and clearly worded statute which gives the Governor the power to start an investigation into the rates and charges imposed by the light-and-power companies. That statute had been repeatedly called to his attention. He had been urged to use it. But he ignored the entire situation. Evidently he had no real desire to curb the light-and-power companies. His campaign pledges were political guff.

The practical result of this domination of Connecticut politics by the light-and-power interests is that the people of the State have been filched of millions of dollars in unreasonable rates and in the avoidance of tax payments. Here are the facts. Under the law of Connecticut all corporations are under a duty to pay local taxes upon the real and personal property they own. The average tax rate throughout the State is 24.7 mills, but in order to make a fair allowance for the fact that some of the property owned by the public-service corporations may be in towns with a lower tax rate, I think it proper to consider the average tax rate as 20 mills.

Every light-and-power company is under a legal duty to make an annual return to the Public Utilities Commission showing the financial condition of the business, its operation, and its property, with taxes paid on that property. This return is made under oath by an official of the company. The Connecticut Light and Power Company reported that its "fixed capital" amounted to \$79,452,653 as of December 31, 1930. By "fixed capital" it means "the cost of land, buildings, equipment, poles and fixtures, wires, cables, gas mains, services, meters, transformers, transportation equipment, storeroom equipment, and all other property and equipment used in the operation of the company's business, exclusive of property received under lease." All these items are subject to local taxation. If the 20-mill tax is taken as the average in the State, the Connecticut Light and Power Company should have paid taxes to the amount of \$1,589,053 for the year ending December 31, 1930. But it actually paid only \$476,199. For the year ending December 31, 1931, the Connecticut Light and Power Company reported the valuation of its "fixed capital" as \$85,655,392. A 20-mill tax calls for payment of \$1,713,107. The company actually paid \$472,858.

Similar discrepancies are discoverable in the tax payments of the other companies. The following table gives the taxes avoided by the leading public-service corporations in Connecticut, for the year ending December 31, 1931. The basis is the fixed-capital valuation as reported by the companies to the Public Utilities Commission, under oath. The assumed tax rate is 20 mills.

<i>Company</i>	<i>Amount of Tax Avoided</i>
Bridgeport Gas Light.....	\$ 7,856
Manchester Electric	8,171
Danbury and Bethel Gas and Electric	13,829
New Britain Gas Light.....	23,000
New Haven Gas Light.....	31,529
Northern Connecticut Power.....	74,361
Bridgeport Hydraulic	213,235
Hartford Electric Light.....	268,065
United Illuminating	296,935
Connecticut Light and Power.....	1,240,249
TOTAL	\$2,177,230

The facts with regard to excessive rates charged by the Connecticut light-and-power companies are not so easy to arrive at. There are three factors to consider. First, there is the rate base, which consists of the value of the property used and usable in the public service. We have had no rate cases in Connecticut which involved the larger companies. In the absence of court and commission findings the only figures we have are those found in the official reports filed by the companies themselves, under oath, with the Public Utili-

ties Commission. The companies should not complain if we take their figures as accurate. Second, there is the rule of law that in finding the rate base all sums set aside for retirement purposes shall be deducted from the value of the property used and usable in the public service. Here again there may be some difference of opinion as to what is or is not a retirement reserve. But, once more, the companies cannot complain if we take their figures at face value. Thirdly, we must consider the net return to the company. This is found by getting at the net income. This net income must be a reasonable return on the rate base, one giving the company a net return of somewhere between 6 and 8 per cent of the rate base. The companies cannot object if we accept the highest figure thus far allowed by the courts of the country, which is 8 per cent.

As there are no other figures available I have used the annual reports filed by the companies with the Public Utilities Commission, and have used, as required by the law of public utilities, the following formula: Illegal overcharge is equal to the net income less 8 per cent of the value of the property used and usable in the public service, minus the retirement reserve. For example: The United Illuminating Company, operating in Connecticut, reports for the year ending December 31, 1925, that it had property used and usable in the public service to the amount of \$14,901,744. Its retirement reserve was \$1,440,554. Deducting the retirement reserve from the property used and usable in the public service gives the sum of \$13,461,190 as a rate base. Eight per cent of this is \$1,076,895.28, which is the amount of net income to which the company was legally entitled that year. But it actually received the sum of \$1,665,884. This represents an overcharge to its patrons of \$588,989 for 1925.

The aggregate amount of the overcharges in two of the principal companies is almost incredible. Here are the facts. The United Illuminating Company for the years 1925 to 1930, inclusive, overcharged its patrons to the amount of \$5,500,394. The Hartford Electric Light Company system during the same years (1925 to 1930, inclusive) overcharged its patrons \$6,125,435. For the year 1931 the Hartford Electric Light Company system overcharged its patrons \$2,359,365. From 1925 to 1933 these two systems alone have taken from the people of Connecticut, without any proper reason, more than \$14,000,000.

The way in which the companies have been built up is shown by the history of the Manchester Electric Company. The figures are taken from the sworn testimony in the rate case involving this company which the Public Utilities Commission heard early in 1933. The company was organized in 1893. Stock was sold to the amount of \$10,000. In 1903 more stock to the value of \$30,000 was issued to pay for the acquisition of a neighboring small company. Then \$40,000 was borrowed for the business. In July, 1913, stock to pay for the note on which this sum was borrowed was issued. This made a total of \$80,000 which the owners of the company had put into the company in money or money's worth. From that day on not another cent was invested in the company by the owners themselves. All the rest of the increase in assets and other values came through the rates which the customers of the company paid. This investment of \$80,000 has brought an amazing return to the owners of the company; in less than twenty years it has amounted to \$2,000,000. The detailed returns are as follows:

From 1913 to 1929, inclusive, there were issued, out of surplus, stock dividends to the amount of \$480,000. In addition, regular cash dividends amounting to \$459,460 were paid. The surplus account increased by \$91,631. This makes a total of \$1,031,091. In addition, the fixed-capital account grew from \$117,000 in 1913 to \$868,284 in 1931, an increase of \$757,284. The retirement reserve grew from \$22,230 to \$250,599, an increase of \$228,369. This makes an increase, in total, of \$985,653. Every dollar of this came from the pockets of the patrons of the company.

The Manchester Electric Company is a small company, but the large companies were built up in a similar manner. Mr. Roraback's control of politics in the State of Connecticut not only pays his companies handsome dividends but benefits the other companies as well. The people of the State pay the bills. They are beginning to realize what their vassalage is costing them. In course of time they will act and free themselves.

In the Driftway

DURING and just after the World War there was a great deal of talk about our changing morals. It wasn't all talk either. The change was real and rapid, so much so as legitimately to be called a revolution. The revolution in morals of the war and post-war years was primarily in sex relations. From that we went on to a new attitude toward liquor. While nominally trying to suppress the liquor traffic during the Dry Decade, we were actually developing a more tolerant sentiment toward it. Repeal was not the result merely of the fiasco of enforcement, as some suppose. Along with this influence was a feeling of less hostility toward liquor *per se*. Perhaps the nauseousness of near-beer and the violence of synthetic whiskey brought a reaction in favor of bock and bourbon. Anyhow the old American concept that alcoholic drinks were undiluted poison mellowed into the European conviction that sound liquor might be comforting, exhilarating, and harmless. With this change in attitude came a woman's-rights movement in drinking. In our speakeasies and homes women acquired during the Dry Decade every right to drink and get jingled possessed by men, so that when repeal was accomplished, the coeducational bar came into existence almost without remark or awareness that it constituted a moral revolution as profound as the reestablishment of liquor itself.

JUST as the war years brought a revolution in sex relations and the Dry Decade a new tolerance toward liquor, the depression has produced another shift in morals of little less importance. Gambling, once rated among the major vices, seems to have become respectable or, more accurately to have been restored to at least the respectability it enjoyed up to fifty years ago. The House of Representatives lately passed a bill permitting horse racing—which means betting—in the District of Columbia, an action it would not have dreamed of taking a few years ago. Almost simultaneously the New York Legislature passed a measure to legalize again open betting at the race tracks of the State, thus harking back to the good old days before Charles the Baptist (now

Chief Justice Hughes) decided to reform the people by putting the temptation to try to get something for nothing out of their way. Meanwhile, all over the country, there seems to be an upsurge in favor of government lotteries. Correspondents are writing to newspapers urging the advantage of raising public revenue through lotteries, and legislators are introducing bills to make them legal. The Drifter finds himself tolerably sympathetic toward the movement. When he is abroad he generally participates in any government lottery available, and has not so far been ruined by winning such formidable stakes as to lead him to give up work for a life of ease and dissolute habits. He knows, too, that government lotteries may be, and are, fairly conducted, with only a fixed and reasonable percentage taken out for operating expenses and profit. Considerable revenues are raised and devoted to good causes, as in the case of the city of Paris, which supports its philanthropies by wise exploitation of the public propensity to gamble.

* * * * *

DOUBTLESS the present difficulty in raising governmental revenues through taxation is one explanation for the sudden advocacy of lotteries, but the Drifter surmises there is another, more subtle, reason. There was a time when people were advised, probably rightly, not to throw away their money taking gamblers' chances, but to invest it in sound real estate or safe bonds and watch it grow. Probably many who lived and died before Coolidge prosperity profited by this technique, but those who survived into the depression era have seen their "guaranteed" mortgages and "gilt-edged" securities tossed on the scrap heap along with the tawdriest mining stock, while their banks—looted by the officers through extortionate salaries, bonuses, and personal loans—no longer paid deposits once thought to be secure as Gibraltar. Is it any wonder that the average man turns away from a financial system in which he was an all-day sucker to risk his money in an honest gamble where he has at least one chance in a hundred to win?

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

"A Monument to Paris"

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

Lewis Galantière writes so sympathetically about a translator's trials and troubles that I hesitate to fall out with him; but his remarks about my translation of "Passion's Pilgrims," by Jules Romains, in your issue of February 14 raise an issue so fundamentally important that I feel bound to reply to them. May I make an illustrative point?

The only "perfect" translations are completely free translations. Warre B. Wells has deliberately chosen to cleave to his text. . . . I happen to believe that this is a mistake: to translate, for example, *rien de tout ça* by "nothing of all that," or *sonorité de cailloux* (meaning plangent) by "sonority of shingle" is simply to write not-English."

I happen—since Mr. Galantière will drag the quite unarguable question of "ear" into it—to dislike the word "plangent"; and I am sure any number of people have only the haziest idea what it means. On the other hand, "sonority of shingle"

is, of course, unusual; but I have yet to learn that the unusual is necessarily "not English"; and it conveys, in the context which Mr. Galantière does not quote, precisely one of those sudden word-pictures, one of those evocative associations of idea, at which M. Romains excels. All at once you *see* a Mediterranean beach. Are we to forgo that vision—for the sake of "plangent"? Ugh! as Mr. Galantière would say. If a translator should keep his ear on his eye, Mr. Galantière seems to be in need of keeping his eye on his ear.

There is, alas, no such thing as a "perfect" translation. A completely free translation is not a translation; it is a paraphrase. It is my considered opinion, especially in the case of an author like Jules Romains, whose style is so closely wedded to his thought, that a translator has no right to paraphrase that thought in his own style. He is entitled to take liberties with the author's mode of expressing his thought only if he is driven to do so for the sake of clarity in his own language.

Paris, March 15

WARRE B. WELLS

Angelo Herndon

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

Nearly two years ago Angelo Herndon, a young Negro worker, was arrested in Atlanta and charged with "inciting insurrection," under a pre-Civil War slave law, following his organization of white and colored unemployed workers in a successful demonstration for relief. The State of Georgia asked for the death penalty. The jury gave him eighteen to twenty years on the Georgia chain gang. Such a sentence is equivalent to a death penalty. An appeal filed by the International Labor Defense was finally heard last October by the Georgia State Supreme Court. No decision on this appeal has yet been given by the court.

Letters from Herndon, from Fulton Tower, Atlanta, where he is kept in the former condemned row, describing his conditions show that he is gradually growing blind in jail. He is unable to keep the prison food on his stomach.

The International Labor Defense has written to the Governor, the Prison Commissioner, and the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Georgia, and to the Warden of Fulton Tower protesting against the torture of Herndon in prison and demanding immediate action on his appeal. Copies of these letters were sent to the Atlanta papers with a request that the prison conditions be investigated, but nothing has resulted. May we ask your readers to support these demands, in letters addressed to these officials?

To help further in the relief of Angelo Herndon and the scores of other political prisoners in the United States, denied even recognition of their status as political prisoners except for the purpose of special tortures, send in your contribution to the Prisoners' Relief Department of the I. L. D., Room 430, 80 East Eleventh Street, New York.

New York, April 5

LOUIS COLMAN

"Deservedly or Undeservedly"

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

An error in copyreading made one sentence of my article, The Place of Labor in the Auto Industry, in *The Nation* for April 4, read in part: "the unsavory reputation that Frank X. Martel, president of the Detroit Federation of Labor, has deservedly built up in local politics." The phrase "deservedly or undeservedly" was included in my copy.

Incidentally, it might interest your readers to know that Mr. Martel was recently renominated for his office without opposition.

Detroit, April 8

SAMUEL ROMER

Finance

A Lesson for Van Sweringen Bond-Holders

THE Van Sweringen brothers, astute wielders of vast financial power through the manipulation of other people's money, are at present endeavoring to teach an important group of security holders in the Alleghany Corporation, the key holding company in the Van Sweringen railroad empire, that a bond, even when equipped with a fancy title, need not carry with it the protective safeguards implied by its name. On their success or failure hinges in large part the continued control of two billion dollars' worth of railroad property by the Van Sweringens and their banking masters, headed by J. P. Morgan and Company.

To the long-suffering security holders of the Alleghany Corporation, this information cannot come as an unexpected blow. The unfortunate individuals who purchased the \$24,532,000 worth of collateral-trust convertible 5 per cent bonds of the Alleghany Corporation, due in 1950, long ago saw the piece of paper which they purchased as a bond, but which was secured only by highly speculative collateral, decline in market value to as low as 4 per cent of par. At present their holdings are quoted at about 44 per cent of par. Having suffered this depreciation in the value of their investment, the holders of the Alleghany bonds of 1950 are now threatened with drastic reduction in the income from their investment. The explanation is simply that the collateral behind the bonds is now yielding an annual income of only \$113,000, compared with the annual interest requirement of \$1,226,000 on the issue. Confronted by this impasse, with its direct threat of default, the astute Van Sweringen brothers, acting no doubt on the advice of their equally astute banking masters, are now proposing that the holders of the bonds accept in lieu of interest for the next five years preferred stock of an equivalent face value to the interest—but of a market value which would be largely theoretical in view of the wide discrepancy between Alleghany's present asset value and its already existing debt.

This plan is tantamount to a waiver by the bond-holders of all rights to legal recourse for non-payment of interest until 1939. In return, those who accept the plan could realize on part of their interest for the five years by selling their preferred stock in the open market—at a substantial discount. If they retained the stock, they would be entitled to receive, but would not receive without a sharp recovery in Alleghany's earnings, cumulative annual dividends of 5 per cent, equivalent to an annual return of $1\frac{1}{4}$ per cent on their original investment. In addition, as a sop to whatever speculative appetite is left in Alleghany bond-holders, the plan offers a privilege of conversion into common stock, a privilege which would be attractive only in the remote event that Alleghany common should again acquire a tangible value.

The Van Sweringens and their learned advisers have of course advanced numerous reasons why the bond-holders should accept this generous offer. Their main argument is that the plan would avoid default of interest on the bonds on October 1 and thus would eliminate the "possibility" of a forced sale of the collateral behind the issue, with "probable" sacrifice of value. The real reasoning behind the plan, as differentiated from the

sales arguments presented to the bond-holders, is characteristic of the methods employed by entrenched control when its continued sway is threatened by the prior rights of the security holders who provided the funds for the financial adventure. This reasoning may be paraphrased as follows: The structure of the corporation which we sold to the public was so unsound and our management has been so unsuccessful in overcoming this unsoundness that we are no longer able to meet our obligations. However, if the bond-holders assert their legal rights as a result of non-payment of interest, our control of the enterprise may be destroyed. To avoid this catastrophe, we will ask the bond-holders to waive these rights and to accept instead of interest preferred stock against which no comparable legal rights can be asserted.

Should a default occur on the bonds of 1950, it is quite probable that subsequent developments might bring a partial loss of principal for the bond-holders. But the real calamity would be reserved for the Van Sweringens and their backers, who control the Van Sweringen railroad empire through ownership of a majority of the common stock of Alleghany. On March 10, 1934, the currently marketable securities owned by Alleghany had a value of \$55,650,000, or about \$22,300,000 less than the face value of its three outstanding bond issues. Junior to the bonds is \$66,753,000 of preferred stock. In other words, a forced sale of the Alleghany collateral or a receivership reorganization of the company would inevitably bring disaster to the common stock.

Through this common stock the Van Sweringens control, directly or indirectly, the Chesapeake Corporation, the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad, the Erie, the Nickel Plate, the Missouri Pacific, the Pere Marquette, and the other allied properties of their system. Moreover, destruction of Alleghany common would bring great discomfort to the banking group headed by J. P. Morgan and Company, which has loaned \$40,000,000—

on which interest is in arrears—to semi-private Van Sweringen holding companies principally on the security of a majority of the Alleghany common. The only actual value possessed by this stock lies in its voting power over the underlying operating properties. Consequently, if a forced sale or reorganization stripped this power from Alleghany common, Messrs. Morgan and associates would be left in the impossible position of usurping the public's traditional privilege of holding worthless slips of paper.

There is of course in theory no compulsion on the holders of the Alleghany bonds of 1950 to accept a one-sided bargain under which they make all the sacrifices and the chief potential sufferers from default make no concessions whatever. However, the history of similar deals in the past offers little hope to the small investor. To engage in a legal battle with Wall Street requires funds far beyond the means of the ordinary bondholder. And unfortunately an impartial, disinterested authority to organize investors in their own interest is unknown in American finance. One unversed in Wall Street methods might suggest turning to the trustee of the bonds for protection. But such recourse would lead only to the Guaranty Trust Company, whose securities affiliate participated with J. P. Morgan and Company in the sale of the Alleghany bonds, and whose close alliance with the House of Morgan precludes the possibility of any interference. The web of important monopoly ignores the rights of the investing public if those rights threaten its control.

PETER HELMOOP NOYES

Correction

In an editorial paragraph in *The Nation* for April 18 concerning the Ross-Loos Clinic in Los Angeles appeared a statement that "the clinic now has 15,000 subscribers." This should have read 45,000 subscribers.—EDITORS THE NATION.

2nd Printing!

SEX HABITS

A VITAL FACTOR IN WELL-BEING

By A. Buschke, M.D. and F. Jacobsohn, M.D.

Specializing Physicians to the Great Continental Rudolf-Virchow Hospital

Foreword by Gerard L. Moench, M.D.

Associate Professor of Gynecology, New York Post-graduate Hospital, Columbia University

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SEX INTERCOURSE (Analysis, Nature, Methods, Frequency)
SEX DIFFICULTIES (Adjustment, Technique)
MARRIAGE (Sex Aspects, Instruction)
VALUE OF REGULAR SEX INTERCOURSE
SEX HYGIENE (Precautions, Directions)
THE SEX IMPULSE (Contrasted: In Men, In Women)
SEX VARIATION (Physical, Psychological)
VARYING SEX PRACTICES
SEXUAL SHORTCOMINGS (Impotence, Frigidity, Sterility, etc.)
SEX DANGERS (Coitus Interruptus, reservatus; etc.)
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Books, Drama, Films

Death Piece

By THEODORE ROETHKE

Invention sleeps within a skull
No longer quick with light,
The hive that hummed in every cell
Is now sealed honey-tight.

His thought is tied, the curving prow
Of motion moored to rock;
And minutes burst upon a brow
Insentient to shock.

Epic of Doom

Journey to the End of the Night. By Louis-Ferdinand Céline.
Translated from the French by John H. P. Marks. Little,
Brown and Company. \$2.50.

NOVELS expressing dissatisfaction with the contemporary world are coming upon us thick and fast these days. Of all the novels written in the last fifty or more years, "Journey to the End of the Night" probably constitutes the most violent and all-embracing condemnation of modern civilization. The novel is a vast, sardonic, lyrical, obscene phantasmagoria in which one sees the whole modern world go marching to its doom. War, business, industry, cities, crowds, soldiers, tropical forests, colonial outposts, whore houses, factories, the slums and backwaters of civilization flash before the reader to the accompaniment of a jittery music:

Now that one's chattering with cold, that mawkish music from the roundabout seizes the opportunity to jangle on one's nerves just a little more. The collapse of the whole world—that's what the confounded thing's giggling about.

There have been more perfect books on this theme, but nothing, within the covers of a single volume, so monumental, so inclusive, so swarming with sordid life, so appalling in its finality. The book is not a shrill harangue, a fierce accusation. It is a huge mountain of incidents drawn from many phases of contemporary life, held together by a cement of disenchanting commentary. The author has written it not with his brains but with his guts.

The story follows the adventures of Bardamu, the narrator, from the outbreak of the war down to the present. He is twenty when the book opens. When it ends he is incalculably old. He has lost all desire, all hope, all capacity to feel.

Try ■ I might to lose my way, so ■ not to find myself
face to face with my own life, I kept coming up against it
everywhere. I met myself at every turn. My aimless pilgrimage was over now. Let others carry on the game!
The world had closed. We had come to the end.

His "journey" is a quest—a quest for peace, for livelihood, for simple human affection. But it much more resembles flight—flight from death, from starvation, from disease, from menaces of all kinds, seen and unseen. The first hundred pages deal with the war, on the front and behind the lines. Bardamu, back in Paris on leave, becomes crazed with fear at the thought of returning to the front, and is confined for a time in an asylum for the mentally deranged. He is at last dismissed, "no longer any good at all," the doctors tell him. Unable to find a job in Paris, he goes to Africa. There, in an extraordinary world of heat,

fever, dysentery, sweating Negroes, sadistic whites, filth, lust, greed, and death, which has the terrifying reality of a nightmare, he acquires insight into the capitalistic methods of colonial exploitation. He somehow escapes and gets to New York. From there he drifts to Detroit, where he gets a job in the Ford factory. After many dreary adventures he finally goes back to Paris, where he winds up as a third-rate and unsuccessful doctor in one of the squalid suburbs.

The reality of Bardamu as a character eats into one. He is the eternal under-dog, a nondescript individual without background, without any exceptional capacities, who faces life with a curious combination of naive candor and dark resignation. His voice, his speech are those of the poor, the downtrodden, the beaten. And in his restlessness, his "obsession to run away from everywhere in search of something, God knows what," in his "weakness in the head," in his fear psychosis, his abjectness, his gradual loss of human decency, of self-respect, and finally even of pity, he is a symbol of millions of men of our time. Around Bardamu swarm hundreds of other characters (that is the impression), sharply and poignantly drawn. The very settings are alive, with their smells and noises and decay.

"There are two human races on this earth, the rich and the poor," says Bardamu. It is the world of the poor that the book unfolds to us, a bleak world in which even suffering is devoid of greatness. We see the poor as creatures barely human—sickly, deformed, ugly, starved in body and soul, hovering on the verge of crime and calamity, preys to all the evil forces of the world. Here and there a glimmer of brightness, a flash of beauty: a landscape, a woman, a human character. But the hideous economic compulsions quickly seize and destroy everything fine and beautiful: "Almost every desire a poor man has is a punishable offense."

The 500 pages of the book, the blurb tells us, are a condensation of 50,000 pages of manuscript; but even as it stands it is a monumental record. The essential virtue of Céline's art lies in the extraordinary imagery, the inexhaustible flood of metaphor by which everything that it touches is recreated. With this goes a language more personal, rich, pungent, and brutal than anything that has come out of France, possibly, since the sixteenth century. It is the language that creates the effect of extraordinary scope, the mood of the endlessness of suffering and defeat.

Being a satire, the novel naturally distorts the picture of contemporary life. If the caricatured monsters that move through its pages are real, they are not true to life. And one does not expect them to be. The book creates at the outset a curious mood in which disbelief is suspended. Yet seen through Bardamu's restless, feverish, fear-haunted brain, the world portrayed has an essential truth. It is the depth of despair evoked through the consciousness of the characters rather than any exactitude in the portrayal of men and institutions that gives the book its value as a contemporary record.

Céline's thunder is tremendously impressive. And yet one is a little appalled to consider that he should have written 50,000 pages of manuscript and have got no farther than a mere statement, however poignant, of the intolerable wretchedness of the masses. Surely what we need today is not more evidence. The most despairing thing about this book is the author's complete lack of political orientation. It seems as if he himself has been, like his hero, morally crushed.

The translation, a heroic undertaking, is excellent. It is fresh, extraordinarily skilful, and resourceful. It does not, and could not, carry over the peculiar jerky, haunting rhythm of the French style, or its earthy flavor. The text has had to be toned down in spots. But I do not think many English readers will complain that it is too mild.

HAakon M. CHEVALIER

Lee and His Biographers

Robert E. Lee. A Biography. By Robert W. Winston. William Morrow and Company. \$4.

BOOKS about Robert E. Lee are getting to be a habit, and the best thing one can say about this particular habit is that it is not a bad one. It has sobered Judge Winston, the author of the new life, almost out of recognition; one is eager to forget his previous works on Jefferson Davis and Andrew Johnson. An elevated subject was once considered the prime prerequisite of biography. Lee may be recommended to all writers who have trouble finding a subject worthy of respect. Yet on the whole the quality of respect is the crucial point; no writer hitherto has been able to combine reverence for Lee with a critical point of view. Of course, writers have criticized his military record. General Maurice, in "Robert E. Lee, the Soldier," set the example; and General J. F. C. Fuller, in a comparative study of the generalship of Lee and of Grant, gives the savior of the Union a little the better of the argument. But this is technical criticism. The abyss under every great, restrained, and disciplined character is the proper subject of high biography. If this be granted, Lee biography, in spite of the countless books, has not begun.

Judge Winston offers us few novelties, and these few are somewhere on the periphery of the subject. I can recall no book on Lee that tells us more about his early life, his young manhood, his deep attachment to his mother, the quality of his personality down to the Mexican War, than Judge Winston's; nor any book that tells it better. Lee's early friendship with Andrew Talcott, a brother-officer from Connecticut, is detailed for the first time; it lights up a period of his life that is usually represented as a monotonous preparation for Piety and Duty. The one feature of the early life that Judge Winston seems to miss is the influence of Lee's father, Light-Horse Harry, a fiery, quixotic soldier, a governor of Virginia, and in the end a failure. It was the failure, I think, that haunted Lee, who formed his own character in opposition to his father's career, out of pious loyalty to his memory.

Judge Winston reopens the question of Lee's resignation from the United States army and joining the Confederacy. Of course, he merely joined Virginia, or rather followed her; and one of the valuable features of this book is the detailed account of Lee's motives in going with his native State. Here, again, there is nothing new; in the background of the discussion there seems to linger the shadow of the dead issue, whether Lee was a "traitor," and it is significant that Winston revives the eulogy of Charles Francis Adams, who argued that Lee, appearances to the contrary, was the very type of loyal man.

The direction of this argument, that Lee seceded unwillingly, in loyalty to his native ties, comes out in the post bellum section of the book, when Lee is president of Washington College. Here once more there is nothing new: Judge Winston follows the generation of Grady, Lanier, and Harris, who were eager to show that Lee had been a Unionist all the time. Lee's exhortation to his former officers and to Southern citizens at large to accept the verdict of arms has been subjected, it seems to me, to gross misrepresentation. He urged the acceptance; but there is nothing to prove that he urged the building up of a social system in imitation of the North, which has been called the New South, but which, along with its exemplar, is now the deadest South of all. There is irony for those who want irony in this manipulating of Lee's lack of social and political imagination into a justification of an order that he had not the training to foresee, an order that he would have deeply disliked had he foreseen it. Lee was the greatest moral character of his age, or of any age in this country, but he was intellectually lim-

ited. He was a Christian of the orthodox kind, and his plea for forgiveness and reconciliation had a religious basis which two generations of non-Christian, sociologically minded writers have misunderstood. Lee's doctrine of reconciliation has been mishandled into political use as a liberal catchword. The unqualified respect that has been given to Lee's slightest opinion has not, perhaps, been altogether disinterested. Judge Winston renews the issues in one of the best books about Lee.

ALLEN TATE

Thirteen Years After

Rediscovering America. By Harold E. Stearns. Liveright Publishing Corporation. \$2.

IN 1922 Harold Stearns edited an inquiry by thirty Americans into civilization in the United States, beginning and ending with the general conclusion that there was no such thing. Among the writers of this cantankerous, rousing symposium were most of the critics who helped to remake American opinion during the decade that followed. Mr. Stearns established himself, however, in Paris, and there became a legend, pointed out to visitors as the essential and eternal expatriate. It turns out that he was not eternal. He has come back to his native country and rediscovered it.

He is mellowed and milder than when he left. "Perhaps that philosopher was right," he decides, "when he said that man was a home-loving animal. Certainly, I have done my best to disprove it and—thank God!—I haven't succeeded." "I have found that a real world exists after all—and that real world is my own country, from which I have been away far too long." He expects to feel now and then homesick for France and suspects that in the United States "there is no permanent abiding. Yet there is no abiding elsewhere. We can't help ourselves; and I know that my revolt has failed, as such revolts almost always fail."

The changed American thinks he finds a changed America. "The American young woman of today, like most young women in all ages and all countries, wants children." "I have been again and again impressed, during the months since my return home, with the existence of a new and better camaraderie between men and women." "Intellectually, I mean to say, we are beginning to grow up." "For notwithstanding certain superficial contradictions . . . in our United States, as in France, democratic feeling, the democratic point of view, are facts." "I haven't a record at hand, but I am certain that the number of art galleries and 'museums,' to stick to the old word, created in various American cities and towns since I was a boy would stagger any foreign observer—even if it is taken for granted by native American commentators, just as the number of our public libraries impresses every visiting Frenchman—while we regard them as quite in the nature of things." "The increasing good taste of native American architecture, even for manufacturing plants and purely commercial buildings as well as for churches, homes, museums, schools, public halls, is due, I believe, to frank marriage of function to design." "For our children, if not for us, there is *already* an 'American' literature—and a modern literature, too—with roots, tradition, notable figures, and all the other accompaniments of a self-conscious national literature." "That we have an American language of our own would not, I think, be denied by anyone who would take the trouble to look at the facts." "Religion, as such, is not being attacked in America—except in random, incidental, and rather haphazard fashion. It is being replaced by other and more compelling interests." "The crisis of *overproduction* . . . we can state in its most paradoxical form by saying when nobody eats, because there is too much food, and thousands are

without shelter, because there are too many places in which to live." "The economic adventure of today is no longer buccaneering, it is sharing." "Despite the depression—from which we now seem to be emerging with spurts forward and little relapses back, but on the whole forward—we have, by and large, had such good luck with our social experiment and government that there is no deep and fundamental desire to change it, except, of course, in details." "The spreading out of ordinary comforts must, of course, be taken for granted—and I think we *can* take this spreading out for granted." "I am making a much more modest and much safer prediction, namely, that, whatever the external and mechanical changes, human nature will be approximately the same [in 1984] as it is now."

Mr. Stearns's discoveries will seem to the Americans who stayed at home possibly commonplace. Some of these things were true in 1922, although he then failed to see them. He needed thirteen years and a long exile to become aware of the obvious America. Well, a good many of his home-keeping compatriots have not realized it yet. It is only the mass of Americans who have been taking it for granted all along.

CARL VAN DOREN

Modern Logic

An Introduction to Logic and Scientific Method. By Morris R. Cohen and Ernest Nagel. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$3.50.

THIS solid book is genuinely modern. Not only is it published in the current year, but for the first time, as far as I am aware, it unites in a textbook the revisions and additions of competent thinkers in the logical field with an exposition of the traditional Aristotelian logic and with an effective critical restatement of the traditional "inductive" logic of Mill. The task of bringing about such a union within the compass of a textbook is extraordinarily difficult; given the theoretical standpoint of the authors, it has been admirably accomplished.

After an introductory chapter in which the nature of formal logic and its distinction from scientific method as inquiry into material fact and truth are set forth, there are four chapters that expound the substance of traditional formal logic, though even here the student is introduced to the more recently developed symbols for conveying logical relations. The illustrative material, drawn from both literary and scientific sources, is apt and fresh. The next four chapters of this part are devoted to the modern logic of relations, beginning with a clear exposition of the concept of types of order and generalized mathematical relations, with the calculus of classes and propositions. The general reader who wishes to keep up with recent tendencies will find the next chapter on the nature of a logical or mathematical system of peculiar interest. It contains the modern restatement of the nature of axioms in opposition to the old view that they are self-evident truths, and gives in short space an introduction to the conception of mathematics as a generalized science of relations as distinct from the conventional notion that it is the science of quantity and number only. Then comes an effective chapter on the theory of probability, which holds to the frequency theory first stated clearly by C. S. Peirce, while the strictly formal part closes with a general discussion of criticisms that have been directed against formal logic, and a discussion of the relation of logical forms to existence as their basis.

The second and larger part of the book is devoted to what is called Applied Logic, namely, scientific method devoted to establishing the material truth or falsity of propositions as distinct from the relation of implication that holds between them whether they are true or not. The discussion is so complete and thorough that it is unnecessary to give a list of topics dealt with.

I should like, however, to call attention to the fine treatment of hypothesis and the demonstration that the efficacy of Mill's canons of induction depends upon the presence of a working hypothesis and is of value for purposes of eliminating unsound hypotheses. Moreover, "scientific method" is not taken narrowly, and there is a discussion not merely of statistics but of methods in history, morals, and aesthetics.

I have already said that given the theoretical standpoint of the authors it is difficult to conceive of an extremely difficult task being better performed. There is perhaps a danger that the very scope and richness of the treatment will damage the book's availability as a text. Possibly those who will get the most from it will be those who pass lightly over the chapters that restate traditional formal logic and concentrate upon the matter relative to the logic of mathematics and scientific inquiry. However, it is encouraging to see a logical text which neither rehashes old stuff nor feeds diluted intellectual pap.

Extended criticism of the intellectual basis of the authors is hardly in place in this review, and what I shall say must therefore be taken as a statement of the preference or, if you please, prejudice of the writer. I can only wish that the authors had seen fit to start with the problem of scientific inquiry and, making that central, had gone on to treat the logic of the relation of implication to propositions as a subordinate although indispensable part of the larger inquiry. They would then have got rid of the dualism between "pure" and "applied" logic and between "formal" and "material" truth, as well as the underlying dualism of theory and practice. They would also have avoided some ambiguities and inconsistencies that are involved in their present treatment, such as, for example, wavering between "significance" and "truth" as criteria for defining a proposition, the view of symbols as merely means of conveying propositions and as essential to them, and adherence on the one hand to the idea that formal logic is concerned merely with the realm of possibilities and on the other to the Aristotelian position that it is based upon actual existence.

JOHN DEWEY

Folk Miscellany

One-Smoke Stories. By Mary Austin. Houghton Mifflin Company. \$2.

MRS. AUSTIN'S pleasant miscellany brings together well-remembered stories from many magazines. The majority are Indian tales of the Southwest, but there are many others: stories of a Mexican alcalde, of a wild shepherd of the Carrizal, of a California Chinatown, and of the governor's palace of the Presidio of Monterey. Even the tales about Indians range from the Micmacs to Navajo and Papagos.

Many of the stories are parables, the more effective that they are simple folk incidents told with no embellishment. Such is the story of the Micmac who asked the power to make people laugh and was sick of his bargain when he found he could do nothing else; and of the Indian who all his life wanted to see the Bear Spirit who gave supreme hunting powers, and saw him at last when, an old man with nothing left in life, he mourned the death of his only son.

The tales that tell of the mutual relations of Indians and whites are written with vigor and understanding. They do not present a brief. Some are records of good-fellowship and sympathy like A'wa Tseighe Comes Home from the War, others compact of bitterness at the treachery of civilization. In still others the laugh is turned boisterously against the whites, as in the story of the humorous competence of Papago Susie at the court proceedings when Shuler tried to take away the five children she had borne him. The relations of the Indians and the whites as they appear in Mrs. Austin's thumb-nail sketches are

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RUTH BENEDICT

Art Life Crashes the Art Salons

FIVE thousand works by some fifteen hundred artists occupy the great crowded spaces of the RCA tower Forum Galleries just evacuated by the municipal art show. Laid end to end the Salons of America exhibit is also a Mile of American Art and an encouraging sight for the makers of canvas and brushes and chisels and paint. This is a no-jury show, like the Independents', and a lot of people who have little or nothing to do with studios and art schools felt the urge to express themselves publicly in it. What they brought makes a fine splash in the still pools of orthodox modern American art.

This show is alive. One can't describe the difference between it and the cream of the picked maestros except with that word. It is a vast, confused, insistent chaos; and its dominant subjects, intentions, and even styles are heresy to the dogmas that most modern artists bow to. It is full of tracts, chromos, fables, fairy tales, and sermons; it is rowdy, sentimental, shrill, angry, suicidal, and full of moral and political axes to grind. The unknown unprofessionals who dominate the show are not concerned with Pure Beauty and their individual vibrations to it. They all try to underscore some phase of American or modern life, some idea; they are asking questions or trying to answer them, and the joke on the orthodox is that these painters turn out works of individuality, while the maestros, presumably aiming at that, were nearly all found to be playing the same negative little tunes on the same frayed strings. They were alike not in the rhythmic way that an army or a chorus is one, but pretentiously, anarchically, like a crowd of women on Fifth Avenue all wearing the same exclusive hat.

The formula for self-expression which the non-professionals step over is in reality good for commercial purposes only. Its requirements—not to disturb, not to offend, not to raise the voice, not to be unpretty—are negative requirements that tend inevitably to produce mere clever "effects" and chic, pleasing nothingness. The amateurs at the Salons of America and the Independents do not fall into this fancy trap. They are trying to do with the trite, tired vehicles of the nineteenth century—the small oil, the print, the isolated figure—what robust people have always done in art; they are trying to communicate their thoughts and emotions. They lay hold of the things that happen every day in the United States, the things we all see, the things we hear and think about; they use the naive idioms of postcards, posters, magazine covers, calendars; and they break through, stumbingly, stutteringly, talking twentieth-century American in an odd primitive way.

Taking this show as a cross-section of popular feeling in 1934, one gets two impressions: first, that doom is upon us, and, second, that we are joyfully rediscovering the world and all the things alive in it. The doom pictures are nearly all religious jeremiads or Rockwell Kentian pictures of defeat, exhaustion, and despair. The others are childlike things concerned with animals, parades, big doings. One of the best, a St. Patrick's Day Parade by an Irishman named McCauley, is like a big, glittering Currier and Ives. When I saw it the French modernist Lurcat was trying to figure out how McCauley did it. Another amateur named Lawrence Lebduška, who is a workman,

has a fine picture of two bulls fighting over a cow, and others named Success, Baseball, Science, Politics, Joe and His Friends, and 'The Dull Hills of Maryland. At the Independents' show Lebduška has an Ostrich Hunt which looks as if he got the idea from an old lithograph. The Mexican revolutionist Siqueiros is entranced with this one. There are many pictures about the depression and unemployment that are honest and intimate as talk, and a still life to end still lifes—three figures in pansy-decorated coffins.

The two shows are hopeful—and dismaying. A new, strident, tragic color-sense, a new precision and cleanness of form, a blunt vigor of ideas, an exuberant sensuality—all these things stir embryonically in them, but the artists have not yet discovered their powers, or found out what to do with them. Therefore they try to fit them into old forms, using old idioms, and they twist and struggle in distress and despair. They are thwarted by the same conflict that impedes all of us in whatever we do, for how can one make a new world of art until one has got life free of the old?

ANITA BRENNER

Drama On the Barricades

WITH the second production of its career the Theater Union takes several steps forward. It is, as my readers probably know, an organization devoted to fostering the drama of radical propaganda, and its first effort, "Peace on Earth," enjoyed a considerable success without the benefit of my approval. But "Stevedore" (Civic Repertory Theater) is a play whose general effectiveness no one could attempt to deny and one to which all proponents of the play with a purpose may point with understandable enthusiasm. The subject is a race riot in Louisiana; the method is frank but skilful cumulative melodrama, and the whole reaches a really smashing climax in a thunderous scene "on the barricades." There are, to be sure, occasional and slightly intrusive efforts to expound the Marxian interpretation of these events. Indeed, there are even a few moments when the action is slowed up while some *raisonneur* explains it to an audience which would seem to be the last in the world in need of such explanation. But on the whole the piece is remarkably free from defects and for the most part it proceeds with a steadily growing tension on its exciting way.

If "Stevedore" is uncommonly effective both as melodrama and as propaganda, the reason probably is that it sticks with uncommon persistence to a single purpose—which is to inflame the passions of its audience and to sweep that audience forward on a wave of fighting hate. Most authors of such plays seem a little uncertain just what it is that they are trying to do. They explain a little, they debate a little, and they plead a little. The result is usually as dispiriting as a protest meeting and gets just about as far. But those responsible for "Stevedore" have adopted a different method. They have assumed—safely enough—that the audience knows the arguments already and that its sympathy is with them. Their business, like the business of any mob leaders, is to get the crowd going somewhere, and "Stevedore" becomes an incitement to riot of the very first order. The spectator at "Peace on Earth" might reasonably be expected to emerge from the theater and join an organization for the promotion of something or other. The spectator at "They Shall Not Die" probably felt like writing a letter to the *Times* about Conditions in Georgia. But a goodly percentage of those who saw "Stevedore" were probably ready to seize the nearest club and crack somebody over the head. Most books and plays of-

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ferred as proof that "art is a weapon" remind me of wooden swords, but this particular work is really a bomb—home-made perhaps but full of powder and quite capable of going off. Such a contraption may seem a bit odd in the hands of an organization which was so recently pleading for peace on earth, but it is not the first to conclude that a good deal ought to be blown up before we settle down to living in brotherly love with the survivors—if any.

Another reason why "Stevedore" succeeds in generating a fighting mood is that its victims of white injustice are not, like those in most such plays, merely victims. The central character is a huge Negro with firm ideas about the necessity of the class struggle and a gift for converting his more timorous fellows. When the mob bent on burning the settlement and hanging its inhabitants finally arrives, it finds a barricade erected and the preacher who had talked submission put in his place. Moreover, and when things look their worst, who should arrive, throwing bricks and demonstrating class solidarity, but a group of white workers from the union headquarters. Those of us who have been brought up on melodrama may be reminded faintly of the old days when the marines used to get there at the last moment, but even we will not deny that the device has its uses or that we are glad to see—for once—a play about social justice in which the innocent don't get the worst of it, at least until after the curtain has descended. Perhaps I should add that "Stevedore" is good enough to make such peaceable fellows as I shake in our boots. Personally I should not be much surprised to hear any night that the infuriated audience had rushed out on to Fourteenth Street and lynched a white man just on general principles. That would be a change if not, necessarily, an improvement.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

Films

The Marquis de Villa

FOR movement, for lavishness of action and background, for everything that we usually mean by scale, there has been no picture this season to compare with "Viva Villa" (Criterion). Belonging to the class of "super-spectacle" like "The Birth of a Nation" and "Cavalcade," it illustrates the almost irresistible persuasiveness of such films; for it is no easy matter for the intelligence to hold out against their vigorously sustained assault on the eye and the ear. Perhaps no greater tribute can be paid to the screen as a medium than to say that when its resources are fully employed, as they are in such a film as this, it is capable of inducing that "willing suspension of disbelief" which Coleridge said was the power of great poetry. For the spectator who believes that in the theater checking one's intelligence along with one's hat is not a good thing, however, such persuasiveness will merely serve to put him more on his guard. While responding to the robust charm of Wallace Beery's personality, for example, he will not permit himself to be completely seduced by it; and while being assailed by the teeming images of sound and shape, he will try bravely to keep intact some sense of intellectual responsibility.

The producers tell us that "Viva Villa" is fiction woven out of the stuff of history, or something to the same effect, and it is therefore perhaps unwarranted to complain that as usual Hollywood improves on reality to the interests of both national innocence and box-office health. You learn from this film that what made Villa a bandit, what supplied the childhood trauma in his case, was the sight of his father being flogged to death for having dared to protest against the appropriation of the peons' land by the Diaz Government. Villa is represented as a kind

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of champion of the under-dog, a Mexican Robin Hood, carrying on bloodthirsty raids against the hacendados, demanding two of their number for every peon whom they kill or mistreat. Much is made (rather more, one suspects, than is justified by historical fact) of his almost sheep-dog devotion to the diminutive and Christ-like Madero, with whom he joins forces and whom he helps to the ambiguous honors of the Mexican presidency. While Madero is being conspired against by his disloyal reactionary generals, Villa is shown languishing in exile, a little Napoleon in an El Paso rooming-house; but after the assassination of his beloved master, he immediately crosses the border, bands together a horde of former followers and betrayed peons, and in very short order arrives in Mexico City as dictator. A good deal of ominous comedy is got out of his attempt to pass off bales of inflated currency; and the essential nobility of his motives is brought out through his immediate enactment of Madero's law for restoring the land to the peons.

"Viva Villa" is folk-expression, or about as near to folk-expression as Hollywood is capable of attaining at present; and to object to its simplifications, to its insouciance of the more realistic forces behind the emergence of such a romantic desperado in the years before the Great War, is perhaps to take the film more seriously than it deserves. But there is nevertheless something very discouraging in the thought of the complacency with which American audiences will drink in all this blood and terror as if they had nothing at all to do with American imperialistic expansion: the Stars and Stripes are conspicuously absent in this reenactment of a drama in which they were once so prominent. Another and hardly less disturbing aspect of the film is its undisguised sadism. One uses the word in its strictest sense and not as a synonym for cruelty or violence: the Marquis de Sade stalks through this picture in sombrero and seven-league boots. Naturally, with such a hero, one allows for a richly varied fare of murder, rape, and torture; but, quite distinct from these, one can point to at least one clean-cut example of the vice in its purest form. In one of the haciendas, Villa encounters difficulties with a young Spanish woman of high degree; she actually manages to shoot him; and

when he forces her to tie his bandage she makes him scream with pain. Of course Mr. Beery gives her a brutal blow on the mouth; but what is significant is her smiling rejoinder, "Now I know why my people received so much pleasure . . ." It is possible that this audacity is traceable to the influence of Eisenstein's Mexican film, which has also served as a model for the photography. But close observers of the Hollywood cinema in recent years will recognize the culmination of a tendency that perhaps began with the gangster films and the urban idyls of James Cagney. Now at last it is evident that, whether the censors realize it or not, Hollywood itself knows quite clearly what well-known French nobleman of the eighteenth century it has recruited for its ranks.

WILLIAM TROY

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Contents

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS	519
EDITORIALS:	
Gentile Silver	522
While Spain Starves	522
Unnatural History	523
What 20,000 Clergymen Think	524
ISSUES AND MEN. MASTERS OF THE WORLD. By Oswald Garrison Villard	525
CARTOON: IN DIFFERENT WORLDS. By LOW	526
STALIN BURIES REVOLUTION—PREMATURELY. By Elliott E. Cohen	527
ORDER ON THE AIR. By James Rorty	529
FRANCE IS STILL A REPUBLIC. By Donald Barrett	532
CONFUSION IN CHINA. By Crispian Corcoran	533
IN THE DRIFTWAY. By the Drifter	534
CORRESPONDENCE	535
THE INTELLIGENT TRAVELER. TOURS TO THE SOVIET UNION. By John Rothschild	536
CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE	536
BOOKS, DRAMA, THE DANCE:	
Skyfall. By Willard Maas	537
A Book That Scared Its Author. By John Strachey	537
The Worm i' the Bud. By William Troy	539
Myths and Myths. By Oswald Garrison Villard	540
The Camera Eye. By Florence Codman	540
A Queen and Her Minister. By Emery Neff	541
Shorter Notices	542
Drama: What Is Melodrama? By Joseph Wood Krutch	544
The Dance: "Cotillion": "Union Pacific." By Lincoln Kirstein	546

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WE ARE GLAD that the public is taking a keen if belated interest in the activities of the international armament ring during and between wars. The story of young men being killed with guns made by their fellow-countrymen and sold to the enemy at a profit to munitions makers has not grown less sordid with the years. It becomes peculiarly relevant to American young men, any one of whom faces the fantastic but real possibility of being killed in the Far East by a bit of shrapnel that was originally part of his mother's kitchen stove. We hope the Senate committee's investigation of the munitions racket will be thorough. Senator Nye, chairman of the committee, in a recent speech cited figures for various companies showing the difference between their profits in peace and in war. The Atlas Powder Company, according to Senator Nye, made \$400,000 in peace and \$2,300,000 in war; the General Motors Corporation, \$6,000,000 in peace and \$21,000,000 in war; the Hercules Powder Company, \$1,000,000 in peace and \$7,000,000 in war; the Anaconda Copper Mining Company, \$7,000,000 in peace and \$34,000,000 in war; the United States Steel Corporation, \$105,000,000 in peace and \$239,000,000 in war; the Bethlehem Steel Company, \$6,000,000 in peace and \$49,000,000 in war; the E. I. du Pont de Nemours Company, \$6,000,000 in peace and \$58,000,000 in war. Once the public realizes that between these two sets of figures lie the bones

of countless dead young men, there can be no doubt that it will insist that the manufacture of munitions be taken out of private hands. This in itself will not remove the causes of war, but at least it will make it less of a paying proposition.

IN BERLIN are three Americans representing American firms which are helping Germany to build up the best air fleet in Europe. It is an open secret in foreign official quarters in Berlin that the Hitler regime has already ordered and in part received from British and American companies special parts for the making of 2,500 modern bombing and fighting planes. The companies supplying these parts are Pratt and Whitney, Curtiss-Wright, and Douglas Aircraft in the United States, and the firms of Vickers and of Armstrong, Sidley in England. What Germany obtains from France, Czecho-Slovakia, and Holland, and what she produces herself, we do not exactly know, but the 2,500 machines which can be definitely accounted for, because parts that cannot be turned out in Germany (quality steels, etc.) are being imported, probably make Germany superior in the air to France, Russia, England, or any other European Power. This has been achieved in less than a year. Most of these foreign airplane parts are being paid for by Germany in cash. There is plenty of money for such purposes. Indeed, Germany is in a hurry, and the American firms regularly receive stern cables from their client demanding speedy delivery. An armament exhibition on Unter den Linden displays the slogan "Germany's future lies in the air"; and Germany's rulers wish to step into that future at the earliest possible moment.

THE ATTITUDE of the United States government, prior to its firm note made public on April 30, on the question of Japan's "unofficial" pronouncement with respect to China seemed to be that if you don't touch it, it won't bite you. The American State Department was reported to be assuming an attitude of watchful waiting; President Roosevelt and Secretary Hull were described as planning to get around to the Far Eastern question as soon as they weren't so busy about other matters; and at least one newspaper dispatch was frank enough to say that the President and Mr. Hull "do not wish to strain relations by a protest which might do no good." However, in the absence of any formal diplomatic protest from this country, there was a good deal of scurrying back and forth of ambassadors both in Washington and in Tokio. And as a result the Japanese Foreign Minister, Mr. Hirota, issued his more temperate statement on April 25 in the form of identic notes to the American and the British ambassador at Tokio. Japan, according to Mr. Hirota, "had no intention of violating the independence or sovereignty of China"; "third Powers engaged in trade or other transactions for the benefit of China would be welcomed by Japan"; and Japan had every intention of abiding by existing treaty obligations. The statement made insistent reference to Japan's role as the "stabilizer" of Asia, responsible for the peace of the Far East and unwilling to stand by while some Western Power "exploited" China.

ON APRIL 30 the State Department issued its warning to Japan. It was made clear that the United States would unequivocally insist on the observance of existing treaties and recognized no rights or obligations in China peculiar to Japan. The tone of this statement is in contrast to that of Sir John Simon, British Minister of Foreign Affairs, who, at the same time the American note was published, expressed the complete satisfaction of the British government with the Japanese incident as terminated by Mr. Hirota's tempering of the original Amau statement. It is particularly significant, however, that the more temperate announcement was made public neither in England nor in Japan. It would, of course, be fanciful to forget Mr. Amau's statement or to consider it not representative of the real aspirations of the Japanese government. In detail, particularly in those details which forbade the importation of arms in China, it may be that Japan is not yet ready to back up the Amau declaration. But that domination of China is considered by Japan to be its right and its destiny is perfectly plain from Japanese policy during the last twenty years. The time will inevitably come when the signatories of the Nine-Power Treaty will be called upon—as China is endeavoring vainly to call upon them now—to back up their commitments, by force if necessary, or ignominiously hold their peace. Meanwhile China, having waited for a thousand years to be saved from chaos and confusion, can probably manage, with superb imperturbability, to hold out a while longer.

THE EMBATTLED FARMERS have spoken, and as a result the Agricultural Adjustment Administration has abruptly abandoned its attempts to control the production of milk. The shelving of the dairy program is a major set-back for the theories of Secretary Wallace, whose aides blame "distorted propaganda" for the plan's defeat. It is true that the opposition—manifest everywhere save in the Middle West, which stood to benefit from the contemplated processing-tax subsidy—was concerted, with farmers, processors, distributors, and consumers alike protesting against what could mean only further cuts in consumption and higher retail prices. But what the statisticians of the AAA apparently cannot see, through their hurt feelings, is that there is plenty of basis for protest. The control plan included a 10 per cent cut in production on the ground of "overproduction." But there is no overproduction. Retail prices are simply too high to provide a full consumption. Milk is a perishable commodity, not like other farm products which can be stored and grow into surpluses. By the very nature of their product dairy farmers are at the mercy of the large distributors—and so is the consumer. The distributor, with giant corporations behind him, controls the price at both ends. What is obviously needed is control of distribution, not of production. The AAA should move at once toward control, or even further toward nationalization, of the whole dairy industry.

THE RAILWAY-WAGE CONTROVERSY has been settled, and the question of wage adjustments will not be reopened before May 1, 1935. The settlement was certainly the least minimum which the workers could have accepted with any feeling of success in the negotiations. It provides for gradual restoration of the 10 per cent cut in basic rates of pay instituted in 1932. Two and one-half per

cent will be restored on July 1 of this year; $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent on January 1, 1935; the balance on April 1, 1935. Lest the public should feel that the railway workers are too fortunate under this settlement, a study of the general living conditions of 1,000 employees, made by the Department of Labor and eighteen railway unions, is worth consideration. Of 370 families that owned homes at the beginning of the depression, 44 had lost them, only 6 of whom received any cash in the transaction; 424 families had savings in 1929, of whom only 128 had retained even a part of their money; 464 families had dropped their insurance; 74 per cent had increased outstanding debts; 38 per cent reported contributions to relatives or friends. The average income of 38 per cent was less than \$1,000; 65 per cent had earned less than \$1,500. Only 18 per cent earned as much as \$1,750. In other words, railway employees, formerly regarded as in the well-paid upper stratum of organized workers, are seen to be undergoing real suffering, even when they are still employed. It was reported that the railway managers agreed to the settlement outlined above because it was evident that the workers were determined to strike if they received less.

THE 2,300 STRIKING WORKERS of the Campbell Soup plant at Camden, New Jersey, had their case aired before the National Labor Board recently, against their inclination and at the wishes of a federal mediator. What happened to their representatives may explain why labor in general has lost faith in that august body and why the Campbell strikers are preparing for a "march" on Washington. The leaders of the strike were immediately put on the defensive at the hearing and their wage data disregarded for that of company officials. Then William Green, head of the American Federation of Labor and a member of the board, began badgering them. He could not understand, he said, why the strike was called at all. The strike leaders explained they were seeking recognition of their union—not an A. F. of L. affiliate—and higher wages. Was not their union in a majority at the plant? Mr. Green then inquired. The answer was yes. Then, Mr. Green asked triumphantly, why couldn't the workers have abided by the President's order giving representatives elected by a majority the right to speak for all employees? That was just the point, said the union leaders patiently; the company wouldn't allow it. Promised union-representation elections were delayed, there was a definite threat of reprisals, and unrest among the workers had grown. But the bewildered Mr. Green shook his head. He still couldn't see, he said, why the strike had been called. Meanwhile, in the same New Jersey town (118,000 population) 3,300 workers of the New York Shipbuilding Company ended their first month on strike with the hope that their difficulties would soon be solved by President Roosevelt himself. But the President is not interested in their strike from the labor point of view, the circumstances seem to indicate. What he cares about is the \$43,000,000 worth of new naval vessels tied up at the shipyards. This is apparently the first strike on record in which the workers, if victorious, can say that they owe it all to Japan.

THE Alabama coal operators, secure in their wage differentials, will not secede from the Union. But the merchants of Harriman, Tennessee—some fifty of them at the latest count—have gone on strike against the NRA. In last

week's issue *The Nation* recounted how General Johnson finally saw fit to remove the Blue Eagle of the Harriman Hosiery Mills. It was the first time that the National Labor Board had been able to subject a recalcitrant employer to discipline of this kind, and it was the first time that the NRA Compliance Division had handed out such punishment to a big business enterprise charged with violating Section 7-a. No sooner was the company deprived of its emblem, however, than the merchants of the town told General Johnson that they were voluntarily turning in their Blue Eagles, which they would not display again until the emblem was returned to the mill. Does this express the growing conviction among Southern business men that the New Deal must be fought to a standstill in so far as it interferes with the South's traditional privileges in dealing with wage-earners? If the NRA backs down on the removal of the Harriman company's Blue Eagle, Section 7-a might as well be removed from the Recovery Act for all the force it will have below Mason and Dixon's line.

CWA WORKERS, abandoned by the federal government on April 1, fell from the frying pan of the Civil Works Administration into the fire of local welfare departments—with their dangers from party and personal politics. Few localities throughout the country have funds to care for their new charges. They look to Washington for subsidies. Aid should be accompanied by a demand that they show a cleaner slate than New York City is able to do. At recent hearings of relief workers and unemployed before Welfare Commissioner Hodson, a pair of battered, useless shoes was left on the commissioner's desk to explain why a father could not comply with the truant officer's demand to send his thirteen-year-old daughter back to school. Two cases of children on home relief who had died of starvation were presented; and another case of a baby who died without medical care when the home-relief bureau doctor, called twice by the father, refused to attend. One delegate showed bruises received from the police whom a home-relief supervisor called in to disperse eighteen delegates who called at her office. This man was beaten and finger-printed for his attempt to see the supervisor whom the public is paying to take care of him and with whom he had an appointment. Following such a session it is no wonder that Mr. Hodson barred the press from the next hearing, saying that delegates would be heard in "executive session." Relief and unemployment have lately had scant notice in the papers, but there are limits to the silence which can be imposed even upon a press pledged to support the Blue Eagle and all its works. Taxpayers and readers even of conservative papers do not care to have relief bureaus run by police riot squads.

UNCERTAINTY as to the cause of the high prices for liquor since repeal has been dispelled by the report of the National Distillers' Products Corporation, one of the two dominant American liquor trusts, for the year 1933. During that twelvemonth National Distillers, exclusive of certain of its controlled subsidiaries, sold \$15,483,000 worth of liquor. After all expenses were deducted, a net profit of \$6,127,000 was realized. This represented a net profit of 39 per cent. Most of these earnings, naturally, were concentrated in the last three months of the year when the business was yielding the equivalent of an annual return of 49

per cent on its invested capital of \$34,000,000. Schenley Distillers Corporation, the other dominant trust, ran a close second in the liquor-profit race. Coming in the first flush of repeal demand, these profits probably represent unusual pickings. But the widely heralded efforts of the Federal Alcohol Control Administration to reduce distillers' prices to a reasonable level have so far yielded few results. Early in January Joseph H. Choate, the Federal Administrator, announced that he would call for complete financial reports from the distillers to determine whether profiteering existed. A month later Mr. Choate again said that a general study of liquor prices was the next big job facing the FACA. Finally, late in February, after President Roosevelt had personally described liquor prices as too high, it was at last announced that the FACA had sent out questionnaires to all distillers in an effort to reduce the spread between manufacturers' prices and retail prices. Since then most of the modest reductions in price to the consumer which have occurred have resulted from price-cutting in the retail field, which alone is beginning to display some of the characteristics of competition. The distillers for the most part have contented themselves with complaints that bootleg liquor—at bargain prices—is depriving them of a large part of their "legitimate" market.

"THE ONLY THING that can save the hard-coal industry is a regulated equalization of labor." First the old-line United Mine Workers' union threatened strikes in Pennsylvania with that idea in mind. Then the newly formed Anthracite Miners of Pennsylvania, an independent union, set it up as their battle cry. And now a fact-finding anthracite committee named by Secretary Perkins to study the 500 square miles of Pennsylvania's hard-coal region has reached the same conclusion. Of the million people in this area half are anthracite miners and their families, and all are dependent on the hard-coal industry for their livelihood. Homesteading is impossible as a solution because of adverse agricultural conditions. Either a large part of the population must be drawn off or the government must see that manufacturing industry moves to the hard-coal regions. The depression and the development of new fuels are the principal reasons for the slump in anthracite. Secretary Perkins's committee points out that it is the part of the federal government to step in, if anything is to be done. This has been the finding of other observers. Government control is the only thing that can save the industry.

TO FIGHT FIRE with fire may be good strategy on the prairies; it is hardly the method to employ in a large city. The anti-Nazi bill recently introduced in the New Jersey Legislature is a fire-fighting measure of a crude and dangerous sort. In order to put down Nazi propaganda the bill would imperil free speech altogether. It would make punishable as a misdemeanor "any statements tending to subject any group to prejudice, shame, hatred, ridicule, disgrace, or contempt by reason of race, color, or religion, creed, or manner of worship," together with statements tending to foment "domestic strife or to disturb domestic tranquillity." Is it not obvious that such a proscription would make it possible not only to put Father Coughlin in jail for his contemptuous remarks about Jews, but also to clap anti-Nazis into jail for unpleasant comment on the Germans, and radicals—and perhaps Republicans—for hostile statements about the

government? A similar bill was introduced and defeated in the New York Legislature during the dying days of the session. Intolerance cannot be fought by intolerance; it can be successfully met only by the weight of opposing opinion—freely expressed.

WE had grown accustomed, in these latter chaotic days of the capitalist crisis, to keep a sense of proportion by reading the uncompromising pages of the *Daily Worker*. By combining it with the New York *Times* we achieved that state which is generally considered to be the most pleasing to the liberal mind—of being acquainted with the well-known two sides of every question. The way in which the two papers handled the death of Calvin Coolidge may be cited as an example of what we mean. The *Times* devoted several respectful and prominent pages to the life and times of Calvin. In the *Daily Worker* we found the news in a twenty-line story on an inside page under the single-column heading: "Enemy of Labor Dies." It was such things as these that made us regard the *Daily Worker* as a stone wall on the left against which the tides of capitalist sentimentality and compromise would roll in vain. But, alas, we have found a chink. In a recent issue we discovered an advertisement, believe it or not, of Ringling Brothers and Barnum and Bailey's Circus. With the *Daily Worker* advertising capitalist circuses, where shall liberals and workers turn for the bread of revolution?

Gentile Silver

WE could wish that the disclosure that Father Coughlin's Radio League of the Little Flower is lined with silver futures, bought on narrow margin and calculated to yield a handsome profit, would discredit a man who is perhaps the most vicious single propagandist in the United States. But with a cunning extraordinary even for a demagogue, Father Coughlin and the treasurer of the league, Miss Amy Collins, issued statements which are masterpieces of the demagogue's art. Miss Collins first quoted an earlier statement by Father Coughlin: "While I raise my voice against gambling and speculation, the Radio League shall continue to be its own financial agent and invest this surplus league money safely in American commodities." Having thus exonerated Father Coughlin from any part in the silver trading, Miss Collins divulged that her investment in silver futures was nothing more or less than an act of faith in President Roosevelt:

... believing implicitly in Mr. Roosevelt's oft-repeated statement [that he would raise the prices of American goods to the 1926 levels] I invested in the President's word in purchasing twenty contracts, or 500,000 ounces of silver, with an investment of \$20,000. ... I shall continue to do in the future what I have done in the past.

Father Coughlin attacked Henry Morgenthau as the spokesman of the "international gold bankers." They wanted, he said, to prevent any legislation "for the ultimate benefit of ... one billion Orientals ... who from time immemorial have identified their trade and commerce with Gentile silver, and especially for the benefit of the American people, who today are in bondage to the gold controllers."

Continuing his attack on the international bankers, Father Coughlin named a few names, all of them Jewish, and called them "Dillingers." Having planted an anti-Semitic seed in the fertile minds of his millions of followers, he carefully disavowed, in the next paragraph, any anti-Semitic prejudice by saying that the international bankers cared little for anyone, "be he poverty-stricken Jew or unsuspecting Gentile." A little farther on he denied having an ounce of silver "in my name or anyone else's"; he then proceeded to congratulate "the citizens of the United States who have invested in silver because they manifested their faith in President Roosevelt who ... has stated that he would raise the price level of commodities to the 1926 standard"; and finally he called upon President Roosevelt to make good his promise (and, incidentally, safeguard the "investments" of the Radio League of the Little Flower).

Father Coughlin illustrates perfectly the way of the demagogue. It is only necessary to examine his statement to discover the intellectual limitations of its author. But it is this very intellectual weakness which makes the demagogue so dangerous. He is effective with the unthinking masses just because the cunning with which he appeals to every human prejudice and to every stock response is only half deliberate; the mental irresponsibility with which he deals in half-truths—that half of any truth which appeals most to the emotions—is only half conscious. When Father Coughlin calls for the remonetization of silver in the name of 10,000,000 unemployed, he is making exactly the sort of appeal that is made by a manufacturer of patent medicine when he offers horse liniment as a cure for cancer. Unfortunately, legislation cannot prevail against this brand of misleading propaganda. Counter propaganda is the only weapon available. Every intelligent organ of opinion in the country should be turned against the insidious influence of the Radio League of the Little Flower.

While Spain Starves

A LEJANDRO LERROUX, who considers himself the grand old man of the Spanish republic, will go down in history as one who traded that position for the premiership, and it will be hard for chroniclers to decide whether or no Niceto Alcalá Zamora, the first and present President, was a republican at all. Alcalá Zamora turned the Cabinet over to Lerroux when the Azaña-Socialist government was about to transfer the schools from church to state, institute some land reforms, do away with the state subsidy to the clergy, and enforce the expropriation of the Jesuit Order prescribed in the constitution. Alcalá Zamora dissolved the constituent Cortes which had voted these measures, and Lerroux supervised the election of a new assembly which would be sure not to carry them out.

Sure enough the elections returned a new Cortes that was more than half anti-republican. How this was done every Spaniard knows, and by whom, because the strongest bloc turned out to be the Catholic Acción Popular, the political arm of the Jesuit Order. The program of this party is a Catholic "totalitarian state" startlingly like the Dollfuss plan. When the new Cortes opened, however, the Acción Popular leader, José Maria Gil Robles, felt that the moment

was not yet ripe to take power openly, or even to take a seat or two in the Cabinet. Therefore Alcalá Zamora was faced with the problem of appointing a republican Cabinet which could nevertheless count on a majority in the not very republican Cortes. An arrangement was made. Gil Robles declared himself unopposed to a republican form of government, and Lerroux promised to support the measures dear to the heart of Acción Popular—no church reform, no land reform, and pardon for the monarchist political prisoners who tried to overthrow the republic a year after it was proclaimed.

The new Cortes therefore returned the state subsidy to the clergy, delayed the transfer of schools and hospitals from church hands, and ignored land reform. At the same time the central government removed Socialist and Communist mayors, took the Labor Ministry from labor hands, and reinforced the national police. Wages plunged down and the price of bread—controlled by the wheat lords, whose representative, Santiago Alba, was made Speaker of the House—went up. Last week in a village in Estremadura some of the inhabitants were eating diseased mule and others grass. Throughout Spain, especially in Andalusia, the word "misery" acquires its full meaning. Furthermore, thousands of peasant and worker families have fathers, sons, husbands, and brothers in jail—political prisoners who, it is clearly understood, are not included in the amnesty just voted to monarchist rebels by a republican Cortes.

So President Alcalá Zamora has qualms. Gossip says he has been having them for some time. Political crises have generally found him on his knees praying for enlightenment, and according to some fantastic stories he paces the great empty palace corridors pursued by the reproachful shades of the still healthy royal family—or dreams that he does. Now two more shadows thicken his gloom. One is social revolution, which is held back only by the division and confusion in labor ranks. The other is fascism, which, as in all countries where revolution has been imminent, is protected and aided from within the government itself.

But Lerroux is blithe, apparently untroubled by the shade of the Lerroux who used to clamor: "Let us lift the veils of the nuns and make them madonnas"; and who used to say of himself that he was such a desperate man, so desperately opposed to church, monarchy, authority, tradition, power, and so forth, that it frightened him. Having once written—when he was a republican exile—that he was biding his time and still hoped some day to come to power, "which is what every Spaniard wants," Lerroux is satisfied. He has two phrases, the phrases which every Spanish premier has always repeated in times of extreme social anguish and danger: "We will maintain law and order. We intend to pacify the national spirit."

Meanwhile the qualms of Alcalá Zamora are symptoms of the immediate menace of a military coup, to be succeeded by a Primo de Rivera type of dictatorship, or a parliamentary coup, to be followed by what happened in Vienna, with widespread striking and revolt, and perhaps later a labor dictatorship, but most probably not. If revolution is crushed in Spain, the black horror of the Inquisition period will be alive again, and the weight of responsibility must fall not upon Lerroux or Alcalá Zamora but upon the Socialist leaders who marked time and upon the Communists who were unable and stupidly unwilling to head an honest, strong united labor front.

Unnatural History

IN the current number of *Natural History* one of the curators of the Trailside Museum on Bear Mountain reports with mingled delight and dismay some of the misinformation he has picked up while listening to the conversation of visitors at his institution. The story of the fabulous hook snake is solemnly repeated dozens of times every summer, together with so many other astonishing bits of unnatural history that the curator would be discouraged if it were not his business not to be and if he could not relieve his feelings by attaching one more label in the apparently hopeless effort to correct the misapprehensions of persons willing to be enlightened.

Doubtless he agrees with us in believing that there is no real necessity for everybody's being what Will Cuppy calls a "sparrow distinguisher," and that there is no reason why the average citizen with other things to do should scornfully dismiss the family cat in order to make way for a few of those African lions which, according to a recent book published by an English resident of South Africa, can easily be turned into the most gentle and affectionate of pets. Once when the early spring blossom of the bloodroot was pointed out to the infant daughter of a persistent nature lover, she replied with firm finality, "I call that a daisy," and thus announced with a decision whose clarity we cannot help admiring that she had no intention of cultivating the family weakness for fine distinctions among the fauna and flora.

Nevertheless, the fact remains that no one totally ignorant of natural history has any real right to call himself a modern. Broadly speaking, the philosophers from the time of the ancient Greeks to the end of the Renaissance took as their field the universe which began with man and extended upward to God. Still broadly speaking, thought since their time has tended, on the contrary, to begin with man and to continue downward to the amoeba. This fact, so the humanists imply, is responsible for the defects of our thinking, but be that as it may, no one who does not know something about the behavior of animals can really understand what the modern view of the universe is or how it came to be such. The difference between a person to whom a cockroach is merely a bug and one to whom it is *Blatta orientalis*, and thus a representative of one of the very oldest families of this earth, is the difference between one to whom man is a unique creature and one to whom he is merely the latest stage in nature's vast experiment with life.

Nor is it to be supposed that the student of such obscure creatures necessarily becomes the sentimentalist whom the general public usually thinks of when it thinks of the "nature lover." Fabre, who spent his life on the insects, was among other things a pious, even slightly bigoted Catholic. But the last paragraph of the last essay he wrote was concerned with some observations on the dreadful skill with which a certain parasite brought about the destruction of a certain caterpillar, and he tells us how a distinguished philosopher to whom he exhibited the process reacted to it. "At last he laid down the magnifying glass. Never in so lucid a fashion as here in my glass tube no bigger than your finger had he been able to watch the expert criminality of living creatures down to the smallest."

What 20,000 Clergymen Think

PERHAPS the first response to the above title from some of our readers will be that they don't care a hoot in the hot place what 20,000 clergymen think. We would not ourselves want to exaggerate its importance, yet we should be at a loss to pick out any other sizable occupational group whose opinion would seem to us more representative or significant. Thus we feel indebted to Kirby Page of the *World Tomorrow* for organizing the questionnaire on war and on economic issues, the results of which are now made public.* The questionnaire was sent to 100,000 Protestant ministers and Jewish rabbis, and the high proportion of one-fifth responded. Of the 20,000 nearly 14,000 say the church should not sanction or support any future war, and more than 18,000 declare themselves against "rugged individualism," or the capitalist system as it existed prior to the year 1929.

One advantage of such an inquiry among clergymen is that as a group they are unusually articulate. They have to a high degree reached definite conclusions on the issues presented and are at no loss to express them. Moreover, they are in a fairly independent position in regard to making their views known. Eighty-nine per cent of those who responded are willing to have their names attached to their answers on war and 87 per cent consent to be quoted on economic questions. It may be said also of ministers that each speaks for a considerable group whose thought and action he influences. As a class the clergy are probably more pacifist—at least in time of peace—than Americans in general, but in their economic views they are a highly representative occupational group.

It is gratifying to note that 82 per cent of the clergymen answering the questionnaire express themselves as against military training in public high schools and civilian colleges or universities, while only 12 per cent favor the practice. The others said they were in doubt or did not answer the question. In response to the query whether the churches should refuse to sanction any future war, 67 per cent of the votes are in the affirmative and 22 per cent in the negative. It is not so encouraging, though, to read the vote on the question which followed: "Do you regard the distinction between 'defensive' and 'aggressive' war as sufficiently valid to justify your sanctioning or participating in a future war of 'defense'?" To this inquiry 36 per cent answer yes to 42 per cent who say no. Some of the comments which accompanied the votes are illuminating. To the question whether it is his personal intention not to sanction or participate in any future war one clergyman replies with pleasing candor: "I can say yes glibly enough now, and say it truthfully, for I loathe everything that war means. . . . However, even a strong man would need additional grace to stick to such a resolution."

Turning to the economic front, 54 per cent of the votes are cast for national unions as opposed to company unions of workers. Only 12 per cent of the returns are for the alternative, but a larger proportion, 34 per cent, indicates the writers

to be in doubt. "Rugged individualism," or capitalism as in the United States previous to 1929, is chosen by only 5 per cent as the system most consistent "with the ideals of Jesus and the noblest of the Hebrew prophets," while 88 per cent say they are for "a cooperative commonwealth in which the service motive is predominant in individual life and in all social arrangements." Evidently the lack of specifications in regard to the cooperative commonwealth accounts in large measure for the overwhelming vote in its favor. One clergyman says pointedly: "The wording of this dichotomy seems so obviously designed to answer itself that it is trivial. Which is better, the way things were before 1929, or the way things would be if all people cooperated like angels? My answer implies nothing."

The vagueness of this question is followed, however, by a demand for a more specific alignment, in which 51 per cent select "drastically reformed capitalism," 28 per cent socialism "as represented by the Socialist Party of America or by a new or more inclusive socialistic alignment in which the present Socialist Party would be included," 1 per cent fascism "as in Italy," and 1 per cent communism "as in Soviet Russia and as represented by the Communist Party of the United States." In regard to this inquiry one clergyman writes: "The questionnaire is unfair to communism. We need not limit it to Russia or the American Communist Party. It must be worked out with special consideration for the American scene." Another minister remarks that "only the blind, deaf, and dumb (oh, so very dumb) can want what we are now trying so hard to recover from."

In addition to Protestant ministers and Jewish rabbis the questionnaire was sent to students in eight theological seminaries. We take it as significant and hopeful that the responses from this source are more emphatic in opposition to war and more radical in economic attitude than the average of returns from the clergy. Of 497 votes on the question whether the church should sanction a future war 415, or 84 per cent, are cast in the negative. Even nearer to unanimity is the ballot against "rugged individualism." Every one of 281 votes from the Yale Divinity School, Eden Theological Seminary, Boston University School of Theology, Presbyterian Theological Seminary of Chicago, and Andover-Newton Theological Seminary is against pre-1929 capitalism. There is one vote for it from Union Theological Seminary, one from the Evangelical Seminary, and two from the General Theological Seminary of New York—only four out of 497. Five of the ballots show the voters to be in doubt. This gives 98 per cent in favor of a "cooperative commonwealth." When it comes to more specific alignments, 53 per cent support socialism to 32 per cent for "drastically reformed capitalism." Two students from General and one from Union declare for fascism, while seven from Union, two each from Yale and Evangelical, and one from Eden come out for communism.

In so far as it represents the thought of clergymen, and their ideas in turn are representative of the American mind in general, the inquiry is an encouraging augury for the future.

*The report may be obtained postpaid for 25 cents a copy from Kirby Page, 3947 Forty-eighth Street, Long Island City, N. Y.

Issues and Men

Masters of the World

THE *Atlantic Monthly's* publication of the suppressed and lost William Bayard Hale interview with the Kaiser in 1908 is another evidence of the excellent journalism of its editor, Ellery Sedgwick. But the interview itself reveals little that is new. A mass of indiscretions which the German Foreign Office was well justified in suppressing at any cost, it confirms what is generally known of the Kaiser's looseness of tongue and affirms especially the picture drawn of him by Prince von Bülow in his "Memoirs." There is, however, one passage in it—the concluding one—which will be read with profound satisfaction in Germany:

"The future," the voice rang out, "the future belongs to the White Race, never fear!" His shoulders squared, his eye flashed, I could see the eagle above his head. "It belongs to the Anglo-Teuton, the man who came from northern Europe—where you to whom America belongs came from—the home of the German. It does not belong, the future, to the Yellow, nor to the Black, nor to the Olive-colored. It belongs to the Fair-skinned Man, and it belongs to Christianity and to Protestantism. We are the only people who can save it. There is no power in any other civilization or any other religion that can save humanity; and the future—belongs—to—us!"

There you have the Nordic doctrine as it was in 1908; it did not keep the Nordics, plus many Latins, from tearing each other to pieces for four years and giving those dreadful colored races a clear and shining example of the innate superiority and Christianity of the Fair-skinned Man.

The Kaiser's Nordicism has been improved upon by Hitler, who has more and more restricted the term Nordic to Germans or those of the "pure" Germanic stock, with the United States excluded because it is a mongrel nation. Hitler's attempted excision of the Jew from German life is to be followed by the elimination of the Slavic influence, not an easy task when one recalls those millions of Germans east and northeast of Berlin who are deeply infiltrated with Slavic blood. But the determination is there. Nor has the German belief in the superiority of German Kultur and in the superior mental processes, ability, and innate righteousness of the German people been really shattered by the disasters of the World War. The Jews, Communists, and pacifists were responsible, according to Hitler, for bringing these Nordic supermen to the dust. But not Jews, or Communists, or pacifists put Germany into the war and alienated the entire world. The Kaiser and his Nordic generals did that.

Curiously enough, the most outspoken challenge to the assertions of the Kaiser and of Hitler that the Germans hold the future of the world comes from the other great fascist camp. It must make Hitler writhe to read such words as those which Mussolini uttered on April 21: "No people in any part of the world present such a spectacle as the Italian people; disciplined, informed, tenacious in their efforts, they have reached the horizon of their greatness." How unworthy and ridiculous this is! There is hardly a drop of Nordic-Germanic blood in Italy—even if there are blue-eyed and

blond Italians. How can Mussolini dare to assert, not only what we have just quoted, but that the sixty-year program of internal and external expansion he has just outlined will give Italy the "primacy of the world"? There's the challenge for you, Herr Adolf! Of course Brother Hitler will reply that Nordics don't have to wait sixty years; that they have already arrived. Has not Dr. Joseph Goebbels, the Hitler Minister of Propaganda, in speaking of the Nazis' "historical mission," recently said: "I am convinced that what we are doing today is pioneering work for the whole civilized world. . . . What we do today will in ten years be a model for the whole world?" Hear that, Mussolini!

The truth is that not these nations alone believe that they are God's anointed. I have already quoted from Lord Beaverbrook's incomparable speech at Putney, England, in which he said: "Why did God raise up the British Empire? Why did God raise up the Israelites? Why has God maintained the British Empire during the tempests and trials of centuries? Why has God made us the greatest, finest, and most powerful people in the world?" (Loud applause.) Similar national egoists are to be found everywhere. Are not Americans without number certain that we are God's chosen people? The French, despised Latins as they are, have no doubt of the superiority of their culture, their literature, their language, their art, and their ideals. And on the other side of the globe the yellow Japanese (who, the Kaiser said in this new-old interview, were "devils, that's the simple fact"; whose headship of Asia "would be the worst calamity that could threaten the world") believe that they are by divine right the rulers of Asia, chosen as sacred instruments to teach the nasty-smelling Western pale-skins their place.

Fortunately, humanity may take heart in recalling that similar manias have had their day in the world and have passed out. In the current *American Mercury* S. Miles Bouton quotes Adam Müller, the romanticist, as writing this in 1809: "The great federation of European Powers shall come some day, and will fly the German colors, for all that is great, fundamental, and eternal in every European institution is German." The day of Müller has long since gone and no European federation, unless it is enslaved, will fly the German flag. Mr. Bouton concludes his article thus:

The Nazi leaders declare that their Third Reich will endure "forever." If history has any meaning, and if all human experience is not a lie, they are mistaken by a good many millennia. The end will come sooner than horrified civilization, deceived by the "election" of November 12 and unaware of the hidden currents in Germany, as yet dares to hope. The only thing uncertain is whether the end will come through revolution or through war. If it be war, that will also be the end of Germany.

Isabel Garrison Villard

A Cartoon by LOW



IN DIFFERENT WORLDS.

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Stalin Buries Revolution—Prematurely

By ELLIOT E. COHEN

LOUIS FISCHER'S article in last week's *Nation* contains the most important news that has come out of Russia since 1917. The reports of this correspondent, widely recognized as uniquely informed and friendly to Soviet Russia, are always revealing. The present dispatch must be read, read again, and reread. It will reward the effort. There has been no such roll of working-class death, defection, and doom since the dark days of 1914, when the World War crashed down upon the Second International and the whole organized European working class.

Leon Trotzky is officially dead—this is Fischer's first Moscow news.

Who is Trotzky? There seems to be a difference of opinion. To the masses of the world he is, next to Lenin, the great leader of the Russian Revolution. To capitalist leaders, if printed opinion and drastic measures to insulate him from the workers mean anything, he is a revolutionary incendiary of the highest voltage. Nevertheless, to the official Communist leadership he is the betrayer of Lenin, history's most scoundrelly counter-revolutionary, denounced for a decade, his ruthless extermination demanded.

Now, reports Fischer, Trotzky is dead. The criminal, then, has at last been struck down for his crimes? No, Fischer has a quite different story to tell. In the first place, Fischer insists, Trotzky is no criminal. On the contrary, he is a political mind unmatched in our times, and a leader and statesman of first rank. The accusation that Trotzky is a "counter-revolutionary in the pay of the capitalists" is branded as "an infamous implication . . . beneath contempt." Yet, Fischer says, Trotzky has been "condemned" to waste his best years in exile from the Soviet Union, "which he helped make what it is today."

How explain that? What condemned him to exile? "Cruel circumstances" is Fischer's first answer, curiously abstract. But as his story continues, more concrete explanations emerge. They are: (1) Stalin rewrote "Soviet history so that Trotzky's role either disappears or becomes besmirched." (2) Propaganda excited hate against him "not only in the party and youth but among the general population [that is, workers] which once revered him." (3) His supporters were exiled; underwent years of "well-nigh intolerable physical, mental, and moral suffering." (4) Some, threatened or broken by exile, deserted him. Even Lenin's widow, "a former Trotzkyist," the indomitable Bolshevik, Krupskaya, found it advisable to falsify her reminiscences! Now Rakovsky, Trotzky's best-known Russian colleague, has "recanted." (5) For Trotzky himself "personal vengeance" made mercy or reprieve impossible. "Those whose words count are too committed to anti-Trotzkyism."

A false indictment; systematic perjury; terrorized defense; implacable judges; no appeal. Then it was not "cruel circumstances" at all? Trotzky was an honest revolutionary, victimized by tyranny and revenge? Fischer reproaches us for our naivete. "Moral indignation gets us nowhere." Let's be realistic; let's face the "facts." Admitted, they

framed him, exiled him, assassinated his reputation. But, believe it or not, his death was from natural causes. Betrayed by error, he misjudged "events." "Events" slew him.

What was Trotzky's fatal error? Here, in Fischer's clearest words, are the fundamental mistakes of "Trotzkyism": (1) "Trotzky advocated industrialization on a vast scale, but he did not suppose that socialism could thus be attained." (He did not believe in "socialism in one country.") (2) "He put his trust in world revolution."

"He put his trust in world revolution." This is Trotzky's heresy. What Young Pioneer schoolboy does not know enough to be astounded by this, to be provoked into breaking in excitedly, "Look here, those words which you say are the false motto of Trotzky, aren't they the very same words inscribed on the banner of Len—?"

But Fischer is quick. "I trust no one will . . . quote Lenin to refute me, or to prove that the master did not conceive of socialism in one country, that he believed the . . . Soviet Revolution could not succeed without foreign insurrection." Lenin changed his mind several times, said "the one thing and the other." But nowhere does Fischer make a categorical statement. This is his most positive argument: "There is reason to assume [evidence?] that toward the end of his life . . . he inclined to Stalin's present view that socialism could be established in the Soviet Union." So it is Stalin's view, not Lenin's? But enough, Fischer interrupts, "*If he did not, it would not make any difference.*" (Whose steel-and-granite verdict on Lenin is this?)

And why wouldn't it make any difference? "Lenin was a genius, but not a prophet." Lenin believed in world revolution. But he and Trotzky failed in Hungary and Bavaria. Moreover, says Fischer, Lenin's policy of world revolution has failed, since his death, in China, Japan, Germany, Spain. And now fascism spreads invincible from country to country. Even the very Comintern itself, Lenin's Third International, is, Fischer announces, a "dismal failure."

Note: Lenin died in 1924. Trotzky has been in exile since 1927. From 1923 on the Comintern, whose task was revolution, was under the complete control of the Stalinist leadership, which put no trust in revolution. Yet, reasons Fischer, when reaction wins, it is *Lenin*, and *Lenin's* policy, that "events" have proved wrong.

And now, concludes Fischer, only the "firm ground" of the Soviet Union remains. The world hopelessly moves toward blackest reaction. Lenin's hopes were false. "Life washes the world revolution" away.

Thus a second, earth-shaking death is announced—the death of world revolution. And with that announcement a third death is revealed in this obituary of "Trotzkyism"—the official death in Moscow of Leninism!

Fact mountain-high confirms Fischer's news of Moscow's repudiation of Leninism. The task of the Comintern, of which the Russian party is theoretically only a subordinate section, is to lead the world proletariat toward world socialism. This victorious advance Lenin, like his master,

Marx, never visualized except as a single, highly complex, step-by-step, generations-long, world-wide struggle, with many *interdependent, coordinated* phases. The Third Communist International was no loose entente of rival allies, each fighting in its national sector, but one army fighting on an international battlefield with one banner—international revolution. How else build the world socialist society in an era when capitalism, economically and politically, operates internationally?

To Lenin and Marx, Fischer's dispatch could have only one meaning: the general staff of the Comintern has succumbed to nationalism and defeatism, has deserted. Every act of Stalin's policy is proof. Interested only in "upbuilding" and defending Russia, everywhere the Stalinist leadership relies exclusively on diplomatic pacts and agreements, while capitulating on the class-struggle front. In Germany it concentrated on Foreign Office negotiations, while neglecting the organization of a united-front workers' struggle against fascism, which would have checkmated Hitler and might have culminated in a successful revolutionary offensive.

In the United States Russia won diplomatic recognition but compromised militant working-class activities in the United States, its possessions and dependencies. (Section 4 of the Roosevelt-Litvinov agreement; the dissociation of the Trade Union Unity League from its parent body, the Red International Trade Unions; the order to the Cuban party to oppose "confiscation of American property"; the disappearance of the American section from the E. C. C. I., 13th Plenum Resolution.)

The biennial congress of the Communist International has not been convened by Moscow for five years. Instead, from the victorious workers' fatherland Stalin thus addresses the Russian people, and indirectly the great imperialist Powers—with the world proletariat listening through the window:

Of course, we are *far from being enthusiastic* about the fascist regime in Germany. But *fascism is not the issue* here, if only for the reason that fascism, for example in Italy, did not prevent the U. S. S. R. establishing very *good relations* with that country. . . . If the interests of the U. S. S. R. demand rapprochement with this or that country which is not interested in *disturbing the peace* [preserving the status quo] we shall take this step *without hesitation*. . . . Our orientation is toward the U. S. S. R. and toward the U. S. S. R. alone. [Italics mine.]—Report of the Seventeenth Congress of the C. P. U. S. S. R., 1934.

As for the laboring masses of the world, bowed down by capitalist super-exploitation, menaced by fascism and war, Moscow sends them Comintern manifestos, proclaiming tremendous new proletarian victories all over the globe, calling upon them to defend the Soviet Union, promising imminent world revolution. This is the worst. The Kremlin deserts the struggle for international revolution, but does not relinquish the banner. It does not loose its iron control over the Communist organizations of the world. They can still be used. Through them, under the cry of "Defend the Soviet Union," support, mostly "liberal" (small bourgeois), can be rallied for Russian national policy; rival working-class leaders and organizations can be fought, who might grow strong through struggle and finally challenge the Kremlin's unexercised franchise of revolutionary proletarian leadership.

Throughout the world the Third International has de-

generated from mere impotence against capitalism to sabotage of united working-class action. Inevitably it has ended by disrupting itself. Everywhere, according to statistics and reliable report, Communist organizations are disintegrating.

Is world revolution, then, dead? If desertion and defeat and demoralization could kill, revolution would now be dead. It is perilously sick. Hitler smashed the retreat of the international working class into a disorderly rout. But revolution is a hardy plant.

Let us look out over the earth of 1934. Never was soil more favorable for revolution. After years of depression capitalism shows no substantial signs of recovery. Indeed, its decay and inner disintegration grow increasingly evident. Marx's words influence political discussion and struggle the world over. Revolutionaries tempered by years of experience are found in every major city in the world.

Now the great masses begin to stir again. Their life is intolerable, defeat has taught them lessons, their political awareness has reached a new level. But their action is wavering, confused. They have lost confidence in both the Second and Third Internationals. In workers' eyes, opened by the German and Austrian events, both are hopelessly bankrupt. The world proletariat demands new leadership. And new leadership begins to emerge. Two tendencies crystallize, from different sources but in the same left direction. The first is chiefly Socialist in origin, in revolt from the policies of the Second International toward revolutionary Marxism. No country is without such factions, segments, parties, small or large, developed or undeveloped, confused or clear.

The second tendency, Communist in origin, is the outgrowth of the Left Opposition of the Third International, the so-called "Trotzkyists." Left Opposition "factions," organized to fight the "national-socialist" tendencies of Stalin's policy, existed in a number of countries while Trotsky was still in Siberian exile; by 1933 there were groups in twenty-two countries, each with its own press. In August, 1933, convinced by the German events of the irretrievable degeneration of the Comintern, the Left Opposition broke with "oppositionalism," declared its independence of official communism, reorganized as the International Communist League on a strict Marxist-Leninist platform, and called for a new party and the Fourth International. Its growth since has been steady, especially in France, Holland, Spain, and the United States.

In its work the effort of the International Communist League is toward a militant, well-balanced Leninist program, integrating past experience, present needs, and future possibility. The strategy is toward revolution. The tactic is to organize the struggle of the workers for the demands of the hour. Today the workers' imperative demand, as the I. C. L. sees it, is for working-class united action. This theme permeates its program. It has not set itself up as the new party or the new international. On the contrary, declaring itself only a single force, the I. C. L. offers to merge with all other forces that will agree on a revolutionary Marxist program in a new jointly organized union: this, only this, to constitute the new party and the Fourth International. In this spirit it has everywhere approached the revolutionary left-Socialist tendency. In several countries, including the United States, representatives of the two tendencies meet and engage in formal discussion. Significantly,

even as they unrelentingly discuss programmatic differences—for the I. C. L. will not yield an inch on basic Leninist principles—their organizations work together. This the I. C. L. insists upon, as Trotsky has done for years, in the name of the burning necessity of organizational united fronts on a specific agreed struggle against economic and political oppression, the threat of war, and fascism. On the whole international scene the I. C. L. is a catalyst of a workers' united front. In Spain Andres Nin, I. C. L. leader, is credited with laying the foundations of the growing country-wide revolutionary united front between Communist and Socialist locals. Trotsky is being driven out of France, says the Associated Press, for organizing a united front against reaction.

The reaction of official communism to this new revolutionary ferment, to the world-wide workers' demand for a united front, measures its loss of all working-class responsibility. Its response to the awakening militancy of American Socialist workers, inspired by the heroism of their Austrian comrades, was to disrupt the Madison Square Garden meeting—a hooligan act repeated elsewhere in the United States and Europe. Its answer to the united-front movement in Europe is to excommunicate it as a counter-revolutionary police conspiracy against the international revolutionary plans of the Comintern (we have seen what these revolutionary plans are) and toward imperialist intervention in the Soviet Union.

During the past few weeks, with Trotsky under the close surveillance of the Paris police, the official "Communists" have revived the old accusation that Trotsky hates the Soviet Union, is organizer and advance agent of a counter-revolutionary capitalist invasion of the workers' fatherland.

Fischer's article carries this charge in "liberal" form. "The Trotskyists," says Fischer, "reject the Soviet Union."

Leon Trotsky not defend the Soviet Union? Trotsky will go down in history as the Soviet Union's greatest defender. Trotsky was head of the Moscow Military Revolutionary Committee that safeguarded the birth of the workers' state, he created and led the Red Army that drove back the White Guard imperialist counter-revolution, and throughout his exile he has never ceased to write and fight and organize to defend the Soviet Union. But to Trotsky the defense of the Soviet Union means backing necessary diplomatic pacts and treaties by the Leninist defense of a great wall of workers' organizations in united front, standing invulnerable between imperialist intervention and the workers' state. To say that Trotskyism rejects the Soviet Union is a slanderous lie.

Last week Leon Trotsky came alive again in the press of the whole world and in the minds of the great world masses. His enemies—capitalists and Stalinists alike—had pronounced him safely dead. Now they try to bury him, and "Trotskyism" (international communism), again. All the mud and filth come streaming out again. We know what the capitalist interest is. As for official communism, "Our only interest in Trotsky," blandly remarks Earl Browder, general secretary of the C. P. U. S. A., to the *New York Post* reporter, with Trotsky menaced by French fascist assassins, "is to isolate him from the workers." What capitalism cannot kill bureaucratic slander cannot bury. International communism lives and grows.

The Marxist revolutionaries are few and the obstacles facing them stupendous. But what odds would those sound Britishers, Lloyds, have quoted on Lenin and his tinier band in 1914?

Order on the Air

By JAMES RORTY

APPARENTLY nothing will be done about the unification of communications services at this session of Congress and, especially, nothing about radio broadcasting. In January President Roosevelt received the mumbly, evasive, and futile report of Secretary Roper's interdepartmental committee. A month later the President recommended "... that the Congress create a new agency to be known as the Federal Communications Commission, such agency to be vested with the authority now lying in the Federal Radio Commission and with such authority over communications as now lies with the Interstate Commerce Commission—the services affected to be all those which rely on wires, cables, or radio as a medium of transmission." Forthwith Senator Dill introduced a bill in the Senate and Representative Rayburn introduced one in the House. Both bills provide for the desired unification. Neither bill does anything serious or intelligent about broadcasting; neither bill is scheduled to pass at this session.

That is just as well. To call for order—or even orderly conflict—on the air would be to summon to Washington a swarm of lobbyists as large and even more furious than the locust horde that laid waste the late lamented Tugwell bill. And unless this call, when the President issues it in

earnest, is backed by a competent study and comprehensive recommendations by an expert, non-political investigating committee, nothing of importance will be accomplished.

In its essence the charge leveled against the "American system" of advertising-subsidized radio broadcasting is that it is drunk and disorderly. On this general charge, the commercial broadcasters, the radio engineers, the educators, the radio lawyers, radical and reactionary pressure groups, and even the officials of the Federal Radio Commission are in substantial agreement. It is apparent that the initial chaos, which in the fulness of time gave birth to Rudy Vallee's "Connecticut Yankees," is still a chaos from any point of view—technical, economic, political, legal, or cultural.

First and foremost among the problems that an honest, non-political investigating body would have to consider is that of censorship. For all practical purposes radio in America is owned by big business, administered by big business, and censored by big business. Both the ownership and the censorship are, of course, more or less concealed under a series of complex disguises. As Walton Hamilton has said: "Business succeeds rather better than the state in imposing restraints upon individuals, because its imperatives are disguised as choices."

The directors of NBC and Columbia, the two great broadcasting chains, lose no opportunity of propounding their official theory of these "choices," and of concealing the underlying imperatives. The theory is that you, as an individual member of the great radio audience, can fashion radio nearer to your heart's desire merely by writing a letter to your favorite station telling the director what you do and do not like. Within reason, of course. Here are some of the more important things that cannot be said on the air, under the present radio set-up in this country:

1. Any attacks by Communists or other radical minorities upon our form of government or upon the specific acts of the Administration in power. A certain amount of liberal criticism is permitted, as, for example, on the sustaining programs sponsored by the National Council on Education by Radio. Some exception should also be made for speeches, on purchased time, by radical candidates for political office. But radical minority parties rarely have adequate funds for such purposes.

2. Any criticism of advertisers or of the advertising business in general.

3. Any radical criticism of the power and utility interests, which directly or indirectly dominate the broadcasting industry.

4. Any direct espousal of the cause of a militant labor group involved in a strike or other struggle for power.

5. Any advocacy or even any mention of birth control, especially of the role of the Catholic church in opposing birth control. (Exception should be made for a few stations of negligible audience.)

6. In general, anything that might be construed as "obscene" or even as "tactless" or "controversial" by the alert young Pecksniffs who guard the portals of the air in behalf of the owners and directors of the major broadcasting stations.

These censorships are exercised, first, by the Federal Radio Commission, second by the States, third by the radio stations themselves, either through the application of established rules or through the discretionary whimsy of the control operator.

The Radio Commission is prohibited by law from censoring the material broadcast by stations. But it is obliged by law to grant or withhold licenses as may seem desirable in order to serve the "public interest, convenience, or necessity." Indirect censorship is therefore implicit in the commission's powers and duties until these powers and duties are more explicitly defined by law.

A radio station is also prohibited by law from censoring speeches made by qualified candidates for public office, and a station is lawfully obligated to permit opposing candidates to speak if it permits any at all. However, it may refuse to sell any time at all to candidates, and it is not prohibited from censoring other political speeches or non-political speeches. Also, it may be remarked, this freedom to buy time on the air, permitted equally to all candidates, works out much like the "freedom" of the individual worker not to work. What it comes down to is that financially powerful groups have an even greater advantage on the air than in using other instruments of social communication.

The Federal Radio Commission has power to apply the criteria of "public convenience, interest, or necessity" to the granting, renewal, or withdrawal of licenses. In the exer-

cise of this power the commission may use petty violations of law or commission regulations as a pretext for what is in effect censorship, while the power to pass on the program service of a station is definitely the power to censor such programs. Since the limited number of channels available for broadcasting have been allotted, almost the only way an applicant can obtain a license is by challenging the usefulness to the public of an existing station. Once challenged, the burden of proof—and it is an expensive burden—is placed on the existing station, and because of the vagueness of the criteria of "public convenience, interest, or necessity" sheer opinion is inevitably a major factor in the decision. What sort of program is in the public interest? What sort is not? To what extent is criticism of the government in the public interest? To what extent is commercial advertising in the public interest? Is political controversy in the public interest? Is public discussion of birth-control laws in the public interest?

A decision against a challenged station not only censors its past programs, but also influences the programs of other existing stations. Even when the decision is not against the challenged station or the station applying for renewal, a hard fight to obtain a favorable decision may make other stations more wary. Space is lacking for detailed citation of cases, but the high mortality of educational stations in recent years is significant. Their number was reduced from ninety-four in May, 1927, to forty-nine in January, 1934. Some of these casualties have been caused by the inability of slimly financed stations to spend money for the defense of their licenses before the commission or for court appeal when challenged by competing commercial stations. Others were caused by the commission's policy of demanding that every station be "all things to all men"; the policy, in other words, that there is no room on the air for a station representing a special group or a special interest. This principle was applied in the case of WCFL, Chicago Federation of Labor station, when the station was denied an extension of its facilities, the decision being affirmed by the Court of Appeals.

The case of Station KGEF and the Reverend "Bob" Schuler, the fighting fundamentalist of Los Angeles, is particularly interesting. The station was owned by Schuler's church and sold no time to advertisers, being supported by voluntary donations from members of the church. Several other churches and institutions, including the Los Angeles Pacific College, the John Brown schools, and the Southern Conservatory of Music, used this station. It might appear that here was a station operating solely in the public interest, without benefit of advertising. But Schuler's interpretation of the public interest included virulent attacks upon local politicians and upon the Catholic church. His application for renewal of license was contested and the license was withdrawn, the commission overruling in this case the report of its examiner. Successive court appeals, in which the American Civil Liberties Union participated, proved futile.

State libel and slander laws are another element in radio censorship. At least one decision, sustained by the Supreme Court of Nebraska, has held that a station may be held responsible for defamatory statements uttered by a person broadcasting an address over station facilities. After this decision most stations became increasingly cautious, required advance submission of talks, and provided the control operator with a list of "don'ts" for his guidance.

As a mere matter of commercial prudence, radio stations must exercise considerable censorship over their programs. If they did not they would quickly find themselves in trouble with the commission, with State governments, with their public, and with their advertisers. However, this situation is made a pretext for arbitrary censorship of matter affecting adversely the interests of the station, its advertisers, and the major power and public-utility interests, with which broadcasting is tied up.

The extraordinary lobby against the Tugwell food and drug bill is perhaps the best example of this. Radio stations, many of which derive an important share of their income from proprietary-medicine, drug, and food advertisers, received urgent letters from some of these advertisers demanding, on pain of cancelation of advertising contracts, that they do their bit to beat the bill, which was an Administration measure. Many of them obeyed, especially the smaller ones, though the major chains, aware of the political spotlight focused on them and of the insecure nature of their vested interests in the air, were more cautious.

An amusing example of internal station censorship is the experience of Dr. William K. Gregory of the American Museum of Natural History, a section of whose address on "Evolution and the Depression" was blotted off the air by the control operator when he became alarmed by the following passage: "We have reckless overproduction of goods and reckless overproduction of people. We are a beehive choked with honey, yet full of striving bees." Station WABC apologized for this censorship before Dr. Gregory had time to protest.

Concerning present studio practice in the matter of censorship, the magazine *Variety* has this to say:

Censorship in radio now more or less runs itself. The policy, somewhat along the lines of an honor system, makes a censor of everybody in the studio from actors to control-room engineers. Nobody has been taught what to avoid or bar, and the material-washing is left to personal discretion.

Advertisers hold the whip hand, of course. The meat packers protested when the United States Public Health Service advised people to eat less meat in summer. Promptly the Secretary of the Treasury took over censorship of such broadcasts. And shortly thereafter the Department of Agriculture issued some hot-weather suggestions on the utilization of lower-priced cuts of meat.

The technical problem of bringing order on the air would probably mean using cleared channels only, and fewer of them; it would mean using more wax records, which are now indistinguishable from original studio broadcasts; it would mean dislodging or buying off the existing quasi-vested interests; it would effect huge operating economies.

As for support, H. O. Davis of the *Ventura Free Press* estimates that \$50,000,000 would cover the total annual expense for the production and transmission of all programs, even under our present chaotic and wasteful system. The radio listener pays six times that annually for power, new tubes, repairs, and replacements of his receiving set. A small tube or set tax would easily finance the cost of a socialized system.

Recently a committee of the American Civil Liberties Union, consisting of Henry J. Eckstein, Morris L. Ernst, Norman Thomas, Levering Tuson, and Bethuel Webster, Jr., rendered a report recommending a federal investigation of

radio broadcasting, from which the following passage is quoted:

... the President should obtain authority from Congress to establish a small non-political commission to investigate the whole problem of radio broadcasting and to make recommendations to the President for legislative and administrative changes necessary to insure the maximum beneficial use of broadcasting facilities. Only through studies by such a commission can all interests find an orderly means of studying their claims and having them fairly appraised.... No agency of the federal government is equipped to undertake such a job.

With over a decade of broadcasting chaos behind us, and with the successes and failures of England, Canada, and the Continent to learn from, we should by this time be able to achieve some measure of order—or at least orderly conflict—on the air. And this, surely, is the way to go about it. In view of the complexity of the problem the detailed findings of such an inquiry cannot be predicted or prejudged. But perhaps some résumé of the objectives to be sought is both possible and desirable.

In general, it may be said that the ether has become a great mirror in which the social, political, and cultural struggles of modern man are reflected and grotesquely magnified. What is reflected back from the ether over Germany is Hitlerism, Nordicism, anti-Semitism, militarism. Hitler uses the radio to manufacture Nazis, just as Mussolini uses the radio to manufacture his brand of neo-Roman Fascists. In Russia Stalin uses the radio to manufacture Stalinists, although it may well be claimed that as a result of the wiping out of private vested interests we find in Russia the nearest approximation to a genuinely creative and cultural use of the instrument. Obviously no ideal solution is possible, for the simple reason that radio is an approximately ideal medium only with respect to the governmental and cultural advancement of an ideal, collectivized, classless, warless, planetary human society.

For America the issue, broadly stated, is whether or not a more or less mythical political democracy, holding the bag of an obsolete, unplanned, traditionally exploiting capitalist economy, can pull radio out of that bag and make it function in the interest of human progress and civilization. In a period of accelerating technological, economic, and social change a political democracy is a state of conflict almost by definition. The task of statesmanship is to make that conflict creative rather than destructive. Any program of creative statesmanship in the modern era must take account of radio broadcasting as a major instrument of social communication. Every vested economic interest, every established or aspiring group expressing class, racial, religious, or other interests, will struggle to use radio and if possible to control and manipulate it as an instrument of propaganda, that is, as an instrument of rule.

During this transition period it would seem that the general interest can best be served by a rehabilitation of democracy on the air, with all its significant conflicts represented. This would be achieved, although only approximately, by a system which prevented the capture and exclusive use of the medium by any of these competing interests, but permitted the free and adequate use of radio by any and all groups that could legitimately claim to represent the basic rights, needs, and functions of society.

More concretely, the choice is roughly between some form of government ownership and operation, with a partial or total elimination of advertising and support by advertisers, and a "rationalization" of the present American system of privately owned and operated stations, with heavy participation of government in both ownership and control. In either case the major results to be desired are the following:

1. Total or partial elimination of advertising sales talks. The drive for government grading of staple products and for control of food, drug, and cosmetic advertising will continue, in spite of the defeat of the Tugwell bill and the hamstringing of the consumers' representatives at Washington. Muffling the radio advertiser and breaking the advertiser's economic whip over radio are parts of that battle.

2. The technical and economic rationalization of the

system through a new body of law and adequate administrative machinery.

3. The freeing of the air from its present control by power and public-utility interests.

4. The more effective utilization of radio by educators, as well as by writers, critics, artists, architects, physicians, scientists, and health workers, including workers in the field of birth control.

5. The protection and service of the interests of minority groups in the whole field of political, economic, and social education, propaganda, and agitation.

It is a large order, and a basically important order. By our success or failure in filling it we shall be able to judge whether or not democratic political government has collapsed in this country.

France Is Still a Republic

By DONALD BARRETT

Paris, April 5

REPRESENTATIVES of 4,000,000 French war veterans have met in annual conclave and dispersed—and they are not going fascist, nor is France. Quite the contrary. In fact, the ex-soldiers have just dealt French fascism what may well prove to be its deathblow. The fascist reactionaries of February 6 had a well-laid plan to capture the veterans' convention and drag the great mass of former soldiers into their camp, to provide the numbers which they have so far lacked. On the eve of the convention fascist sentiment in Paris ran high. Marshal Lyautey openly attended mass-meetings of the Young Patriots, Deputy Taittinger's fascist gang which was mowed down near the Pont de la Concorde on February 6. And he was not by any means the only high army figure involved. Taittinger himself boasted that the veterans' congress was to be the zero hour. But the fascists failed to go over the top.

The war veterans, without warning and against the expectations of all the political wiseacres, suddenly turned to the left and voted a program so radical, so anti-fascist, so devastatingly critical of the present order of things, that Léon Blum and Paul Faure, the Socialist leaders, hastened to hail it in the *Populaire* as their own, rejoicing that the supposedly conservative former soldiers had adopted for themselves almost all the immediate political aims of the French Socialist Party. Here are the veterans' demands:

1. Dissolution of Parliament and new elections.
2. An electoral system based on proportional representation.
3. Votes for women.
4. Fiscal reform, with increase of direct taxation and lowering of indirect taxes.
5. Government control and coordination of basic industries.
6. Placing of the nation's credit at the "service of labor instead of leaving it to exploit labor."
7. Reduction of working hours without reduction of salaries and wages.
8. Organization of mankind's leisure to preserve the physical well-being of all.

9. Utilization of sterile capital for the construction of useful public works to absorb the unemployed.

In international affairs, despite the lip service they politely paid to the mischievous foreign policy of the Quai d'Orsay, the demands of the veterans were no less surprising. To the consternation of the General Staff, the banks, the Comité des Forges, and Schneider-Creusot, they proclaimed the "necessity of international regulation and control of the private manufacture and sale of arms as one of the best means of preserving world peace." And just as a warning they "underlined the danger of economic wars engendered by the egoistic turning back of nations upon themselves."

The cruelest of all the planks voted by the veterans was one concerning the corrupt French press: "The National Confederation of War Veterans recognizes that the realization of its program supposes necessarily an enlightened public opinion. It therefore demands the establishment of a professional status for all journalists, and government control of the resources of all news agencies and newspapers in order that these may be operated in the service of truth instead of being allowed to mislead public opinion by untrustworthy news."

But if the fascist reactionaries are stopped, that is not to say that the republican reactionaries are. Hardly had the war veterans disbanded when the so-called National Union Government decided to lop four billion francs off the budget. How? By squeezing the last sou out of the Little Man, of course. Nearly a half-billion was to be cut out of social insurance; three-quarters of a billion was to be saved by pensioning a tenth of the state's civil servants; 360,000,000 francs was to be derived through straight 5 and 10 per cent salary cuts of all remaining state employees, even the lowest paid; a half-billion was to come from civilian pensions; and 628,000,000 francs through cuts in various ministerial budgets, half of this from the ministries concerned with national defense. The left had clamored for cuts in the army, navy, and air-force budgets, and the 314,000,000 francs saved in those services is a bone thrown to them—but only a bone.

The Communists, who had protested that billions were

being taken from the Little Man and not one cent from war expenditures, raved more savagely than the reactionaries at the national-defense cuts. Their war cry now is, "314,000,000 francs off the soldiers' and sailors' food! No!" Maybe they are right. Maybe that is where the military cuts will be applied.

As I write these last lines, the above-outlined "economies," amounting to more than two and a half billion francs, are being promulgated by presidential decree, since Parliament, which would not have dared to pass them, is on a convenient two months' holiday.

It is evident that the "little men" are not going to take them lying down. The Communist union of state employees has already voted to walk out on May 1. The Socialist Confederation of State Employees—comprising the large majority of civil servants—at a hurriedly convoked convention announced that it would "counter the application of the decrees with all the means at its disposal." In the last resort, of course, that means a strike, and a strike will tie up the entire government machinery, as the nation learned during the recent one-day general strike, when, throughout France, these low-paid functionaries walked out almost to a man, forcing all state offices to close and holding up the post, telegraph, and telephone systems.

The little men in the state employ having been called upon to bear most of the burden, the war veterans will shortly be asked to shoulder the rest. Doumergue did not quite dare to announce in today's decrees that he was cutting a billion and a half off the ex-soldiers' allotments. He says he will try by persuasion to induce the veterans to make what he calls a "voluntary contribution." But the old soldiers are in no mood for this. They can barely exist on what they receive now. And if they get together, as seems probable, with the powerful civil servants' unions, the smiling Doumergue will have to give ground, or go home.

France is in for troubled times. The people, already staggering under top-heavy taxes and the highest price level in the world, are not convinced that further deflation, at a moment when Great Britain and the United States seem to be practicing successful inflation, is a good thing for them. They want to know, too, why big business and the wealthy are not being called upon to contribute an additional sou to balance this year's budget. They know that the state cuts will be a signal for further reduction of salaries and wages by private enterprise. They are nervous about the copy of a secret document, published by Léon Blum the other day, which showed that the General Staff of the army was preparing to take over things during a "period of public tension."

Already the temper of the people is beginning to boil over. The other night at Tours the police had to call off a public meeting which was to have been addressed by Scapini, the blind deputy from Paris and a blind reactionary. A mob of 2,000 Communists, Socialists, and left republicans broke through the police guard and threatened to storm the meeting hall. The police were forced to give in. They were forced to escort Deputy Scapini and his reactionary friends to the station and put them safely on the Paris train.

This incident—many like it are occurring almost daily all over France—proves at least one thing—that it will take more than an easy "march on Rome" or a lieutenant and four men to end democracy in this country.

Confusion in China

By CRISPIAN CORCORAN

Tientsin, China, March 30

MORE than a month has passed since the suppression of the Fukien rebellion in China. The suppression was accomplished by a judicious mixture of bombings from the air for the troops and substantial wads of good Bank of China notes for the leaders. Out of sight, the Foochow regime is out of mind. Eugene Chen sits in his hotel in Hongkong, Li Chai-sum negotiates with the government for passage money to Europe, and Nanking issues declarations to the effect that the central power is stronger than ever and can now proceed to the tasks of internal reconstruction and annihilation of the "red bandits."

The rebel leaders have all obtained, by negotiation or flight, safe billets for themselves. Only Tsai Ting-kai seems to have vanished from the face of the earth. The Nineteenth Route Army has been, in the polite phrase, "reorganized." Here is a little item of the "reorganization." A hundred and twenty soldiers were placed on a small steamer for repatriation to Canton. When the steamer arrived in that city, the authorities decided not to permit it to unload. It stood in port for four days. Food gave out. Survivors relate how the maddened soldiers fought each other for the tiniest morsels and for mere sips of water. Those who were wounded and thus incapacitated for the struggle died untended in the hold. Finally the survivors were taken off. It seems that the soldiers were not permitted to land because Nanking did not promptly remit to Canton the sum required to repatriate them. For the same reason, although the ship stood several hundred yards from the docks, not a bite of food or a drop of water was sent to the starving men.

To get back to our subject (our subject, be it understood, is the ostentatious activity of politicians and generals, not the unbelievable suffering of those who fight their battles), Nanking, having suppressed the Fukien clique, remembered that there was an anti-red campaign on. Aeroplanes, bought by popular subscription for use against the Japanese amid declarations of "no more civil war," have left off bombing Foochow and begun bombing the Soviet centers. Chiang Kai-shek announces that all Communists in all provinces will be suppressed by August.

In the North an interesting situation has developed. General Sun Tien-ying, whose troops distinguished themselves in the "big-sword" fighting on the Great Wall last year, is in revolt. Another ex-hero follows the example of Tsai Ting-kai. The reason? A very long time ago Sun, in reward for his services, was appointed Land Reclamation Commissioner for Chinghai (Kokonor). Kokonor is a long way off, but Sun, a typical feudal chieftain, was game. Instead of the permitted 10,000, he enrolled 100,000 men, mostly ex-Manchurian volunteers and others who had fought the Japanese in the North. Soon he began his march, and the complications came thick and fast. On the Shensi-Kansu border he was politely told by General Ma Hung-kuei, Mohammedan military and political "boss" of the Northwest, that he could not pass through his territory. Unfortunately there is no other way of getting to Kokonor. The rival generals blustered. The Shensi authorities complained that

100,000 extra men to feed in the province was no joke. The 100,000 men in question, still in summer outfits, declared that rather than die of cold and hunger they would fight it out. Here was a dilemma for Nanking. Sun was an authorized officer of the government going to the scene of his appointment. Ma, also a government officer, would not let him. The Northwest is important and Ma Hung-kuei is its undisputed lord and master. Nanking could not remove him without a first-class war. So it gave orders to Sun to stay where he was.

Sun could not stay where he was. Shensi could not support his men, who were hungry and rebellious. He informed the government of this. The government floundered hopelessly. The result of this sorry mess was a new civil war in the Northwest, with Sun Tien-ying besieging Ning-sia City, Ma's center. According to latest advices a "punitive" expedition has already arrived to eradicate Sun and his 100,000 men, who, poor fellows, believed they were really going to new hunting grounds in Kokonor. In the expedition are some of those very aeroplanes bought by the people, for which money was collected under the slogans "No More Civil War" and "Resistance to the Japanese."

From the Great Wall has come another menace. An ex-bandit, Liu Kwei-tang, who had a profitable time last year changing his allegiance, for a consideration, from Manchukuo to China and back again, has started a southward expedition with 3,000 men. These men are frankly out for loot and nothing but loot. They are unpaid, unclothed, and desperate. The 3,000 men have swooped down, practically unopposed, for more than 1,000 miles, through Chahar, Hopei, Shansi, and Honan, over the Yellow River and almost down to the Yangtze, leaving desolation behind them. An army of 120,000 men has been trying for weeks to suppress these desperate "bandits." But in China government troops have not even the remote prospect of pay to fight for, while bandits battle for their own skins, and loot. Because of this difference, the 120,000 can make no headway against the 3,000. The government is now fearful that Sun Tien-ying with his 100,000 men will sweep through Shensi to join the reds under Ho Lung in northern Szechuan. Liu's 3,000 bandits, too, would make good recruits for the red armies. After all, the Kiangsi Soviet pays its troops. So Chiang decrees new anti-red campaigns, and every Kuomintang organ in the country inveighs against the rebels.

The suppression of the Fukien rebellion has not strengthened the Nanking government either in fact or in prestige. The administration continues to disintegrate, with the Japanese working cautiously but effectively behind the scenes. Border provinces, such as Sinkiang and Tibet, have completely severed connections with China.

The Pu Yi coronation adds insult to injury. In the face of all this, Chiang Kai-shek goes on fighting for personal power, and his Canton counterpart, Grand Satrap Chen Chi-teng, arms himself for an eventual contest which will place him upon the throne of his nominal chief. The politicians in Nanking mean well, but they are reduced to devising stratagems to justify the dictatorship. Not only has the Nanking government not taken one single decisive step during the period of national crisis; it has not even made one really significant statement. "Action is easy, understanding is difficult," said the ancient sages of China, and Sun Yat-sen after them. What are we to say to a government of

men of "intellect" engaged in the really difficult process of cultivating "understanding" at the behest of a man of action who has his own interpretation of the proverb?

Woe to the weak! The picture is a dark one. Shallow pates may prate of the peculiar ways of the heathen Chinese. Those who have preserved even a small share of understanding see 400,000,000 human beings wrestling with death, natural and man-made; harassed by fat-bellied merchants and swaggering militarists at home; giving a share of their sweat and blood to imperialists, white and yellow; and taking up again and again, doggedly, persistently, and tragically, stolidly and hopelessly, the threads of life that break at every instant. The strong have one failing. They must eternally be at each other's throats. And they must conquer by the concerted strength of the weak. Sooner or later the numberless weak of China will realize this and give practical form to the realization. Till then they will go on paying the penalty that history demands of those who refuse to learn the lesson in time.

In the Driftway

THE Roosevelt Stock Company has had a pretty successful run since it opened in Washington in March, 1933. It got off to a good start. In his first role, as Eliza crossing the ice in the big spring break-up of that year, Mr. Roosevelt played with great conviction and finesse; since then, with the help of some excellent publicity, the company has built up a popular reputation that the Republican Dramatic Club will find it difficult to beat. Personally the Drifter was never persuaded by the company's performance of "They Knew What They Wanted," and despite the propaganda of that clever press agent, Mark Sullivan, he thinks the Brain Trust put on a pretty poor imitation of Hamlet. But the Home Loan Act, especially the scene where President Roosevelt comes in at the last moment and takes over the mortgage on the old homestead, was undoubtedly a terrific hit, while that quaint old swashbuckler, Hugh Johnson, is always funny with his loud but playful threats to "crack down" on his old playmates, the industrialists.

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ON its dramatic showing the Administration should be able to hold out until November, 1936, and get its contract renewed. But the Drifter has misgivings about its ventures into art. Early this year 3,761 artists equipped with paint and brushes and pencils were turned loose at government expense (\$1,408,381) on the unsullied canvas, the blank walls, and the plain drawing-paper of the nation and told to make pictures for the Public Works of Art Project and posterity. According to the figures, PWAP was a great success. The federal government now owns some 15,000 works of art, of which several hundred are murals in public buildings. At present 500 selected items are on view at the Corcoran Gallery in Washington and have received favorable critical comment. The fate of the 501st item is what makes the Drifter wonder just what kind of whirlwind the Administration will reap in the next election. The painting in question showed American sailors on shore leave. As the Baltimore *Sun* pointed out, "a close study of

the scene leads the observer to believe the sailors have been drinking, that their salutations to the girls were unconventional, and that in not all cases were the advances being resented." It was scheduled for exhibition at the Corcoran, but the Navy Department heard about it. As a result, Secretary Swanson swooped down and with the aid and advice of Assistant Secretary of the Navy Henry L. Roosevelt suppressed it. "It reflected," said Mr. Roosevelt, "unfairly upon the men of the navy." The Drifter suggests that Mr. Roosevelt tell that to the marines. Meanwhile he wonders how many of the 15,000 works of art turned out to be "pictures of teacher." In particular he wonders just what the second- and third-class postmasters of America, as they sit reading the incoming postcards, think of the murals their President has given them. The answer may show up in the convention in the summer of 1936. And it would be quite true to American form if Mr. Roosevelt lost his job not because he failed to abolish poverty but because he allowed artists to cover post-office walls with pictures that local Democrats happened not to like.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

A Dollar's Worth of Boloney

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

As you are well aware, the enemies of France never lose an occasion to attack her honor, her prestige, her material interests. Last year there was that abominable campaign to make people in America believe that France does not like to pay her debts. This year another campaign, much more painful, has been launched; its object is to spread reports in America concerning the "dear life" in France, and thus kill our tourism. The "dear life," is it a reality? And should it discourage my friends in New York from making a sojourn in the City of Light? Having read that *The Nation* is interested in this question, I decided to make what we journalists in France call a Grand Investigation. With pencil and paper in hand I visited the Rayon d'Alimentation of the Bon Marché, the Macy's of the Left Bank. From there I went to the St. Germain branch of Félix Potin. I finished my tour at the nearby branch of Damoy. (Need I explain to your cultured and cosmopolitan readers that Potin and Damoy are the Butlers and Bohacks of France?)

I am submitting to the artists and writers who read *The Nation* a carefully calculated list of prices of foodstuffs; for I have observed during the last few years that American artists and writers who come to France are more interested in such prices than in the price of a room and bath at the Lutetia. Here, then, is what an American dollar can buy today at any of these bargain stores: one pound of the best cuts of lamb; three-fourths of a pound of porterhouse steak; two pounds of the best "Canada" apples; one and a half pounds of pears; one pint of sour cream; half a pound of smoked salmon; one pound of salami. Have I made it clear, Mr. Editor, that any one of the above named items can be had for a dollar? If so, I can continue, giving a slightly more Aryan turn to my list: one pound of boloney—*pur porc*; two pounds of boloney—*pur cheval*; nine ounces of the best smoked ham; a pound of fresh salmon or sole; two pounds of finnan haddie; one dozen oysters—best grade; two dozen oysters—lower grade; a pound and a fourth of butter; a half-pound bag of good chocolates; four ounces of

pâté de foie gras; a pound bag of cookies or a pound of pound cake. I make no mention of things like eggs or vegetables, whose prices vary with the season, or of canned fruit, whose price doesn't quite reach one dollar per can, or of fresh pineapple, which isn't sold in halves.

Cigarettes can be considered as part of a *déjeuner*; a dollar can buy fifty of the ordinary grade Americans smoke. Kerosene for the cookstove is available at the rate of six and a half quarts for a dollar. Matches are also plentiful; a dollar can buy three boxes of 500. I pass in Ciceronian silence over the twenty-dollar shoes, the eight-dollar madras shirts, the five-thousand dollar automobiles; let another correspondent sing of these. Assuring you, sir, of my indefectible attachment for Paris, *quand même*, I remain

Paris, March 29

IRWIN C. SAFIR

Upton Sinclair for Governor

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

In *The Nation* of March 21 I notice a statement by Oswald Garrison Villard: "There is a distinct interest in the gubernatorial candidacy of Upton Sinclair, which has gone so well that the big newspapers are beginning to take notice of it and of the crowds at his meetings; yet no one who is following the campaign carefully believes that Sinclair will get the Democratic nomination."

A political organization of Los Angeles sent out a thousand postal cards to persons throughout the State, selected at random from telephone books. These cards listed half a dozen Democratic and as many Republican candidates who have been frequently spoken of, and asked for a statement of preference. Upton Sinclair received 67 per cent of all the Democratic preferences expressed and his percentage was double that of the most favored Republican candidate, Mr. Rolph.

A clergyman in Los Angeles interested in politics sent an inquiry to a thousand of his most active supporters asking whom they favored of all candidates. The majority specified Sinclair. A poll of the employees of a tire factory revealed 92 per cent for Sinclair. A poll of all the residents in a precinct in North Hollywood, 300 families, revealed 86 per cent for Sinclair. A poll of 176 families in East Oakland gave 75 per cent for Sinclair, 2 per cent against him, and 23 per cent "on the fence."

Writing in Rob Wagner's *Script*, Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., quotes Representative John Dockweiler to the effect that betting in California is six to four in favor of Sinclair to beat any opponent. A friend writes us from Washington that he saw a letter from one of the shrewdest politicians in California in which this man says that if he were betting at present he would bet on Sinclair.

The foregoing should be sufficient to cast doubt on Mr. Villard's statement.

Hollywood, March 30

RUBE BOROUGH

Write Your Senator!

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

The Birth Control bill for the amendment of the criminal code has reached the calendar of the United States Senate. The recommended amendment reads as follows:

The provisions of this section shall not be construed to apply to any book or information relating to the prevention of conception, or article, instrument, substance, drug, medicine, or thing designed, adapted, or intended for the prevention of conception for use (1) by any physician legally licensed to practice medicine in any State, Territory, or

the District of Columbia, or by his direction or prescription; (2) by any medical college legally chartered under the laws of any State, Territory, or the District of Columbia; (3) by any druggist in filling any prescription of a licensed physician; or (4) by any hospital or clinic licensed in any State, Territory, or the District of Columbia.

We urge all readers of *The Nation* who believe it desirable that this bill should be passed to help by writing immediately to their Senators, requesting them to vote favorably for it.

Huntington, N. Y., April 26

ETHEL CLYDE,

Chairman, Eastern Regional States National Committee
on Federal Legislation for Birth Control

The Intelligent Traveler Tours to the Soviet Union

ACCORDING to Intourist, 117 parties of Americans will visit Soviet Russia this year—a greater number than ever before. The following summer trips have been selected for mention because of the quality of leadership or the character of the trips themselves. It can be stated without qualification that the American who is visiting the Soviet Union for the first time, who does not speak Russian, and who has limited time and money gets more out of travel with a well-conducted group than he can hope to get traveling on his own. A discussion of the many reasons would transcend the space limits of this article.

All the tours listed below include in their rates the transatlantic passage. Most of the rates include also the costs of transit across Europe. However, all these tours, so far as is known, may be joined abroad. It is important to note that steamship lines quote advantageous through rates to and from the Soviet Union. If the traveler makes his own arrangements outside the Soviet Union, he should take this into consideration in purchasing steamship passage. If the tour does not include complete transportation to and from the Soviet Union, those taking the tour from New York should get a rate from the organization running the tour which will include complete round-trip transportation.

The First Moscow University offers a four weeks' summer school this year with courses in education, economics, psychology, sociology, art, and literature. Instruction will be in English by Soviet professors and specialists. Two weeks of travel after the study period are part of the plan. Six rates are quoted, with varying accommodations. The lowest is \$400.80, including round-trip, third-class transportation from New York. Address the Institute of International Education, 2 West Forty-fifth Street, New York.

The Moscow Theater Festival takes place September 1-10. Principal theaters will present revivals of their most successful plays. Oliver Sayler and H. W. L. Dana, authorities on the Russian theater, are conducting parties. Oliver Sayler's group spends twelve days in the Soviet Union. There are two rates, of which the lower is \$350, third class throughout; or \$92 for the time in the Soviet Union. Its membership is not limited. Address the Drama League of America, Barbizon Plaza Hotel, New York. Mr. Dana's group, limited to twelve members, spends thirteen days in the Soviet Union. The rate is \$395, third class throughout. Address the Bureau of University Travel, 11 Boyd Street, Newton, Massachusetts. Theater tickets are included in the prices of both tours. A schedule of plays is available.

Dr. Goodwin Watson, of Teachers College, Columbia University, will direct a "Psychology of Social Change" study

tour, which is limited to twenty-five persons "whose training or professional background has given them a sincere interest in the methods whereby social changes are brought about." The tour spends three days in Moscow, two days in Leningrad, and a week in Aberdeen, Scotland, attending the meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science. The rate is \$369, third class throughout. Address Pocono Study Tours, 545 Fifth Avenue, New York.

Louis Fischer, Moscow correspondent of *The Nation* and author of "The Soviets in World Affairs" and "Men and Machines in Russia," has spent eleven years in the U. S. S. R. He will conduct a party of ten "serious students of Russian affairs" on a forty-one-day trip. The itinerary includes Erivan, the capital of Armenia. There are two rates, of which the lower is \$761, third class on the ocean, second class in Russia. Address the Open Road, 56 West Forty-fifth Street, New York.

General Victor A. Yakhontoff served under the Czar and Kerensky. He has revisited Russia three times since the revolution and is the author of "Russia and the Soviet Union in the Far East." General Yakhontoff heads a party, limited to fifteen members, which will spend nineteen days in the Soviet Union, preceded by a month's cruise in the Mediterranean and the Black Sea. The rate is \$675, tourist class on the ocean, second class in Russia. Address the Open Road, 56 West Forty-fifth Street, New York.

Irina Skariatina, a member of the former Russian aristocracy, is known for her three books, "A World Can End," "A World Begins," and "The First to Go Back." With her American husband, Victor F. Blakeslee, she will lead a group limited to twenty-five which will spend twenty-five days in the Soviet Union, with short stops in a number of European cities coming and going, and attendance at the Passion Play. There are two rates, of which the lower is \$830, tourist class on the ocean, second class in the Soviet Union. Address Bartlett Tours Company, 1511 Locust Street, Philadelphia.

An "Economic Survey Tour of the U. S. S. R." will be conducted by Dr. Karl Scholz, professor of economics at the Wharton School of Finance and Commerce, University of Pennsylvania. He has visited the Soviet Union three times. The group, limited to twelve members, will spend twenty-five days in the Soviet Union. The rate is \$565, third class throughout (expenses from the Soviet border back to the port of embarkation not included). Address Bartlett Tours Company, 1511 Locust Street, Philadelphia.

JOHN ROTHSCHILD

[Mr. Rothschild will describe additional Russian tours in next week's issue.]

Contributors to This Issue

ELLIOT E. COHEN was for a number of years managing editor of the *Menorah Journal*, and after that was secretary of the National Committee for the Defense of Political Prisoners. At present he is writing.

JAMES RORTY is the author of a book on advertising, "Our Master's Voice," to be published this month.

CRISPAN CORCORAN is the pseudonym of an American newspaperman long resident in China.

DONALD BARRETT is the pseudonym of an American newspaperman in Paris.

JOHN ROTHSCHILD is director of the Open Road.

JOHN STRACHEY, English economist, is the author of "The Coming Struggle for Power" and "The Menace of Fascism."

EMERY NEFF is assistant professor of English at Columbia University and author of "Carlyle."

Books, Drama, the Dance

Skyfall

By WILLARD MAAS

in the green hour
of green evening

unnamed bird and flower
the mouths lifted

we move through night
and night-swiftness

plumed wings of evening
dripping elms stone-moss
moon and star glitter

we move
softly
hands within hands

silence within silence

A Book That Scared Its Author

The Economy of Abundance. By Stuart Chase. The Macmillan Company. \$2.50.

LET it be said at the outset that this is the most interesting book which Mr. Chase has given us. It has all his old qualities. It has his ingenuity and lucidity of exposition, his flair for the striking example. It is rich in those "amazing stories" of new industrial technique with which he enlivens his pages. It contains valuable statistical material. Moreover, Mr. Chase now adds to these qualities passages of economic analysis which are always interesting, and sometimes penetrating.

Having said this, it will be our less grateful task to concentrate upon the book's deficiencies. As the book stands, the argument is wholly destructive. It goes a considerable way toward showing us the nature of the mess we are in. But it offers us nothing worth mentioning by way of guidance in getting out of the mess.

Let us try to summarize the essence of Mr. Chase's thesis. The first half-dozen chapters are devoted to demonstrating the fact that mankind has now virtually solved the problem of production. There is not that fantastic plenty about which the technocrats babbled. There are certain "tight places," such as housing, in which the meeting of the genuine human needs of the whole population will still strain productive resources. However, all things considered, Mr. Chase concludes that there are in America ample productive resources to satisfy immediately a simple "health and decency budget" for every citizen, "while these productive resources would produce in, say, a decade a standard of living three times higher—if you must have the money total, though I warn you it means almost nothing—six thousand dollars' worth of consumers' goods per year at 1929 prices."

Then why do we starve? Mr. Chase knows the answer to this question and gives it. We do not produce today in order to satisfy human needs of food, clothing, and shelter. On the contrary, we produce for what Mr. Chase, following Thorstein Veblen, calls "vendibility." It is profit, and profit alone, Mr.

Chase emphasizes in a series of vivid passages, which has been and is the whole motive of production. Whether or not a certain act of production will yield a profit is and must be in present circumstances the sole criterion of whether that act of production is performed. Under the present system, for business men to consider, when they made their decisions to produce or not produce, whether the product would satisfy some outstanding human need would be quite impossible.

Now we come to the main point which Mr. Chase's book as a whole endeavors to make. The potential abundance of a product, the capacity to produce it quickly, easily, with little expenditure of labor and in vast quantities, destroys the "vendibility" of that product. In plain terms, it destroys its value. Take the economist's favorite case, that of air. Air is the most essential of all needs for human beings. Without it they die in a few minutes. Yet it has no value in the economist's sense of the word, for it is absolutely abundant. No labor is expended in its production. Therefore profit cannot be made out of it. Just in so far as food, clothing, shelter, and other commodities begin to approach this point of absolute abundance, the possibility of making a profit out of their production diminishes.

Now we begin to see the other side of Mr. Chase's inventory of abundance. The ease and cheapness with which we can now produce great quantities of many fundamental commodities mean that it is becoming more and more difficult to extort profit from the production of these commodities.

This is the main economic argument of the book. So far as it goes it is unanswerable. But surely almost every reader will feel that it does not go far enough. Granted this general tendency, granted the difficulty with which it confronts the profit-making system, how precisely does the thing work out in practice? How are we to deduce from this general truth the present facts of capitalist crisis? All that Mr. Chase's argument seems to prove is that profits, or more exactly, the rate of profit per thousand pounds of capital invested in production, must be decreasing. But why should this cause crises? Is it not possible that the capitalists will be forced to content themselves with this lower rate of profit, even down to one, to a half, to a quarter per cent? Moreover, the same process—viz., the growth of wealth—which reduces the rate of profit must obviously be increasing the mass of the total capital—for that is the same thing as the growth of wealth—upon which the profit is being made. Hence, the capitalists must be finding a compensation for their falling rate of profit in the growing masses of capital upon which this profit is made. For example, ten years ago they might have got 5 per cent profit on a thousand pounds of capital. Today they may be getting only a 2 per cent rate of profit, but it is on £100,000. Surely there is nothing in this tendency which should drive them out of production, dislocate the whole system, and so produce the tragic paradox of today—the tragic paradox of huge masses of unemployed capital facing equally huge masses of unemployed workers.

Mr. Chase attempts to come to grips with this question, which is at the very heart of the present crisis. He knows that the motive force of capitalism is and must be accumulation. Capitalists do not, and could not conceivably, spend all their rent, interest, and profits. They must reinvest them at a profit, and then they must reinvest the profit of this increased investment, and so on and so on in geometric progression.

But why, Mr. Chase makes "the puzzled reader" ask, "should this in itself cause the crises? There are still, we know, vast, urgent, and, indeed, increasing human wants to be satisfied. Why does not the accumulation of capital simply enable these wants to be satisfied as the classical economists have always promised it would?"

The "puzzled reader," answers Mr. Chase, "is suffering

from a common point of view. He confuses serviceability with vendibility. The function of capitalism is not to supply people with things which they want. Goods are supplied, yes, but only if enough money is forthcoming in exchange for them to cover all costs of production including interest, plus a margin of profit."

It must be confessed that if this is the answer, most readers will remain puzzled. If the production of a margin of profit is what the capitalists demand in order to satisfy all our wants, then in heaven's name let us give it to them! It is incomparably better than starving! It cannot be this dividend which in itself is holding up production. What is holding up production, as Mr. Chase says immediately, is that the masses of the population have not enough money to buy the goods which might be produced. Then why should they not be given the money? Would it not pay the capitalists to do so?

But [says Mr. Chase] the equipping of people directly with plenty of money is the one thing that capitalists, particularly bankers, cannot tolerate. Equipping people with money, outside the rules of the game, is inflation, naked and unashamed. It is more feared—see almost any American editorial in 1933—than loss of markets.

Surely this must still seem very unsatisfactory. It cannot be that the capitalists wreck their own system because they will not do something which is "outside the rules of the game." There must be some good reason why they will fight to the death against bringing together their unemployed masses of capital and the unemployed millions of workers, and so producing the goods we need. There is a good reason. But we shall search Mr. Chase's pages in vain for a statement of it.

Very briefly the reason is this. It would not pay the capitalists, in present circumstances, to liberate the purchasing power necessary to use their masses of idle capital. Mr. Chase has observed—though he does not know the real reason for it—that the bigger the total mass of capital being used by the community, the lower—other things being equal—the rate of profit being made on it. But he has not yet seen that a critical point arrives in this process. What the capitalists are interested in is not so much the rate of profit as the total amount of profit which they can make each year.

Let us take a greatly oversimplified example. Let us say, in accordance with our agreed principle that the larger the capital employed the lower is the rate of profit, that when the capitalists—the capitalist class of America as a whole, that is to say—employ all their capital, say, \$1,000,000, they can earn a rate of 3 per cent. If they employ only half their capital, \$500,000, they can earn a rate of 5 per cent. In these circumstances, they will obviously employ all their capital. For 3 per cent on \$1,000,000 is \$30,000, while 5 per cent on \$500,000 is only \$25,000. So they will earn \$5,000 more by employing all their capital.

But say that the circumstances are different. Say that they are such that if the capitalists employ half of their capital, \$500,000, they will still make a profit of \$25,000 (5 per cent), but that if they employ the whole of their capital of \$1,000,000 they will only make a profit at the rate of 1 per cent, or an amount of \$10,000. Obviously and unquestionably in such circumstances the capitalists will choose to employ only half their capital.

And these are the circumstances of capitalist crisis, the circumstances of today. What happened in 1929 was that the fall in the rate of profit had become so steep that accumulation no longer paid. A greater amount of profit was to be made on a smaller capital than would have been made by employing a bigger capital at a lower rate. What is it, however, that makes the rate of profit fall so steeply? It is what Mr. Chase calls, somewhat vaguely, "abundance." It is, in other words, technical improvement, rationalization, the elimination of human labor, mechanization, call it what you will. In other language, it is the

growth of the proportion of constant capital compared to variable capital. It is the higher and higher organic composition of capital. This essential fact of capitalist crisis Mr. Chase has glimpsed but not grasped.

In all earnestness, I ask him to read the first 300 pages of Volume III of "Capital," where he will see these facts established with rigor and precision. He will find that what his wide knowledge of statistical trends and his honest facing of the facts, so far as he sees them, has enabled him to do is to rediscover about one-half of the law of the falling tendency of the rate of profit. It should prove a most exciting experience for Mr. Chase to learn the real reason for the tendency which he has observed empirically.

It must now be admitted that Mr. Chase's failure to discover why the falling rate of profit produces crisis vitiates almost the whole of the rest of the book. He has seen that in general the inexorable tendency of the rate of profit to fall must produce greater and greater difficulties for capitalism. But he has not seen that it is at the moment when the rate of profit falls below the point at which accumulation is advantageous to the capitalist class as a whole that crises occur. Accordingly, he has not understood the perfectly sound reason which prevents the capitalists from allowing that proportion of their capital which stands idle in slumps to be used. They will not allow the production of the goods for the want of which men are starving because if they did, the rate of profit would again be driven toward zero. Nor does Mr. Chase see that the capitalists have a temporary way out of the crisis. They can restore the rate of profit by lowering wages and/or by establishing monopoly-controlled prices, so that it again becomes possible to use a larger proportion at any rate of their capital profitably. Mr. Chase falls accordingly into serious confusions. He suggests in several passages that all we have to do is to issue more money, and that then everybody will be perfectly happy. The capitalists can keep their ownership of the means of production, pocket their profits, and yet all the rest of us will be well clothed, fed, and housed. Surely Mr. Chase can see that his own argument proves that the creation of abundance in any form destroys the profits, and so the privileges and power, of the capitalist class?

In other passages Mr. Chase recognizes this. He has passages which suggest that the capitalists will go on producing in such abundance that they will drive the rate of profit down to zero and so expropriate themselves. Their securities will then be valueless and the capitalists will gladly tear them up.

The community can have the securities any time the postman wants to pick them up. I have lost all hope of their helping to provide for my old age. To hell with them. I will take the chance of the community's maintaining me in my declining years.

It is nice to know that we can have Mr. Chase's securities. Can we have Morgan's too? We have only to ask such a question as this in order to realize the ludicrous unreality of Mr. Chase's argument. And here we come to the crux of the matter. This whole idea that the capitalist class will quietly expropriate itself by producing so much that the rate of profit will fall to nothing is of course fantastic. What in fact did the capitalists do when in 1929 the rate of profit dropped to that critical point where further accumulation—as demonstrated above—became unprofitable? Did they go on increasing production, manfully accepting lower and lower amounts of profit, nobly and self-sacrificingly expropriating themselves?

As everybody knows, they did, and are still doing, the exact opposite. They closed down production with a bang. But they went much farther than that. They organized, and are still organizing, not merely the cessation of production, but active destruction. Mr. Chase himself gives an account of the destructive activities of the Roosevelt Administration, the burning of corn, the plowing in of cotton, the slaughtering of hogs—the now

familiar list. Why is all this being done? To restore the rate of profit. Nor, on Mr. Chase's own showing, is there anything "insane," irrational, or for that matter mistaken in adopting the destructive methods in order to achieve this object. On the contrary, these measures, pushed with sufficient destructive vigor, are well calculated to help to restore the rate of profit, to drive it above the critical point at which accumulation becomes profitable. Nor is this all. The rate of profit is not a simply determined factor. All sorts of resources are still open to the capitalists for its restoration to a point at which accumulation becomes once more advantageous. Fundamentally, these methods boil down to reducing wages, either by reducing money rates or by increasing prices. Nor need these methods be temporarily unsuccessful. It is possible—and it has to a large extent been accomplished in America already—to increase the rate of exploitation and to raise prices by the creation of monopolies sufficiently to restore the rate of profit and resume accumulation for a time. This is why Mr. Chase is wrong in supposing that the collapse of American capitalism is a matter of months.

Is he really unable to see or is he wilfully blinding his eyes to the fact that the New Deal is precisely the chosen method of reviving the formula of capitalism, at all costs and at any price? Mr. Roosevelt has made it perfectly clear time and again in his radio speeches to the nation that he is in favor of reestablishing the profitability of industry. And what is more, he is taking measures of unparalleled vigor and ruthlessness in order to accomplish this end.

Nor is it impossible for Mr. Roosevelt to succeed in his task in the short run. The profits of the capitalist class, or at any rate of the dominant section of that class, of the great monopolists, have been pushed up again. Such success, however, can only be short-lived. The rate of profit has been pushed up again but now the very same general law which drove it down to the point of crisis begins to operate once more. With every quantum of accumulation which the American capitalists realize, the pressure of money seeking reinvestment at a profit begins to grow again. Moreover, the very same measures—forcing down of wages, etc.—which restored the rate of profit have narrowed the market. The next crisis will come sooner and be worse than the last. And who will be the new Roosevelt? What will be the New Deal? What further artificial respiration to the rate of profit can there be? One blushes to have to quote Mr. Chase's one constructive suggestion as to what to do when the rate of profit has been finally drowned in the abundance and ease of production:

Finally, it may be that the community, as symbolized in the federal government, will be driven to adopt the rule of taking over any essential industry if and when it loses a status of genuine security, due to the rise of the technical arts. The instant its costs begin to be padded with waste in any attempt to maintain price levels, the community may have to step in to insure that the benefits of technology be passed on.

"The community may have to step in." Who or what is "the community"? Who or what is this *deus ex machina* which Mr. Chase suddenly, if perfunctorily, invokes to solve everything? All he tells us about it is that it is "symbolized by the federal government," and this is hardly reassuring. Strangely enough, at the other end of Mr. Chase's book he has frankly told us that there is no such thing as the community: "There is no national family, no national plant, no national income, in any collective sense." Indeed, there is not, and there never can be one until mankind has realized its abundance by taking into its own hands, and out of the hands of a tiny monopolistic class, the means for the production of that abundance.

What seems to have happened is that Mr. Chase has been scared by his own argument. I do not know how else to account for the marked degeneration in realism and clarity of

thought between the beginning and the end of the book. His main argument is, after all, a demonstration of the inherent contradictions of capitalism, a demonstration confused when compared with the Marxist analysis, but considerably in advance of the work of orthodox bourgeois economists of today. Mr. Chase does demonstrate empirically, though not theoretically, that an economy dependent on profit can, in modern technical conditions, no longer be maintained. He does show that Marx's great prophecy of the extant social system becoming an intolerable fetter upon production has come to pass. Then he draws his sociological conclusions from this overwhelming fact. And all that he has to tell us is that many workers now wear white collars and are called technicians, and that somehow or other this has abolished the class struggle! Or, most pitiful of all, that all that is really the matter is that we do not print enough money (we starve "because of a shortage of pieces of engraved paper"). Finally, when Mr. Chase comes to make a list of the eighteen points which he considers necessary to what he calls an "abundance economy," he says no word of the necessity for abolishing profit—and, consequently, the operation for profit of privately owned means of production. Yet this is surely the one thing which the corpus of his work has proved.

JOHN STRACHEY

The Worm i' the Bud

Tender Is the Night. By F. Scott Fitzgerald. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2.50.

TO label Mr. Fitzgerald's new novel a study in psychological degeneration is not strictly accurate, for such degeneration presupposes an anterior dignity or perfection of character, and none of the characters in this book is made sufficiently measurable at the beginning to give to his later downhill course anything more than a mildly pathetic interest. None of them is even what one might call, in the loosest sense, mature. Richard Diver, young American war veteran turned psychiatrist, is too perfect a specimen of the Yale man of his generation to seem quite plausible as a surgeon of souls. Nicole recovers from her schizophrenia, the effect of an incestuous assault in childhood, only to acquire the neuroses of the frivolous, luxurious, and empty-pated society to which she is restored. And Rosemary Hoyt, that incredible flower of the Hollywood studios, begins, and ends, as hardly more than a glamorous moron. Yet the effect of the novel as a whole is quite as depressing as that of any authentic study in moral and psychological degeneration. The vague depression that hovers over the opening chapters increases in intensity as the book moves on to its sordid termination. It increases, as a matter of fact, in an exact ratio to the growth of our confusion as to the precise reason for the hero's disintegration. Is it that once Nicole is cured of her disease she no longer has need of his kind of love—the old story of the physician unable to heal himself? Is it that her money has acted like a virus to destroy his personality and with it his life-work? Or is it simply that he is a man of weak character, unable to resist temptation and concealing the fact from himself through immersion in alcohol? All these causes are indicated, and any one of them might be made sufficient, but the author's own unwillingness to choose between them, his own uncertainty communicated to the reader, continues to the last. And the result is depressing in the way that confusion in a work of literature is always depressing.

Glamor is here as elsewhere one of the most frequently used words in Mr. Fitzgerald's vocabulary, and because this very abstract word so obviously sums up much important feeling, constituting perhaps a key to Mr. Fitzgerald's sensibility, it may be worth while to submit it to that process of "dissocia-

tion" which Remy de Gourmont recommended for cases of this kind. Now the word glamor, in Mr. Fitzgerald's writing, is usually applied to people or things or ways of living represented as being, in some total and general sense, attractive. It stands for a whole imponderable compound of desirable qualities—youth, beauty, gaiety, romantic charm. Daisy in "The Great Gatsby" possessed glamor, and so do the two heroines in the present book. But it should be noted that in the case of each of these exquisite creatures to the possession of glamor is added another and more palpably attractive possession—money. In "The Great Gatsby," the narrator, fumbling for an exact description of Daisy, is told by Gatsby himself, "Her voice is full of money."

That was it. . . . It was full of money—that was the inexhaustible charm that rose and fell in it, the jingle of it, the cymbals' song of it. . . . High in a white palace the king's daughter, the gold girl. . . .

And now again, in this new book, we find Nicole's lover reminding her, "You've got too much money. That's the crux of the matter." In other words, for Mr. Fitzgerald's heroes youth and wealth, romance and luxury, love and money become somehow identified in the imagination. "Glamor" becomes a compound of glittering opposites. And because it consists for them in a confusion of essentially irreconcilable elements their surrender to it leads, in the end, either to inglorious death in Long Island swimming pools or to slow deterioration on foreign sands.

This conflict, since that is what it really amounts to, is probably the thing that makes Mr. Fitzgerald an artist, the very distinguished artist that he revealed himself to be in "The Great Gatsby." But the time has come when we must demand a more clean-cut recognition of its elements and a more single-minded effort toward its resolution. The biographer of Gatsby, weary of his riotous excursions into the human heart, returned to the Middle West wanting the whole world to be "in uniform and at a sort of moral attention forever." But Dick Diver turns out to be Jay Gatsby all over again, another poor boy with a "heightened sensitivity to the promises of life" betrayed by his own inability to make the right distinctions. And the repetition of the pattern turns out to be merely depressing. It is time now for Mr. Fitzgerald, with his remarkable technical mastery of his craft, to give us a character who is not the victim of adolescent confusion, who is strong enough to turn deaf ears to the jingling cymbals of the golden girl.

WILLIAM TROY

Myths and Myths

Woodrow Wilson. The Caricature, the Myth, and the Man.
By Edith Gittings Reid. Oxford University Press. \$3.50.

MISS REID has written, at the instigation of the Wilson family, as she herself says, "not an attempt at historical narrative," but a tribute to Wilson, a lifelong friend, as an admirer would do it. Not without some criticisms, of course. But in the main her book is a personal tribute from one who declares frankly that she is "not concerned with whether what he did was right or wrong, but only with why he did it." Miss Reid throws no light on certain vexed questions to which no satisfactory answers have yet been given. She gives the conventional interpretations and explanations of Wilson's policies based on the current newspaper reports, in many cases with no background of real facts. Their lives touched constantly. Mr. Wilson loved to drop in at Miss Reid's home and confide in her. Yet it is plain that, long continued as their friendship was, Miss Reid was and is unaware of many things that happened, with the natural result that she gives us a one-sided picture.

Thus she attributes Wilson's downfall in Paris entirely to his being "steadily undermined at home." Otherwise "a far better peace would have been possible." This is the explanation of his indefensible stand on the question of pensions, against which his economic advisers protested, and on the Tyrol, for example. She denounces America for failing when it was her hero who failed, morally and mentally betrayed by his vanity, his ignorance, his refusal to take advice. It will certainly be a revelation to every observer at Paris to hear that "his [Wilson's] agony on realizing [at the signing of the treaty] that the Germans looked upon him as a victor almost broke his heart." It is equally absurd to say that he fought "heroically" to keep us out of war after January, 1917.

What evidence has Miss Reid for the statement that in going to war the President had behind him the "great mass of the plain people"? If that was true, why the army of spies, the innumerable arrests in the Liberty Loan drives, the dragooning at the pistol point of great groups of our population in the Middle West and Northwest? Similarly Miss Reid repeats the old falsehoods as to the "explosions and burnings of munition factories due to German agents, the criminal conspiracies against our country," without apparently being aware that most of these matters have been under judicial scrutiny and that the verdict, as in the case of the great explosion in New York harbor, has been for the German and against the American contentions.

If Miss Reid had known of these things, or had today the faintest idea of the bitter resentment in the West and elsewhere against the man elected to keep us out of war, she could never have attributed the defeat of Wilson and Cox and the League to Henry Cabot Lodge and the Republicans, or to anyone else but Mr. Wilson himself. It is still another example of Miss Reid's partisanship that she accepts the Wilson family version of the Tumulty message in 1920 announcing that the President was favoring Mr. Cox's election without having been fair enough even to ask Mr. Tumulty for his side of the case. Incidentally, she makes much of the President's appointment of Mr. Tumulty despite the fact that he was a Catholic. Does she know nothing else about that?

But enough. Miss Reid writes very well indeed, and plausibly. Yet her book does not destroy the Wilson myth; it adds to it.

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

The Camera Eye

In All Countries. By John Dos Passos. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$2.50.

FIXED between the biographical, newsreel, and narrative portions of Mr. Dos Passos's two latest novels are sections called the Camera Eye, odd bits of reminiscence of personalities, landscapes, incidents, sights, sounds, shapes, smells, colors, and contours; a gesture or a modulation of voice which has been registered indelibly in the author's memory. Contrary to those critics who find these parts regrettable vestiges of an unfortunate romantic inclination, I find the best of them very good descriptive writing, though the worst are correspondingly bad. For whatever Mr. Dos Passos perceives, he perceives acutely. It is when he attempts by invalid associations or questionable deductions to impose other than inherent meanings upon the thing perceived that he stumbles, and confuses and frequently bores the reader. In the present book, a collection of travel sketches of Russia, Mexico, and Spain, with pieces of reporting on Sacco and Vanzetti, Harlan County, the political conventions of 1932, and Washington, 1933, the style is that of the Camera Eye, impressionistic and highly effective when convincing, formless and dull when badly done.

In all the countries he visited Mr. Dos Passos found the same struggle toward a political-social-economic rebirth, the same strife between the "men in black clothes and stiff collars" and the collarless, homespun-clad men. In Russia the preliminary battle has been won; in Mexico and Spain it is beginning; in the United States only the first volleys have sounded. While the American notes do not contain the lyric passages to be found in the foreign notes, they are with one exception the most lucid, vivid pieces in the book. They are written with less tendency to oversimplify the author's impressions, and they contain a balance of humor which bestows upon them a firm, direct plausibility. Hoover, "not the boss type; more the confidential foreman," rings true; the dance marathon placed in contrast to the meeting of the unemployed as a symbol of the death of the jazz age is authentic; and appropriate is the feeling at the Communist convention of "the tremendous intoxication with history that is the great achievement of Communist solidarity." The bad slip occurs when a breathless hush one evening in Harlan County recalls a similar moment in Avocourt wood and by such token, "This [the strike] was war all right."

The best of the book is to be found in the descriptions of Spain as seen from an airplane, "ridged like a walnut shell," of Indian women squatting in Mexico "heavy like granite idols," of the steel engraving that is Lake Atitlan, and the burned-out crater of a volcano that is Leningrad today. Here are perception and the right phrase, the thing seen and the quality recognized. Suspicion arises only when Lenin's birthplace suggests a town on a bluff of the Mississippi, and hence "nothing foreign about Lenin"; or when enamored, as others besides Rousseau have been, by the innocence of manner and speech of peasants, "you feel that at last you're learning the truth." Then perception becomes blurred and deductions unreliable.

FLORENCE CODMAN

A Queen and Her Minister

The Queen and Mr. Gladstone. By Philip Guedalla. Doubleday, Doran and Company. \$5.

"THE long coast line of the nineteenth century is receding now, and all its reputations begin to stand out in their true proportions," observes Mr. Guedalla. In this mood he presents evidence for the revaluation of two of its major figures who "have been to some extent the victims of historical injustice." From 6,000 relevant papers in the possession of the Gladstone Trustees he has selected 1,205 items, some five-sixths hitherto unpublished, and illuminated them with 153 pages of commentary, historical and biographical. The opening pages make a lively onslaught upon the biographical methods of the Stracheyan 1920's, which once were not without fascination for Mr. Guedalla himself:

The heroes of the past were vigorously probed; and the prevailing mood acclaimed the spirited results of these irreverent dissections, although there was a slight suspicion that the more exciting specimens owed more to their investigators' zeal than to the objects of their study. For investigation was powerfully aided by an impressive apparatus of guess-work that was termed psychology and proved upon examination to consist in equal parts of things that were not so and things that everybody knew before.

Thus were manufactured for popular derision caricatures of Queen Victoria and Gladstone, whom Mr. Guedalla restores to their real complexity and impressiveness in a sobered style that achieves admirable condensation and clarity.

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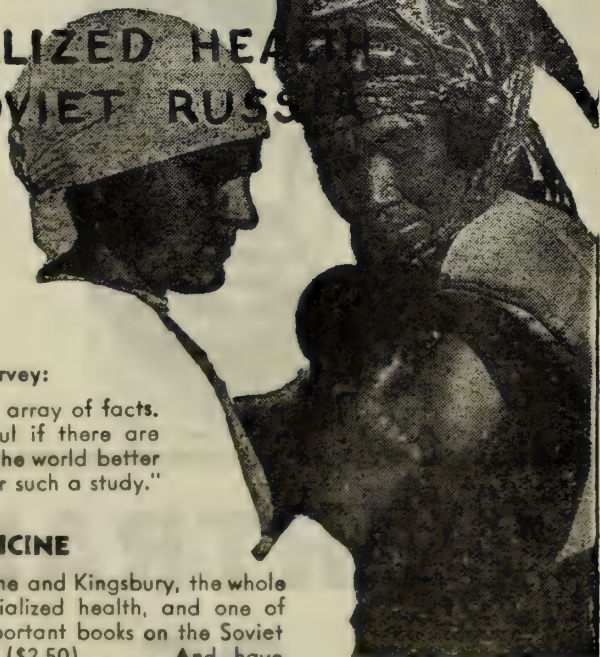
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was only two years retired from his fourth premiership, and the indomitable Queen had less than four years to reign. The drama of their relations needs no artificial heightening, for in the background are the destinies of an empire and in the foreground two figures of high seriousness and the grand style obliged to cooperate under terms that became increasingly difficult. While Victoria followed the usual course of nature by becoming conservative with the years, Gladstone passed from the Toryism of his youth and maturity through a Liberal middle life to an old age that perilously approached Radicalism.

Mr. Guedalla describes the consequent phases of their relations as harmony, divergence, estrangement, antipathy. The progress toward antipathy was accelerated by an external influence with which Strachey and Maurois have made us familiar—the flattery of Disraeli cunningly employed to win the widowed and lonely Queen to his political views and animosities, an advantage which he and Lord Salisbury did not scruple to maintain by secret correspondence when in Opposition. For literary treatment Disraeli is the more interesting figure, but Mr. Guedalla's sympathies are clearly with the sportsman-like Gladstone, who never dreamed of tampering with the constitutional neutrality of the Crown. Yet they are likewise with the Queen, who was obliged repeatedly to remind her pedantically correct Liberal minister that she was a "woman," who "won't be a machine." If Gladstone's hatred of oppression opened his eyes to the Irish question and the evils of imperialism, his sovereign's conscience was more sensitive to economic evils at home, whether taxes upon matches, beer, and other articles consumed by the poor, or the proposal to reward with a peerage Lionel Rothschild's stock-broking, which seemed "not the less a species of gambling, because it is on a gigantic scale." As Mr. Shaw's "Apple Cart" has shown, the proper role of royalty in a democratic-capitalistic state is by no means a closed question.

Mr. Guedalla has produced a volume interesting to the general reader and serviceable to the historian. The former will enjoy the vigorous personalities that shine through the conventional third person of official correspondence, more obviously in the Queen's case because of her schoolgirl habit of copious underlining, and the reproduction of photographs of many of their political contemporaries. The scholar, although perhaps desiring a fuller index and regretting the omission, as "of limited interest to the general reader," of some 300 items printed in the British edition, will appreciate the careful annotation of the letters and the full and definite references to authorities drawn upon. The new letters continue the process of rehabilitation begun by the three-volume "Letters of Queen Victoria," and confirm John Morley's portrayal of Gladstone as a high-minded statesman.

EMERY NEFF

Shorter Notices

Sex Habits: A Vital Factor in Well-Being. By Abraham Buschke and Friedrich Jacobsohn. Translated from the German by Eden and Cedar Paul. Emerson Books. \$2.50.

"We speak as biologists and not as moralists," the authors of this book state. When we remember that they speak also as eminent specialists in genito-urinary diseases who have seen in countless patients the effects of different moral attitudes, we listen respectfully to their counsel, especially their emphasis of the dangers of infection with venereal disease. They appreciate that sexual potency and impulse reach fruition some years before our economic and moral systems allow licit gratification. They indicate the possible solutions of this dilemma and conclude that "the happiest and most moral" is "an intimacy with

a beloved and loving sexual partner." An unexplained inconsistency appears ten pages farther on when they insist that they "have no sympathy with the demand that the sexual distresses of our time . . . should be overcome by the unrestricted pre-conjugal practice of birth control. . . ." Just how, then, do our authors propose that the young people carry on their "intimacies"? This book is written in a commendable straightforward manner without innuendoes. The two goals the authors seek for the individual are a satisfactory married life and the avoidance of venereal disease. There is a strong plea for strict monogamy, for the "abandonment of masculine libertinage." The authors advocate easier divorce, more liberal interpretation of laws against abortion, and—within the limits noted above—wider dissemination of contraceptive knowledge. The weakest section is that on heredity, which has in it many unproved assertions about the inheritance of insanity, epilepsy, and criminality—none of which is defined with greater detail.

Among the Lost People. By Conrad Aiken. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2.25.

Mr. Aiken's short stories have the virtues of his poetry, and none of the faults of his novels. In the novels a glittering verbiage is used to disguise the mawkishness of emotion and the general absence of content. The short stories, on the other hand, have well-defined and significant themes, are keenly analytic in their treatment of emotion, and are written in a style that has the precision and verbal beauty of Mr. Aiken's poetry. "Among the Lost People" is a collection of twelve narratives, some of which are reprinted from magazines. There are three highly effective horror stories, a metaphysical monologue on the phenomenon of consciousness, and a masterful study of adolescence, *Silent Snow*, *Secret Snow*. A single mood runs through most of the stories—a sense of the irony of human destinies and the pathos of human pretensions.

Select Letters of St. Jerome. Translated by F. A. Wright. *Diodorus of Sicily.* Volume I. Translated by C. H. Oldfather. *Sextus Empiricus.* Volume I. Translated by R. G. Bury. *Arrian.* Volume II. Translated by E. Iliff Robson. *Athenaeus.* Volume V. Translated by C. B. Gulick. Loeb Classical Library. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$2.50 per volume.

Of these five new volumes in the Loeb Classical Library the first is notable for the brilliance of its translation. The Library is always competent in this respect, and not a few of its volumes have supplied, opposite the Latin or the Greek originals, English texts of grace and distinction. But in Mr. Wright the editors have made use of a translator who would be rare in any age, let alone in any library such as this. Eighteen letters of St. Jerome, in themselves powerful pieces of writing, become in Mr. Wright's hands as much alive as if they had been written yesterday—provided, of course, that yesterday is understood to be fifteen hundred years ago.

Beyond the Street. By Edgar Calmer. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$2.50.

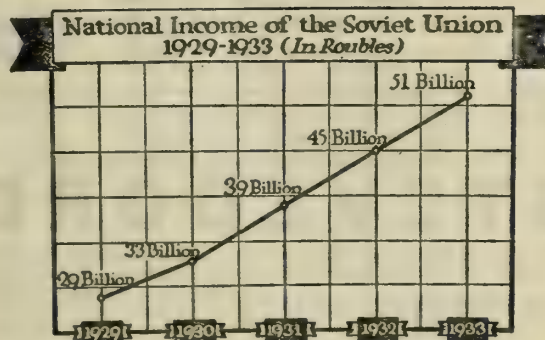
It may be symptomatic of the present anarchy of bourgeois society, of the absence of any integrating system of beliefs, that so many novelists, looking for a common denominator to which to reduce a variety of characters, choose the business organization, the public institution, or the accidentally assembled group as a background. We have had the novel dealing with the office, the hospital, the luxury liner, the commutation train, and now, in Mr. Calmer's work, the public high school. Too often, however, the novelist forgets that in order to give point to these studies in individual diversity it is necessary first to show the force of some common ideal, the institutional thought coloring the personal make-up, the group psychology changing individual

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MEN IN WHITE. Broadhurst Theater. Fine teamwork on the part of the members of the Group Theater helps to make this play about a young doctor one of the things which must not be missed.

IOLANTHE. Majestic Theater. This week's offering of a good company presenting Gilbert and Sullivan repertory.

SHE LOVES ME NOT. Morosco Theater. Mad doings at Princeton which involve the efforts of some high-minded students to rescue a not too innocent maiden in distress. Much the funniest farce of the year.

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behavior. Mr. Calmer's high school has no personality of its own. Except when he tells of the love between a teacher and a pupil, it provides a purely spatial cohesion of the characters, is merely a mechanical device for juxtaposing a number of love stories. The stories are very well told, and the homosexual relations among the high-school pupils are touched on with delicacy and restraint.

Drama

What Is Melodrama?

LAST week I discussed the Theater Union's new production, "Stevedore," as an effective melodrama. Several readers have protested on the ground that "melodrama" is a derogatory term, that it suggests a sort of empty, old-fashioned trickery, that it is, in sum, no suitable word to use in connection with so earnest a play. Melodrama, they add, usually adopts a conventional attitude toward a conventional theme. Far from being revolutionary in its tendency, it falls in with popular prejudices and, in part at least, depends for the pleasure it gives upon the fact that it does afford simple-minded support to the emotional simplifications habitual to its audience.

Doubtless the word is often loosely used with all these connotations, but at the risk of seeming pedantic I should like to rescue it from abuse as a term of vague derogation and assign to it the specific meaning which it properly has. As all who are familiar with theatrical history know, it originally meant exactly what the syllables suggest—a drama accompanied by melodies; and the excited thumping which used in our childhood to herald the entrance of the villain and the "soft music" which used to accompany the scenes of sentiment were last vestiges of what had formerly been an important element in a particular kind of entertainment. But the original "melodramas" were invented for performance in large London theaters which were prevented by the monopolistic system of licenses from performing any plays in the standard repertory. Partly because they were hastily written for immediate consumption and partly because the auditoriums were too large to permit the effective use of much dialogue, the stress was upon spectacle and action, upon things seen rather than upon words heard. Accordingly when melodramas, properly so called, disappeared along with the situation which had called them into being, the name persisted to identify any play in which the action was conspicuously more important than the dialogue, and "melodramatic" is still properly used to indicate that the drama so labeled is one which depends for its effect chiefly upon an externalized conflict, one in which the triumph or defeat of the protagonist is recounted in visual terms—as when the villain falls over the cliff or the hero arrives in time to loosen the bonds which hold his beloved in the path of the on-rushing train.

It makes no difference what moral or political force is supposed to be triumphing. The hero may represent democracy, the spirit of the marines, or clean living in the out-of-doors. The conflict may nominally be the conflict between Arianism and the Athanasian creed in the fourth century. But if, in the latter case, the interest of the play really depends upon the scene in which the followers of Athanasius literally shove an Arian bishop off the episcopal seat, then it is a melodrama, even though the excuse for it happens to be a highly intellectual controversy. Hence the fact that "Stevedore" is revolutionary in tendency and concerned with the class struggle is irrelevant so far as the classification of the play as melodrama is concerned. It has to come in the end to a last-minute arrival of white workers, who might, if we were not told different, just as well

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be marines, but that is because physical conflicts all look alike and a red cracking a fascist over the head looks exactly like a fascist cracking a red over the head.

Nor do I see any reason why the admirers of "Stevedore" should object to having it called a melodrama. Its purpose is obviously to stir the passions, and melodrama is the best theatrical method of doing that yet invented. Propagandists commonly pretend that they want "to make people think." I doubt if they really do and I am quite sure that few plays recently written with that avowed purpose have done anything of the sort. But if it is hard for a play to make the spectator think, it is relatively easy for it to make him fighting mad—especially if it happens to be, like "Stevedore," a good melodrama.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

The Dance

"Cotillion": "Union Pacific"

THE Monte Carlo Ballet Russe has done one notable service in allowing Americans to get a view, however belated, of a repertory that made the ballet the most lively single influence in the arts of painting, music, and dancing from 1909 for twenty years. It is a very difficult thing to revive a ballet after its initial seasons. Usually the dancing was designed for a specific cast. In the case of the Fokine ballets, like "Prince Igor," "Les Sylphides," and "Carnaval," the choreography has taken on an almost legendary classicism. The first of the modern Russian ballets, twenty years ago, framed Pavlova, Nijinsky, and Karsavina for the first time and forever. Now, performed against dimmed décor by lesser technicians and, what is more serious, by *different* dancers, whose interpretations must perforce be a pastiche of the heroic original, the effect cannot avoid the dubious.

Georges Balanchine's and André Derain's "Competition" was rightly the outstanding success of the first visit of the Monte Carlo Ballet, as "Cotillion" was the success of its second. "Cotillion" is a fascinating theatrical experience unlike any ballet composed in our day. For its subject matter is not fable but atmosphere, the tragic atmosphere of an influential and ridiculous segment of international society. In a bare rented hall with great marbled walls, bordered with crimson and gilt loges, many dancers perform the familiar rituals of a ball. In bitter costumes recalling Boldini and parties of adolescents just before the war, strangely reminiscent ceremonies are executed with the tired precision of nervous, anguished gaiety. Balanchine the musician is the equivalent of Balanchine the ballet-master. His variations spring equally from Euclid and the heart. The freshness of his invention, the purely lyric, continuously surprising logic of his developing ideas merely give further testimony to his inexhaustible genius. Here, for the first time, ballet is used not to tell a story but to inscribe a cumulative mood as tender, mysterious, and intense as a song. Toumanova, her black hair decked with a blue bow, executed her febrile fouettés with such dissembling ease that pure technique was felt to be as lovely as pure joy, at least when set in the final spiral, sweeping, shattering climax of a Balanchine ball.

The production of "Union Pacific," with scenario by Archibald MacLeish, music of N. Nabokoff, and choreography by Massine, was admirable from one point of view. It marked the interest of an able poet in a medium which can prove as fruitful to poets as it has been to painters and composers. There could have been no better poet chosen to imagine an American subject heroically or dramatically. The subject itself, the construction of the first transcontinental railroad, had considerable potential

motive magnificence, more perhaps from a cinematic than a choreographic point of view. Nevertheless, the idea of an Irish gang pushing west and a Chinese gang pushing east against time and in spite of obstacles, meeting at a point in Utah, had scale worthy of the Music Hall and a mass spectacle of 500 dancers. As produced by the Monte Carlo Ballet, "Union Pacific" was of importance neither from a scenic, musical, nor dramatic angle. Albert Johnson's infantile decoration may have been determined by the atmosphere of the dances, but only in the blue-print drop of Utah crossed by a railroad track was there any real inkling of the essence of the subject. The costumes by Irene Sharaff were lovely and often right, although so badly lighted that their real flare and bravura could scarcely be appreciated. A discussion of Nabokoff's music is not relevant here. The American thematic material was adequately handled, with perhaps too much use of one tune, and a terrible forcing of the brasses to build up accents of noise. What Jerome Kern would have done with the same material, it is not hard to imagine, would have been more touching, less schooled in the tradition of Rimsky-Korsakov.

Only bewilderment and exasperation can come from Massine's uncreative choreography. Tacitly abandoning the heroism of the subject, for whatever good or bad reason, from the very first moment, his conception of an American ballet was trifling and confused. Opening with a pointless solo, as tactless in style as it was vapid in invention, it put that fine young dancer Andrei Eglevsky to extreme embarrassment. The Irish crew, curiously Russian in red boots, carried in girls representing ties and rails. This vulgar literalism on a big scale if photographed on a Warner Brothers lot would have merited the applause it received. But here it was an active pun, a mixture of modes involving humans forced into a rigidity they could not hold, in an unworthy charade which was the height of choreographic bad manners.

Any idea of two gangs, despite all, forcing their inevitable way across the opening empire of our West was destroyed by an interminable interlude lasting for more than half the ballet, staged in a tent where Massine arranged a series of divertissements. Why he had to use the grammar of classical ballet here is a mystery: why toes, why pas de deux, why pirouettes? This kind of abuse of a great vocabulary is the reason so many people think ballet is played out. But granting that he wished to bring down the level of the dancing to a *Chauve Souris* basis, some sense of the style of frontier brashness, even a Mae West hip-fling or a tawdry, roving, gambling vitality, could have redeemed the poverty of his invention. Massine himself stopped the show in a barman's dance. Four or five initial snake-hips Harlem belly bends intoxicated the audience with their familiarity, but any even modern Americanism was thrown over to give way to a bright little number, ending with a sure-fire pirouette and held pose. Enough complaints: it was neither vulgar, nor consistent, nor stylish, nor new; it had no idea, no climax, but only a finale.

One single question arises. Is local American material, a subject rooted to a geographical point, in historic time, feasible for ballet? Dancing is lyric in essence. Local color, when not purely decorative, a pageant, is only dramatic when carefully studied to revive the nostalgia of past time. Otherwise why use any particular time? Essential American material, that is, American pacing, character, carriage, is splendid stuff for dancing. Even using Russians, who had no idea of what they were supposed to represent, "Union Pacific" could have become a more impressive vehicle by throwing away the few links with anecdote and busying itself entirely with mass formations: a real design of human labor. Humor, anecdote, grimace, and surprise are the cheap tricks on which a rueful artist relies to conceal the poorness of his imagination.

LINCOLN KIRSTEIN



Contents

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS	547
EDITORIALS:	
May Day—1934	550
In Sheep's Clothing	551
Exploiting the Child	551
King of the Jungle	552
ISSUES AND MEN. COORDINATION AND RECOVERY. By Oswald Garrison Villard	553
CARTOON: REMOTE CONTROL. By LOW	554
BRINGING SHELTER UP TO DATE. I. SAY IT WITH STREAM-LINES. By Douglas Haskell	555
THE STRUGGLE FOR POWER IN AUSTRIA. By John Gunther	557
MAINLY ABOUT PUBLISHERS. By Paul Y. Anderson	559
MILITANT LABOR IN DETROIT. By Matthew Smith	560
A FOREIGNER LOOKS AT MAY DAY. By Johannes Steel	562
"THE MENACE OF JEWISH FASCISM"	563
IN THE DRIFTWAY. By the Drifter	564
THE INTELLIGENT TRAVELER. TOURS TO THE SOVIET UNION. II. By John Rothschild	565
BOOKS, DRAMA, FILMS:	
Advertising: An Autopsy. By Stuart Chase	567
Huxley in the Tropics. By Carl Van Doren	568
Men Without Countries. By Mark Van Doren	569
The Theories of Major Douglas. By Benjamin Haggott Beckhart	570
Middle Europe. By Florence Codman	571
Shorter Notices	572
Drama: Pent-House Utopia. By Joseph Wood Krutch	572
Films: Tarzan and Hitler. By William Troy	573
CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE	574

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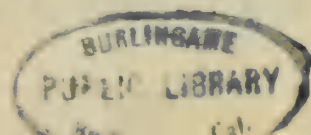
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PROFITS of \$906,000,000 for members and member firms of the Stock Exchange during the five years and eight months beginning with 1928 and ending on August 31, 1933, reveal conclusively the impelling motive behind Wall Street's campaign against the Fletcher-Rayburn bill. It is inconceivable that a group of capitalists, fattening on such vast, unearned rewards as these, would not mobilize all possible weapons against legislation which, if effective, would inevitably reduce their remuneration. The strategy which timed the release of this last compelling political argument for regulation of the security markets for the exact moment when the bill was being considered on the floors of both houses of Congress has stripped Wall Street of all but a shred of hope that restrictive legislation can be avoided at this session. To a nation still suffering from acute depression this recital of spoils makes it clear that the Stock Exchange not only benefited abnormally during boom days but has experienced relatively little loss during times of economic distress. After profiting to the extent of \$733,000,000 from the bull market of 1928-29, members of the Exchange lost only \$7,600,000 during 1931 and 1932. And in the first eight months of 1933 their profits mounted again to \$109,000,000, a return practically all gleaned during the four months of that period when the New Deal stock-market boom was in full career. These last profits were larger than the

earnings of any of the great American trusts during 1933. The setback to its hopes resulting from these disclosures has deepened the pessimism of Wall Street, but this does not mean that its campaign has been slackened. Despite this pressure it appears likely, as we go to press, that the measure will be adopted without serious modification.

THE INTERPRETATIONS placed by Attorney-General Cummings on the Johnson law—which forbids individual Americans to make loans to foreign governments that are in default in their debts to the United States government—appear, in general, to be reasonable, but serve to show what a mess we have tumbled into by the enactment of the statute. Our only possible advantage from the law is a chance to blow off a little moral indignation. Nobody can believe that it will in any substantial way speed or guarantee the recovery of our largest outstanding debts, while it will practically cut off our valuable export trade to Russia. Russia's debt to us is one of the smaller outstanding obligations, and the Bolsheviki expressly stated, when the loan to Kerensky was under consideration, that they would repudiate it if they came into power, as they did soon after. Yet the Johnson Act particularly strikes at Russia—or rather at our own sales to it—because in the Soviet Union practically all purchases have to be made by the government, to which apparently American firms can no longer extend credit. Doubtless after prolonged diplomacy Russia will sign a debt agreement according to which it will begin insignificant payments to this country. In the meantime, our promising export trade will go to smash. It would be possible even now to continue our trade with Russia through the recently created Export-Import Bank, which, as a government institution, is not covered by the Johnson law, but at the moment, at least, the Administration seems not disposed to do this. It would be hard to find a more perfect instance of cutting off one's nose to spite one's face.

THE SILVER BLOC comes forward with one more scheme for the benefit of its sacred metal. This involves the "nationalization" of silver at a price of "not more than" 50 cents an ounce—in other words, the purchase by the government of silver from speculative holders at a price higher than that any of them paid for it—and the establishment of a federal currency reserve of 70 per cent gold and 30 per cent silver. It is hardly necessary to point out that this second provision would accomplish only one thing: it would require the government to purchase \$30 worth of silver for every \$70 worth of gold it already holds; that is, it would require the government to purchase several billion dollars' worth of a metal of which it has not the slightest need. For the silver reserves would in no sense act as a substitute for an equal amount of gold reserves; that would be possible only by abandonment of the gold standard in favor of bimetallism or symmetallism. A gold reserve, contrary to the impression of the silver bloc, is not a "backer fund" but a "conversion fund"; it means, in its normal functioning, that holders of dollars here or abroad can get in



exchange for them a definite fixed quantity of gold. If the government has the option of paying out either a given quantity of gold or a given quantity of silver, then the dollar will have an uncertain value between the value of the two metals; if the government stands ready to pay out different quantities of silver in accordance with the changing market values of that metal in relation to gold, then the government is constantly speculating in silver.

THE SILVER ADVOCATES, incidentally, have now found a new reason why it is necessary to raise the price of the metal. Forcing up the price of silver, we are told, "would force up production costs in Japan and other countries on a silver basis," and so hurt them in export-trade competition with ourselves. Merely to provoke the antagonism of a powerful nation by a deliberate blow at its world trade is a minor matter to the silverites. There is, however, a slight defect in their argument. Japan is not on a silver basis; it is normally on a gold basis and is now on a paper basis. Consequently, a rise in the price of silver would not affect its production costs at all. It is true, however, that a further rise in silver would hurt the Chinese, as the preceding rise already has, by lowering Chinese prices. But when the propaganda for silver was in full blast a few months ago, it was precisely to help the Chinese and restore their "purchasing power" that silver was to be raised. The Japanese-production-costs argument throws a strong light on the information, sincerity, and scruples of some of the silver Senators.

CUBA seems to be swinging back to the ways of Machado. Press censorship is attempted on the specious plea that recent disturbances have been caused by the publication of exaggerated stories about unimportant incidents. How this justifies the effort to prevent photographers from taking pictures of a student demonstration is not clear. The effort, incidentally, was unsuccessful. Though films were confiscated, at least one roll escaped—to be reproduced in the *New York Herald Tribune*. It tells its story more graphically than type. Students fleeing from government troops are being fired upon with machine-guns, rifles, and pistols. One student was killed, several gravely wounded. The students' offense was that they were demonstrating in front of the statue of a Cuban liberator against the earlier wanton killing of a fellow-student by an officer and men of the army. The army behaves precisely as it did under Machado. This is scarcely surprising since it is the same army, with only a change of commander. And that commander, former Sergeant, now Colonel, Fulgencio Batista, ignores the Supreme Court's order to turn over to the courts the officer charged with the student's murder. That President Mendieta should condone and indorse the army's violence against the students is evidence of his regime's lack of popular support. Further evidence is the announcement by a Cuban government "spokesman" that the administration is preparing a "rightist" program. This is not a change. The two presidential incumbents approved by Sumner Welles, who as Assistant Secretary of State continues to direct our Cuban policy, have been only slightly less "rightist" than Machado. One of these days it may occur to Mr. Roosevelt to let the Cubans have the kind of administration they want—even though it be "leftist." (It might not look any "leftist" in

Cuba than the New Deal does to Wall Street.) But to achieve that end a different high command of our Cuban policy is required.

AS THIS ISSUE of *The Nation* goes to press the contest grows hot in Pennsylvania between Governor Pinchot and Senator David A. Reed for the Republican nomination for the United States Senate in the primary of May 15. The issue is plain. Shall the Mellon-Grundy-Vare cabal be handed back the rule which is slipping from its grasp, or has all this talk of a New Deal really sunk into the consciousness of the electorate? Senator Reed is a corporation lawyer, the messenger boy of the Mellons, the spokesman for the vested interests, the champion of reaction. His twelve-year tenure in the Senate has been remarkable for his unbroken record of being on the side of the upper dog. Governor Pinchot, on the other hand, is a Progressive, and mere party lines have not stood in the way of his independence or his insurgency. During his two terms as governor he has acquitted himself honorably on the whole, and has revealed a definite social consciousness. Though he has not been above temporary alliances with others whose motives have been dubious, he has done far more for the people of his State than any other governor in recent times. There can be no question of his sincerity when he declares that he is against the "interests" and for the people of Pennsylvania. In the Senate he would be expected to ally himself with Senators Norris, La Follette, and other Progressives. Indeed, his "radicalism" has been made the chief campaign issue by the Reed forces. The background of the Reed-Pinchot contest is, of course, the overthrow last year of the Vare machine. Senator Reed is attempting by his candidacy to rebuild its shattered strength.

A NUMBER of our readers have asked us to comment on the activities of the recently organized American Federation of Utility Investors, which is flooding the country with its propaganda and appeals for membership. There is no reason, of course, why in a democracy the utilities and their investors should not propagandize in their own interest, even though contrary to the welfare of the public at large, provided bribery and underhand methods are not practiced. Unfortunately there has been all too much corrupt influence by utility interests, as witness the \$250,000 paid by Samuel Insull to the chairman of the Illinois commission supposed to be regulating his companies, and the recently disclosed fact that State Senator Thayer of the Public Service Committee of the New York Senate was long the paid factotum of the Associated Gas and Electric Company. But although utility investors have a right to present their side, it is absurd to pretend that their activities are distinguishable from those of the utilities behind them. Utility companies are sending out the membership appeals of the federation, and according to the *New York Journal of Commerce*, the organization had its genesis after the annual meeting of one of the largest utility holding companies. "It was suggested that it would be better for stockholders to make the move rather than the utilities themselves," said the newspaper's account.

THE FEDERATION AIMS, of course, to combat the movement toward government ownership and operation stimulated by the Tennessee Valley project and other federal power plants, although it does not say so directly. It does

say that it purposes "to stop future construction of all projects in competition with investor-owned utilities, and loans to municipalities for duplicating investor-owned facilities." It is a trifle late to stop such competition now. It should have been begun years ago by providing adequate service at fair rates instead of bilking consumers until they were obliged to go into business for themselves. It will be well, too, for small utility investors to consider whether their interests as consumers do not outweigh their stakes as stockholders. A reader of *The Nation* writes:

Despite my own position as an investor in public utilities to the extent of some \$500, I am convinced that my position as a consumer is more important. I now pay between \$75 and \$100 a year for electricity in my home. If the cost were reduced by only one-half, I could recover all my investment in about ten years. I could well afford to sacrifice my interest as investor in supporting my interest as consumer.

The American Federation of Utility Investors adds in parentheses after its title, "Not for profit." Certainly not. The organization is not run for profit to itself—just for continued and, if possible, increased profit to the individuals who share the plunder extorted from the public by the utility interests.

THE Henry patent-case decision, recently handed down by the United States Court of Customs and Patent Appeals, marks the victorious close of the government's seven-year fight to protect the public-service patent on a simple and inexpensive process for removing the poison-spray residue on fruits and vegetables. The Food and Drug Administration has always contended that merely seizing shipments of fruits and vegetables carrying unsafe poisonous residue was no answer to the problem. More fundamental action was necessary if public health was to be adequately protected. The Henry process was worked out by a food-and-drug chemist, Arthur M. Henry, about ten years ago, and was actually in use before the patent litigation started. To insure the wide use of the method the inventor applied for a public-service patent. At about the same time an attempt was made by Ernest M. Brogden and Miles L. Trowbridge of California to obtain a private patent on the process, which would have meant that every grower who used it would have had to pay a royalty to the owners of the patent. The decision of the court—from whose authority there is no appeal—means the saving of royalty costs which would have been passed on to the consumer; moreover, the cheaper the process, the greater the likelihood of its being used for the protection of the public health.

NOW that newspaper editorial workers have been able to organize under the protection of the Recovery Act, there is a sharp issue as to whether they should continue to be an independent guild or should affiliate with the American Federation of Labor. Many of those who oppose identification with the labor movement do so because they are actually hostile to any kind of economically effective organization, but others, like Marlen E. Pew of *Editor and Publisher*, have an honest fear that the affiliation of editorial workers with the labor movement would make them partisans of it in their treatment of the news. The point of view deserves respectful consideration, but we believe Mr. Pew exaggerates the dangers. Even after affiliation with the

A. F. of L., newspaper editorial workers would tend to remain too aloof from the labor movement rather than too close to it. The tragedy of American labor organization in general is its pathetic lack of class consciousness, and this is accentuated among editorial workers because of their special education and superior economic position. But aside from this is the more fundamental point made in a recent speech by Charles P. Howard, president of the International Typographical Union. Even if news were colored in the interest of organized labor—which he did not expect—"it would be colored in the interests of a larger number of Americans than it has been colored for in the past." And Mr. Pew admits that for years there has been a "scandalous betrayal" of labor unionism by newspaper editors and writers. Even if the American Newspaper Guild enrolls nine-tenths instead of one-tenth of the eligible workers, and if it affiliates with the A. F. of L., we shall expect to see wealth, position, and reputation dominate the pages of our journals, as they do now. When that ceases to be true, it will be because such influences no longer dominate the public at large.

THE PULITZER PRIZE COMMITTEE has again raised a tempest in a teapot by again disregarding the recommendation of its drama jury and awarding the play prize not to "Mary of Scotland" but to "Men in White." Nominally the prizes are awarded by the trustees of Columbia University, who, however, actually leave the decision in the hands of an advisory board appointed by the Pulitzer School of Journalism. This advisory board in turn appoints a jury to make recommendations which, for mysterious reasons, it does not always accept. Austin Strong, Clayton Hamilton, and Walter Prichard Eaton, who constituted this year's play jury, have a right to feel that they have received an unexplained snub, and the general public may well wonder what it is all about. To an outsider it seems that if the advisory board feels competent to make the decision, then there is no reason why it should appoint a jury. If, on the other hand, it feels the need of advice from a jury, it might sensibly as well as courteously accept the jury's verdict.

IT was a soft May morning. The sky was clearing after a warm spring rain and gave promise of a fair day. Outside the dining-room window a robin picked in the newly turned soil of the vegetable garden with deliberation, secure in his faith in the permanent availability of food. We took up the morning newspaper and read at random the following headlines:

British Note Warns Japan of Trade War
Ibn Saud Routs Yemen's Army
5-Alarm Blaze Kills 1, Wrecks Erie Basin Pier
Wells Arrives Predicting War Within 6 Years
Student Killed, 6 Wounded in Havana Riot
Fleet Steams Out Today to Renew "War" Games
Plan to Invade Southern China Laid to Japan
Rifles Issued to Police of Radio Patrol. O'Ryan
Also Orders Windshields Adjusted to Permit
Accurate Shooting
Cummings Asks 270 New Agents to Fight Crimes
Plan Sham Nicaragua "War"
Hiawatha Was a Cannibal, Says the Smithsonian

With the cunning born of living in a brutal civilization we sneaked quietly out of the house and wrung the robin's neck.

May Day—1934

THIRTY-EIGHT years ago a May Day appeal* written by Nicolai Lenin, then in prison, was distributed to 2,000 workers in forty St. Petersburg factories. "It is time," read the appeal, "that we Russian workers smashed the chains that the bosses and the government have placed upon us. It is time that we joined our fellow-workers of other lands in the struggle—under a common flag bearing the words: 'Workers of all countries, unite!'"

In France, England, Germany, and other lands where the workers have already closed their ranks and won important rights, the First of May is a general holiday of all labor. The workers leave the dark factories and parade the main streets in well-ordered lines with flags and music. They show their masters their power grown strong and join in numerous crowded assemblies to listen to speeches in which the victories achieved over the bosses are recounted and the plans for future struggles are developed.

Lenin's fellow-workers to whom he addressed his appeal were not allowed to organize, to protest, to strike, or to march. Lenin assumed that the workers of other countries, who had won these rights, would lead the way toward revolution. "Let us wish our brothers," he said, "that their struggle soon lead to the desired goal, to a society in which there will be no masters and no slaves, no capitalists and no wage workers, but all will work together and all will enjoy the good things of life together."

Today the workers of other countries are plodding through a dark age of economic depression and capitalist dictatorship; but St. Petersburg has become Leningrad, and Russia the Union of Socialist Soviet Republics; and in the generation since Lenin smuggled his appeal to a handful of factory employees the workers of his country have passed through a war and an unsuccessful revolution, through years of depression and despair, through another war and a successful revolution, through more years of chaos and famine, until now they have achieved strength and cohesion under Communist dictatorship. Whether or not the dictatorship and its policies have developed as Lenin would have desired is a question; but it is not the question that interests us when we consider the manifestations of May Day, 1934. The fact that stares at us through the confusion of the world today is the vast magnitude of the change that thirty-eight years have wrought in the most backward land of Europe.

From that fact hope may be drawn. Did the world look more promising to Lenin in his cell in 1896 than it does today? The same courage and tenacity that drove him and his comrades through two more decades of revolutionary labor before their plans began to take final shape are alive today even in the victorious camps of reaction. Unless Western civilization itself collapses, those forces will eventually prevail. The failure of the capitalist economy insures fundamental change.

We have read the accounts of May Day in Japan and Germany, in England, France, Cuba, South America. We watched the workers march in New York. Is there any single picture to be made of this world demonstration, this

momentary surge of the changing tide of the worker's revolt?

In Germany the day of international working-class solidarity was seized and cynically perverted to the end of glorifying the rule of the most ruthlessly nationalist and reactionary government in Europe. Two million people marched to the Tempelhof Field to hear Hitler extol Nazi rule. It would be interesting to know how many of these men and women remain loyal and credulous when, after a year, they are still the victims of poverty and unchecked exploitation. For what tangible gains have they forfeited their freedom?

In other European countries the May Day demonstrations were not impressive. Where they were not suppressed by force, a mood of hopelessness and apparent apathy inhibited revolutionary displays. Even Spain was quiet, and the only demonstrations in France were unorganized disturbances here and there in working-class districts. In Austria the Nazis were the only anti-government groups allowed to hold a May Day rally! The workers and students marching in Havana were fired on by soldiers from the house tops and attacked in the streets by the police.

Nowhere did the demonstrations of the workers give evidence of strength and cohesion and fighting force. In New York the parades of the trade unionists and Socialists and Communists were by far the largest and most impressive ever staged. Sedate and solid, the Socialists, together with the bulk of the local unions and a few left political groups, moved by a roundabout route to Madison Square, where behind massed banners the leaders reviewed the ranks. The stream of Communist marchers flowed through other streets and emptied into Union Square. Without any question the Communist parade had a quality of life and imagination that the Socialists lacked. Their posters were bolder and better executed; their slogans were revolutionary rather than mildly reformist. The Socialists looked like solid burghers, the Communists like workers on the march. But in neither camp was there any sign of discipline or sober determination. American workers are still amateur revolutionists. They lack training in collective action—even collective marching and singing—and, like their European brothers, they lack unity. As long as the Socialists and the needle-trades workers and a handful of Trotzkyists and Lovestonites and American Workers' Party members walk in one part of town, while the official Communists walk in another, no menace to the present system will emerge from the demonstrations of May Day.

One can find one's best excuse for hope in the swift changes taking place in trade and industry and finance, changes which are driving the workers of this and other countries to a desperate realization of the issues and the forces which confront them. Events move faster than they did in Russia before the revolution; the fear is that they may move too fast—as in Germany—to give the workers time to solidify their ranks before the forces of fascism overwhelm them. Only a powerful, independent labor movement, united in opposition to war and fascism no matter what its inner differences, can struggle successfully toward the "desired goal" described by Lenin on May Day, 1896.

* Reprinted in the *Militant* (New York), April 28, 1934.

In Sheep's Clothing

IN spite of a praiseworthy object, the federal anti-racketeering bill, S. 2248, which was recently passed by the Senate and sent to the House, contains some possibilities so dangerous as to make it a wolf in sheep's clothing. So far as we know, the objectionable possibilities are a matter of accident, not conspiracy, and probably have never occurred to the supporters of the measure. At the same time, unless they can be sidetracked, the whole bill ought to be ditched.

The bill grew out of the Congressional crime investigation, and greatly enlarges the federal police power in connection with kidnapping, prison riots, bank robberies, murder of federal officers, crossing State lines to avoid prosecution, and the like. Not a word has been said to indicate that the bill has any special significance for labor, and under these circumstances it is not surprising that it passed the Senate without discussion. According to its terms, however, any person who in any matter affecting interstate commerce "commits or threatens to commit any act of violence, intimidation, or injury to a person or property," or who "coerces or attempts to coerce" any other person or firm to do anything he has a legal right not to do, including joining or not joining any particular association or group, or making payments to it, or patronizing particular firms, is guilty of a felony punishable by from one to ninety-nine years' imprisonment.

Do these terms—"violence," "intimidation," "coercion"—have reference merely to gun-toting desperadoes? Not at all. They are likewise polite legal euphemisms for almost all tactics which labor has found effective in its economic struggles, and have been so used in this country and in England for over a century. As Professor John R. Commons has declared, the terms "coercion" and "intimidation" are "so vaguely defined that almost any conduct can be considered coercive or intimidating." Thus mass picketing is intimidation; secondary boycotts are coercion; so are sympathetic strikes, strikes for a closed shop, and even, by some courts, strikes to secure collective bargaining. In general, the courts tend to regard as coercion any strike they deem unjustified. So, too, is putting an employer's name on an "unfair" list, or even threatening to do so. Coercion may consist merely of "persistent persuasion" and "social pressure" to join a union. Likewise, there is no sharp line between intimidation and persuasion. Intimidation may be "moral intimidation" or it may lie in the mere presence of numbers, without the use of any actual force.

Even such strikes as have hitherto won complete judicial sanction would not necessarily be exempt. For the bill penalizes all acts, or threats to commit acts, of "injury to a person or property," and as is well known, the term "property" does not mean merely physical property but includes also such intangibles as "business" and "good-will." A threat to call a strike is definitely a threat of injury to property, in this sense; its whole effectiveness lies in this fact; and this reasoning has actually been approved by the New York Court of Appeals (*People v. Barondess*, 133 N. Y. 648, 61 Hun 571). Taken literally, the completely unqualified language of the proposed bill makes it possible to consider every act of participation in every strike affecting interstate commerce a major felony!

As for the provisions of the bill dealing with overt violence, it is obvious that even they offer great possibilities of abuse through the arrest of strikers, strike leaders, and agitators on real or trumped-up charges. More ominous still, not only acts of violence but "threats" of violence are made a felony. The courts have held that labor's "threats" may be conveyed by word, gesture, sign, or tone.

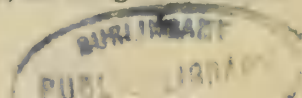
Whatever its origin or motives, the bill is in effect the heaven-sent and complete answer to the prayers of those employers who inveighed so bitterly against the "one-sidedness" of the original Wagner measure because of its failure to "protect the employer and the individual worker" from alleged unfair and coercive practices by labor unions. Deprived of the free use of the federal injunction by the Norris bill of 1932, employers would be able, by means of this new statute, to make the broadest use of the federal criminal process, and labor would be in danger of being thrust back to the legal status of a century ago, only one step removed from the days when trade unions as such were illegal and criminal.

If enacted, the bill would mark a gigantic step in the direction of the very heart of the fascist program. It is to be hoped that neither the House of Representatives nor the President will be stampeded or misled by an anti-racketeering label into lending countenance to this mischievous measure.

Exploiting the Child

THE constitutional amendment giving Congress the right to prohibit child labor has been ratified by twenty States. Only one more State, Louisiana, will vote on the amendment this year, unless at the special legislative session now meeting in New Mexico the question should be brought up. Although in 1933, when fourteen States voted for the amendment—some of them reversing former votes in doing so—there seemed to be a marked swing toward adoption, since January 1, 1934, of the eight States which have considered the matter, among them Massachusetts and New York, none has voted favorably.

Nobody wants child labor (contrary to the history of the national prohibition amendment, which perhaps half of the population wanted at one time) in the common-sense definition of the term as labor of children for hire or profit. Yet the National Committee for the Protection of the Child, Family, Home, and Church, the preposterously named organization which has lately been created in opposition to the amendment, includes among its spokesmen such nationally known humanitarians as A. Lawrence Lowell, president emeritus of Harvard University, Elihu Root, and Nicholas Murray Butler, head of Columbia University. And the New York State committee which opposed ratification at Albany this spring included, besides Messrs. Root and Butler, Frederic R. Coudert, Anne Morgan, Mrs. Charles H. Sabin, George W. Wickersham, and several dozen other men and women prominent in public life. All these persons would say, and many have said publicly more than once, that they were unequivocally opposed to the improper employment of children in mills, factories, mines, and so on, and in general to the exploitation of minors for unseemly profit. Yet they are willing to fight against the child-labor amendment, which would prevent just these things, on the ground that it



does other things in addition which they consider unjustified and un-American. The arguments against the adoption of the child-labor amendment are taken up one by one in the admirably argued brief for adoption prepared by the committee for ratification of which Charles C. Burlingham, former president of the New York Bar Association, is chairman. After pointing out conclusively that there is no time limit in the Constitution on the ratification of amendments and that States which have formerly rejected an amendment may subsequently accept it, the argument proceeds to deny that the amendment will, as its opponents say, permit an unwarranted invasion of the American home, school, and church. President Butler, in a letter to the *New York Times* last December expressing his opposition to the proposed constitutional change, actually raised the time-honored bogey of federal inspectors invading the American home and arresting little Mary for washing up the supper dishes. It is hard to believe that President Butler believes this would happen, but if he does he might be soothed by a statement in the Burlingham brief:

It has been almost a century since the first child-labor legislation began to appear on the statute books. Throughout this very long period of time, in the enactments of all of the State legislatures dealing with the problem, no example of abuse of authority has been found. . . . In no State has the labor of children on their family farm been regulated. In none has the home been invaded under the guise of regulating child labor. In none has the regulation or prohibition of premature employment operated to destroy the republican form of government. In none has the State's solicitude for the health of its youth been repaid by the automatic conversion of its wards to bolshevism. By what strange alchemy will the power to regulate child labor become so fraught with peril when intrusted to the national government? Are the men whom the States send to Congress possessed of some strange virus which makes it unsafe to give to them power exercised as a matter of course by the legislators who remain in the State capitols?

We must conclude that behind this opposition on the part of intelligent, high-minded, and undoubtedly sincere persons stands a group that does want child labor, that would benefit by child labor, that employs child labor for miserable wages today—where there are no NRA codes or they are not enforced—and that proposes to continue to do so if it is in any way possible. As recently as April, 1930, it was estimated that 667,000 children under sixteen were gainfully employed. In New York City the number of boys and girls employed as domestics increased 60 per cent in the decade between 1920 and 1930; in Philadelphia the increase was 70 per cent; in Chicago, 153 per cent; in Detroit and Cleveland, more than 175 per cent. One of the large employers of children in the country is the press. So powerful and insistent was the pressure of this industry that a provision was actually written into the tentative newspaper code permitting the employment of newsboys under sixteen years of age, although the NRA's chief claim to fame is that it has temporarily, at least, abolished child labor.

To get the amendment passed in the necessary sixteen additional States will require work of the toughest and most unrelenting sort. The legislatures of twenty-two States which have not ratified the amendment meet in January, 1935. They must be urged by every possible means to vote favorably on an important and necessary piece of legislation.

King of the Jungle

CLASS war has broken out in the newspaper office, and before it is over a great many reporters may discover that they are plain workingmen as well as gentlemen of the press. The Newspaper Guild of San Francisco has laid before the regional board the case of Louis Burgess, formerly an editorial writer on the *San Francisco Examiner*, a Hearst paper which calls itself proudly "Monarch of the Dailies." The appeal to the board rests on the provision of Section 7-a of the Recovery Act which forbids discrimination against employees for membership or activity in labor organizations. Mr. Burgess was discharged ostensibly for purposes of economy and also for incompetence. We are informed that the Hearst papers on the Pacific Coast are not economizing now; as for the charge of incompetence, Burgess's record tends to refute it. He worked for six years for the Hearst papers until he left of his own accord when the first pay cut was put into effect some two years ago. Subsequently, as a free-lance writer, he wrote an article for the *New Republic*, called *Working for Hearst*, which was not exactly complimentary. Yet in spite of this independent attitude on the part of Mr. Burgess, when he returned to San Francisco seven months ago he was rehired as an editorial writer on the *Examiner*. In March he joined the Newspaper Guild, was elected chairman of the *Examiner* chapter, and was a very active worker in the organization. It was twenty days after he joined the guild that he was discharged for reasons of economy and incompetence. As bearing on the latter, some of the editorials he had written were considered good enough to be used after he was ousted. And it is reported that the managing editor, in giving him notice, expressed his own high regard for Mr. Burgess and his work.

Meanwhile, the guild chapter, being militant, was having trouble. It was intimated that there was no room for guild notices on the *Examiner's* bulletin board. Six of the chapter's seventy-two members resigned and several others ignored pressure to resign. When Mr. Burgess was ousted, the chapter refused to recognize his discharge—and he continues to be chairman. A lawyer was hired and the case was sent to the labor board for a hearing. The conduct of other, especially liberal, newspapers in San Francisco is worth mentioning. No daily paper has so far considered the Burgess case news. The Scripps-Howard *News* has printed nothing about the case in its local news columns, and Heywood Broun's column about the guild and Hearst was printed in the *News* with the reference to Burgess deleted. (How does this seem to Mr. Broun?) It remained for Upton Sinclair's weekly *Epic* to print a front-page story and create a stir which is rumored to have had the effect of easing the Hearst pressure against the guild—for policy's sake. We shall watch with unprecedented interest the outcome of this encounter in which the New Deal and the press will lock horns on the labor issue. The executive committee of the San Francisco Guild is assured, apparently by someone who knows the ropes, that it has an excellent case and should win "against anybody in the country except the publishers." There is no doubt that the "Monarch of the Dailies," in such a battle as this, will have the undivided support of the King of the Jungle, the American press. Independent newspapers please copy.

Issues and Men

Coordination and Recovery

A FRIEND of mine who produces more brilliant ideas in an hour than any other man I know declares that he would like to get about fifty of the younger men who are supplying ideas and energy to the New Deal in Washington to join him in an eight-day cruise to the West Indies. During that time he would have them live all by themselves on a specially reserved part of the deck, with a private dining-room for their meals. He believes that at the end of that time tremendous progress would have been made in bringing those minds to an agreement on policy and program, or at least to an understanding of their joint objectives and a knowledge of what they are individually doing.

The idea is a sound one and would be most beneficial. It would be even better if the President could again borrow Vincent Astor's yacht and go off on it with the entire Cabinet, so that the Cabinet, too, could get together, free from the harassing day-by-day tasks and routine, and really exchange views and learn what each member was doing. Months ago I was told by a member of the Cabinet that the President had asked them individually at a Cabinet meeting whether they felt that they were getting a view of the whole undertaking, and they replied unanimously that they could not see the forest because of the group of trees upon which each one was working. That is ever the difficulty when executives are hard pressed and overworked. It is always hard to find the time to plan. If we had what we should have, a weekend White House in the Blue Ridge Mountains, the thing to do would be to send the entire Cabinet there every Friday afternoon, close all the roads to the place, and shut off all telephones and telegrams, except from the State Department. The Roosevelt Administration needs to get together and let its right hand know what its left hand is doing.

But more than that, it needs to decide just where it is heading and what its program is going to be during the next three years. I know that that is extremely difficult, and that the presence of Congress and the uncertainty about what the Administration can get from Congress tend to make it more difficult. Yet I feel very strongly that the hour will come when the President will have to give his orientation to the country in detail, and this whether prosperity returns or not—all the more in the latter case. Up to this time it has been as unfair as it has been futile to ask him for a clear-cut program. The first thing he had to do was to change the psychology of the American people in order to meet the menace of the complete prostration of all banks and most businesses, and to try to raise the price levels. But the situation will soon be different. It may be that the President will not have to meet the demand for a chart of his proposed voyage into social and economic reforms before the elections next fall, but he will probably be challenged effectively prior to the next Presidential election. More important than that, his captains are entitled to complete instructions from their admiral on just what course they are to steer. One feels in Washington a lack of pulling together. This is not a criticism; it is a mere statement of fact. I do not believe that

any Cabinet ever worked harder, not even in war time. But one cannot deny a lack of coordination which often makes for slackness and delay, and for inefficiency. There is no articulation of the whole governmental structure.

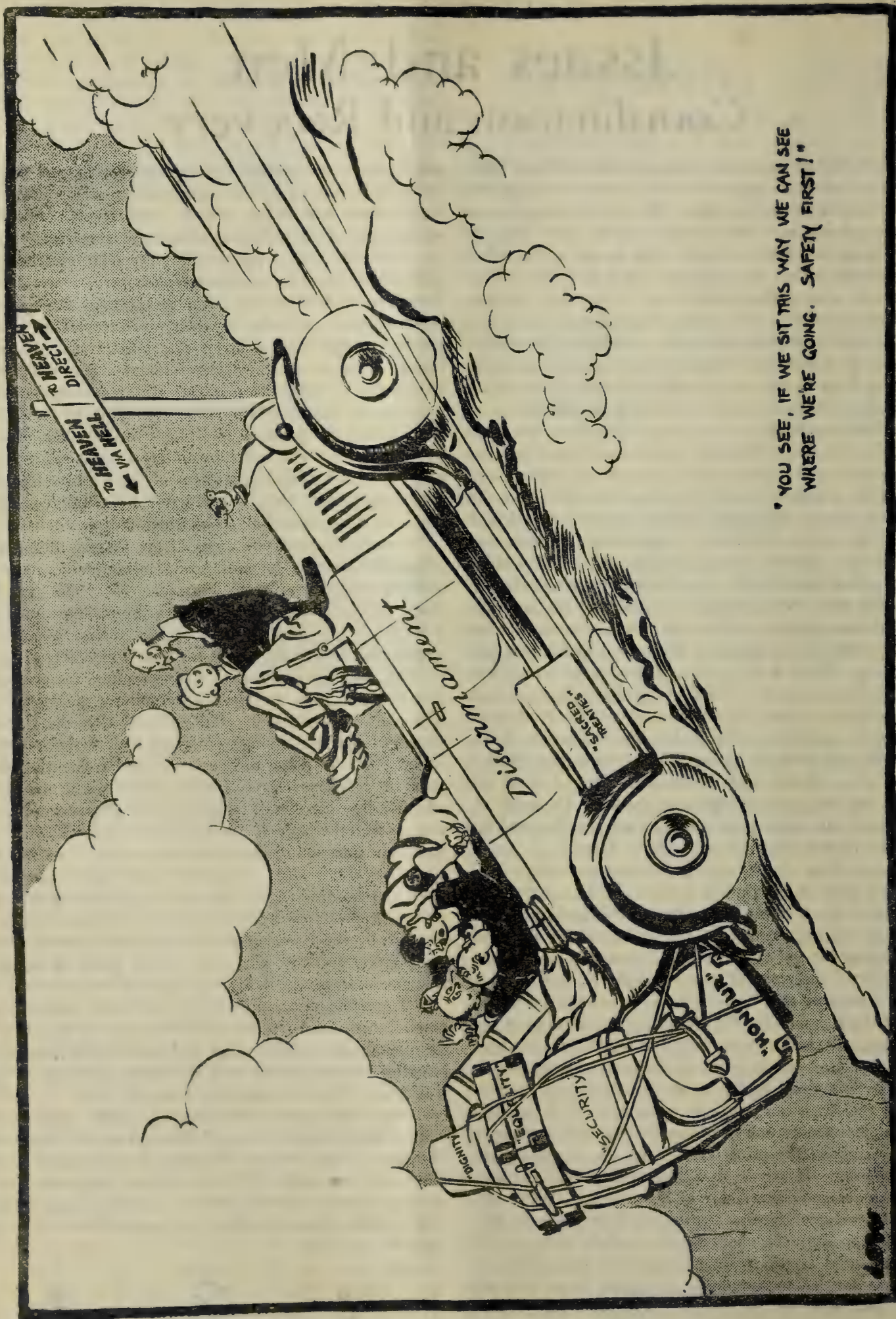
I am thinking particularly of the relation of our international problems to our domestic recovery. I wonder if the President himself has now seen the light in this field, as he obviously had not seen it when he was making his tariff speeches in his campaign for the Presidency. I am well aware, of course, that Congress is about to give the President the power to start the processes of bargaining with other countries for mutual tariff reduction. But it is too much to believe that the Cabinet and the President have ever had time to sit down and really formulate a tariff policy from the point of view of the Department of Agriculture, the Treasury Department, the Department of Commerce, and the Recovery Administration, all of which will be vitally affected.

Similarly, when one reads of the passage of the Vinson bill authorizing the beginning of a billion-dollar naval ship-building program prior to December 31, 1936, one wishes that a national policy could be worked out before such action is started. The President is supposed to have welcomed the measure on the ground that it is a club which may or may not be used; but the diplomats in Washington are quite aware that the legislation may be for bargaining purposes, so that it is discounted abroad. The point is that the Cabinet is without a national foreign policy or well thought-out naval policy. Are we going to live up to the President's own proposal of defensive weapons only, or are we to maintain an offensive fleet capable of steaming great distances and making war on the other side of the Atlantic or of the Pacific? Similarly, the question of the relationship of our land forces to a given foreign defense policy has never been worked out; there are those who think that for only \$100,000,000 a year we could adequately protect ourselves if we were determined to abide by the President's proposal never to send an armed force across our own frontiers, that is, never to engage in a war except in actual defense at home of our country.

It may be objected that these problems require long and careful study, and that the Administration is too busy with the immediate reconstruction and recalling of prosperity to be called upon to outline such far-reaching policies. Possibly. But I could cite innumerable cases in which the different branches of the government are not pulling together in the NRA. For example, General Johnson says he is against the licensing system, and the President is declared to be for it. The truth is that the NRA is in a most dangerous situation, in danger even of breaking down. One important reason for this is lack of coordination and cooperation and of well-planned objectives.

Lowell Garrison Villard

A Cartoon by LOW

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Bringing Shelter Up to Date

I. Say It with Streamlines

By DOUGLAS HASKELL

IT is said that America is an experiment in transportation, and hitherto our genius would seem to have done much better with instruments for moving than with those for sitting still. The Yankee built clipper ships; he built an unprecedented trackage of railroad; within one generation he supplied himself with 23,000,000 instruments of private transportation called automobiles, and with roads to run them on in excess of those employed by Europe for five times as many people; he is doing well with airplanes; and he excels in instruments of communication, too, such as telephone or radio. If he builds a fair, you can count on it that the Transportation Building and the Communications Building will be central. These things possess his imagination.

The Yankee is shocking. At the first intimation of recovery from a major fainting spell he returns at once to his cars and trains, because he is captivated with a new trick called "streamlining." He neglects his house. Streamline a house, put it on wheels, and you would instantly have his full attention. Such a house is being exhibited in various cities and will draw capacity crowds wherever it goes. In New York there were 100,000 enthusiastic visitors in a single day. This house had a splendid living-room with solarium; it had dining accommodations, office room, and ample storage space; it was all windows and was nowhere more than one room deep, giving magnificent sunlight; there were toilets—though as yet no bath—and air conditioning throughout. The house lacked a sleeper, which could easily have been supplied, and a garden, in place of which it accomplished the unprecedented feat of offering a series of superb changing landscape views at a speed of 100 miles an hour. This transportation house, exhibited at the Pennsylvania Station and then at the Grand Central, was the Zephyr, one of the new streamlined trains.

Such an exhibit is naturally the despair of those interested in houses standing still. Our supply of these is wretched and their arrangement on the ground is worse. Yet all serious proposals for improving them fail to get across. Albert Mayer's proposals in a recent issue of *The Nation* are better than average samples. Their aim is high, their comprehensiveness is statesman-like, but they simply fail to connect. The reason for this we can find in an honest admission by Mr. Mayer himself. The people he is working for are not behind him. The most essential part of them has not been touched—their imagination.

"Housing" is not popular, and cannot be, because it does not stir the imagination the way a streamlined car does or a streamlined train. It lacks the verve and the swank. Let the "housing" expert look in his own kitchen; he will find an electric refrigerator there. But his housing scheme leaves it out! And if your housing expert were to see the Carolina cropper whom Stuart Chase reports, with a tumble-down shanty but a brand-new chromium-plated car parked under the open sky, the expert would walk away sadly shaking his head. And yet the cropper is right and in this particular the whole mob of housing experts is dead wrong.

What was behind Henry Ford's great mass appeal? He offered to the American people a new power of which they never before had dared to dream. He offered them a luxury beyond their hopes. And the thing that makes him forever great is that he drew no lines. At a time when luxuries went only to the rich, he began by insisting that everyone who worked for him should be able to have this magnificent new thing on the earth—an automobile. And when he ended, there was an automobile in the hands of even the poor cropper.

Shelter can be the next great national adventure, if it will utilize its own romance. It is not enough to offer the American just an improved bungalow or a better flat or even a cubicle in a model tenement. These are old stories that have all gone stale. "Housing" could put its present story more attractively; but better yet do as Henry Ford did, and put before the American something finer, more beautiful, and more expressive of new powers than anything of which he has yet dreamed. Let the specifications call for a shelter that shall be his in a week instead of months; with a marvelous plant in it for heating, refrigeration, air conditioning, cooking, and with integral devices for listening to music or even looking at movies. Such a house is only feasible, of course, if designed and "prefabricated" in the factory. Buckminster Fuller's specifications are even more handsome, involving automatically opened doors, automatic laundry, and other equally startling innovations; and in the degree to which he has gone farther he has received a greater popular attention. It is all legitimate and the powers it confers are all of them good. They give a base upon which can be erected that finer, more subtle structure the planners are interested in, the structure of habitations in communities.

By contrast all the "housing" programs fail because they aim too low. At the top they are an elaborate community scheme, but at the bottom they exist on scrimping and saving. They are a patchwork of limitations. The average American is told that his favorite dream of the little gray home in the West is a mere romantic illusion. It is "inconsonant with costs" when "all the elements are added in." He should submit to the tight planning and the economical closed rows of the housing expert. After all, he is a member of a limited-income group. He is expected to be sensible.

Mr. Mayer's proposals are of a finer type which aims at better homes for everyone; yet study them and you will find how astonishingly restrictive they are on another side, that of the producers. The whole program is one of limitations. Limited-dividend companies having been tried and found inadequate, recourse is to be had to legal restrictions. The owners of land are to lose power over it through government condemnation. This may be called for, but it raises the one boggy of which landowners are most scared and insures their opposition. The money-lending institutions are told that they will be compelled for a limited return to invest a specified part of their funds. Taxpayers are to be subjected to new taxes for government subsidy. Labor is the

only productive force to which any positive gain is offered, but in a limited amount. And so it goes throughout. How is the sum of these threats and limitations to issue in a large and spirited action? What can it possibly lead to except the "housing" group's present isolation?

It is the habit of "housing" to look to what has been done in Europe, supposedly on similar lines to those proposed here. But the European success was very limited. Beside the Siemenstadt development in Berlin there was always the other half of the landscape still filled with shanties; and in Vienna, where through general sacrifice the nearest approach to a success was achieved, it has now been shot away. And the interpretation is wrong. To the degree that the Europeans succeeded, they did it by holding before their followers something that highly exceeded *their* accustomed standards—which never included an automobile—something for which *they* could be enthusiastic, to be secured through *their own* familiar mode of action, namely, the political. But here, when a Public Housing Conference prints on its menus for a \$3.50 dinner the slogan "Low-cost housing for workers through public authorities," or something of the sort, it reads merely like a scaled-down product for a restricted class achieved through a sort of charitable intervention by reform. It reaches no one on the street. It does not get you or me.

Does "housing" imply minima and restrictions and limitations because this is what the experts themselves prefer? Not at all. They would like to see everyone in the finest possible kind of dwelling, because that is how they would like to live themselves. They would even pardon and tolerate what they call "gadgets" if they did not think that these stood in the way of something finer. Their trouble is an either-or. Either the gadgets or the decent dwelling. This choice, they feel, is imposed on them by the study of costs. And, to tell the truth, if the Lord Himself as Supreme Dictator went by these costs as provided by the market, He could not work out a decent dwelling for more than a tenth of His children, if for those.

The saddest aspect of the present low ideals of housing is that these limiting costs are quite inconsequential. Leading out of this jail there is a door with a key. The housing experts have simply been looking in the wrong place. The "crux" is not at all where Albert Mayer puts it, in the relationship between "wages, land costs, and money rates." These things in themselves are merely fabrications. If from the start the object were to make the finest, most attractive, modern, streamlined shelter, with nothing compromised, then the only possible means of obtaining its universal distribution would soon show themselves. There would be a change of focus. For the crux would now be not the costs but the resources themselves which go to make up what we might call the *capacity of the national plant*. And the real things which enter into this capacity of the plant, and which the cost fiction merely libels, are the national supply of habitable land, of materials, of convertible energy, of tools, men, management, and then the directing faith. And of all the measurable elements among these we have an opulence almost scandalous.

The materials for a real inventory in such terms do not exist, of course, in the United States census. The census gives people only the information they are looking for, and they have been looking only for columns of dollars, about the

meaning of which they were then free to guess. But for a working inventory geography and operating figures give us a few powerful hints. There is found, for example, to be no land problem worthy of the name connected with finding room in the territory of the United States for an ample streamlined shelter for every American. As Sir Raymond Unwin demonstrated to his audiences, all our 29,000,000 families could be put in separate dwellings at not more than ten to the acre (sixty being considered a "low density" in "housing") in the single State of Connecticut, which contains more than 3,000,000 acres. There would still remain free an area equivalent to Manhattan for public buildings and parks. But not all the land of Connecticut would, of course, be available. So let me add another calculation of my own: you could eliminate all cities and still find room for all these families along the public roads, giving each, let us say, a square plot containing an acre, and they would occupy only one-fifth of the roads' length.

I emphasize the roads because in America we possess a resource which "housing" has hitherto almost stubbornly ignored. Even though you do not put his house on wheels, the American has wheels under his car that give him an immensely greater radius of habitable area than his bicycle-riding European brother. True enough, our cars now interfere with our houses just as our houses interfere with our cars, but this need not be so. We register annually 23,000,000 passenger cars which already deliver the estimated total of 322,000,000 miles of private transportation. Evenly distributed, these cars would supply four families out of five. England averages only one out of seven and Germany one out of seventeen. We would therefore be utterly foolish to constrict ourselves to European standards of space. We are entitled to an entirely new scale. Frank Lloyd Wright has called it Broadacre City. Our problems of land are properly not at all those of supply, but simply those of the best arrangement for pleasant and easy use.

Details on the availability of building materials would only bore the reader; suffice it that an estimate, made for purposes of war, disclosed that we could use a hundred times as much as now of the familiar masonry materials with no increase in difficulty of getting them out. The streamlined house would of course involve "new materials," mostly the old materials in new synthetic combinations, and would add to organic fibers some metals and other products out of mines. This is not a worry yet and need not be one. As for the organization of work, of course the advocates of "housing" have already proposed what they call "large-scale operations" in the field, but these are of a sort that was already familiar to the Pharaohs; they are efficiency in limited application. By comparison with real modern industrial practice, if one were to estimate the present inefficiency of the "building industry," one would simply be accused of wild exaggeration. Suffice it, then, to quote Mr. Keppel and Mr. Kettering, two conservative industrialists, to the effect that building is equaled only by agriculture in its present disorganization.

It is here that we come to what is perhaps the most tender point. The ineffectual organization is built around a deficiency which "housing" literature never mentions, namely, a backward use of labor. "Housing" is anxious because it sympathizes with the working man and wants to get him employment. Efficiency would take this employment away. The latest estimate, from a public-works project in Virginia,

gives 750 man-hours in the field as the total employment per dwelling, and this dwelling is just a minimal-decency-standard, poor but respectable, non-fireproof frame structure. As against this, there are a dozen technicians already working on the predecessor of our streamlined house, namely, on the "fabricated" one, and their results make it safe to allow, on a basis of full production, 200 man-hours in the field as adequate for a small but completely equipped and fully modern dwelling. This is at the rate of eight men working five hours a day for a five-day week to complete the whole assembly. Please note that the two dwellings are not to be compared as to "costs." No motor car was ever as cheap as a horse.

"Housing" is of course misled into schemes of limited efficiency for the sake of employment because it takes the worker as he used to be. The share produced by his muscles was what went as just desserts into his mouth. The man retains his deserving mouth and also his family, but his muscles have become relatively poor engines and he sometimes might better be paid to keep them out of the way. A method must be evolved to take care of his needs that does not involve employment; otherwise the dilemmas and paradoxes are endless. If a lot of labor is employed, as in some of the subsistence homestead projects, then the most "economical" shelter turns out to be a new version of the primitive log cabin; but if production is efficient, then the workman has not enough tokens with which to claim the contemporary house, and alongside him there is another worker, now unemployed, who has no tokens at all. This problem calls for a solution of a different kind.

Meanwhile, fortunately for a "period of transition," the

dilemma of employment need not be immediate. If industry began now upon a full-blast program of production, it would not have to worry for a long time, even under the present set-up, about employment. An expansion of such magnitude could, even at high efficiency, use a large number of hands. For ten years after automobiles had become a factor, there was no appreciable diminution of employment in the carriage shops, and total employment, counting the workers in the two industries replacing one, doubled. By 1920 buggies were no longer an appreciable factor, but the total number of vehicle workers had been multiplied by six.

We have, then, the opportunity for an absorbing adventure in supplying ourselves with modern shelter. We can offer the adventurous Yankee his streamlined, up-to-date home. That the need is there nobody can deny. That he would respond nobody can doubt. There is on hand an abundance of habitable land, of materials, labor, energy, tools. We need only find a way of using the full capacity of the plant.

"Housing" has not proposed to embrace this opportunity, because it has limited its vision. It has trimmed its program to practical and immediate costs. Elaborate community-planning schemes are proposed on a basis of dwellings that the ordinary man who "needs" them worst scarcely wants. The appeal is missing and the program calls for sacrifices—often involuntary—from all engaged. But these limiting costs are found to be inconsequential.

Yet if "housing" has surrendered its opportunity at the very first analysis, why has industry not jumped at its new chance? To find out, we shall have to dig some more.

[A second article by Mr. Haskell will appear next week.]

The Struggle for Power in Austria

By JOHN GUNTHER

Vienna, April 20

GERMANY is laying off Austria. Why? No one expected this result of the February coup d'état.

People thought on the contrary that Dollfuss's bloody destruction of the working-class movement would inevitably make it easy for the Nazis to come in. It was pointed out that thousands upon thousands of Social Democrats would go Nazi; that Dollfuss and Hitler were beginning to negotiate; that the Heimwehr was notoriously corrupted by Nazi influence; that the Dollfuss-Starhemberg-Fey triumvirate was boiling with instability. The Socialists—pathetic illusionists—thought that the Nazis would join them in the streets. But not a Hakenkreuz waved, not a Nazi stirred. A confusing triple struggle for power began concurrently between Dollfuss and Starhemberg for control of the country and between Fey and Starhemberg for control of the Heimwehr, and then between Dollfuss and Starhemberg as allies against Fey. On the honey of such confusions the Nazis were supposed to feed like bees. But the Nazi attack never came. Since February the Hitlerites have closed their eyes, playing dead.

There are several reasons for this. First, there is no point in attacking your enemy when he is particularly strong; the Nazis had no taste for going into the streets while Fey's artillery was still warm. There is no doubt that the show

of force put on by the Austrian fascists impressed and frightened Hitler. Second, the Germans have every reason for playing a waiting game. Dollfuss did their work for them by crushing the Socialists, and time is all on their side. Finally, and above all, there is the influence of Mussolini.

Mussolini and the Vatican stand squarely behind Dollfuss and the Heimwehr. This is by all odds the greatest factor in their favor. Just after the February shooting Mussolini gave Hitler what was interpreted as final warning to get out of Austria and stay out. Hitler obeyed. He muzzled the Munich radio and called off Nazi terrorist tactics within Austria. Quickly then Mussolini, Dollfuss, and Gömbös signed their would-be triple alliance, and made Hitler—and the other Powers—stand for it. France and England were on Mussolini's side because they too detest the idea of Anschluss. As a result—temporarily at least—the Nazis are balked. As long as the present international situation remains what it is, Austrian independence is assured and there is nothing the Germans can do to overthrow it. The Nazis within Austria are well disciplined and take their orders from Berlin. They could make a revolution tomorrow. But they won't.

Dollfuss has other reasons for being grateful to his best enemy, Hitler. For one thing, the German terror last year was incomparably more savage than the present Austrian

semi-terror. As a result, Dollfuss has not been excommunicated by world opinion quite as Hitler was. The Austrian reaction is bad enough; but because the German reaction so sharply and bloodily overshadows it, Austria gets off lightly. Again, Dollfuss is still the man who keeps Hitler out of Austria; he is the better of two bad alternatives. I have talked to many men who would be glad to roast Dollfuss slowly on a spit and eat his carcass; but they all admit, when pressed, that he is better for them than Hitler. This includes Socialists, Communists, Jews, and diplomats from most of the countries around.

A word about the Jews. The Dollfuss party is traditionally anti-Semite; the Heimwehr has been tempted on occasion to utter anti-Semite threats; but so far there is no anti-Semitism in Austria on the German scale. Restrictive measures against Jews in the professions and against Jewish students in schools and universities may be anticipated, but there will be no mass execution of the Jewish community as in Germany. Rigid application of the Aryan clause in Austria is all but impossible because it would make practically the whole urban population Jewish. The Heimwehr has been supported financially by rich Jews—who see the Heimwehr as their best defense against Hitlerism—and several half-Jewish officers are prominent in Fey's entourage. Only a last minute slip-up prevented a Jew from being one of the new vice-burgomasters of Vienna.

Aside from the fact that—at the moment—the Dollfuss regime keeps the Nazis out of Austria there is precious little to be said for it. The Hapsburgs ruled Austria, said old Friedrich Adler, by absolutism modified by *Schlamperei*—that lovely and untranslatable Viennese word roughly meaning slovenliness. This is strikingly true of the country today. It is hard sometimes to take the Dollfuss "revolution" seriously. The government has not modified even those items in the Socialist taxation system which it previously denounced so copiously. The revolution was a job-hunters' ramp. Hardly anything is discernible of the immense spiritual drive and force which even anti-Nazis must recognize in the Nazi revolution. It is difficult to accept at face value a dictatorship wherein several Cabinet ministers maintain their own miserable private armies, wherein the real capital (Rome) is some hundreds of miles outside the country, and wherein the supreme ruler, as announced by the constitution, is God.

Yet a dictatorship it is, one of the most thoroughly reactionary in the world. Even in Germany there is a parliament; even in Russia an established basis of public law; even in Italy a political party which gives some substance of vitality to the state. In Austria there is nothing but Dollfuss and the Almighty. The parochial clericalism of Monsignor Seipel has found full expression in Austria at last. There are few governments in Europe which rest on so little popular support. Forty per cent of the people are Socialist; 40 per cent, at least, are Nazi; Dollfuss divides the remaining 20 per cent, or less, with his semi-allies, the disorderly and discontented Heimwehr. The Heimwehr would vote for itself, but no one else would. But votes don't count; bayonets do.

Dollfuss is in a very strong position but he is by no means impregnable; there are four things he has to do.

1. Conciliate the Social Democrats. He has abolished the trade unions; now he must try to get the workers into his corporative scheme. It is too early to say what chance

of success he has. Some workers are going Nazi, and many are turning Communist. The Social Democratic Party itself is completely destroyed; there is no hope at all of its revival. The best bribe Dollfuss could offer the workers would be a general amnesty, but the Heimwehr has prevented this so far. There are still thousands of Socialists in jail or concentration camps. Most of those given regular trials got fairly light sentences, but the important folk, Renner and Seitz and so on, are being held without trial. The government fears both to try these men and to let them go free. Meanwhile Dollfuss makes "promises." The relief fund organized by his wife and Cardinal Innitzer is administered with the cooperation of the Quakers and has reached some—a few—suffering families. But the privation in most of the homes of the Socialists in jail is terrible.

2. Win over the Nazis. The best way to do this is to provide a counter-attraction, and thus the effort to build up a patriotic Austrian movement, the Fatherland Front, is being feverishly pushed to completion. This is more than a political party or guild organization. It is an attempt to create Austrian nationalism in manageable form. The Nazis are openly contemptuous of the Fatherland Front but it appears to be making some headway. Another weapon against Hitler would be a Hapsburg restoration. The new constitution modifies the legal quality of the statutes barring the Hapsburgs from the country, and it is possible that Prince Otto may return to Austria—as a private citizen—this summer.

3. Soft-pedal the Heimwehr. Dollfuss seemed at first to be in a fatally weak position in that he had no private army of his own, and the institution of the private army is an essential adjunct to modern dictatorship. The Heimwehr is not Dollfuss's army. It is Starhemberg's army. Therefore with great agility Dollfuss began a double campaign—first, to reduce the power and importance of the Heimwehr; second, to make use of a rival outfit, the Ostmarkische Sturm-scharen, the private army of the powerful Minister of Justice, Dr. Schuschnigg, as an offset to the Heimwehr. At the moment the Heimwehr is going down and the Sturmscharen is coming up. Heimwehr men are seen less and less in Vienna. They have been almost 80 per cent demobilized. As a result they are thoroughly sore, and Dollfuss has had to exert every bit of his celebrated nimbleness to avert an explosion. He had to tread with special care, because the Heimwehr—if too conspicuously snubbed—can threaten to go Nazi. The present situation is that the Heimwehr and Sturmscharen are to be united as the military branch of the Fatherland Front, under Dollfuss, while Starhemberg will be rewarded for his docility with the Vice-Chancellorship.* This will shove Fey down a peg, but Fey will still be charged with control of public security in the country.

4. Organize the country on a corporative basis, as outlined by the new constitution. This I will try to describe in a later article, as soon as the constitution is published and promulgated.

The Dollfuss Government, in all private and public pronouncements, continues to speak of the "Socialist revolution" in February. The Nazis a year ago "saved" Germany from the "Marxist danger"; the Austrians similarly put all

* This appointment was announced on May 1, in conjunction with the celebration of the new Austrian constitution. At the same time Major Fey was transferred from the position of Vice-Chancellor to that of Minister of Public Security.—EDITORS THE NATION.

the blame for the February bloodshed on the Socialists. This lie should be spiked once for all. It is hypocrisy of the most monstrous and impudent kind. As the London *Economist* (that notoriously Bolshevik sheet) put it, the Austrian Socialists were about as aggressive as the Belgians were in 1914.

The events of February were a fascist coup d'état. Let no one forget the words of Major Fey on February 11, the day before the outbreak: "In the last two days we have made certain that the Chancellor is with us. Tomorrow we are going to clean up Austria."

Mainly About Publishers

By PAUL Y. ANDERSON

Washington, May 5

THE mental defectives who have been conducting the operations of the lobby through which the New York Stock Exchange hopes to defeat or emasculate the bill regulating stock exchanges probably were surprised to learn that the net effect of their activities on the House side was to create about forty additional votes for the bill. Seldom has a lobby proved so futile. But then, seldom do human beings succeed in misunderstanding public sentiment as completely as stockbrokers do. Carpenters, joiners, and tuckpointers often chuckle over the fact. The stupidest feature of the campaign against the measure, I daresay, was to drive down the market—thus proving precisely what advocates of the measure had been charging in respect of manipulation and control. The most amusing moment of the fight in the House was when a reporter asked Old Guardsman Treadway, of Massachusetts, whether he intended to speak against the measure. Treadway, who is perhaps the most pompous figure in the House, solemnly responded as follows: "Of course, it is a very bad bill. It is a dangerous bill. It should either be defeated or drastically amended. Nevertheless, I am not sure I shall speak against it. You know, this is exactly the sort of thing which a demagogue can make an issue of in your district, and do you untold damage." The truth is, of course, that this nation has its knife out for Wall Street. Congressmen, who, as Uncle Joe Cannon once observed, keep their ears so close to the ground that they are full of prairie dogs, know how their constituents feel. Consequently, every time the opposition stuck out its chin—which wasn't often—Sam Rayburn of Texas hung a healthy haymaker on it. Whether Whitney and his none-too-bright young men will have better luck in the Senate is a question.

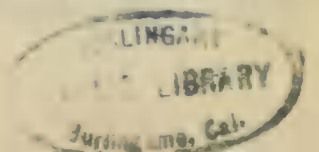
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NOW that the season for prizes is upon us, I rise to offer the humble suggestion that the annual award for hypocrisy, smugness, intellectual dishonesty, and general misrepresentation be bestowed upon the American Society of Newspaper Editors, on the strength of the report which they adopted here recently, congratulating themselves, their publishers, and Lawyer "Lish" Hanson for having rescued the freedom of the press from the malign clutches of Franklin Roosevelt and Hugh Johnson. The report was signed by Grove Patterson of the *Toledo Blade*, Casper Yost of the *St. Louis Globe-Democrat*, and William Allen White of the famed *Emporia Gazette*. About Patterson I know too little to comment. Yost's chief claim to immortality rests on the fact that he once sponsored a book of verse which he solemnly avowed had been received over the ouija board by the wife of a commercial printer. Despite all his antics and aberrations

I always liked Bill White. True, he urged prohibition and he advocated for President of the United States "Egg Charlie" Curtis, a man who could not even occupy the trivial office of Vice-President without becoming a comical figure. Nevertheless, I was surprised and grieved to see White's name on the report. Although I have a hardy stomach, some readers may be less fortunate, and hence I shall not quote from it. It is sufficient to say that a more sanctimonious, self-righteous, or self-laudatory document was never struck off at a given time on a mimeograph machine. One answer is that most newspaper editors are glorified editorial writers, and most editorial writers are ex-reporters suffering from fallen arches or ex-copyreaders incapacitated by eye strain. The exceptions merely prove the rule. The society has never been much more than a poor joke. For seven years, led by the wizard of the ouija board, it blocked an amendment to its constitution enabling it to punish members for blackmail or other crimes. Its action in the present instance was an announcement that the editors were more concerned about the approval of the men they work for than about the respect of the men and women who work for them. But is that news?

* * * * *

I DO not minimize either the gravity or the imminence of the danger which confronts freedom of the press. It is, in my opinion, both grave and imminent. But it does not arise from any hocus-pocus plot on the part of Roosevelt and Johnson. It arises from the fact that so many of the men who have been intrusted with—or have acquired—the privilege of exercising that freedom have used it to grasp special privileges and profits for themselves. One of the first admonitions which a reporter hears on the staff of a self-respecting newspaper is that he must never solicit or accept favors from public officials or governmental or political agencies. It is the unpardonable sin. Yet for months scores of reporters who had had that lesson dinned into their ears stood around the Commerce Building and saw the accredited representatives of their employers barge into the NRA and demand concessions in the newspaper code that had not been permitted in any other. It was simply the old disreputable plea of "do something for the newspaper boys"—only in this case the "boys" were the owners. The "freedom of the press" clause had no more business in the code than would the Twenty-third Psalm. The code is concerned exclusively with the methods of publishing papers—not with what they contain. The issue was raised to obscure the fact that some newspaper publishers were unwilling to assume the obligations and sacrifices which every other class of employers in the country had assumed with regard to child labor. Yes, the freedom of the press is in danger, and if it is ever lost I profoundly hope that



those who cherished it and appreciated its meaning will remember whose selfishness was responsible for its destruction.

(with its private menagerie and twenty-five miles of ocean front) will deign to explain what he meant about "increasing salaries."

IT seems that this piece will be composed almost entirely of shop talk. Perhaps that is just as well, since *The Nation* is one of the few places where people can really ascertain what is happening in the newspaper industry. Thus, I should like to report on certain facts touching properties owned by William Randolph Hearst, whose newspapers recently carried a front-page editorial stating, "for the benefit of ignorant Congressmen," that the Hearst papers had increased wages and shortened hours. Let us see. Brother Hearst has two papers here—the *Times* and the *Herald*. In a survey recently conducted by the Washington Newspaper Guild, and presented to General Johnson, it was found that the salary scale on the *Times* was the lowest in Washington. Among eighteen news writers who reported, only four recorded no salary cuts. Three had been cut 20 per cent, three had been cut 30 per cent, and one reported total cuts of 35 per cent. The highest salary on the list was \$58 a week (received by a man who was getting \$125 three years ago); the lowest was \$20. The average for all guild members on the paper was \$35.01 a week. In 1931 the same men averaged \$45.90. The *Herald* figures were not much better—meaning, of course, that they were disgraceful. Perhaps the lordly Mr. Hearst, from his opulent palace at San Simeon

THE Tugwell bill to compel truthfulness in the advertising of drugs, foods, and cosmetics (also an object of attack at the editors' meeting) is not lost yet. I cannot say what happened. However, I am willing to hazard a guess that the President sent word to the party leaders in both houses that he wanted the measure enacted during this session, and in approximately its present form. I would hazard the further guess that Mrs. Roosevelt had something to do with it. Believe it or not, she too is opposed to the advertisement and sale of horse liniment as a cure for tuberculosis. A lot of the trouble which the bill has encountered can be attributed to Senator Stephens, who somehow managed to emerge from the Mississippi swamps into the Senate. The largest daily newspaper in that unfortunate State is the *Daily News* of Jackson, whose publisher, Frederick Sullens, boasted in a front-page editorial that the measure would never get out of the Senate Commerce Committee. Stephens is chairman of that committee. Regardless of them it is out, and there is a fair chance that it will pass at this session. In that event you will still be able to take horse-physic crystals if you think they will cure what ails you, but you will know they are horse physic.

Militant Labor in Detroit

By MATTHEW SMITH

Detroit, May 5

IF any automobile manufacturer wishes to see our membership rolls to determine whom we represent, we'll put our members on the picket line and he can count them on the sidewalk." This was the reply of the Mechanics' Educational Society of America to the Roosevelt settlement of the recent labor crisis in the automobile industry; it is indicative of the spirit of this union, which in some fifteen months has established itself as an outstanding factor in the industry.

As I write, the M. E. S. A. has just coasted to easy victory in a strike in the Detroit tool-and-die shops, is conducting a militant strike of skilled automobile workers in Cleveland, and is involved in a bitter strike of skilled and production men at the Michigan Stove Company in Detroit. One of the largest unions in the country outside the ranks of the American Federation of Labor, the M. E. S. A. has a membership of 25,000 tool-and-die makers, key men in the industry, and 6,000 production workers. It has eleven organizers in the field and is enrolling workers in its ranks as fast as it can efficiently do so. Locals have been established throughout Michigan and Ohio, in Brooklyn, New York, and in Bridgeport, Connecticut. Requests for organization which cannot be granted because of the lack of men and money are constantly being received from workers in all parts of the country.

It is necessary to remove the drama from the Detroit situation if one is to view it accurately. To speak of the

present discontent as "Detroit in revolt," to declare that the "automobile workers rise to smash the barons of industry," is more wish-fulfilment than fact. The basic factor in the entire situation is the belated beginning of organization among the workers in the huge automobile plants. And the real, if prosaic, reason for this lag lies in the peculiar anarchic development of the industry itself. During the so-called boom years the manufacturers had car production geared to prophecy. Nobody could estimate the market. The men were either slaving twelve hours a day, or night, seven times a week, or they were idle for indefinite periods. It was a feast or a famine. In feast times Detroit had all the attributes of a gold camp, and unions are not built in gold camps. The workers had such brief periods of leisure that even pleasure had to be concentrated and intense. Prostitutes plied their trade outside the factory gates on pay day, sitting in their cars and distributing their visiting cards. During those hectic days preaching unionism was a waste of time. In the famine periods it was equally impossible to organize the men, since their whole concern then was when would the shops reopen. Unions, of course, are built among the employed, not among the idle.

The crash of 1929 focused everybody's attention on economic problems, and to it are due the few faint protests that have been heard in Detroit during the past year. The NRA allowed these protests to become organized in expression. Organized labor generally seems reluctant to admit that the NRA has helped it to spread its message. Egocentric busi-

ness agents of the older organizations explain that "they were all set to go anyhow, and the NRA neither aided nor hindered them in their plans." While the M. E. S. A. leadership will generally agree that the NRA was framed to provide artificial respiration for a dying economic system, it frankly admits that the labor clause has been exploited successfully in organizational propaganda.

The Mechanics' Educational Society of America was formed by a small group of class-conscious tool-and-die workers in April, 1933. Partly because the workers were pretty badly hit by the long depression and partly as a protest against the excessive dues demanded by the older unions, the monthly payments were fixed at first at 25 cents. Recently, because of the expense of field organization work, monthly contributions have been raised to \$1. The employers sneered about a "5-and-10-cent union," but the membership rolls swelled, and nine months after its birth the M. E. S. A. was baptized in strike action in Flint, Michigan, a town which is completely controlled by General Motors and generally considered the "toughest anti-union spot in the State." The tool-and-die makers walked out at the height of the season and every plant in the town was dark. But the Flint strike could not be successful without similar walkouts in other tool-and-die shops, and within a week after the strike call in Flint Detroit craftsmen voted to strike in sympathy. This general strike, which lasted some eight weeks, was called at an opportune time and caught the employers unawares. Victories were won all along the line, and the jobbers who dot the automobile area began production with their shops strongly union.

The M. E. S. A. is organized on an unusual basis compared with other unions. It enrolls both skilled craftsmen and production workers, and its constitution provides for action on an industrial scale but for actual settlement of specific problems more or less on a craft basis. Thus the benefits of both industrial and craft unionism are retained, without the defects. The tool-and-die makers, highly skilled and essential to the successful operation of the industry, have their own individual problems to settle with the management—problems which do not concern the production workers except in an indirect way. Similarly, the shop problems of the production, or assembly, workers cannot be discussed or settled by the skilled men. Under the usual industrial set-up no provision is made for such separate settlement; and the failure to consider this problem has been one of the chief factors in the failure of industrial unionism in this country.

The M. E. S. A. is so organized as to eliminate the danger of a future crop of bureaucrats or dictators. Not only is a secret, democratic ballot maintained, but the officers receive only the wage of the members working in the shops. No political group is in control; the present officers were chosen on their record of militancy and ability.

The recent strike situation in the tool-and-die plants arose directly as a result of the A. F. of L. controversy. When strike action by the federal automobile unions seemed near, the M. E. S. A., pursuant to its announced policy of "Our members do not pass to work through picket lines," found itself not far from the position of having its members out on the street without any demands. Rather than remain in a passive position, the union decided to demand a 20 per cent wage increase. After the settlement fizzle, with the A. F. of L. practically recognizing the company unions and

forgetting all about the wage-and-hours issue, the M. E. S. A. continued the fight, presenting demands for the wage increase to all the plants. The major plants granted partial raises immediately, although rather than recognize the union they made the increases "voluntarily." The smaller job shops, however, rejected the demands flatly, and through the Association of Tool and Die Jobbers prepared to break the M. E. S. A. Thus the union was forced into a strike position in the slack season.

Though the objective conditions were all unfavorable, the strike got off to a good start; on the first day some jobbers who did not belong to the association signed union contracts. The problem of scabbing was minimized by the strength of the union and by the action of 1,500 M. E. S. A. members who voluntarily voted to turn over their tool boxes to the strike officials, to be kept under lock and key until the strike was won. During the third and fourth days the ranks of the jobbers' association broke, and, one by one, many of them secretly, association jobbers signed union contracts. Now, instead of the M. E. S. A. being broken, it looks as if the association were broken.

Probably the most important strike from the point of view of its effect on the upbuilding of the organization is the Michigan stove strike. This strike is the first attempt of the M. E. S. A. to lead production workers on the picket line, and the union is facing all the usual tricks of employers—the use of gunmen and scabs, attempts to split its ranks, and the like. The battle is bitter but the chances for union victory are good. Plant production is less than one-fifth of normal and the picket line is steadily winning recruits. When the victory is certain and the M. E. S. A. has shown its ability to enrol the semi-skilled, intensive effort will be applied in the production field.

The settlement engineered for the A. F. of L. by President Roosevelt is a farce, to put it mildly. The set-up of the Automobile Labor Board, with almost compulsory arbitration, has served to deepen the distrust of the Federation which the automobile workers have always felt. The men who accepted the settlement in Washington were treated to a White House circus and tea party—but the workers gained nothing. The outbreak of department and plant strikes since the establishment of the board and the move in the Pontiac federal union to recall Richard Byrd, the labor representative on the board, only prove that the A. F. of L. leadership is rapidly losing control of even its own members.

Whether the A. F. of L. will remain a factor in the automobile situation is dependent upon the attitude it takes toward industrial unionism. If the craft internationals persist in their selfish shortsightedness and try to split what A. F. of L. strength is contained in the federal unions, the Federation is through. If, on the other hand, industrial unionism is indorsed, the A. F. of L. will succeed in direct proportion to the number of skilled workers aligning themselves with it. And in the principal branches of the industry these workers are members of the M. E. S. A.

The importance of skilled workers like the tool-and-die men to a union cannot be overestimated. The chief difficulty with the federal unions today is that, except in St. Louis, 99 per cent of their members work on production or assembly and are almost totally unemployed from July to December. The M. E. S. A., however, not only controls the tool-and-die men who prepare the work for production but is rapidly

building its production membership, becoming a year-round union with one section always employed.

The inability or lack of decisiveness on the part of the A. F. of L. leadership vigorously to fight discrimination cases and wage-and-hour issues has dampened the ardor of the shop leaders in the Detroit district. And the A. F. of L. decision to guarantee peace in the automobile industry has increased their dissatisfaction. The workers know that the employers, who are exceedingly militant in fighting the unions, demand a return to those conditions which existed before field organization by the unions was begun, and that they will grant no peace in the industry until they are completely victorious.

The M. E. S. A. refuses to accept the principle that the employers are entitled to profits at all costs; it demands that the men be paid decent wages and work fair hours, and does not worry about the employers. Its function is only to win for the workers; if the employers find their dividends on the down grade, that is their concern.

Another important distinction between the M. E. S. A. and the federal unions is that the latter are building shop locals while the M. E. S. A. is based upon district locals. Shop locals in an industrial structure appear ideal until the slack season arrives. Then, if one particular shop hits a bad spot, the whole local is unemployed. A diversified local may not be so effective in time of action but it can survive.

Precisely those factors that are making for A. F. of L. failure are making for M. E. S. A. success. Organized so as to provide joint action and craft concern for craft problems, based upon the skilled workers in the industry, built from the beginning with the keystone of militancy, the M. E. S. A. is in a position to become in the near future the most important labor voice in the industry. It offers the employers peace for the price of a living wage and decent hours of labor; until it attains its objectives, the war continues.

Its immediate task is to temper wage slavery; its ultimate goal is to function in a planned society as a national instrument of production, cooperating with a recast distributive system to make a Brave New World.

A Foreigner Looks at May Day

By JOHANNES STEEL

IF the May Day demonstration staged by the Communist and Socialist parties in New York is at all representative of the strength and volume of America's radical labor movements, the great American revolution is still a long way off.

During the past ten years I have had opportunities to see many parades of German, English, French, and Russian workers, all of which appeared to me effective demonstrations of a proletariat which had become conscious of its strength and which was emerging from political immaturity to a rational realization of human and economic problems. The strongest and best-organized of these movements was the German labor movement as expressed in the Social Democratic and Communist parties of Germany. Whatever may be said today of these parties, while they existed their members were keenly alive to the fundamental issue of the strug-

gle between capital and labor. This class consciousness expressed itself in militant organizations like the Red Front and the Reichsbanner, which grew out of these movements and became the shock troops for the impending fight. When the German labor battalions marched, the bourgeoisie kept off the streets. The shock troops marched with military precision, to the rhythm of the "Internationale"; each demonstration was a defiance, and grim determination could be read in the faces of the workers. There was a latent readiness to rip up the pavement, barricade the streets, and fight for a cause that stood in sharp relief before the eyes of the demonstrators. Today these shock troops, like the organizations from which their members were drawn, no longer exist, and the German labor movement has withered away before the fascist onslaught.

With these thoughts in mind I went to watch the New York May Day parades—and to witness one of the most pitiful spectacles my eyes ever beheld. I saw the Communists on Broadway drifting along in a hilarious or apathetic manner as if they were on an excursion. Not one of them seemed conscious of the fact that he was supposed to be demonstrating. It is true that they had banners and posters, some painted with real imagination and ingenuity, but these banners were carried hesitatingly and without conviction. The men who carried the poster depicting Norman Thomas and Morgan in a fake fight wore apologetic smiles. The young man who had arranged the scene depicting a Jew in chains and a Hitler storm trooper torturing him looked distinctly uncomfortable. They were not convincing. This was so simply because they seemed to take themselves only half seriously. They were a great crowd of young people, walking without any cohesion, hardly lifting their feet from the ground. Enthusiasm they had, but of dynamic strength they had none, for they were not marching because they had realized their fate and destiny as workers but just because it was May Day and everybody was on the streets. It was a demonstration without unity, purpose, or goal. I doubt that a Lenin, a Trotzky, or a Mussolini could have galvanized them into the realization that they were human beings with a mission. The only illusion of reality in the whole demonstration was provided by the three lines of Red Front members who looked as if they could become fighters. But they were twelve men who looked very lonely in that ineffective crowd. And to think that these are the supposed vanguard of the revolution, when hundreds of thousands of their brothers in Europe could not stem the fascist tide!

Then there were the Socialists. They were better organized, and impressive as far as numbers went. Their demonstration, however, seemed to me like a social affair; everybody had donned his best suit and the band played "Happy Days Are Here Again." I watched them for about an hour while they walked by cheerfully and any minute I expected to hear the cry, "Whoopee!" Also their well-printed posters were very revealing—their demands for better wages, shorter hours, and unemployment insurance; they looked to me as if they had been sternly warned to be constitutional.

Altogether, if this is the American labor movement, it is very sad. I say that as one who has seen labor movements come and go, and who had hoped to find here the stirrings of some great American labor activity which could some day become the articulate expression of a class-conscious American proletariat.

"The Menace of Jewish Fascism"

THE editors of *The Nation* have received a number of requests from contributors for permission to write an answer to William Zukerman's article, *The Menace of Jewish Fascism*, in the issue of April 25. It was considered preferable to publish instead a group of letters expressing divergent points of view, of which the following are representative.

The Strength of Jewish Labor

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

I am writing only because William Zukerman's article, *The Menace of Jewish Fascism*, in *The Nation* of April 25 gives a studied false impression. I do not see how such an article can fail to mention that the elections for the last Zionist Congress, last summer, were fought on Labor vs. Revisionist (fascist) principles and that Labor won 48 per cent of the total seats, a much higher number than it had ever had before, with 14 per cent for the Revisionists. Your writer says that the orthodox group, quite naturally, is also fascist; he forgets to say that both the orthodox and the fascist parties have been and are left out of the Zionist Executive. When he speaks of "other parties . . . supporters of fascism," his vagueness is a safe cloak; I know of none. "The bulk of the Zionist movement gravitates toward fascism," he says gratuitously; he neglects to note that the last Zionist Congress appointed a commission to investigate Revisionist activities in Palestine, with power to proceed toward the ejection of groups from the Zionist organization. The commission has just concluded its hearings there. And why is the fight of labor in Palestine "a lone fight which has the support of only a few individual Zionist liberals," when at the elections last summer more than 70 per cent of the votes of Palestine Jews went to Labor, while the Revisionists received only a small part of the remaining 30 per cent?

Philadelphia, April 20

A. H. STERN

A Web of Fantasy

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

As a member of the Administrative Committee of the Zionist Organization of America and of the American Economic Committee for Palestine, may I express my criticism of William Zukerman's article, *The Menace of Jewish Fascism*, in *The Nation* for April 25? At least twice before Zukerman has sounded a similar note, once in *Harper's* on *The Palestine Boom and the Passing of the Zionist Dream*, and recently in *Opinion* in an article entitled *Beyond Zionism*. Zukerman's latest essay spins a web of fantasy out of the sheerest imaginings, entirely unrelated to the facts of Jewish life in Palestine.

He condemns as "fascism" everything which does not conform to his preconceived economic views, which are clearly—and I say this without any attempt at derogation—Communist. Fascism implies a strong centralized government, a compact, entrenched group of financial absolutists, a subservient, militarist populace on a self-contained national territory. Nowhere are these elements to be found among the Jewish communities of the world, and Zukerman has conjured up bogies wherewith to frighten his readers and himself. In various countries Jewish philanthropists may endeavor to maintain a form of autocratic

control over Jewish affairs through the medium of the federations of Jewish philanthropic societies or the so-called welfare funds, but this authority is usually exerted to curtail forthright, pro-Zionist activity. The conservative Jewish leaders are generally "pianissimo Jews" who are either ignorant of the "Revisionists" whom Zukerman builds up into so vast a threat, or contemptuous of them.

As for Palestine, it is true that the Laborites and the Revisionist minority are strongly antipathetic to each other, but there is decided friendliness between the Laborites and the small capitalists, the middle-class private investors who in 1933 brought more than £6,000,000 of new money to Palestine. The "grievance" against the British Mandatory Government is not due to Jewish fascism but to the obstructiveness which a professedly helpful trustee-government shows toward a country which alone can serve as a true asylum for the hounded and stricken refugees of Central Europe. Despite a pronounced labor shortage in Palestine, the High Commissioner continues to restrict the number of entrance permits and to demand an unreasonable deposit for every tourist. If a protest against these discriminatory and needless hindrances be fascism, let Zukerman make the most it.

New York, April 30

LOUIS I. NEWMAN

Zionism Is Bourgeois

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

In his article in *The Nation* for April 25, Mr. Zukerman clearly demonstrates the essentially bourgeois character of the Zionist nationalist movement—despite the few communal experiments that can be wiped out as Hitler destroyed the co-operatives. Thus it was inevitable that this movement would become fascist, and that the Jews being transported to Palestine from Germany would be fascists of Jewish vintage.

Just after Hitler rose to power I attended a meeting (May 22, 1933), held under the auspices of the Allied Jewish Campaign, in the Lyric Theater, Baltimore, Maryland. This meeting had for its purpose the collecting of money to aid German Jews in getting to Palestine. Rabbi Lazon of Baltimore spoke very stirringly on the Jews in Poland and in Germany, saying that before the war Poland had developed "a splendid class of bourgeoisie among the Jews, a merchant class, a banker class, a professional class. Within fourteen years they have been cast into the proletariat. And in Germany they are attempting to do this in six months." Throughout my stay at this meeting I did not hear one word spoken in behalf of the Jewish workers, the proletariat.

But another significant aspect of this Zionist movement is never mentioned by anyone, by its advocates or its opponents. To my mind the curse of Zionism lies in the creation of another competing national unit in an economy already too much split into warring forces. It is not conceivable that Palestine, once it has achieved the autonomy it craves, will be able to escape the imperialist features of every national unit in world capitalism. And so long as it is not sovereign, it will be the tool of the nation that holds the mandate. In other words, under the most hopeful conditions we may expect to see the youth of Palestine going "over the top" in the next imperialist struggle—perhaps with a Jewish flag and national anthems—to be slaughtered for the Jewish fascists, Rabbi Lazon's "splendid class of bourgeoisie."

Baltimore, April 21

S. E. GARNER

Revisionists Aren't Fascists

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

William Zukerman, in his article *The Menace of Jewish Fascism*, has achieved the almost legendary journalistic feat of writing a lengthy article on a subject without mentioning it by name even once. His article, I presume, was an exposé of the Revisionist faction in the Zionist movement, yet he spoke of the Jewish Fascist Party as if such a thing really existed.

His charges may be summarized under two headings: (1) the Revisionists are fascists; (2) they threaten to engulf the Zionist movement, if they have not already achieved this feat. Fascism is based on the belief in the national necessity of a totalitarian state and has as one of its major tenets opposition to Marxism as destructive of national feeling and unity. The Revisionists do not envisage any particular type of state in Palestine. The attitude of their leader, Vladimir Jabotinsky, toward political matters would lead one to suspect that his personal ideal is a liberal democratic regime. They have never enunciated their attitude on this subject, for their movement is entirely centered about what they like to call the realities of Jewish affairs in Palestine, and not in doctrinaire social theories. The Revisionist movement is based on the belief that the British are unfriendly to Jewish settlement and that Jewish settlement is also being retarded by the attitude of the General Federation of Palestinian Workers. The first grievance is commonly held by many Zionists, but the Revisionists think that Jewish public opinion throughout the world and economic pressure on Great Britain would bring about a change for the better. Opposition to the Laborite domination of Palestine is exclusive with this group and is a major cause of its general unpopularity with Jews everywhere. This attitude is not similar to the animal hatred of socialism of the Hitlerites; it is based on the belief that the attempt to give Palestine a socialist economy in a capitalist world is bound to prejudice the mass settlement of Jews in Palestine. The Laborites agree with the analysis, but insist on continuing with their efforts; the Jewish world sympathizes and supports labor in its task. Only in Palestine, where the incipient capitalist and the wealthy farmer classes feel that their interests are jeopardized by the world's strongest labor movement, is there any sympathy for the Revisionist attitude.

What of the other criteria of fascism that the article advanced? Uniforms? The Shomer Hatsair, whose members live communistically, also wear uniforms. Mr. Zukerman is also guilty of injustice in suggesting that the brown uniform of the Revisionists is borrowed from the Nazis; the two colors are distinctly of differing shades, and this uniform is worn by the younger members only. The so-called storm troops (Brith Trumpeldor) include in their bloodthirsty ranks boys and girls from nine years up. The Polish members of the group are not drilled by Polish army officers; no self-respecting Pole would condescend to do that for the Jews. Furthermore, the Polish government has lately forbidden Revisionist maneuvers. The supposed domination of Jewish public opinion in Poland amounts to this. The only major newspapers in sympathy with, but not controlled by, revisionism are the *Nasz Przegląd* and the *Moment*; the powerful *Haint*, the *Chwila*, and the *Nowy Dziennik* are in opposition.

The ridicule that the Revisionist Party is subjected to, coupled with the sincerity and lack of discretion of its members, aroused by rather undiplomatic opposition, may bring some unfortunate results in the Zionist movement. But fascism will not be one of the results. Fascism is an impossibility among the Jewish masses. They have no state and are not likely to have one for a long time. They cannot cooperate with local fascist movements, for these, except in Italy, are anti-Semitic. The dying middle classes seek to prolong their existence as

much by the destruction of their moribund Jewish competitors as by the exploitation of labor. If compelled to choose, the Jews throughout the world would turn left rather than right.

New York, April 24

SAMUEL DUKER

Fascism Struggles for Power

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

While William Zukerman's article, *The Menace of Jewish Fascism*, in *The Nation* of April 25 describes with approximate correctness the struggle of fascism for power in the Zionist movement, the implications contained in it are exaggerated and are not true to fact. Mr. Zukerman takes for granted that "the early aspects and aims of Zionism have also been transformed entirely. From a spiritual center the National Home has become chiefly an economic refuge." This is a misstatement of fact. The idea of a "spiritual center" never made much headway in the Zionist movement. From its very inception Zionism, as conceived by the large majority of Zionists everywhere, called attention to the anomalous condition of the Jews in the Diaspora as a middle-class people, disclosed the economic and colonizing possibilities in Palestine, and revealed the forces operating within Jewish life that prompt the Jewish people to go to Palestine to transform themselves into a people of workers and peasants. Palestine was destined to become the economic refuge of the Jewish masses, who because of their position as a middle class had been suffering from anti-Semitism and the post-war economic development.

It is true that there have come to Palestine, together with the Halutz (Jewish Pioneer), ruined shopkeepers, petty traders, and the like; that these are the bulwark of a rising fascism which menaces the Jewish labor movement in Palestine. It is unjust, however, to underestimate the importance of the Halutz laborer as a potential anti-fascist force. A great many middle-class people of all kinds have brought their capital and are thus developing capitalism in backward Palestine. But the development of capitalism implies one thing—the development of a proletariat. It is the proletariat which, if well organized, will constitute the greatest barrier to a Jewish fascism.

Of course, fascism is a menace to Zionism. The growth of fascism among the Jewish people is just as "natural" as among non-Jews. With the rise of the bourgeoisie there is an accompanying movement to crush the organized ranks of the workers. But the Palestinian Jewish workers, through their labor federation, are fighting this menace bitterly. Mr. Zukerman admits that "there is hardly a Jewish community in the world where the class struggle is being fought with so much hatred and venom as in Palestine now. . . ."

New York, April 23

BENJAMIN ITZKOWITZ

In the Driftway

A CONVERSATION between two young women, supposedly heard on the streets of New York City and printed in F. P. A.'s "Conning Tower" not long ago, had to do with a school examination which one of the young women had taken. "I only got B in English literature," she explained. "I wouldda got A, but I said Keats wrote the Skylark and Shelley wrote the Nightingale. I had the poets right but I got the boids twisted." The Drifter is not sure that he is always right with the poets, but he is certain he often gets the boids twisted. He is not what is usually called a "nature lover," and has little use for the succes-

sive fads which compel one, when taking a walk in the country, to neglect all the larger aspects and concentrate on identifying the maximum number of ferns, mushrooms, or caterpillars. But among the various sorts of nature study which have been rampant in recent years he looks with greatest sympathy on that devoted to birds. He wishes he were less given to getting them twisted. It is not so easy. With a few exceptions one cannot look closely and long at a bird, as one can at a flower or most insects. And it is an aggravating circumstance that when one cannot see a bird, one can often hear its song, and vice versa. One of the hardest parts of bird lore to a flounderer like the Drifter is to tag the songs and calls which he hears to their proper sources. Except for a person with an unusual musical memory, it is difficult to remember these songs and calls from one season to another, or even from one day to another, until he has heard them many times. The attempt to render them in musical notation is generally a failure. Birds are not taught to sing according to the principles inculcated in our public-school system. Equally discouraging is the effort to familiarize oneself with bird songs by jingle phrases, like "Teakettle, teakettle, teakettle," or "Poor Sam Peabody, Peabody, Peabody." One has to hear the supposedly interpretative phrases recited by a good mimic before they mean anything.

THE Drifter has often wondered why nobody ever recorded birds' songs for reproduction on a phonograph. At last someone has. While he was a student in Cornell University Albert R. Brand began the work, and now, as associate in ornithology at the American Museum of Natural History, he has published a book on "Songs of Wild Birds" (Thomas Nelson and Sons, New York, \$2) which is accompanied with two phonograph discs containing the songs of thirty-five birds. Mr. Brand had to have a microphone that would record sound at some distance, and so used the movie-tone or sound-on-film method. This necessitated considerable apparatus, and in order not to scare the birds, he planted the microphone by itself, connecting it with several hundred feet of cable running to the rest of the recorder in a truck in the rear. Mr. Brand was bothered no end with "ground noises" that the brain eliminates in the normal process of hearing but that intrude like a riveting machine in reproduced sound. Croaking frogs, early-rising roosters, and romantic dogs all contributed a quota of annoyance, while even mosquitoes, when they came buzzing close to the microphone, got into the records. Once when everything was set to record the warblings of an especially fine-voiced catbird, the Caruso of the woods stopped.

The bird lice were bothering him. He gave up singing, and devoted himself to a search for the elusive insects. Thinking he would soon tire and resume his song, we let the machine run on. But no, he kept up the—shall we call it—"de-fleaing" process for a full two minutes. Meanwhile, our expensive film was placidly running through the camera at the rate of a foot and a half a second. Finally, I shut off the machine. This seemed to be our bird's cue, for he immediately started to sing again. He kept it up until we, thinking he was now certainly going to continue, switched on the machine a second time. How he got our signal I cannot say, but the perverse bird stopped before we had recorded a single chirp, and proceeded to scratch and dig once more.

MR. BRAND holds with the recent theory that the purpose of the male bird's song is only secondarily to attract a mate. The primary consideration is to preempt a certain territory and give notice that it is his. Likewise the first concern of the female bird is with the territory. If she regards the prospects as favorable for sufficient food and a secure nest, she accepts the territory and takes the gentleman along with it as a matter of course. The technique is not unknown among females of the human family, little as it may flatter the pride of us males to contemplate the fact. In the bird kingdom the practice leads frequently to the selection by the male of a "singing tree"—a post where he appears regularly and so helps the naturalist to observe him and record his song.

THE DRIFTER

The Intelligent Traveler

Tours to the Soviet Union

II

OF the hundred-odd possible tours to and about the Soviet Union this summer, I mentioned last week a half-dozen promising trips for groups, and I repeated that for the traveler unfamiliar with Russian or with travel in the East membership in a group was by far the most effective way to move about. The following additional summer trips have been selected, like those mentioned last week, for the quality of their leadership or the character of the trips themselves.

No directory of Russian tours would be complete without

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mention of Sherwood Eddy's famous "Study Pilgrimage." For the fourteenth consecutive summer Mr. Eddy is taking abroad fifty picked educators, men and women of affairs, and molders of public opinion, who will meet leaders of the hour in Europe and the Soviet Union. Of the fifty-eight days abroad fifteen are spent in the Soviet Union visiting Leningrad, Moscow, the Lenin Commune. The approximate rate is \$850, tourist class on the ocean, second class in Russia. Address Sherwood Eddy, 347 Madison Avenue, New York.

The Philadelphia chapter of the American Russian Institute offers a twenty-eight-day tour in the Soviet Union under the leadership of its secretary, Miss Helen Mallory. The lowest of several rates is \$465, third class throughout. Membership is limited to fifteen. Address American Russian Institute, 318 South Juniper Street, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

"Soviet Types" might be the name of the tour for ten Americans which Anna Louise Strong will conduct for thirty-two days in the Soviet Union. Miss Strong is associate editor of the *Moscow Daily News* and the author of several books on the Soviet Union. Her party will visit twelve Soviet nationalities, observing minority cultures, but will also spend some time in the principal centers. Of two rates quoted, the lower is \$653, third class on the ocean, second class in Russia. Address the Open Road, 56 West Forty-fifth Street, New York.

John A. Kingsbury, secretary of the Milbank Memorial Fund and coauthor of "Red Medicine," will lead a group of fifteen interested in public health. Accompanied by a Soviet health official, the group will make a comprehensive twenty-nine-day survey of Soviet health institutions. The rate is \$789, tourist class on the ocean, second class in Russia. Address the National Tuberculosis Association, 50 West Fiftieth Street, New York.

Julien Bryan, the well-known lecturer on Soviet life, has roamed the Soviet Union for four successive summers. He is especially interested in Russian "Main Street." His group, limited to ten members, will spend thirty-one days in the Soviet Union, visiting places off the beaten track, such as Vologda, Yaroslavl, Kineshma, and Kazan, as well as the great centers.

□ TRAVEL □ DINNER □

If you are interested in Soviet Travel, you are cordially invited to the Friendship Tours Dinner given on Wednesday, May 16th, 6:30 P.M. at the Samovar Restaurant, 142 West 49th Street, New York City. Russian Dinner, Gypsy Music, Interesting Speakers, Motion Pictures, Tariff \$1.00. As accommodations are limited, please reserve by mail at least 3 days in advance.

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SOVIET SEMINAR

Francis A. Henson, Economist. Leader. Sailing June 30 on the S.S. PARIS via London. Including twenty days in the Soviet Union. \$375.

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Philip Brown, Director Friendship Tours. Leader. Sailing July 7 on the S.S. CONTE di SAVOIA. Five days in Italy. Cruise to Odessa via Greece and Turkey. Including seventeen days in the Soviet Union \$330.

SOCIAL STUDY TOUR

Frank Gross, Sociologist. Leader. Sailing June 30 on the S.S. ROMA. Mediterranean Cruise (Italy, Egypt, Palestine, etc.) Combined with fourteen days in the Soviet Union. Cost. \$380.

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For Booklets. Address: PHILIP BROWN, Director

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There are two rates, of which the lower is \$654, third class on the ocean, second class in Russia. Address the League for Political Education, 123 West Forty-third Street, New York.

The Second Russian Seminar will be conducted by Professor Samuel H. Cross of Harvard University, Dr. J. Raymond Walsh of Harvard, and Dr. F. Tredwell Smith. The seminar group this year will make a comprehensive thirty-one-day tour of Russia west of the Urals, returning from Odessa through the Black Sea and the Mediterranean with stops at ports en route. Membership is unlimited but there is a leader for each twenty members. The rate is \$595, third class throughout, superior accommodations being available on payment of supplements. Address the Bureau of University Travel, 11 Boyd Street, Newton, Massachusetts.

Dr. Edward Alsworth Ross, head of the Department of Sociology at the University of Wisconsin, went to Russia in 1917, soon after the revolution, at the request of the American Institute of Social Service. He spent six months studying conditions as they then were and the plans for changing them. He is the author of three books on the revolution and the Soviet state. His party, limited to thirty, will spend twenty-five days in the Soviet Union. There are three rates, of which the lowest is \$430, third class throughout. Address Mueller Travel Agency, 126 South Pinckney Street, Madison, Wisconsin.

A group of twenty young Americans will study the youth movements of Italy, Soviet Russia, and Germany this summer, sojourning in youth camps as well as in principal cities. The route from Italy to the Soviet Union is via the Mediterranean and the Black Sea, with stops at Athens, Istanbul, and other colorful places. John Porter and Mrs. Selden Rodman are the leaders. The rate is \$535, third class throughout. Address Mrs. Selden Rodman, Young America, 315 Fourth Avenue, New York.

Henry Shapiro, a student of Soviet law, has been conducting groups to the Soviet Union since 1929. A group limited to ten will visit Moscow and Leningrad for nine days with him at a third-class, round-trip rate of \$288. A nineteen-day extension is offered, the additional cost, third class, being \$143. Address the Open Road, 56 West Forty-fifth Street, New York.

Frank Fernbach spent a year working as an electric welder in Soviet factories. He is now a postgraduate student of economics at the University of Wisconsin. His group, limited to ten members, will spend nineteen days in the Soviet Union. The rate is \$395, third class throughout. Address the Open Road, 56 West Forty-fifth Street, New York.

Francis A. Henson, youth leader and codirector with Professor Jerome Davis of the Traveling Economic Seminar (1933), will conduct a group limited to fifteen which will spend twenty days in the Soviet Union. The rate is \$375, third class throughout (expenses from Kiev back to Cherbourg not included). Address Friendship Tours, 261 Fifth Avenue, New York.

The American-Russian Chamber of Commerce, 261 Fifth Avenue, New York, will run a trip for American business men, membership unlimited, under the leadership of H. V. Kaltenborn. Special contacts are promised with Soviet business men. Twenty-five days will be spent in the Soviet Union, with visits to Magnitogorsk, Chelyabinsk, Sverdlovsk, Novo-Sibirsk, Novo-Kuznetsk, and other important Siberian centers. The rate is \$897, cabin class on the ocean, second class in Russia.

The Amalgamated Bank, 11 Union Square, New York, offers a medical tour, limited to seventy-five members, under the leadership of Dr. Edward Cohen. The tour will spend twenty-nine days in Russia, visiting medical institutions and meeting authorities. A representative of the Physicians' and Dentists' Association of the Soviet Union will accompany the tour throughout its stay there. There are three rates, of which the lowest is \$498.50, third class on the ocean, second class in Russia.

JOHN ROTHSCHILD

Books, Drama, Films

Advertising: An Autopsy

Our Master's Voice: Advertising. By James Rorty. The John Day Company. \$3.

WHEN Mr. Rorty was an aspiring young ad man he worked in a downtown office in New York. At lunch hour, after his sandwich and coffee, he would wander into the Aquarium at the Battery. The fishes soon bored him; they went round and round. But the sea lion had some kind of an idea.

There was a slanting float at one end of the pool. He would start at the other end, dive, emerge halfway up the float with a tremendous rush, and whoosh! he would blow water on the mob of children and adults crowded around the tank. Always they would shriek, giggle, and retreat. Then, gradually, they would come back; the sea lion would repeat the performance with precisely the same effect. It has taken me years to understand that sea lion. I know now that he was an advertising man.

This is no way for a responsible member of a great profession to talk. Yet the sea lion is nothing when Mr. Rorty strikes his stride. An ad man for twenty years, blowing bubbles over millions of people by every known publicity medium, he has turned state's evidence. It is safe to say that advertising has never had such raking before, and may never again; its great days are probably over. I suspect Mr. Rorty has written what scholars call the definitive work on the subject. No outsider can ever come to possess such detailed knowledge of the inside, and few insiders or outsiders, be it observed, have the author's grasp on broad social relationships. He not only knows the advertising business from contact man to copywriter to layout department, but he knows where it fits into the whole cultural complex.

The reader will find a great deal that he never suspected before about the clockwork of the higher salesmanship—things to amuse him, sicken him, infuriate him—but he will find more than this: a critique of the degeneration of an acquisitive society. Mr. Rorty has performed an able autopsy on his own profession—the stench is occasionally prodigious—but his is not primarily a muckraking job. He is after something deeper. From one point of view he might even be called a defender of advertising. He finds it a cardinal necessity in an acquisitive economy. The whole principle of profitable vendibility demands it. It is as inevitable as the cash register and the sales journal, and therefore advertising men are no worse and no better than the general run of business men. As a class, however, they are more intelligent, which makes for more psychic disturbance.

The whole show is a rotten show; gaudy, costly, and rotten. The advertising business is inseparable, culturally, from the newspaper business, the magazine business, the movie business, the radio business. Together they spread a gigantic screen of misinformation, propaganda, half-truths, and plain loud lies on behalf of manufacturers, merchants, and financiers who have a plethora of goods and services to unload. There is little utility, comfort, art, beauty, integrity, or nourishment for the human spirit to be found anywhere in the picture.

Three-quarters of all newspaper income comes from advertising; two-thirds of all periodical revenue; nearly 100 per cent of all broadcasting revenue. Where your treasure is, there will your heart be also. Broadly speaking, the press, the magazines, and the waves of the air are first and foremost purveyors of advertising. Whatever else they run comes under the head of "filler." It would be impossible, for instance, for me to publish this review in any magazine whose advertising revenue formed

a substantial percentage of its gross income. The editor might favor it, but how could he break the heart of his business manager? Recently I wrote, at an editor's behest, a piece about the depression for a popular magazine with wide circulation. Advertising was never mentioned. The editor was well satisfied with it and sent me a check, but the business office turned down its thumbs, not, if you please, because of the content of my article, but solely because of the author's name. It is a name which national advertisers do not like. So my filler went into limbo.

Mr. Rorty is justified in extending his definition of advertising and advertising men to these wider fields. So defined, its total turnover is two billions or more, and its total personnel—at a \$2,000 average salary—certainly a million people: one of the twelve chief industries of the country.

I have tried to show elsewhere that capitalism as a going economic system is breaking down under the assaults of technology. Mr. Rorty shows, page upon page, chapter upon chapter, how it is breaking down morally. The two approaches are not distinct, but halves of the same whole. As technology cheapens goods, while an antiquated financial mechanism strangles purchasing power, competition for the relatively shrinking dollar of the consumer must increase. Advertising is called in, not only by individual concerns but by whole industries, to clear the shelves of an embarrassing surplus. Purchasing power as a whole increases not at all, but Blah-blah Blankets grabs a hatful of it at the expense of Cuddley Covers. The pressure has been mounting steadily since the war, and in the furnace the souls of many upstanding men and women are being scarified.

Mr. Rorty tells the case of one young advertising woman who was fired by her boss with these solemn words: "Miss X, you are not loyal to the things you don't believe in." It is hard to be loyal to things one does not believe in. No intelligent person can devote his energy, his talent, his very life, artfully to tinting the truth about gargles, brassieres, and cheese, without doing something to his internal mechanism. Fortunately some ad men are not intelligent, and can keep their psyche intact. The others try to compensate by working up a false enthusiasm—even going to such dreadful lengths as consuming great quantities of the mouth wash and cheese; by becoming utterly cynical; by trying to write poetry on the side; by concentrating on the artistic possibilities of bathing beauties and canned-fish containers; by jumping out of high office windows.

The poison has spread far beyond the propaganda mills, to infect the whole American public.

Fake. Boloney. Bunk. Apple sauce. Bull. There are over a hundred slang synonyms for the idea these words express, most of them coined within the last two decades. No other idea has called forth such lavish folk invention, and this can only mean one thing. It is the pseudo-culture's bleak judgment upon itself.

Hold that thought on your forefinger for a moment. Bunk, boloney, and bull. What's his racket? Nerts. Perhaps not quite so common in the great open spaces, but common enough. Where is a people going when it progressively ceases to believe in the integrity of everything and everybody? Such is advertising's gift to mankind. But again remember that advertising is not a plot against human probity and honor, only an inevitable consequence of a misdirected surplus economy.

Clean up advertising, say the reformers, make it honest, truthful, genuinely helpful to the consumer. Mr. Rorty is on safe ground in crying nerts to this proposal. So long as competitive capitalism remains, the handmaiden must continue faithful to the old gentleman, and not go sleeping around in alien beds. Truthful advertising, by and large, does not sell goods nearly so well as crooked advertising. Truthful advertising, furthermore, would mean the disappearance of nine-tenths of the

traffic, for how can everyone truthfully say his product is superior to all others? The reformers are wasting their breath. "Good" advertising is that which sells the most goods at the lowest advertising cost. Fake testimonials meet this test, are accordingly "good" advertising, and increasingly in demand.

Mr. Rorty has covered the whole sea-lion waterfront. He tells how he worked and how he felt; how a modern agency operates; how advertising originated and waxed, with pen portraits of its great forerunners—Jay Cooke, Barnum, Beecher, and Elbert Hubbard; how the press, radio, movies, and general business cooperate to produce the pseudo-culture with which we all are tainted; how the most gigantic lobby in history crucified the Pure Food and Drug bill (and I suspect launched the attack on the Brain Trust); how Bruce Barton reconciled Christ with Listerine, and is not very happy about the achievement; how love, religion, science, psychology, beauty, art, hope are poured into the propaganda mill to emerge dirty and mutilated, useless for the vital processes of humanity.

I have been stirred by this book. Everyone who retains some conception of human integrity will be stirred. As a technical job of authorship, however, it leaves something to be desired. It is too long, too discursive, and sometimes self-contradictory. There is a lengthy section describing a piece of research on the advertising of a dozen magazines that is extremely dull. This should have been either an appendix or a separate scholarly monograph. One wishes that Mr. Rorty had spent about six more months editing and sharpening his focus—with a box of blue pencils beside him.

Be prepared, gentle reader, to skip from time to time; be prepared for poetic license mixed with cold statistics; be prepared for certain conclusions which do not always click—but do not miss this book. Twenty years of keen observation, twenty years of gathering social insight have gone into it. It is a raw, living book, quite unsuitable as filler for any monthly magazine.

What is to be done about advertising? Nothing. Perhaps a few of its more vicious effects can be modified by a decent food and drugs act, but the prospects of securing such legislation are not bright. Advertising is woven so tightly into the fabric of an acquisitive economy that it can no more be lifted out and disinfected, by itself, than the banking system can be lifted out. It stands or falls with the whole system. Since 1929 the system has been reeling in drunken circles. Only by spending some ten billions of public credit has Mr. Roosevelt kept it from pitching headlong. The abyss still yawns; credit, in the form of interest-bearing indebtedness, cannot be maintained indefinitely. Capitalism, old style, is in my opinion walking out on us. It follows that advertising, as we have known it, must presently accompany the old gentleman out into the night, the stench of its perfumes gone. Perhaps Mr. Rorty has really written an epitaph.

STUART CHASE

Huxley in the Tropics

Beyond the Mexique Bay. By Aldous Huxley. Harper and Brothers. \$2.75.

WHATEVER armies may do, Aldous Huxley travels on his mind. In this latest journey he endured the pomps of a large winter cruise along the outer islands of the Caribbean to Venezuela, but left the liner at Jamaica to go by banana boat to British Honduras, from there to think his way across Guatemala to the Pacific, up the coast to Puerto Angel, overland to Mexico City, and on to the beginning of his homeward voyage. He seems to have run no risks worse than the discomforts and the boredom which all travelers suffer, and to have had no visible adventures. What happened to him was what happened to his mind as his senses reported new experi-

ences in unfamiliar circumstances. His book is a diary of thoughts. It is interesting only because he has one of the most interesting minds alive.

In Trinidad he found an Imperial College of Tropical Agriculture but no Imperial College of Applied Anthropology. His own notes are anthropological and applied.

To understand European politics [he remarks in a passage which illustrates his general attitude] one should read the history of Central America. This is not paradox, but scientific method. It is by studying the simple that we learn to understand the more complex phenomena of the same kind. The behavior of children and lunatics throws light on the more elaborate behavior of adults and the sane. Pavlov's dogs have explained many hitherto inexplicable characteristics of human beings. Most of the little we know about the anthropology of civilized peoples is the fruit of inquiries into the nature of primitive societies. Central America, being just Europe in miniature with the lid off, is the ideal laboratory in which to study the behavior of the Great Powers.

Huxley's language, as lucid as Clarence Day's, without the horrid jargon of technical anthropologists and sociologists, may keep some readers from realizing how thoughtful he is. His random sequence of ideas, brought down as they rise from his observations, may give the effect of casual lightness, not of genuine substance. But he is no less sagacious because he is easy to read, and no less consistent because he makes many minor points. Every minor point spreads like a circle in the water.

For example, he has said that the passing of mahogany in Europe caused poverty in Honduras and a higher death-rate. What if Europeans knew and could vividly imagine the plight of the men and women whom a change in fashion had condemned to chronic underfeeding in their tropical forests? Such knowledge and imagination would result in a paralysis of activity and a hopeless neurasthenia.

The confident capacity to choose depends on ignorance or, if knowledge is unescapable, of insentience and lack of imagination. In practice we are able to do things with a light heart, because we never know very clearly what we are doing, and are happily incapable of imagining how our deeds will affect other people or our future selves. To rail against destiny because it has decreed that we shall live in darkness and insensibility is foolish. We should rather be thankful that it has been made psychologically possible for us to choose and act.

Moreover, the outcome of events cannot be measured in too short a time. The decline of mahogany may yet drive the Hondureans to agriculture and so in the long run positively benefit them.

The most extended comment in the book is against the dogma that wars are produced largely by the evil arts of rival capitalists. Even the capitalists know, Huxley says, that they could do bigger and better exploiting if they would get together and pluck the whole world's feathers in peace. And the exploited are perennially ready to be exploited again. Something needs explaining. "We want first of all to know why the exploiters quarrel; and, in the second place, why the exploited allow themselves to be involved." In an effort to explain, Huxley looks shrewdly into the wells of passion from which much of human behavior springs, economic interests or no economic interests.

Interests are always ready to compound, passions never. You can always discuss figures, haggle over prices, ask a hundred and accept eighty-five. But you cannot discuss hatred, nor haggle over contradictory vanities and prejudices, nor ask for blood and accept a soft answer. Neither can you argue away the immediately experienced

fact that boasting is delightful, that it is bliss to feel yourself superior to the other fellow, that "righteous indignation" is wildly intoxicating, and that the thrill of being one of a mob that hates another mob can be as pleasurable as a prolonged orgasm.

In less than forty pages, dated Guatemala City, Huxley sums up the matter of a whole treatise on original hate.

A miscellany cannot be digested, but it can lead to a conclusion. Huxley concludes that the primitive and the civilized cannot be reconciled. Perhaps a civilized people, with their habit of criticism, might recapture some of the primitive virtues without losing their own, but a primitive people, lacking the power to distinguish among the civilized qualities and goods offered them, must take all or none, and so lose their own primitive nature. Human beings cannot rise in the scale of civilization without paying for it.

In other words, men have to work for every mental or material advance they make and, when they have made it, can enjoy the fruits of their labors only on condition that they give up the privileges which were theirs before the advance was made. . . . When man became an intellectual and spiritual being, he paid for his new privileges with a treasure of intuitions, of emotional spontaneity, of sensuality still innocent of all self-consciousness. . . . Human Bondage, in the words of Spinoza, is the price of Human Freedom. The advantages of the first state (and Human Bondage has many and substantial advantages) are incompatible with those of the second. We must be content to pay, and indefinitely to go on paying, the irreducible price of the goods we have chosen.

Here, as on many pages of his modest work, Huxley's applied anthropology passes into pure wisdom.

CARL VAN DOREN

Men Without Countries

The Death Ship. The Story of an American Sailor. By B. Traven. Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.50.

THE narrator in this novel is a New Orleans sailor, but the novel has nothing to do with New Orleans or with any American waters. The story begins at Antwerp with the losing of the hero's identification papers, so that when his ship leaves port without him he has no scrap of evidence to offer the Belgian police concerning either his name or his nationality. If he were "somebody" in America this would not matter, but he is nobody—he has never known his father, he cannot say whether his mother is still alive, and the only Americans he has known, as he explains to "his" consul in Paris, were "people of no importance. Just plain people. Working folks. Changing places whenever their work calls for it. I would not know their full names or even their real names, only the names we knew them or called them by." "Have you a permanent address back home?" asks the consul. "No, sir. I could not pay for one."

It is a joke at first, his being without a country. But by the time he has been picked up like a piece of poisoned meat and thrown across the Dutch border for the officials of Rotterdam to worry themselves sick about, and by the time they have dumped him back on to Belgian soil, and by the time he has begged and starved and impersonated his way through France the joke has grown into something quite monstrous and mirthless. In his own mind he has ceased to exist to the point where he is willing to call himself by any name that is convenient and to claim any nationality—German, for example—that will keep him relatively out of trouble. There is a happy Spanish interlude, among people who differ from all the other people in the

The book that has something new, startling and important to say about modern life

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By the author of "The Golden Day," "Sticks and Stones," etc.

STUART CHASE, N. Y. Herald Tribune: "The most lucid and persuasive exposition of the promise of technics in human terms that it has been my good fortune to read."

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JOHN CHAMBERLAIN, N. Y. Times: "The story he has to tell is utterly fascinating . . . impossible to review in a short space with any feeling on the part of the reviewer of justice done."

WALDEMAR KAEMPFERT, N. Y. Times: "A brilliant historical and critical account . . . a necessary account, one for which we have waited too long in English."

Illustrated, \$4.50

HARCOURT, BRACE & COMPANY
383 Madison Ave., New York

book by being so quaintly human as not to care who he is; then the death ship, the Yorikke, whose officers and owners welcome him, as they welcome the rest of a crew which probably has no equal in fiction for raggedness and rottenness, because he will not be missed when the old hulk goes down to get its insurance.

If the Yorikke is intended to represent the modern world in little, then we have here the bitterest imaginable indictment of that world—an indictment all the bitterer, too, because its language is so spirited, so opulent, and even in its ghastly fashion so gay. The narrator, who has signed himself an Egyptian just for fun, finds himself in a little universe whose features sharply resemble the features of the only universe he has ever known. Its rulers—the skipper and the engineers—are staring statues of wood, concrete, and stone, and its populace is a huddle of sickly beasts deprived long since of pride, wit, feeling, hope. It is not merely that these under-dogs are treated cruelly; it is that they are not treated as human beings at all. For the world as our author sees it is not organized on human principles; it is a world of gold and silver and coal, a world of legal papers, of senseless machineries, and of solemn impersonalities. If the narrator manages in spite of all this to keep up his high spirits and to find in one shipmate, Stanislav, a mind with which his own can hold brave, eloquent dialogues, the case thereby is not altered. Rather is it made more clear, since in Pippip and Stanislav we have the glowing remnants of a humanity elsewhere dying out. Not that the Yorikke sinks. It is of another death ship, the Empress of Madagascar, that Pippip manages on the last page to be the sole survivor.

All the worse, then, for a world through whose waters the Yorikke continues to steam. I cannot say whether the Yorikke is a true image of mankind at the moment, as Mr. Traven quite possibly means to say it is. In itself, however, it is the most depressing world I have ever witnessed. And Mr. Traven, hysterical though he often is, strikes me as one of the few writers who have succeeded in damning the human race without paying it a compliment. I cannot doubt the Yorikke, nor do I expect soon to cease hearing the mingled curses and mad laughers of its creatures who once were men.

MARK VAN DOREN

The Theories of Major Douglas

Social Credit. By C. H. Douglas. W. W. Norton and Company. \$2.

THE work entitled "Social Credit" is the latest volume by Major Douglas on a theme which has occupied his attention since the close of the World War. Like his other volumes on the same subject, this one is not devoted simply to an exposition of monetary and credit theories but is marked by excursions into many fields of human thought—education, philosophy, ethics, politics, international peace, and sociology. The author flits from one to the other with such celerity that it becomes difficult to follow the thread of his ideas through these byways of extraneous thought.

To Major Douglas economic analyses run entirely in terms of cost and price. His theorems belong to the most rigid of the ever rigid cost-of-production school of economic thought. Were restrictions of cost and price—neither term is ever clearly defined—to be removed, manufacturers would then be capable "of obtaining almost any output." This is one of the basic ideas of his theory, and it is to an explanation of how the restrictive features of cost and price are to be removed that he devotes his work.

What then, he queries, prevents the productive machinery from realizing its full potentialities? How is one to explain the paradox of starvation in the midst of plenty? The explanation

of this difference between unsatisfied consumption desires and potential productive capacity, with its ghastly by-product of ever-present unemployment, is to be found in the deficiency of money income. This deficiency, states Major Douglas, arises from the fact that of the various costs incurred in production, only a fraction are involved in the distribution of income to consumers. Hence, prices always exceed consumers' income. In consequence capitalistic nations must fight for export markets in which to dispose of their surpluses. Increase somehow the money income of consumers, and the products of the existing machines and of those to be constructed in the future can be consumed domestically. He bolsters his argument by referring to the war period, when there was no deficiency of money income and the machines were humming as busily and happily as ever would be the case in the Utopia of the social creditors.

Could not, then, money income in our economic society be constituted at present be made to equal productive capacities? Major Douglas replies that the control, misuse, and manipulation of the institution of money by what he terms a hidden government makes this impossible. So great is this hidden government's power of control that it is able to effect corners in this "commodity," money. Money dealers, he states, are ever deflationists. It is they who desire budgets to be balanced and loans to be repayed from taxes, and who in general stand in favor of sound finance. But the repayment of bank loans and the reduction of the public debt through taxes and sound finance lead to progressive deflation. Purchasing power is destroyed and the differential between purchasing power and price becomes ever wider. Against this tendency present governments are powerless. Like everyone else they are subject to the dictates of the money trust.

The misuse of the institution of money the author attributes in part to what he terms the Jewish influence on modern thinking and social institutions. The connection between the Jewish influence and the misuse of modern institutions is not made clear, but it has something to do with the Mosaic laws and their emphasis on the theory of rewards and punishments, with the unchecked collectivism of Jewish thought, and with the present Semitic structure of society resulting from the all-pervasive Jewish influence.

Though they are compounded of undigested bits of monetary and credit theory, of communistic and fascist doctrines, and are tinged with an anti-Semitic bias, the ideas of Major Douglas have, strangely enough, enjoyed wide popularity. This is to be accounted for not only by the depression but also by the amorphous character of his theories, which makes them acceptable to disciples of the most divergent economic and political philosophies. The obscurity of Major Douglas's doctrines places the critic at a considerable disadvantage. To attack his premises is like trying to dissect a jelly fish. Important problems of valuation, of cyclical and secular analysis, are entirely omitted, and in other instances he has failed to find his way through the economic maze. To list a few points by way of illustration:

1. His basic premise, it will be remembered, runs in terms of production costs. He argues that since, according to his analysis, all production costs do not consist of wages, salaries, and dividends, production costs exceed the purchasing power released in the production process, with the consequence that a certain amount of purchasing power is immobilized.

From the point of view of simple accounting or arithmetic, this theorem is incorrect. Costs of production are but one side of the equation of which income in some form to some class is the other. There is no immobilization of purchasing power unless a discontinuity of production takes place.

2. Purchasing power, he would have us understand, is further immobilized through loan repayments and tax collections. In connection with the repayment of bank loans, he misses the important point, so far as his more theoretic analysis is con-

cerned, which is that it is not significant whether a particular loan has or has not been repaid. What is significant is whether the entire body of bank credit is increasing or diminishing. In this are involved the cyclical problems of loan inflation and deflation. Further, the payment of taxes never immobilizes purchasing power. In the modern world it may redirect purchasing power, but it never immobilizes it.

3. There is a further inference from his writings that savings, like loan repayments and tax collections, immobilize purchasing power. It should be remembered that savings simply serve to redirect industrial energies. As savings increase, fewer consumption goods and more goods of a durable character are produced. At the present time unemployment in the United States is to be found largely in the building trades and the durable-goods industries. Increased activity in those industries would be stimulated if savings were to increase, accompanied by a reduction in the rate of interest on long-term loans.

4. The idea of social credit as something objective into which society may dip for purchasing power is a myth. Production and trade beget their own credit. There is no credit apart from that established through productive processes. Bank credit should be based solely on goods in the process of production or sale. When such is not the case, inflation in this direction or that will result. This inflation may take the form of commercial-credit and commodity-price inflation as in 1920 or of investment-credit and capital-asset inflation as in 1924-29. Such periods are always followed by the aftermath of deflation, in which costs must be adjusted to falling prices.

5. Major Douglas's plan for the distribution of the "national dividend," though this is denied by him and his followers, is but inflation under another name. Prices would surely begin to rise with the creation of this volume of new purchasing power. The social creditors would reply that if such were the case the government could eliminate or reduce payments on account of the "national dividend." If this were done, the boom would be checked, unemployment would increase, and the paradox of starvation in the midst of plenty would remain an unsolved problem.

BENJAMIN HAGGOTT BECKHART

Middle Europe

Kaleidoscope. By Stefan Zweig. The Viking Press. \$3.

BEFORE the appearance in America of the war books and those footnotes on the Versailles treaty, "Little Man What Now?" and "Karl and the Twentieth Century," stories of the kind in Stefan Zweig's new collection were the usual, familiar importations from the German nations. Thomas Mann represents the type at its best today, but it is a broad genre including the works of Schnitzler and Wassermann, those delicate porcelain-like novels of Count Edouard von Keyserling, and Zweig's own "Amok," "Letters from an Unknown Woman," and "Conflicts." In fact, most German literary men whose work covers twenty years or more have tried their hands at writing of this sort. It embodies an unmistakable Middle European point of view, an emotionalized interest and attitude toward the treatment of human passions and psychological phenomena. It may, as in the tale called Transfiguration in the present volume, like Wassermann's "The World's Illusion," present a romantic version of a man's redemption by means of toughs and prostitutes. At its best it represents the persistence and vigor of the traditional narrative forms in Central Europe.

With the exception of the first and last stories, "Kaleidoscope" is a collection of character sketches. Some of them, such as Moonbeam Alley and The Governess, are new but not very becoming faces on old figures. Far and The Invisible Collection verge on bathos. Others, like Buchmendel, Lepo-

Travel with an "inside man" in the storm centers of the world

John Dos Passos' IN ALL COUNTRIES

NATHAN ASCH, *New Republic*: "Writing a beautiful, jaggedly contemporary prose, he drives the sights and sounds and tastes and shudders into the reader's bones, evokes the places and the peoples seen. . . . Events in his hands become significant, have meaning, acquire direction, become part of life. . . ."

CLIFTON FADIMAN, *New Yorker*: "He has a remarkable faculty for seeing the problem always in terms of anecdote, biography, individual experience, and of passing it through a temperament as warm and generous as that of any American writing today."

N. Y. SUN: "Simply as a record of travel—of things seen, IN ALL COUNTRIES is superb. As a commentary on recent events in the four countries (Russia, Spain, Mexico, America), it is stimulating and worth every reader's time and close attention."

\$2.50

COMING SOON

THREE PLAYS By JOHN DOS PASSOS

A volume collecting "The Garbage Man," "Airways, Inc." and a new play, "Fortune Heights," now being produced in Moscow.

Out May 17, \$2.50

HARCOURT, BRACE & COMPANY
303 Madison Ave., New York

rella, and *The Runaway* are simple, well-told tales of odd people, the first two being neat mixtures of pathos and irony, the last a gentle, subtle, skilful account of an exiled peasant's longing for home. Two legends—one of Rachel's tears, an enlargement of the Bible story, and the other, suggested by the Bhagavadgita, of the way to wisdom—conclude the book. When, as in *Leporella* and *The Runaway*, Zweig seems most at ease, he writes with the fluency of a gifted raconteur whose point of view is cultured, detached, and sympathetic, whose observation of human behavior is alert, and whose taste for certain variations in human psychology and emotions is avid. The first story, *The Burning Secret*, is his best. In this study of a boy's jealousy, hatred, and slowly evolving comprehension of his mother's love affair, Zweig is more original, more ambitious in what he undertakes. His penetration into motives, acts, and their results goes deeper and rings truer, and he is less burdened by vague and cumbersome literary phrases. Compared with Zweig's previously translated fiction, "*Kaleidoscope*" is poorer in technique and interest. For that reason it does little more for the tradition of which it is a part than to indicate its survival.

FLORENCE CODMAN

Shorter Notices

Testimony. By Charles Reznikoff. With an Introduction by Kenneth Burke. The Objectivist Press. \$1.

In his introduction to this volume of prose sketches Mr. Burke notes that the progressive development of fiction toward "case history" has now a complementary movement—the movement of the "case history" toward fiction. "*Testimony*" is Mr. Reznikoff's title for a group of short sketches collected, it seems, while he was reading law cases from every State and every year. He believes that such material as this encompasses "the life of a people in mines and on ships, all the activities that the law itself covers." Mr. Reznikoff presents his tales exactly as if they were testimony given in a law court and utterly without embellishment. Characters are not described; situations are not elaborated. Action begins in the middle of violence. The result is a group of brief narratives more horrible and more cruel—because the action seems unmotivated—than Faulkner himself might enjoy. For sheer brutality there is nothing in literature quite like this little volume. And obviously it is the method of presentation which creates the effect of unrelieved and unreasonable violence and cruelty. These sketches are "case histories" but taken as a group they do give the effect of fiction.

Sanctuary. The Struggle of the Britons Against the Roman Invaders Told in Narrative Verse. By Christina Chapin. Houghton Mifflin Company. \$2.

Miss Chapin uses the Spenserian stanza to tell her story, a tale remembered rather than a drama enacted. In traditional form, language, and imagery, the poem is very expertly written. Obviously the mood is a nostalgia for the past, for the free natural life that the Britons enjoyed. The Romans are symbolic of the oncoming of destructive civilization and of modern thought. The Britons are the great Pantneists, in the pagan sense of the word, the true children of nature. The poet is a mystic in her feeling that man is holiest and greatest when he can speak with trees and rocks and birds. But there is a stoic acceptance, too, in this poet, a deep conviction that what is to be must be. So time advances. "*Sanctuary*" is not dramatic narrative so much as it is narrative of mood moving forward through pictures of the landscape and of the simple lives of the Britons. The work is conventional but it has considerable excellence.

Frost in May. By Antonia White. The Viking Press. \$2.50.

Antonia White has managed to do that unusual thing—use a controversial religious theme and let the cause for an argument rest with the reader. The deed is done by tracing the effects of convent discipline on the adolescent daughter of a convert. For those in favor there are all the necessary practices making for mental security and humility in this world and a state of grace in the world to come; for those opposed there are all the heartless tortures leading to mental and moral slavery for exploitation by the oldest and most unscrupulous monopoly on earth. The book answers nothing but it suggests the whole question of discipline: how much, how little, what kind of discipline, and, with Nazi and Communist methods in mind, for what end it shall be suffered. Yet even before the questions form, this description of the efforts to break the pride of one young girl for the glory of God recommends itself as a highly subtle, sensitive, and harrowing testament of youth.

Drama

Pent-House Utopia

SOMEWHERE in the amiable course of Dawn Powell's "*Jig Saw*" (Ethel Barrymore Theater) one idle young man replies briefly to another who has asked him how he manages to live. "Fortunately," he says, "my ancestors happened to be prudent folk." "And," adds the original questioner, "your descendants will have to be."

This, I assume, constitutes some slight concession to the fact that no modern work can be respectable unless it takes into proper consideration the economic background of the action. It is, however, the only passage in the play likely to make anyone think, unless, perhaps, one is generous enough to classify as thoughtful the remark of a lady in pajamas who declares her intention to "sit out" the revolution when it comes. All the rest of the time is pleasantly given over to rambling discussions of love and, more specifically, of what ought to be done about a convent-bred daughter who is likely to be a little disconcerted on her homecoming if she finds her mother's bed full of strange men. All the characters live in pent-houses, and on the stage at least no one has any duties or occupations likely to distract him from the chief business of life—which is, of course, the discussion of just such topics as those mentioned above with a rambling imbecility which is perpetually and miraculously blundering into wit. To be sure the official lover of madam has some vague profession, but at least the charmed company can say of its members, as Max Beerbohm said of the inhabitants of his suburban village, "Those of us who have anything to do go away each morning and do it elsewhere."

What gives Miss Powell's play the strong flavor of originality which it undoubtedly has is a certain elusive individuality in the tone of the remarks which her characters make upon the set themes of "sophisticated" farce. In the first place, she has achieved a casualness which removes any distressing suggestion that she considers herself unusually naughty and is deliberately trying to shock. In the second place, she eschews the more or less established techniques of both the Wildean epigram and the Broadway wisecrack in favor of a slightly drunken irrelevance of phrase which, in so far as it resembles anything, resembles the manner of Frank Sullivan or James Thurber rather than that of more formally literary wits. Probably the remark of the faithful lover that his mistress "has to be kept more or less amused . . . just the way a sea lion has to be kept more or less wet" does not look funny in the isolation of cold print, but it is funny when surrounded by the harmonious context of equally

futile talk in which flashes of insight illuminate every now and then the idle chatter. The charm which this sort of thing has is the charm of all comedy deriving from Congreve's perfected form of the Restoration invention: it realizes one of the dreams of mankind, which is simply the dream of a society where talk would be our sole occupation, and the dilemmas of both physiology and morals would disappear as soon as they had been defined in a clever phrase. Wit is man's highest invention, and witty men will always wish that nature could be made to recognize as they do how all-sufficient it ought to be.

Toward the end of her play Miss Powell becomes almost mellow. The long-faithful lover (delightfully played by Ernest Truex) has disposed of his latest rival and has settled down on a couch to explain why he wants to come back. It is not merely that the food is good and that he likes the view. The truth of the matter is that he is no longer interested in making new conquests. In particular, he shudders at the thought of retracing once more the familiar approach to romance, especially the part where he will be required to tell anecdotes of his childhood or to show an interest in stories tending to illustrate how very innocent his partner was in the days when she was innocent at all. "Damn it," he concludes, "when a man has reached my age he doesn't want to break down any more women's barriers. . . . In fact, it would be kind of a relief to find some." Perhaps wisdom which comes as tardily as this is hardly classifiable as morality, but it provides at least an almost moral conclusion no less unlikely to be taken to heart than any other moral would be.

It is only fair to add that the dialogue is by far the best part of "Jig Saw," which limps noticeably in its action and, incidentally, includes some of the most awkward exits and some of the most painfully obvious clearings of the stage seen here in a long time. It is also necessary to remark that, for once, the Theater Guild seems to have erred in its direction by forcing the farcical portions of the action in such a way as to make their weakness only the more evident. But neither this fact nor the equally obvious facts that Eliot Cabot is miscast and Spring Byington not at her very delightful best can prevent the play from furnishing a very entertaining evening.

"The Lady from the Sea" certainly does not represent Ibsen at his best, but I was amazed at the vitality which it revealed in the revival at the Little Theater. Much of the play seems old-fashioned; much of it is stuffy; yet there are scenes and touches of character which reveal the genius of the author as unmistakably as if they had been written yesterday. Mary Hone gave a very satisfactory performance of Ellida, and Margaret English, an unknown, could hardly have been better in the role of Hilda, that terrifying embodiment of the cruelty of innocence. I have always suspected that she grew up to be Hedda Gabler.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

Films

Tarzan and Hitler

AN atmosphere of the incredible hangs over the current screen: Tarzan, Adolf Hitler, the End of the World. In comparison with most of what is being offered at the moment, therefore, the latest Tarzan film inflicts no great strain on the imagination. The lush jungle world into which it introduces us is at least as credible as Hitler's Germany or the Rooseveltian America pictured in the recent "Stand Up and Cheer." And it is, on the whole, rather less embarrassing. "Tarzan and His Mate" (Capitol), happens, it is true, to be much the best directed and best photographed film in the whole Tarzan cycle. With an admirable sense of delicacy, the pro-

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JIG SAW. Ethel Barrymore Theater. Reviewed in this issue.

MARY OF SCOTLAND. Alvin Theater. Helen Hayes and Philip Merivale give fine performances in Maxwell Anderson's play.

An outstanding dramatic hit but one which left me a little cold.
MEN IN WHITE. Broadhurst Theater. Fine teamwork on the part of the members of the Group Theater helps to make this play about a young doctor one of the things which must not be missed.

PIRATES OF PENZANCE. Majestic Theater. This week's offering of a good company presenting Gilbert and Sullivan repertory.

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ERNEST GRUENING

will contribute an article on General Rafael Trujillo, whose ruthless military dictatorship of the Dominican Republic is the end result of American intervention—ostensibly designed to guarantee constitutional freedom

ducers have refrained from intruding for too long at a stretch on the tropical intimacies of Tarzan and his noble English-born mate. No more plot is supplied than is necessary to bring out the real interest of the picture. Civilization bursts into the terrestrial paradise in the form of an ivory-hunting expedition; the two ruthless English adventurers encounter difficulties at the hands of both Tarzan and a race of ferocious cannibals; and at the end they and their camp followers are disposed of with an Elizabethan prodigality. In fact, one scarcely recalls a film in which human life is represented as being at so low a premium. But the reason for this is perhaps to be found in the fact that the real interest here is not nearly so much in the human as in the animal life—in the monkeys, alligators, hippopotami, and other more or less mute performers from the Hollywood zoo. Much more entertaining than either Johnny Weissmuller or Maureen O'Sullivan is their volatile little simian aide de camp. There is also a remarkable scene of a herd of elephants congregated to protect their dead in the ancestral graveyard. In brief, this addition to the Tarzan saga achieves all the charm and interest of so-called documentary pictures like "Chang" and

"Africa Speaks" without any of the disturbing strain on our credulity which such pictures usually involve.

The main impression left by "Hitler's Reign of Terror" (Mayfair), a conglomeration of speeches, pictorialized interviews, newsreels, and some original shots taken by Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., in Germany last year, is that the exploitation of anti-Hitler sentiment in this country but now descended to something like a racket. The appeal that this hodge-podge makes is of the most unintelligent and hysterical kind. An example of this might have been seen in the conduct of an audience which buzzed with anger whenever the image of Hitler flashed on the screen but burst into applause at the sight of Dollfuss or Mussolini. This nice discrimination between European dictators was undoubtedly induced by such running comments as the following: "Hitler was in early youth a red, and something of a bully to boot." It is all too obvious that Mr. Vanderbilt has as little understanding of the situation in Germany as he had right to make a full-length film on the basis of the few rolls of celluloid that he was able to smuggle out of that country.

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Contents

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS	575
EDITORIALS:	
Magna Charta of Monopoly	578
Where We Stand	579
The Drift in Germany	579
Who Gives the Pulitzer Prizes?	580
ISSUES AND MEN. DR. FOSDICK RENOUNCES WAR. By Oswald Garrison Villard	581
CARTOON: COMPULSORY SPONTANEOUS DEMONSTRATION. By LOW	582
THE DICTATORSHIP IN SANTO DOMINGO: A "JOINT CONCERN." By Ernest Gruening	583
BRINGING SHELTER UP TO DATE. II. UNCHAINING HOUSE FROM LAND. By Douglas Haskell	586
"RECOVERY" IN GREAT BRITAIN. By John A. Hobson	588
WHAT IS LEFT OF THE DRUG BUSINESS. By Oscar Lerner	590
IN THE DRIFTWAY. By the Drifter	591
CORRESPONDENCE	592
FINANCE: LARGE AND SMALL INVESTORS. By Peter Helmoop Noyes	594
BOOKS AND DRAMA:	
Isolation. By Charlotte Wilder	595
The Unity of Shakespeare. By Mark Van Doren	595
Peace and the Arms Makers. By Archibald MacLeish	596
The Lost Generation and the New Morality. By Ferner Nuhn	597
Flower of Manhattan. By William Troy	598
Clouding the Wine and Cracking the Bottles. By Max Eastman	599
Shorter Notices	600
Drama Note	602
CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE	602

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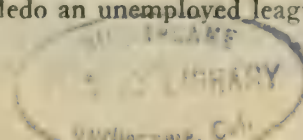
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THE FANTASTIC WAR in the Chaco between Bolivia and Paraguay, in which during seventeen months some 30,000 soldiers were killed, is to be laid on the doorstep of the League of Nations when it meets late this month. The League of Nations Chaco commission published on May 12 a report of hostilities and added a request that the United States join with the nations of the League in attempting to bring pressure on the belligerents to cease fighting. The Chaco war is ostensibly a border dispute, but several things tend to complicate it. One is that the munitions of war with which the argument is at present being conducted are, to quote the League commission's report, "not manufactured locally, but are supplied to the belligerents by American and European countries," and we know enough about munitions makers by now to be aware that if there is no proper market for arms in far-away countries, it is a simple matter to create a dispute that will provide one. The second Chaco complication is that in 1927 the Standard Oil Company, at the time engaged in operations in Argentina, left that country and became interested in certain Bolivian areas. There are reports of oil in the Chaco, and both Bolivia and Paraguay want the wealth that oil brings. Thus warfare continues there, while at the same time the effort toward European disarmament seems completely to have collapsed. The

French navy met on May 13 in the greatest naval maneuvers in its history, and at the same time refused to consider any further British proposals for naval limitation. Every European government knows today that unless the extensive military and building programs already projected are stopped, war cannot be averted. Yet no country is willing to listen to the voice of reason. From the same munitions makers who supply Bolivia and Paraguay with tools to fight for oil that may not exist comes a stream of war materials that may very well destroy at last even the armament manufacturers themselves.

AS CONGRESS nears the end of its session, much ado is made about the legislation that President Roosevelt wants passed before adjournment. The so-called "must" list includes the reciprocal-tariff bill, communications control, the program for renovation and construction of homes, the Glass-Steagall industrial-aid bill, and extension of the bank-deposit-guaranty bill. Yet it makes no provision for adequate relief for the coming year by including the La Follette relief bill. The President's budget calls for \$1,322,000,000 for the twin purposes of recovery and relief, but labor, consumers', and unemployed organizations are uniting to protest that this is not enough, inasmuch as industry has failed to absorb anything like the expected number of jobless and the end of the Civil Works Administration has thrown millions back on the relief lists. These groups do not expect the Administration to go the whole hog and call for the ten billions Senator La Follette thinks necessary, but they believe that anything short of half that amount will mean continued evictions, undernourishment, and widespread suffering. The breakdown of State and municipal relief programs in many quarters gives sinister emphasis to this prediction. In spite of statistics of business improvement, relief rolls are still mounting all over the country and the government will have to stop trusting to future upturn and do something.

TURMOIL IN OHIO growing out of the inadequacy of government relief is increasing rather than subsiding, but as the trouble cannot be attributed to either Communists or aliens, the press is handling the news like a hot potato, and little information is penetrating beyond the State. There is acute dissatisfaction among persons on relief because of the slimness of the dole, and a belief that there is widespread graft in the administration of it. The Ohio Unemployed League, which is leading in the agitation against conditions, is calling for fifty cents an hour on relief work, and there are many strikes among regularly employed industrial workers dissatisfied with low pay, as well as among those on relief pay. The National Guard has been ordered into service and is ruthlessly trying to suppress all demonstrations. According to recent word, sixteen men were in jail in Meigs County, without charges, and thirty-five in Butler County. William Reich, educational director of the Ohio Unemployed League, has been fined \$25 and sent to jail for thirty days on what is said to be a framed charge of resisting an officer. In Toledo an unemployed league was



enjoined along with a union of the American Federation of Labor for cooperating in a strike in the plants of the Bingham Stamping Company and the Auto Lite Company. Ted Selander and Sam Pollock, officers of the Lucas County Unemployed League, wrote Judge Stuart courageously that they intended to violate the injunction against picketing "as an abrogation of democratic rights, contrary to our constitution of liberties and contravening the spirit and letter of Section 7-a of the NIRA." They picketed, were imprisoned, and later were released on bail for trial.

AN UNPLEASANT ATMOSPHERE of mystery surrounds the resignation of Willard L. Thorp as Director of the Department of Foreign and Domestic Commerce. His appointment, made last summer, recently failed of confirmation in the Senate Commerce Committee. The President thereupon withdrew Dr. Thorp's name and Dr. Thorp handed in his resignation. But these simple facts conceal ugly political suspicions. Dr. Thorp was appointed to office at a time when the bureau was undergoing a general overhauling. An excellent economist with no political connections or ambitions, he represented the best side of this many-sided Administration. He has proved himself to be able and honest and uninterested in the strategic parceling out of patronage. Internal politics of a peculiarly devious sort are responsible for Dr. Thorp's downfall; the opposition to him has had its source inside the bureau. John Dickinson, Assistant Secretary of Commerce, attributes Dr. Thorp's withdrawal to "fabricated and untruthful charges of a miserable, petty partisan character, which have been persistently circulated against him by a very small clique of disappointed office-seekers, at least one of them closely associated with the Hoover Administration." But other advices indicate that the clique in question, predominantly Democratic, has been engaged in the grateful task of clearing the bureau of Republican appointees and civil-service men. That Mr. Dickinson disapproves of the removal of Dr. Thorp there can be no doubt. Why, then, did he not stop the underground maneuverings that brought about this result? And why did the President not use his influence to keep an able man appointed by himself in an office that sorely needed him? This is one of the least savory episodes in the political record of the Roosevelt Administration to date.

LIKE OTHER SPITE FENCES, the Johnson Act is turning out to be chiefly harmful to the builder. Not only is it destined, for the present at least, to shut our merchandise out of the Russian market, but it is going to stop even the slight dribble of money that has been coming in from our European debtors. The Administration has interpreted the law to mean that although the nations which made "token payments" at the beginning of this year are not in default—because of a special understanding at that time—no such position can be taken in regard to the next half-yearly instalments. In the circumstances the nations concerned have decided to suspend payments altogether. Why, they ask naturally, should we pay anything if in return we are only to be called bad names and told that American citizens may lend us no further money? Thus henceforth America will get debt payments only from Finland, the sole nation which has been paying its instalments in full. Meanwhile American citizens, forbidden now to lend money to Great Britain

and France, may be led to invest their funds in more dubious quarters, while it is suggested also that the United States, which became the center of finance in the World War, may see England again assume that role. Our self-righteous Congress—which passed the law by which the United States has already repudiated 40 per cent of its own debt by devaluation of the dollar—has had its little gesture of small-boy petulance. Isn't it time now to return to sober sense and repeal a law which can only increase ill-will against us and further damage our already curtailed export trade?

WHILE the Agricultural Adjustment Administration (aided by the Midwest drought) still plans for the control of farm production, consumers' organizations, which have been a thorn in the side of the price-fixing scheme, have come forward with new evidence that the trouble lies in distribution, and that the gap between producer and consumer prices continues to be exorbitantly wide. Senator Lynn J. Frazier of North Dakota has introduced a bill seeking to set up a \$120,000,000 federal marketing corporation for the purchase and sale of farm products and to regulate the price spread for the benefit of both producer and consumer. At a hearing on the bill (backed in the House by James Sinclair, also of North Dakota) Frederic C. Howe, Consumers' Counsel of the AAA, revealed that in 1932 the producer received only thirty-three cents of the consumer's dollar while the remainder went to processor and distributor. Norman Thomas declared he saw in this socialization of farm-products marketing machinery the way to bring order out of agricultural chaos and to stop marketing which was solely for the benefit of speculators in commodities. William E. O'Donnell of the Emergency Conference of Consumer Organizations, representing 400,000 consumers, warned that unless some such solution were found for the milk situation, there would result a combined producer-consumer strike against the monopolistic price-fixing of the milk trust. Despite the extreme indifference with which the press and governmental agencies regard the bill, it is evident that it gets at one of the fundamental difficulties because of which the NRA and the AAA are floundering in deep water.

THE New York parole bill, awaiting Governor Lehman's signature as this is written, is in line with the more progressive and enlightened conception of the proper treatment of criminals. The bill makes prisoners eligible for parole after serving two years of their sentence if they are first offenders, half their sentence if they are second offenders, two-thirds of their sentence if they are third offenders. Major General O'Ryan, New York City's Police Commissioner, energetically opposed the bill on the ground that it would make all potential criminals think they could get out of jail after two years. But of course the bill justifies no such expectation. Indeed, it merely goes a little farther in the direction which the New York Parole Board has been taking for some years, with the object of rehabilitating offenders instead of merely punishing them. At the same time that hearings on the New York parole bill were being held, the Congress of the United States was rushing through a series of ten anti-crime bills with hardly more than a glance at each one. The bills are designed to give officers of the law greater power in dealing with kidnappers, gangsters, and so on. One of them, the so-called Lindbergh kidnapping

measure, provides death as the penalty for kidnappers who take their victims across State lines. Other bills deal with rewards for criminal arrests and with methods for apprehending suspects. The general nature of the legislation can be shown by the remark of Representative Hatton W. Summers of Texas, who described one of the bills as "an authorization for the Attorney-General to pick a man who hasn't been tried and offer a reward for shooting him down." As a whole the bills are hysterically harsh in their provisions, and they revert to the old theory of criminal procedure, so discredited by history, that harsh penalties prevent crime.

IT IS CLEAR by now that the President's settlement of the automobile labor difficulties two months ago has not "taken." No sooner has one strike been composed than another has broken out. A recent manifestation was the walk-out in the Fisher body factory at Flint, Michigan, which led to a shutdown of the Buick plant. Nor has American labor in other fields responded more cordially to the President's new design for "social engineering." Within the last two months the lid has blown off among oil workers of Oklahoma; iron-ore miners of Alabama; longshoremen on the Pacific coast, in the Texas Gulf ports, and along the northern Atlantic coast; bituminous coal miners in Kentucky and elsewhere; gasoline service-station employees in Cleveland; and, of course, the automobile-plant robots in Michigan. Moreover, now that the silk-textile and the cotton-textile industries seem to be committed to a program of periodic shutdowns as a method of inducing reemployment and increased purchasing power, major explosions in these industries may be anticipated. If American labor is in a ferment of unrest, it is not because of the activities of professional agitators; it is not because the American Federation of Labor is establishing a labor monopoly. Labor, unorganized as well as organized, is reacting from the high emotional tension induced by Section 7-a of the Recovery Act, as the sentiment grows that what was once hailed as a Magna Charta is nothing more than another scrap of paper. On the one hand, many American workers feel that the federal government intends neither to promote the formation of trade unions nor to protect those that are formed. On the other hand, although the NRA codes have succeeded in raising prices, they seem to have failed to augment the individual weekly earnings of the average worker in purchasing power.

ORGANIZED LABOR knows only too well how the Clayton Act was early perverted by the courts to rob labor unions of much of the protection which Congress meant should be theirs. Now it appears that the Norris-LaGuardia Act is to be corrupted in the same way. Designed primarily to prevent the misuse of the enjoining power by reactionary federal judges, this law, enacted two years ago, was hailed as a great victory for those whose only device for forcing better working conditions has been the right to strike. Yet what is said to be the first injunction of its kind, against sixty-two former employees of the Laclede Steel Company at Alton, Illinois, has turned the force of the law against those whom its framers intended specifically to protect. This is how it happened: Encouraged by the collective-bargaining guaranties of the Recovery Act, workers at the company's tube mill organized a local in the Iron, Steel, and Tin Workers' Union. The employers, however, decided on a company

union, and dismissed men who joined the regular union. The St. Louis Regional Labor Board heard the case and recommended that the company take the men back. Meanwhile there was the usual picketing and a minor clash or so occurred at the mill, but nothing which local peace officers could not control. Nevertheless, the Alton chief of police and the sheriff of Madison County joined Laclede officers in the federal court in declaring that the situation was out of hand. Sheriff Fitzgerald, who testified he had "only" eighteen men with which to maintain order, made the ridiculous assertion that 1,000 guards—about fifteen for every striker—would be needed if an injunction were not issued. This was held to bring the situation within the scope of the Norris-La Guardia Act by Federal Judge Charles G. Briggles of Springfield, a Hoover appointee, who at the same time charged local peace officers with being unwilling to shoulder their rightful responsibility. Many persons will find it hard to square the judge's criticism of the peace officers with his order enjoining the dismissed workers, yet he has recently made the injunction permanent. If there is any one group which should know from bitter experience that we have a government of men and not of laws it is organized labor.

SINCE WE RECOGNIZE indulgence in sentimental flapdoodle as one of the inalienable rights of the American people, we were distressed to note that Mother's Day was marred by two disputes—one over the merits of the Whistler postage stamp, the other over the originator of the celebration. We were especially interested in the discussion over the father of Mother's Day, because it seems to be a left-handed attempt to get a little honor for male parents which otherwise they would have been unable to obtain. Father's Day, as is well known, has proved a flop. It has resulted only in the giving of a few boxes of bad cigars and fifty-cent neckties—not in that great outburst of insipid fol-de-rol which has made Mother's Day such a slang-whanging success. Thus the only prospect of winning a little acclaim for father seems to be by tying him to the skirts of mother. The trouble is that as soon as we have officially determined the father of Mother's Day—and honored him—we shall have to go back and discover the mother of the father of Mother's Day—and honor her. Indeed, it may be necessary to found a society of the descendants of the ancestors of Mother's Day, which will vie with the American War Mothers in stimulating patriotism, sentimentalism, commercialism, and other national virtues. But first we must be sure we have the legitimate father of Mother's Day. And that may prove difficult. Apparently it is a wise Mother's Day that knows its own father.

WE stole the invitation below from the literary editor's desk. As an old conservationist we hope the publishers are making the necessary arrangements for the reforestation of the large areas left bare by "Anthony Adverse."

THE PERKINS GOODWIN COMPANY
and

THE TICONDEROGA PULP AND PAPER COMPANY
Cordially Invite You to Meet
MR. AND MRS. HERVEY ALLEN
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ANTHONY ADVERSE

Magna Charta of Monopoly

DURING the feverish days when leaders of the steel industry were discussing the proposed code of fair competition prior to its submission to the NRA, one of the lesser rulers asked one of the greater ones to explain a certain obscure provision. The latter replied without a moment's hesitation: "There is no mystery about this code. It just means that the industry is going to be run as it has always been run, only more so." The last three words furnish the key to an understanding of the steel code, and, indeed, to an understanding of the basic philosophy of the industry for the last three decades. This philosophy has always placed primary emphasis upon preservation of the status quo in prices, in production, in markets, and in the corporate and geographic structure of the industry. The cardinal sin has been for one producer to "get more than his share of the business," especially if the additional orders were obtained by quoting prices lower than his competitors. Competition in any form has come to be regarded as at best an ungentlemanly practice; albeit no member of the industry can claim to have behaved always as a gentleman should.

It is not surprising, therefore, that after a formal and hypocritical obeisance in the direction of collective bargaining the steel code should be concerned primarily with the creation of an almost perfect technique whereby prices can be controlled by the dominant interests of the industry. Even in these days of economic and legal miracles, however, it is almost incredible that this Magna Charta of monopoly should have been written into the law of the land with the solemn assurance of the Administrator of the NRA that it would not "permit monopolies or monopolistic practices."

The system for price quotation established in the code is designed to result in uniform delivered prices on any one product to any one buyer. It commences with the requirement that each producer must file a quotation on each of his products with the Board of Directors of the American Iron and Steel Institute, which is the code authority of the industry. Producers may not, however, file or quote prices at their own mills, since that practice would make the goal of price uniformity difficult or impossible to achieve. Instead, prices must be quoted at certain common "basing points" established in the code. These basing-point quotations are either identical at the time they are filed or become so almost immediately, since producers are informed promptly of the prices quoted by their competitors. In view of the provision for a "ten-day waiting period" before a new price can become effective, it is apparent that powerful group pressure can be brought to bear upon any chiseler who seeks to indulge in the unsportsmanlike practice of cutting prices.

If worst comes to worst and the recalcitrant member refuses to listen to reason, the most amazing provision of the entire code may be invoked. This permits the Board of Directors "to investigate any base price for any product at any basing point," and if it determines that such price is "an unfair base price . . . having regard to the cost of manufacturing such product," the board "may require" the seller to file a new base quotation which the board considers fair. If this fails, the board is empowered to fix a "fair base quota-

tion" which "shall be the base price" of the erring member until changed as provided in the code.

When it is remembered that the system established in the code, of plural voting based upon volume of sales, is such as to insure control by the two or three largest steel producers, and that the government representatives who attend meetings of the code authority have no authority to veto or modify its actions, it is impossible to escape the conclusion that the steel code not only permits "monopolistic practices" but actually establishes and legalizes a full-fledged monopoly.

The powers of the code authority are not limited to the right to fix prices, nor does the system of price control end with the establishment of uniform quotations at the basing points. From the time the base quotations are filed, the code itself prescribes in meticulous detail the various additional charges according to which the ultimate delivered price is automatically calculated. Price identity is further maintained by the establishment and control of resale prices on steel products sold through jobbers, by rigid regulation and specification of terms of sale, cash discounts, credit terms, maximum deductions, and minimum charges for "extras." Price-cutting loopholes of almost every conceivable variety have been foreseen and corked up. In every phase of the administration of the code enormous powers are given to the Board of Directors of the Steel Institute. It combines within itself the functions of policeman, prosecuting attorney, judge, and jury, as well as certain legislative powers, all of which in the aggregate give it absolute control not only over the economic destinies of the firms in the industry but over consumers of steel, transportation agencies, and, indeed, the economic welfare of entire communities.

The steel code originally went into effect on August 19, 1933, for a ninety-day trial period, at the end of which it was again extended to May 31, 1934. The NRA must now recommend to the President whether the code shall be canceled, revised, or extended. Assuming that the Administration has no present intention of abandoning its experiment with "codes of fair competition," three courses of action appear to be possible—all of them beset with difficulties. The steel code can be extended without substantial modification, in which case the Administration will find it difficult to refuse to extend to other industries the "privileges" which have been accorded to the steel industry. The Administrator can attempt to secure substantial modification of the code, involving the elimination of price-fixing and other monopolistic provisions. Or the government can confer upon the steel industry the status of a public utility, which would involve the same kind of control by it over prices and competitive practices as is now exercised over the railroads through the Interstate Commerce Commission. Obviously the steel industry will not willingly accept either of the last two alternatives, and a recent comment by General Johnson, to the effect that the code is in the main acceptable to him as it stands, suggests that he will not try for drastic changes through compulsion. That may be the easiest way out for him, but it is far from the best course from the standpoint of the public.

Where We Stand

THE individual worker in industry made no appreciable gain in real wages from March, 1933, when the New Deal began, to March, 1934. His average weekly wage increased 9.7 per cent, but the cost of living rose 9.3 per cent. Hours of work were 2.4 per cent shorter per week in March, 1934, but they are being lengthened as productive activity increases. Over 10,900,000 workers are still unemployed. In February, 1934, there were more families on relief, either direct or CWA, than in February of last year.

These figures come not from sources opposed to the NRA but from the *Monthly Survey of Business* issued by the American Federation of Labor, which has worked hand in glove with the Administration. They are compiled from such stately authorities as the *Annalist*, the *New York Times* weekly index, the National Industrial Conference Board, and the United States government. From June to October, 1933, hours were shortened, the number of unemployed was reduced from 13,689,000 to 10,122,000, and the total monthly income of workers in industry increased by \$200,000,000. Employers, in desperation, were following Dr. Roosevelt's prescriptions.

After October . . . there was a change of policy in NRA; emphasis was placed on assistance to vested interests. . . . This spring, with production and business activity rising, profits considerably higher than a year ago, business men were far more able to shorten work hours and put men to work, but they are no longer willing to do so.

Between October and March, although business was steadily improving, the number of unemployed rose by 780,000.

We have said real wages did not rise during the year. But the profits of the first fifty-one industrial corporations to report their earnings for the first quarter of 1934 increased from \$6,332,000 in 1933 to \$18,740,000. Moreover, the Alexander Hamilton Institute points out that the value of output per man per hour in manufacturing industry increased considerably, both in the period of high industrial activity last spring and in the first months of this year. In February, the organization states, the value of output per man hour warranted a 13.9 per cent increase in wage rates. But the increase in productivity did not go into wages. It went into dividends. The survey cites a case history that is revealing. A certain large manufacturing corporation in the Middle West produced in 1932, 563,000 units at a cost of \$752 a unit; in 1933, by increasing production to 869,000 units, costs were reduced to \$567 per unit. The wage cost per unit was reduced from \$254 to \$197, or 22.6 per cent, and the value produced per dollar paid in wages increased from \$3.02 to \$3.32, or 10 per cent. But wages were not increased; profits increased from \$16,500,000 to \$83,214,000, and an extra dividend was paid to stockholders.

With such figures as these before him how can Mr. Roosevelt fail to see that instead of dropping the power to license business, he should insist that Congress renew it? He should use that power to the full in forcing business to divide its profits now that there are profits and to create the mass purchasing power which, according to his own theory, capitalism must have in order to survive.

The Drift in Germany

THE evidence is indubitable that Germany is losing ground economically and financially. On May 7 the Reichsbank's statement showed a weekly loss of 21,415,000 marks, 7,000,000 greater than the week before. The total loss in gold coin and bullion since January 6 is no less than 205,607,000 marks. There remained only 183,583,000 marks on May 7, as contrasted with 400,799,000 in 1933, and 851,110,000 in 1932. The Reichsbank's gold reserve is thus down to 5.4 per cent of its note issue, which is a record low. More than that, this unusually large weekly drop was semi-officially stated to have been due not to any extraordinary payments but merely to current demands for debt payments and imports. While the reserve in foreign currencies showed an increase of 620,000 marks, it stood, on May 7, at 7,409,000 as against 99,395,000 a year ago and 133,254,000 in May, 1932.

As a whole the picture is an alarming one. Trade with Russia is disappearing and the heavy gold payments from that country are decreasing. How much longer, if this continues, can Germany stay on the gold standard and avoid inflation? How, with only 7,409,000 marks' worth of foreign currencies, can she buy the necessary raw materials to keep her industries going?

From the large amount of data before us it seems plain that the standard of living is steadily sinking. There can be no doubt that this fact, together with the slackness of trade and discrimination against Germany in the world market, has come as a disagreeable surprise to the great capitalists who control Hitler. They thought that when he smashed the labor unions and delivered the workers in considerable degree into their hands, the way would be easy for them to build up their businesses. They see, instead, to their disillusionment that, aside from the armament industry and several other lines where there has been an upward tendency in response to a general world improvement, things are not appreciably better. The small mercantile establishments are not gaining, despite the disappearance of many Jewish-owned enterprises. Undoubtedly the feeling of the working people is, if anything, more favorable to Hitler than before. This is because of the undoubted increase in employment. While the working people are again having to tighten their belts, they take a certain satisfaction in seeing that the plight of the more prosperous classes is relatively worse than their own. Like everybody else, they are still being drugged by the almost overwhelming government propaganda, by Hitler's eloquence, and by the never-ending parades and circuses, and they have not yet taken in the significance of Hitler's admission on April 17 that National Socialism cannot abolish unemployment. Said he: "If we can succeed in reducing the number of unemployed to about one million, then we can consider the problem of unemployment solved." "And," he went on, "even if wage scales cannot be *essentially increased*, something will have been accomplished." Never before had Hitler failed to say that National Socialism would cure all unemployment and materially increase the level of prosperity. At present the official statistics show about 2,800,000 unemployed as compared with double that number when Hitler took office, but the figures have been juggled.

So far as the export trade is concerned, March showed a surplus of 3,400,000 marks, a better showing than had been expected, but imports amounted to only 397,700,000 marks, 20,000,000 more than in February with its fewer days. As a whole Germany's foreign trade for March produced a deficit of roughly 20,000,000 marks, about 25 per cent of the exports being the subsidized "supplementary exports" paid in part by German bonds and scrip. The plight of the German harbors remains catastrophic, as the Nazi chief mayor of Hamburg, Carl Krogmann, recently told the German Export Congress. In one industry, the press, conditions are steadily getting worse. The number of daily newspapers which have disappeared since the Nazis took over the government is somewhere between six and eight hundred, and is steadily increasing. Those that remain are finding it harder and harder to live. As prosperous a paper as the *Frankfurter Zeitung* sees its advertising steadily decreasing, which is in itself an index of the general slackness of trade and business. The most amazing fact is that Hitler's own paper, the *Völkische Beobachter*, has a circulation of only 350,000 copies at most, while that of *Der Angriff*, Goebbels's paper, is less than 50,000. Since the bulk of the daily papers are mere mouthpieces of the government, the German people are losing touch with what is going on in the world to an amazing degree; they are rapidly slipping back into ignorance like that of the Middle Ages.

Who Gives the Pulitzer Prizes?

LITERARY awards ought to provoke discussion, but the most optimistic officer of Columbia University can hardly believe that the prestige of the Pulitzer prizes has been increased by the generally contemptuous tone of the comment upon this year's list of winners. The action of the Advisory Board in rejecting the recommendation of its own play jury seemed merely a petty discourtesy to the men who had agreed to serve, but there is cause for much graver complaint against the action of the university in choosing to designate Herbert Agar's "The People's Choice" as the most valuable historical work of the year, and an almost illiterate effusion from the *News Telegraph* of Atlantic, Iowa, as the finest example of "distinguished editorial writing." If either exhibited conspicuous intellectual power or literary merit, it might reasonably be supposed that they were chosen because of one or both of these qualities; but since the works are, by common consent, mediocre or worse, one can only conclude that they were deliberately selected because both express points of view which even many conservatives would regard as stupidly reactionary.

The editorial from the *News Telegraph* is entitled "Where Is Our Money?" and is devoted to the thesis that our present economic difficulties are entirely due to a desire on the part of the mass of the people for a high standard of living. We are, says the author in his distinguished literary style, now being led to believe "that all would be jake" if we would only follow the wild suggestions of the present Administration; and he concludes with this wise answer to the problem of want in the midst of plenty: "Where is our money? We spent it."

Mr. Agar's book is ostensibly a study of all the past Presidents of the United States. Actually it is an attempt to argue that the stature of these Presidents has steadily diminished and that the only salvation for the country lies in the establishment of some sort of oligarchy. At the time of its publication the work was described by *The Nation's* reviewer as a plea for fascism, but even conservative newspapers were bound to treat it as a piece of special pleading which did not convince. The best that the *New York Times* review could find to say was: "Reserving the right to disagree with many of the author's undocumented conclusions, 'The People's Choice' will repay the time spent in reading it." The *New York Herald Tribune* was, however, more downright. Mr. Agar has, it said, "by begging every question, defying logic, scouting historical accuracy, and indulging in reckless generalization, made out the worst possible case for his theory."

Who is it that thinks this book worthy a prize as the best piece of historical writing produced in America during the year 1933? Not, we hasten to say, the advisory jury for history composed of Professor Charles Hazen, Mark Antony De Wolfe Howe, and Burton J. Hendrick. That jury split, one of its members recommending that the prize should not be awarded and the other two voting in favor of another book. Probably, also, not the Trustees of Columbia University, whose authority is purely nominal. Who then? Ostensibly the Advisory Board of the School of Journalism, which consists of thirteen persons, including President Butler, Kent Cooper, Frank R. Kent, Rollo Ogden, Julian Harris, and Ralph Pulitzer.

They at least must accept the responsibility. But did they really make the choice? On the face of it it seems improbable that these men actually familiarized themselves with all the outstanding novels, plays, biographies, historical works, editorials, and cartoons produced during the year. The very fact that they ask advice from various juries is an admission that they recognize the impossibility of the task. But when they reject the recommendations of these juries, why do they do so and how do they make the substitute choices? Surely if the Pulitzer prizes are to mean anything, the public has a right to know. But it does not know, though anyone familiar with the behavior of large boards will hazard the guess that there is some power behind the throne. Julian Harris, to take a single example, is hardly likely to have thought the effusion from the Iowa paper the best editorial of the year. Someone with violent prejudices of an extremely reactionary kind has made monkeys not only of the members of the advisory juries, who have declared their non-accord with the awards, but also of the members of the Advisory Board, who cannot escape their responsibility in awarding the prizes.

A literary prize can have significance only if it is one of two things—an official recognition of general public approval or the record of a judgment made by some person or persons occupying a definite position. This year's Pulitzer prizes are neither. Except in the case of the play award, none of the prizes went to works which have achieved wide popularity or high critical praise. What is more important, no one knows whose influence really caused the awards to be made. One more blunder equal to that perpetrated this year and the public will take the Pulitzer prizes no more seriously than it takes the appointments made to the American Academy of Arts and Letters.

Issues and Men

Dr. Fosdick Renounces War

IN "penitent reparation" to the Unknown Soldier, the Reverend Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick, undoubtedly the most influential clergyman in New York City, has gone the whole way in his denunciation of war. He has declared that he will "never again, directly or indirectly, sanction another war." He added, "I'll see you in prison first." Remembering what he did in France during the World War, he used these words:

I renounce war because of what it does to our men. I've seen it. I renounce it because of what it forces us to do to the enemy. I renounce and will not sanction it because of its consequences and the undying hatred it nourishes. I renounce it and never again will I be in another war.

I stimulated raiding parties to their murderous tasks. Do you see why I want to make it personal? I lied to the Unknown Soldier about a possible good consequence of the war. There are times I don't want to believe in immortality—the times I want to think that the Unknown Soldier never can realize how fruitless was his effort. The support I gave to war is a deep condemnation upon my soul. . . .

The noblest qualities of human life, which could make earth a heaven, make it, in war, a hell. Men cannot have Christ and war at the same time. I renounce war.

It is true that Dr. Fosdick has talked in this vein for some time. His Christmas sermon went far indeed, but not as far as this. At New Haven, too, he spoke recently to the same effect, but now he has burned his bridges behind him. He has taken the irrevocable step. Others might voice such sentiments and recant in war time. Dr. Fosdick cannot and will not. To do so after this would be moral suicide.

This is a cause for genuine rejoicing. And so is the fact that five former army chaplains declared at the same conference at which Dr. Fosdick spoke, in the Broadway Tabernacle in New York, that they would not again serve in that capacity. They, too, are tired of urging men to kill other human beings, and then getting up in their pulpits and demanding allegiance to the Commandment "Thou Shalt Not Kill." We have the fact also, just brought out by the questionnaire of the *World Tomorrow*, that nearly 14,000 out of 20,000 clergymen have gone on record as saying that the church should not sanction or support any future war. The simple truth is that if war continues unchecked, the Christian church as we know it will go out of business. Lloyd George was for once right when he declared that if the churches of the United States and Great Britain permitted another war to come, they should padlock their doors for all time. There are some compromises that the modern church cannot survive.

Only a few weeks ago we had the student strike against war. Though it was pooh-poohed by the press, which played up certain amusing incidents at Harvard and elsewhere, it was a most promising beginning of a nation-wide agitation, and if its organizers profit by this year's experiences, it should be still more striking next year. Only one college president, Henry MacCracken of Vassar, was so wise and farsighted as to put himself at the head of a body of his stu-

dents and march through the streets of the adjacent city, but perhaps others will follow his example another year. Only the other day I met a mother whose son brings home from Yale many of his classmates. She told me that they were eager to sit up until one or two o'clock every night discussing the situation of the world and their own poor prospects in it. I asked if they were radically minded, and she said that they were not, but that there was one thing they seemed to be absolutely united on—they would not permit themselves to be drafted into war, and they were working on plans for avoiding any such draft.

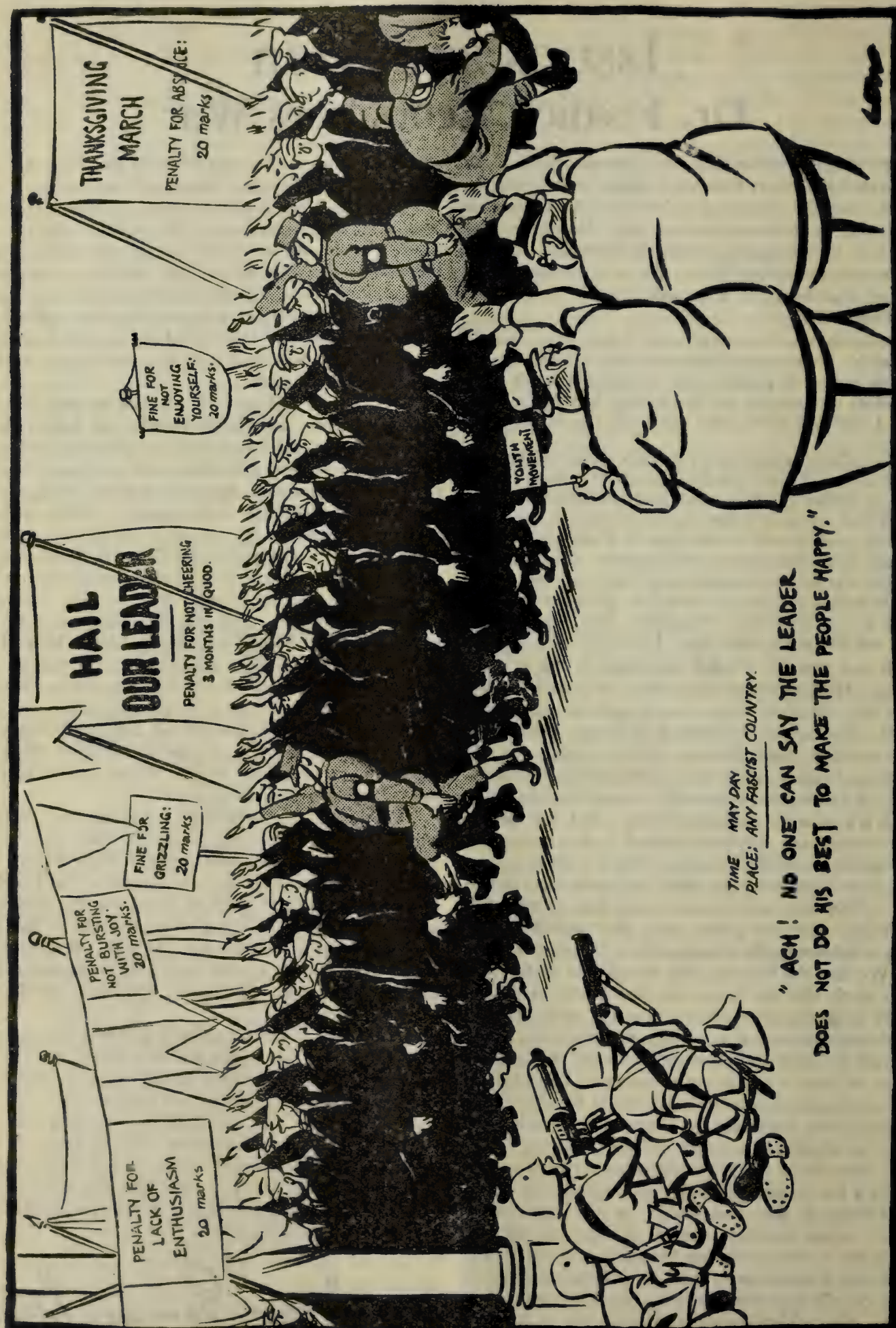
So we have had no little snarling in these last weeks from some of the few clergymen who still believe that the Prince of Peace can best be served by wholesale murder, and from military officers, who are naturally furious. The latter can never criticize their opponents without abuse, misrepresentation, and attribution of bad motives. What has become of the chivalry of the warrior of which we used to hear so much? Here, for example, is a Major A. P. Simmonds of the United States Army, retired, who declares that anti-war propagandists are "either too yellow to fight, or want to grab off something." This was in an address to the Government Club in New York City. Colonel H. P. Hobbs, Chief of Staff of the First Division, declared that the recent peace parades in various schools and colleges were "un-American"! It is un-American to preach against war and march against war, although this colonel and many others were called out in the last war in order to end war! Was it un-American and unpatriotic of Mr. Wilson to hold that up to us as the objective of the struggle?

Of course the reactionary clergymen feel themselves more than ever called upon to defend their position. Dr. Henry Darlington, that wise shepherd of the Church of the Heavenly Rest, who so warmly applauded the lynching in California last winter until he found that his congregation would not stand for it, and then decided that he had spoken too hastily, has discovered that "religion and patriotism go hand in hand, while atheism invariably accompanies radicalism and bolshevism. It is true, also, that pacifism has a passion for treason."

The anger of the militarists is perfectly understandable. They know that our people are quite aware that our going to war was a useless crime against America, that we got nothing out of it but misery, and that it nearly ruined the Republic we love. It must gall them to read that of the class of 1924, of Yale University, now ten years out of college, and therefore between thirty-one and thirty-four years of age, 43 per cent have just voted that they will not take up arms to defend the United States even if it is attacked. How magnificently encouraging this is!

Walter Garrison Villard

A Cartoon by LOW



The Dictatorship in Santo Domingo: A "Joint Concern"

By ERNEST GRUENING

BY the time this issue reaches its readers, a presidential election will have been held in the Dominican Republic. It is possible to forecast the result with absolute accuracy. On May 16 General Rafael Leonidas Trujillo Molina will have been unanimously reelected for another four-year term. It is the type of election made familiar to us by Latin American dictators. Potential opposition candidates are in exile or several feet under the sod.

Some fifteen years ago, as its more venerable readers may recall, *The Nation* exposed the American military occupation of the Dominican Republic. But of course in those days no one in official circles paid much attention to the "radical" *Nation* and its pleas for a different kind of Latin American policy. It is pleasing to record that under President Roosevelt and Secretary of State Hull we are now reversing those imperialist policies of yesteryear and establishing the kind of relations with our neighbors for which *The Nation* and this writer have been contending for fifteen years. Some of the chickens hatched during those expansive days are, however, still coming home to roost. In Santo Domingo, elaborating this figure in terms of a national pastime, the chicken has turned out to be a fighting cock, equipped with the long, sharp spurs that kill.

Dictator Trujillo is one of the products of the American military occupation. After the Navy Department in 1916 had swept aside the existing Dominican government, and the American commanding officer, Captain H. S. Knapp, had declared himself to be "supreme executive, supreme legislator, and supreme judge," the task of reconstructing the Dominican Republic and its inhabitants was for eight years in the hands of our military. Recalcitrant Dominicans who took to the hills for the traditionally honorable purpose of combating the invader were labeled bandits and effectively disposed of by our leathernecks. There were the atrocities incidental to "pacification." The motivation of the occupation was basically economic—to make certain of obtaining from the Dominicans the debt which our receivership had been trying to collect since President Theodore Roosevelt established it in 1905. The occupation's main objectives were, first, financial rehabilitation and, second, law and order—to preserve the new habiliments.

Some fearful and wonderful things were perpetrated under the first objective. There was, for instance, the \$2,500,000 "four-year customs-administration 8 per cent sinking-fund loan," issued, according to its prospectus, signed by Lieutenant Commander Arthur H. Mayo of the navy supply corps, "by the United States Military Government at Santo Domingo in behalf of the Dominican Republic." The bonds were redeemable at 105 at six-month intervals. For those fortunate bond-holders whose bonds were redeemed at the end of the first six months, the yield was 18.91 per cent. Those who waited a full year received 13.20 per cent. Those whose bonds were called after eighteen and twenty-four months netted respectively 11.28 and 10.37 per cent. The

less fortunate who had to wait until maturity received only 9.07 per cent. The bonds were of course guaranteed by our occupancy. Speyer and Company and the Equitable Trust Company floated the loan in the United States. Needless to say, with such returns on the investors' dollars, it floated like cork.

Under the second objective the powers at Washington deemed it essential to establish a native constabulary. This *guardia nacional* was officered at first by marines, with Dominicans constituting the rank and file, to be commissioned as they proved qualified. Thus began the career of Rafael Leonidas Trujillo. The marine-corps command considered him good material. While a private he rendered useful service to his superiors as an active informer. When the marines turned over the force to the Dominicans in 1924, Trujillo had attained the rank of captain. With this running start, and a native capacity for intrigue, he became before long the commander of the subsequently renamed *ejercito nacional*—the national army.

Of course the Dominican Republic did not need an army for national defense. Our Monroe Doctrine protected it against the invasion of any overseas Power other than the United States, as our long occupation made painfully evident. It should have been no less obvious from even a superficial study of the somewhat turbulent history of that insular country—a history not greatly different from that of other small nations in the Caribbean area—that to supply it with an efficient, well-equipped military force was sowing a crop of dragon's teeth.

While the United States stayed on in Haiti, our military forces evacuated the Dominican Republic in 1924 because our tenure there was becoming increasingly embarrassing. Its repercussions were encountered from the Rio Grande to Cape Horn. It was difficult to reconcile our lack of any legal or quasi-legal title to our occupancy with the lofty utterances of our contemporary Presidents and Secretaries of State. Having observed the fate of their Haitian neighbors since signing, under Admiral Caperton's "military pressure," the ready-made treaty presented to them the year before, the Dominicans refused to sign anything. Their president in 1916, Dr. Francisco Henriquez y Carvajal, preferred exile. Despite the phrases current at the time, such as "self-determination," "the rights of small nations," and "open covenants openly arrived at," it was increasingly difficult to present our Dominican adventure as anything other than a performance of right by might. So we got out, leaving the Dominicans with some additional miles of highways, some good new schools—for which credit is chiefly due to General Rufus H. Lane, U. S. M. C.—a refunded debt, a continuing receivership of customs until the debt should be paid, and the new national army.

The financial reorganization left the Dominican Republic with \$20,000,000 of external debt divided in two equal parts of customs-administration 5½ per cent sinking-fund

gold bonds, repayable at maturity at 101 and interest. Half of these were due in 1940; half in 1942. Their prospectuses declared that these issues had "received the approval of the United States government required by the American-Dominican convention in 1924." Under this convention, interest and sinking-fund payments were specifically secured "by a first lien upon customs revenues which the republic agrees will be collected during the life of the bonds by an official appointed by the President of the United States." Nothing could have been more secure.

Nor more reasonable.

To make it easier for the reconstructed and reordered Dominicans, interest alone was required for the first six years. Only thereafter, beginning in August, 1930, were sinking-fund payments in monthly instalments to begin. There proved to be a certain fatal coincidence about this date. For in that year the implement of law and order with which we had equipped the Dominicans ripped its way on to the front pages of the world's press. A little later in that year, by means of the same implement, the sinking-fund payments were suspended.

In February, 1930, General Rafael Leonidas Trujillo Molina, backed by his efficient army, declared a revolt against the existing government of President Horacio Vazquez, legally elected four years before. This kindly, elderly executive, who had conducted the affairs of the republic with decency and relative efficiency, knew what this meant. Hoping to spare the country needless bloodshed, he retired into exile. The plot to unseat him had been successfully hatched during the preceding weeks when he had been in the United States for a surgical operation. More sanguine and optimistic than Vazquez were Federico Velasquez and Angel Morales, who with a large popular following had been preparing to run as candidates for president and vice-president at the forthcoming election, May 16, 1930. They had been active in Dominican affairs for years and were respected and liked as able and honorable public servants.

The recent Cuban dictator, Gerardo Machado, waited ninety days after assuming the presidency to perpetrate his first assassination, that of an editorial critic. Trujillo did not wait until he took office. In the weeks before election Trujillo's soldiery broke up meetings of the opposition political party, shooting, imprisoning, and terrorizing those active in it. The suffrage seemed scarcely worth as much suffering as it was bringing to those who wanted to vote for Candidates Velasquez and Morales. On election day, to make assurance doubly sure, the army was in control of the polls. The constitution of the Dominican Republic forbids the military to be outside of their camp and barracks on election day. But what is a constitution to a Latin American *caudillo* of the Trujillo stripe?

"Stripes" may be not inappropriately used here. In his earlier days young Trujillo ran afoul of the law on more than one occasion. He was tried and convicted of theft, sentenced to and served a term in jail. He was convicted and served another term for forgery. For still other offenses his arrest was sought but he managed to escape punishment by temporary flight from the country.

His four years in power have qualified Trujillo for a brevet in butchery not even second to Machado. No dictator in Dominican history, not even Ulises Heuraux, who ruled the country with an iron hand for seventeen years until he

was assassinated in 1899, is deemed by Dominicans to be comparable to Trujillo. Exact figures as to the number of his victims are not and never will be available. His opponents say thousands. Just who may be responsible when a public official lately in the opposing party is found dead one fine morning, his skull neatly cleft by the blow of a machete? Who can say precisely what fingers pulled triggers when bullets riddled a passing automobile and its occupants at dusk? The list of those, however, who have perished by violence at the hands of persons unknown and of persons known to be in the pay and employ of the President would fill more than a newspaper column. They include journalists who declined to sing the praises of the new master of Santo Domingo, public officials of past administrations who refused to accept whole-heartedly his new administration, *hacendados* who objected when their cattle were abstracted by soldiers with no offer of payment, students who expressed themselves too freely and adversely on the contemporary conduct of public affairs, victims of envy and of private grudges.

Despite General Trujillo's desire to maintain the most amicable and friendly relations with the United States, two among the many who met their death by violence during his administration, and from its authorities, were citizens of the United States. Undoubtedly someone blundered; the victims were Puerto Ricans—one a school teacher, the other an eighteen-year-old student. Presumably they were thought to be Dominicans, and therefore without protection or recourse. The facts about these two Puerto Ricans were not, of course, published in the Dominican press, which not only is subject to the most rigid censorship but is required to print fulsome adulation of Trujillo. They appeared, however, in the dailies of San Juan, the Puerto Rican capital, where many Dominican exiles reside.

For those who either will not bow to the dictator's wishes or are suspected of harboring resentment exile is the only alternative to sudden disappearance or violent death. In Cuba now dwells the distinguished Dominican poet Fabio Fiallo, whose impassioned lyrics and whose protests against American intervention found echoes throughout Latin America. Sentenced to imprisonment by a United States marine court martial for his pleas for independence, he was pardoned by President Wilson. Possibly even the days of marine-corps domination may seem in retrospect pleasant and peaceful compared with the savagery that now rules Santo Domingo. Five years ago Luis Araquistain published "La Agonia Antillana," with the subtitle "El Imperialismo Yankui en el Mar Caribe." Written as a philippic, it is a pallid tale compared with the more recent "La Agonia Dominicana," by Buenaventura Sanchez, a graphic account of Trujillo's reign of terror. The family of Trujillo—parents, brothers, sisters, several of them with criminal records in the days before his accession to power—hold offices of importance which they convert into lucrative sinecures. A four-year-old son of Trujillo's by his favorite mistress has by presidential decree been appointed a colonel in the national army, entitled to the emoluments and dignities which attach to that high rank!

Sometimes it is alleged in behalf of tyrants that they are "practical men" who at least preserve the country's stability and credit. That for a time was urged by foreign concessionaires and bond-holders in behalf of Cuba's Machado—and Machado did pay Cuba's foreign obligations to

the end. Trujillo, however, issued an emergency decree in 1931 suspending until the end of 1933 the sinking-fund payments of the external debt—so generously postponed by Uncle Sam until 1930. To this temporary suspension and violation of the agreement entered into under the American-Dominican convention of 1924, the Hoover Administration assented. The world was entering an economic depression which was felt severely by countries whose chief products were raw materials—sugar, coffee, tobacco. Santo Domingo, the capital, moreover, had suffered the ravages of a terrific hurricane on September 3, 1930. This disaster was very helpful to General Trujillo, who netted thereby \$1,500,000 yearly wherewith to strengthen his army and to enrich himself and his satellites. The 1932 budget indicates that 25 per cent went for the Interior Department, which includes army and police, in addition to more than \$250,000 for the “presidency” and the “executive.”

When the moratorium on sinking-fund payments granted President Trujillo expired last December 31, Washington gave him a further six months’ extension. These payments are due to be resumed on June 1 next. However, President Trujillo desires that the moratorium be continued. He desires even that the interest payments be also remitted. That was the earnest plea of Tulio Cestero, his representative at the Seventh Pan-American Conference. Señor Cestero was an active protestant against the infringement of liberty in the Dominican Republic by the United States seventeen years ago. His book “Estados Unidos y las Antillas,” issued in 1931, in its preface contains a plea for the “spontaneous, sincere, and worthy cooperation of free peoples and independent nations in pan-American solidarity.” How applicable to Señor Cestero is Araquistain’s comment in “La Agonia Antillana” that “the silence concerning many crimes committed by a few Hispano-American despots has been fatal to the growth of an intelligent Hispano-Americanism”!

Another expressed objective of Señor Cestero, voicing the will of his master, was the removal of William E. Pulliam, the receiver-general of Dominican customs, and the transfer of the appointive power from the President of the United States to the President of the Dominican Republic. Pulliam was originally appointed receiver-general of Dominican customs in 1907. He left when the United States military occupation came in in 1916. The Dominicans asked for his return. They see in him one of their warmest and staunchest friends. It was he who originated the project of a pan-American Columbus memorial lighthouse which was adopted by the Fifth Pan-American Conference.

There are probably several morals to this tale. The most obvious one may seem to have a kind of “we told you so” ring. Another is that the “white man’s burden” belongs to the late vanished era. It hasn’t worked; and there are burdens for the “white man” at home which will consume all his energy. Eight years of armed intervention in the Dominican Republic have resulted in the most ruthless dictator in Dominican history, backed by an army which we taught to shoot. The old revolutions in Santo Domingo, as in other Caribbean and Central American republics, were relatively harmless. An occasional death and a few wounded were usually the total casualties of days of marching and counter-marching, with the firing of several thousand rounds of defective ammunition badly aimed. Oppressive dictator-

ships could be got rid of in those days with not too great a sacrifice. A successful popular uprising is virtually impossible against machine-guns, armored cars, and airplanes. So much for the democratizing, the civilizing, the spiritual results of our military adventure.

What about the material results? What about stability, solvency, and the payment of contractual international obligations? Eight years’ occupation in the middle of twenty-one years of customs collectorship, to say nothing of the solicitude of an American commission of bankers and experts who went to the Dominican Republic in 1929, seems to be culminating in default. Default has become a relatively common phenomenon the world over, but somehow default and dictatorship as the net result of the expenditure of so much blood and treasure under the ægis of the United States seem a bit too much.

However, there is no use crying over spilt blood and lost treasure. A specific problem—to prevent future spilling and loss—now confronts the Roosevelt Administration, the Administration which has distinguished itself by inaugurating a new Latin American policy of kindness and goodwill toward our neighbors to the south. It has pledged itself to abstain from intervention. Granted a policy of non-intervention, we doubtless still have the right to expect neighboring governments which seek from us loans, moratoriums, favors, and cooperation of one kind or another to be responsive to certain demands of elementary decency which bear on mutual welfare and joint interests. If American creditors are not to be paid, they have a right, it might seem, in lieu of material return, to ask that their dollars be not used to shoot down peaceful Dominicans, to perpetuate a loathsome tyranny, to enrich a horde of grafters. The Dominican Republic needs no army—certainly not the enlarged army of Trujillo. Any high-school student of Latin American affairs could have foretold that such an organization would become merely a dictator’s knout. It was so in Cuba. It is becoming so in Nicaragua. It is a peril to be watched for in Haiti.

But what about a practical solution for the condition that confronts us in the Dominican Republic? In Cuba we had the right—under the Permanent Treaty—to send our ambassador to remove Machado, and only by that leverage was the Cuban dictator ousted. We have no such authority in the Dominican Republic. But might this not be the moment for President Roosevelt to put to a practical test his fine, epoch-making pronouncement of December 28?

The maintenance of constitutional government in other nations is not a sacred obligation devolving upon the United States alone. The maintenance of law and the orderly processes of government in this hemisphere is the concern of each individual nation within its own borders first of all.

It is only if and when the failure of orderly processes affects the other nations of the continent that it becomes their concern; and the point to stress is that in such event it becomes the joint concern of a whole continent in which we are all neighbors.

Such responsibility as the United States has assumed in the Dominican Republic, unlike that assumed in Cuba under the Platt Amendment, gives us no mandate to protect life and liberty. But it may well be that the mobilized public opinion of the pan-American family of nations might bring to a speedy end the existing terror and tyranny in the oldest of the Hispano-American countries.

Bringing Shelter Up to Date

II. Unchaining House from Land

By DOUGLAS HASKELL

SUPPOSING your house were on wheels: this would probably change your attitude toward the land. The house on wheels is not being introduced here as a practical object. It is just an idea, which will give a change of perspective on our other habitual ideas. But mobile shelter is not altogether absurd. The earliest homes in America, much earlier and more antique than our "colonial," were highly transportable; they were tepees. We use them now in sport. Half in sport, let us examine our mobile forms of modern shelter.

We might begin with camping shelters attached to automobiles. If these could be made more comfortable and satisfactory we should be tempted to prolong the season. Corwin Willson of Flint, Michigan, has worked up the model of one into a large trailer, thirty feet long by eight feet wide, which, arrived at the site, opens out to shelter a space twenty-four feet by thirty feet—quite a sizable house. Mr. Willson thinks he could insulate it against all weather and take care of primary human needs in a modern way almost anywhere. Let us grant the assumption simply for purposes of illustration.

What could be done with this device? To begin with, in summer it would provide the entire family with a comfortable abode in the midst of natural landscape. A back lot could be rented from a farmer and the family could do some gardening. In the fall one might be reluctant to move. Why not stay and save city rents? Or easier access to the necessary road might be had from the owner of a wayside market, who for the sake of your trade would run out electric and telephone lines just as oil stations in California now supply elaborate and sometimes charming groups of tourist cabins. Having stayed one season cheaply one might want to stay more. If the neighborhood became unpleasant or there were another place with a better school, the family might move with its house. Such a shelter should be easy to purchase on the instalment plan, since it would involve no land.

These advantages in mobility to the adventurous have already been explored by more than one writer, but there would perhaps be greater advantages yet in the promise of mobility to those who stay in a single place and become permanent citizens. In "Recent Social Trends" it is pointed out that many families move simply because they have outgrown or outclassed their dwellings. They cannot leave the old house without also changing locations. In this respect houses differ from most other commodities, which can be exchanged without abandoning the old ones on the spot. This "difference" of houses is a direct cause of many vast areas of urban "blight," where houses left behind are weirdly used after the previous owners have moved away. If the house were on wheels it would be the house that moved away when it became inadequate, not the family. The family could stay among its friends and still live as it preferred. The friends themselves would be less likely to move away if their own homes could periodically be brought up to date and up to

expanded or contracted needs without shifting neighborhoods. In cities, of course, it is difficult to conceive of houses moving about upon the streets, and a demountable house that could be carted off in sections would answer just as well.

This, then, is the residue left from our fancy. Demountable houses are in fact already being designed and made; they are popularly called "prefabricated" houses. They come in large sections of wall, floor, and ceiling, with fittings all designed to be joined together with screwdriver and wrench. Wherever shown they have aroused enormous interest. And still we have not reached the greatest advantage of all. With the shelter detachable from its site, the arrangements concerning the house could be completely dissociated from arrangements concerning the land. The house would gradually become a "chattel." I do not speak of the "ownership," because the new condition is so favorable to more flexible payments in the form of rent, which is payment for something in use. What, then, of the owner of the land? If we continue to think in capital terms, then he simply has to use a very much lower capitalization. His land has lost some of its former power as a trap.

So our sporting idea of a house on wheels yields a highly useful result, of universal application. It throws a perspective upon present habits that makes them extremely absurd. For at present we not only have all our eggs in one basket but they are glued there; and if anything rots, it all goes bad together. Because the house is attached to the land, one particular spot, so are all the transactions that are connected with it. If you buy a house you also have to buy the land. If the land already happens to have another house on it that you do not want, you have to buy that house anyway. Its "value" is deemed to have rooted itself into the ground. If, on the other hand, you have land and want to use a house on it, you have to buy the house; and so on, repeating the same awkwardness if you want to rent. But the awkwardness goes farther. Borrowing materials to build a house with is done on a "second" mortgage. Such mortgages are excruciatingly expensive, but in spite of this fact great numbers of lenders have failed. This is because their claim on the "property" is not only attached to the first mortgage, which covers the land, but is also subordinate. They carry both risks. So attached have all things become to "the land" that their very existence is sometimes ignored. Your first mortgage, the one against the land, may ignore the very existence of your house upon the land. The house is a mere "improvement," a legal "fixture." The mortgage may cover all the land "value" plus some of the value of the house, or more, or less; what difference since it is all one lump?

Dissociating the shelter as an instrument from the spot it occupies is consonant with general industrial methods. In "Shelter" Theodore Larson lists a few such devices, beginning with that familiar house on wheels, the diner. Then there are the "portable factories" of the General Foods Corporation, designed to overcome the difficulty of "large can-

ning factories intrenched in one spot, operating only during the harvest season and then idle the rest of the year. The portable frosters operate continuously in all locations. Their potential worth is high, determined in nowise by land values in Florida or New England." The same might be said of the portable sawmill and the now familiar harvesting combine. All carry one step farther the process of delocalization, decentralization, which has already been noted in the effects of the far-flung electric power line. In their accounting all strive to enter the spot they occupy only as it is really occupied and in actual use. We are not arguing here with the economic "law" of rent. We are simply deflating its superimposed institutions and habits.

What, then, is the real-estate interest in the matter? We cannot go into detail but can give a hint. The real-estate dealer is today a very harassed person. At the very time when his business is flat on its back he is singled out for special excoriation, on account of past mistakes. He gambled, but who didn't? The difference was that his game left no retreat. It was a gamble in which conditions that might prove highly temporary were capitalized as if they would last forever. The real-estate game was one in which a deceptive ease of sale was coupled with the worst obstacles against putting land easily and productively into use.

Stubbornly the realtor today is trying to hang on to the remnants of his hopes. Housing experts are now telling him that he must face the facts like a man, repent of wrongdoing, and take his monumental loss. Making shelter mobile offers perhaps an easier way out. It does not require that the real-estate operator submit either to a sale which would reveal his weakness or to a boycott. It simply offers him an expedient device. Similar ones he already uses, calling them "taxpayers." A taxpayer is a low, light, temporary, easily removable structure that goes up in an emergency to replace the big hulks that no longer pay and are torn down to reduce the assessment. The little fellow at least pays the taxes. To mobile shelter as "taxpayer" the real-estate owner could afford to give a cheap temporary lease. If his old "values" return, as he fondly hopes, he can send it on its way. It was a right hunch on the part of the National Association of Real Estate Boards two or three years ago to back an experiment by Kocher and Frey in demountable aluminum houses.

Indeed, this move was a sign of intelligence, in working with the forces of progress instead of against them. Real estate has always had in addition to its gambling function a service function. This consisted of the branch devoted to building operations, then renting, managing, and maintaining operations. Building management has survived the depression the best of any real-estate branch, simply because it did perform a service. The old reliance on inflated land values for a profit is gone. Housing has proposed legislation against it, but we are here demonstrating the more likely expedient, namely, technical invention, which has already broken more than one intolerable monopoly. Mobility in shelter does not fight landowners for their land; it simply makes vast new reaches gradually available, areas too large for congestion to hope to inflate. Let real estate, then, get its living where it can, through service!

Not insignificantly the chief pioneer of mobile shelter in the United States is Buckminster Fuller, a seafaring man trained in the navy, and the structures that give object les-

sons in mobility to the house are found in the realms of sports, transportation, and communication. The sailor and the herder, from the point of view of the farmer, may be just roving, homeless bums; but their activities have their own continuous if not "settled" culture contributing to society. Their habitat simply has a wider boundary. The peasant view of the land does for a fact underlie most "architecture," but historically it has not underlain all homes. We have mentioned the Indian tepee. It was the home of a hunter. In Mongolia to this day there are nomad pastoral tribes that carry with them as shelter the demountable, portable, umbrella-shaped, and most efficiently streamlined "yurt." In an industrial society today we all have the need to move, not continuously but often. And the arrangement of whole regions must be susceptible of change also. The family need not, as we fancifully imagined, move with its house, but both the family and the house must be able to move.

Centered as it has been on gardening and regionalism, the ideal of housing has hitherto been able to operate in only one mode. And its own preoccupation with land—land as soil—sold it out from the start to the landlord, to whom, though for a different reason, land was the only "real" estate. When the literature of housing fights, it fights landowners hardest because it and they are contending for the same object. A few years ago the problems posed by the Harvard School of Planning were of this type: Given a certain value of land, how high or how densely must we build? Since the "given" values at that time were high, the results yielded fantastic skyscrapers and big apartments. Housing has since then to its great advantage learned to begin not with "land values" but with standards of use. In some respects, however, it is still reformist housing that is more reactionary than current real estate. The idea of "long-term" planning is so overdone that not only does housing want to protect one spot for you—by means of government ownership and zoning—so you can live there all your life, but it figures its amortization so low that you are expected to occupy the same shelter all that time. Houses for "lower-income groups" are not to be replaced or radically improved for fifty years. Building in the poor!

Though hitherto neglected, the ideal of mobile shelter gives us all a greater opportunity than before to occupy locations that are usefully planned. Here is an opportunity for unprecedented cooperation among a modern industry, the users of homes, and the housing planners. That any modern manufacturer building shelter instruments has a direct interest in their location and servicing, and an interest different from trap-tending real estate hitherto, I have already endeavored to point out elsewhere (*Harper's*, February, 1934). In brief, if his machines are to be kept going at a steady, efficient pace, then locations for the product must be as easy to obtain, as steady and calculable as, relatively speaking, have been places to park the car. Car manufacturers were brilliant and gave the politicians the idea that there was a public utility in hard roads. An enlightened industrialist would join Albert Mayer, whose articles appeared lately in *The Nation*, in asking government aid on problems of land, since he could not very well have his modern, trade-marked, streamlined product seen in neighborhoods marked by bad planning for decay and blight. And even a good contemporary plan, such as we can assume the projects of the Housing

Study Guild in Long Island City to be, would not suffer from the possibility of later revision. A Henry Wright does not wait fifty years to improve on his previous arrangements.

By mobility there is introduced, in fact, the new dimension we have been hinting at in the realm of planning. It permits swifter progress in the frame of time. Planning is converted, as Wright has said that it ought to be, into process. A suggestive preliminary sketch by Lönberg Holm suggests zoning with reference to time: regions of high desirability being occupied only by licenses issued for limited periods. The difference is analogous to the difference between Archimedean physics, which considered objects as naturally at rest unless catastrophically disturbed, and our more modern Newtonian physics, in which a condition of rest, however extended, is simply a special case in a general condition of

motion. It is the difference between the fort, the big town, the megalopolitan city, from which people sortie when in need of a gasping spell, and the weaving and shuttling that takes place along a web, dispersed over a rich continent, of highways and now of airways. The possibilities here are too vast for present comprehension. Coincident is the shift from a shelter as a mere "improvement on the land" to a continuously improving "shelter service." Such new opportunities make concerted action more important than ever, and it is the planner, the man with the deeper insight, who must make the approaches to the industrialist, who may see less.

[A third article by Mr. Haskell will appear next week. In his first article the number of "miles of private transportation" a year should have been given as 332,000,000,000, not 322,000,000.]

"Recovery" in Great Britain

By JOHN A. HOBSON

London, May 1

OUR national budget, with its surplus of £39,000,000 for last year (including reduction of interest from debt conversion) and with an estimated surplus of £29,000,000 for disposal this year, certainly bears testimony to some measure of economic recovery. But in a true estimate of our situation too much stress must not be laid upon such figures.

The exaggerated alarm of 1931, needed to put a National Government in office, enabled that government to make heavy cuts in unemployment relief and in the wages and salaries of public servants, together with increases in income tax which could not have been achieved otherwise than by dramatizing the financial emergency. Along with these cuts there came an economy of expenditure on education, housing, and other social services; a policy advantageous for balancing the budget but fraught with grave injuries to the life of the people.

To represent such a policy as conducive to industrial recovery is a manifest absurdity. It has cut down the incomes and consuming-power of large sections of the people at the very time when stimulation of demand for commodities was required in order to put the mass of idle productive plant and labor into operation. The measure of recovery that has actually taken place is in spite of this foolish and false economy, and of the policy of tariffs, quotas, and other obstacles to foreign trade which has accompanied it. It is sheer effrontery for the Chancellor of the Exchequer to allege that the economic policy of the government has caused recovery.

The available statistics for volume of employment, industrial productivity, transport, prices, indicate that a considerable amount of improvement is taking place. A slow but continuous decline in the unemployment figures began in February, 1932, and has brought down an average percentage of 22 for 1932 to 19.8 per cent for 1933, with a further drop to about 16 per cent for February of this year. This recovery of employment is conspicuous in most of the manufactures for the home market, a fact in itself indicative of some increased volume of purchasing power in the hands of the

workers. Even in the basic industries, where the depression has been deepest, some signs of improvement are discernible since the summer of last year. Coal-mining, general engineering, shipbuilding, and cotton, though still heavily depressed, are not quite so hopeless as they were six months ago. But it is unlikely that in these trades, or in most others dependent in large measure upon export trade and foreign orders, any considerable advance is to be anticipated. Indeed, it is recognized that certain of our great export trades, in particular the cotton trade of Lancashire and the coal trade of South Wales, cannot hope to recover their earlier status.

Already the problem of "derelict" areas, where whole populations are deprived of their occupations, is beginning to get upon the nerves of the nation. This problem is not merely the result of lost markets, for example, the displacement of our Asiatic textile market by Japan. In no small measure it is the migration of old industries from Northern and Midland England to the South, and the establishment of new industries in the suburbs of London and in the home counties. This is largely due to the equalizing effects of electricity in depriving the areas of our coalfields of their former advantages of position. In theory, no doubt, the population of derelict areas should migrate to the new fields of industry. A Pharaoh would remove them en masse. But we have not gone far enough along the fascist road to find a Pharaoh. So myriads of unemployed families cling to the towns and villages in which they were born, where they still hope to find work "when the tide turns." Even the young who might and should migrate often prefer to go upon the dole in their native town rather than risk the speculative adventure of finding a job in a distant place where they have no friends or relatives. Of course, the migration of workers to new fields of industry is not the only remedy. It might be expected that new industries would choose the districts where decaying trades made large supplies of labor available. But both remedies imply a degree of mobility and foreknowledge that belongs to economic theory, slow of translation into economic practice.

Taken by and large, our situation, though better than two years ago, is very far from indicating a return to normal

prosperity. In recent months a discernible improvement in retail trade has given a fillip to confidence, and so brought about increases of orders from wholesalers, and through them from the manufacturers, both in staple trades and in luxury trades. But the grim statistics of the "physical volume of production" during the past two years do not give much support to an optimistic interpretation of our general outlook. Though each quarter of last year shows a slight increase of output over the corresponding quarter of 1931, the figure still measures a decided fall from the relative prosperity of 1930. Some improvement is occurring in our internal markets, but it is offset by the deplorable reduction in our export trade in the post-war era. Records of the last three months do, indeed, indicate some slight advance upon the corresponding quarter of last year, especially in the import of raw materials, and to a less extent in our manufacturing export trade. But though it is boasted that our proportion of world trade is as large as it was before, the enormous shrinkage of the aggregate of that trade makes poor comfort of this boast.

Though it is yet too early to take full stock of the economic results of our turnover from free trade to protection, some interim conclusions may be drawn. Tariff restrictions upon manufactured imports have had some effect in giving British producers a larger and surer command of the home market. Where this substitution implies higher costs of production, or price control on a higher level, the damage to the consumer is, of course, contained in a loss of market to other trades. But it may reasonably be assumed that some industries have been enabled, by a greater security of their home market, to improve their plant and organization so as to furnish the home market with articles as good and as cheap as those formerly imported. But these are exceptional cases. For the empire preferences on raw materials and food will usually be reflected in higher costs of production, and in prices which cut down the real wages of the workers. Meanwhile the constant bargaining and bickering with our dominions and with foreign countries such as the Argentine and Denmark—with which our financial and trade relations have in the past been very close—are reflected in fluctuating prices and insecurity of planning. Indeed, the crossing of protection with imperial preference is producing the fruits which free traders have always predicted. Instead of cementing the unity of the empire, it is producing jealousy and discord, each section playing visibly and greedily for its own hand—the hairy hand of the profiteering Esau. For in Britain, as in each of the dominions, organized business interests seize the political reins, exploiting the sentiment of nationalism or imperialism, whichever happens to be more convenient.

On the whole, it must be admitted that our people have accepted this drastic change of vital policy without much concern. They fail even now to realize its two most important implications. The first of these is the passage into a sham state of socialism, in which the taxing system, flanked by a series of trade and financial barriers, is utilized in the interests of capitalist planning. If this government secures a long enough life, it will, without any formal fascism or other openly despotic rule, achieve a sort of semi-corporate state in which the staple industries will be organized with state assistance to operate as units of production and of marketing within an empire which shall be as self-sufficing as is practicable. Tariffs, subsidies, control of investment, joint indus-

trial councils, and arbitration boards will be adapted to this end.

The second implication arises from the first. The isolated state appears at the present time the goal to which every nation sets its endeavor. But an isolated British Empire, were it economically feasible, would not be tolerated by other countries. The gradual extension of our flag to cover one-fifth of the earth has sometimes been regarded with jealousy by less successful colonizing Powers. But the preservation of an open door to foreign trade, enabling other nations to share in the advantages from the development of backward countries, disarms hostility. The discrimination now practiced against foreigners, the earmarking of imperial raw materials and markets for exclusive imperial use, are already arousing indignation in foreign trading circles accustomed to free access to these resources. Our empire possesses something like a monopoly of certain important raw materials—tungsten, for example—which are essential to the efficiency of machine industry. It is inconceivable that foreign nations on the same level of industrial development as Britain should acquiesce in the proposed policy of imperial monopoly or discrimination. Moreover, such a policy would be so plainly inimical to the interests of the several countries that compose our empire as to render further advances in this direction politically as well as economically dangerous. To take the most obvious example, can we suppose that Canada will conceive it to be her interest to jeopardize her commercial, financial, and social relations with the United States in order to give exclusive markets to Britain for such manufactured goods as she cannot herself produce? Her boasted preferences have hitherto been little more than the window-dressing of a sentimental imperialism. Is it possible that she would be prepared now, or in any likely future, to link herself up with any system that could figure as a self-contained British Empire? While, therefore, some little has been done to increase the proportion of our export trade with our dominions and colonies, this increase is due more to the financial and commercial disorders of our former foreign customers than to any serious approach toward a self-sufficing British Empire.

The improvement that is taking place in our industries must, then, be regarded mainly as a temporary recovery rather than a permanent cure. When a depression has gone on for several years, manufacturing and other plant is let down by insufficient expenditure upon repairs and replacement. The same applies to the more durable sorts of consumption goods, such as furniture and house repairs. But as time goes on, the need for this work of repair becomes so urgent that any reserves which lie in bank deposits waiting for investment are drawn into use for the reconditioning of industry. This is taking place in Britain at the present time on our railways and in our staple manufactures. Along with this renewal of private enterprise there is a distinct push toward large expenditure upon public projects such as slum clearance, rehousing, and the like, where a policy of strict economy was imposed when this government entered in office. Much depends upon the amount of courage with which this new policy of public works is pursued. The "public mind"—so far as such a thing exists—is well-disposed toward this more courageous policy. For the sight of several millions of workers with no work to do has become intolerable, and the obvious truth is dawning on our minds that though it will cost more to put these people to productive work than to

maintain them in idleness, there are two advantages in favor of the former policy. Properly applied, such public expenditure will produce a public asset of considerable magnitude, and, secondly, it will maintain the efficiency, hope, and self-respect of workers who are sinking into despondency and despair for lack of an opportunity to use their labor.

There has taken place within the past few months something akin to a conversion of public opinion in favor of this positive policy. How far a natural recovery thus brought about can be more than temporary is quite another question.

To those of us who hold that profiteering capitalism on the new world scale is no longer a practical proposition because it fails to accelerate consumption so as to keep pace with possible production, the policy here described can have no permanent validity. It can only bring a brief era of revival, activity, and prosperity, with an overgrowth of savings which soon pass the limits of profitable investment, ushering in a new period of stoppage and depression. But this longer calculation lies outside the present picture of immediate recovery and brighter expectations.

What Is Left of the Drug Business

By OSCAR LERNER

TWO or three generations ago the druggist was purely a dispenser of drugs. He used to prepare his medicines, which constituted the greater bulk of his business, in the back room of his shop, using crude drugs and herbs, some of which he even picked himself in the open fields. His shop had that distinct "drugstore" odor which was a curious compound of licorice, clove, ammonia, valerian, and peppermint—in place of the modern odor of bacon and French-fried potatoes. The druggist used to work long hours, but he led a peaceful existence, had the unqualified respect of his community, and managed to eke out a meager and if somewhat precarious subsistence.

During the past fifty years, however, the drug industry has undergone many radical changes. Several factors have been responsible for the transformation of the small apothecary shop into the modern merchandising establishment whose prescription business is only 10 per cent of its total volume. On the one hand, the rapid growth of the large drug and chemical factories and patent-medicine corporations has constantly tended to diminish the importance of the pharmacist in the compounding and dispensing of drugs and medicines. Physicians are "high-pressured" by innumerable "detail men," and are counseled not to prescribe the standard remedial preparations listed in the United States Pharmacopoeia and the National Formulary, which are universally recognized and accepted, and can be compounded by the pharmacist. They are urged to prescribe solely Blank's "specialties," for which Blank naturally charges two or three times the necessary price. The sure-fire efforts of the detail man are fortified by an endless stream of "literature" and samples sent free to the physician, who sooner or later becomes an accomplice without profit in this merry game of fleecing the public.

The patent-medicine makers are even shrewder than the high-class pharmaceutical houses which manufacture these "specialties." They have learned to dispense with the services of the physician entirely. Utilizing the newspapers, magazines, transportation lines, and broadcasting stations, they have, by buying more advertising space than practically any other group or industry, succeeded in making the public patent-medicine conscious and in loading up the drugstore's shelves with countless useless and even injurious nostrums.

On the other hand, the "modernization and enlargement" of the colleges of pharmacy has resulted in a tremendous and steadily increasing supply of pharmaceutical labor which has fairly flooded the profession. The colleges

have been transformed into efficient mills for grinding out, with remarkable dexterity and ease, as many graduates in pharmacy as they can possibly attract. In 1880 there were only 1,347 students in the colleges of pharmacy, and in 1900 there were 4,042. The total enrolment twenty years later was 5,026, an increase which was in proportion to the increase in population. In 1928, however, the enrolment jumped to 11,125—an increase of more than 100 per cent in eight years. The colleges were directly responsible for the greater part of this increase, which they stimulated through fair means and foul. Note the excerpt from an advertisement inserted by one of the "better" colleges in high-school periodicals:

There is a respect accorded a college man that is instantly noticeable. American industry has found the college man quicker, better trained for the problems of business than the untrained man. Especially and sharply is this true of that new giant in American industry—the drug industry—which today counts its annual volume high in the hundreds of millions of dollars. You will find the path very clear and smooth in the training for pharmacy at—.

The final and probably the determining factor in the present degeneration of the drug industry was the Eighteenth Amendment. This opened a source of tremendous profit for the average retail pharmacist, permitting him to neglect most of his less profitable business, which consequently drifted into other channels, into the hands of department, cosmetic, grocery, cut-rate, and chain stores. Moreover, thousands upon thousands of young men began to study pharmacy in the hope of accumulating a fortune from prohibition and prosperity.

The present status of the retail druggist is very difficult to define. One can only say that he is a professional man with virtually no profession to practice. In thirty-eight States he has attended a college of pharmacy for from two to four years, and in all States he has passed a rather elaborate licensing examination before he became registered to practice. These difficulties notwithstanding, there were in the United States, in 1931, 115,000 registered pharmacists and approximately 80,000 assistant and apprentice pharmacists engaged in the preparation and sale of drugs and medicines.

In 1930 the total annual sales of the 60,000 drugstores in the United States were \$1,650,000,000, of which less than 40 per cent, or \$625,000,000, was spent on drugs and medicines. Only \$140,000,000 of this sum was spent on prescrip-

tions, which means approximately \$1,000 per year per pharmacist and a little more than \$2,000 per year per drugstore. This business in drugs and medicines could hardly be expected to sustain the 60,000 drugstores, which must pay unusually high rentals and other overhead expenses in order to supply the public with adequate pharmaceutical service. Consequently, most of these stores, in their struggle for existence during the past few decades and especially since the depression began, have been compelled to take in many unrelated side lines, such as soda fountains, luncheonettes, candy, books, smoking supplies, and other general merchandise. And yet the average retail druggist—especially in the larger cities, where competition is the keenest—is finding it increasingly difficult to remain in business. Four years of depression have reduced his normal volume of business tremendously, while his overhead expenses—with the exception of labor—have remained as high as ever.

Contrary to popular opinion, the depression has not checked the growth of drugstore chains. In 1920 there were approximately 1,500 chain drugstores in the United States; there are at present more than 4,000. These chains do about 20 per cent of all the retail drug business. Practically all the chain drugstores, however, are located in large cities. These stores have been constantly perfecting their merchandising appeal and have gradually increased their general sales efficiency to a point where they are at present doing 45 per cent of the entire retail "drug" business in cities with a population of more than 250,000.

The general economic crisis has also been responsible for the growth of a new business—cosmetic and cut-rate shops which sell not only cosmetics but every item sold in a drugstore except poisons and prescriptions. Department stores sell every item including poisons and prescriptions. Five-and-ten-cent stores feature the same articles in special sizes that the manufacturers do not sell to drugstores. Ice-cream parlors dispense Bromo-Seltzer and bicarbonate, candy stores sell aspirin and Ex-Lax, hardware stores sell baby bottles and nipples, cigar stores sell tooth-paste and shaving creams and blades, and paint stores sell insecticides. Peddlers sell all these items on stands in the open street, and from house to house. All these selling agents, from the department stores down to the peddlers, feature these so-called drugstore articles as "loss-leaders" and sell them at cost and below cost. The neighborhood druggist has the choice of meeting this unfair competition or going out of business—and by meeting it he is usually successful in cutting his own throat.

Meanwhile, what of the poor drug clerk? There are in the United States approximately 60,000 employee licensed pharmacists, 15,000 assistant pharmacists, and 60,000 apprentices. What is their status today?

In the golden decade of pharmacy, between 1919 and 1929, while the average proprietor was able to make a net profit of about \$10,000 a year and many were earning \$20,000 or more annually, the salary of the average licensed employee was from \$40 to \$50 for a fifty-four-hour week. Employee pharmacists have been in the past unorganized, like most of their white-collar and professional brothers. Consequently they have never been able to make effective demands for regulation of wages and hours despite the fact that they performed a relatively important social function. With the advent of the economic crisis, the wages of drug clerks have been progressively reduced, their working hours have been

constantly increased, and they have been consistently replaced by lower-priced and often less skilled workers. It has been estimated that after four years of depression 40 per cent of the employee pharmacists are unemployed. According to statistics collected by the Pharmacists' Union of Greater New York, among a total of 4,000 licensed pharmacists, 1,500 are totally unemployed. Another 1,500 are employed only part time, many at the rate of 25 or 30 cents an hour. Many of those who are fortunate enough to be fully employed have been working sixty, seventy, and even eighty hours a week, for \$20 and \$25.

The codification of the drug industry under the NRA has given relief to no one but the manufacturers and large cut-rate and chain drugstores. The independent retailers were not permitted to regulate or "control" prices, which was their only chance of immediate salvation. As for the employee pharmacists, they were granted a maximum work week of sixty-one and three-fifths hours and a minimum wage of from \$13 to \$16. And the \$2,000,000,000 Drug Institute "recognizes that all are entitled as employees to fair wages and decent working hours." Fair wages and decent working hours indeed!

Is there a practical solution to the druggists' problem? The problem of pharmacy cannot be considered apart from the greater problem of medical care. The group practice of medicine advocated by the Committee on the Costs of Medical Care seems to be entirely inadequate to meet the needs of the impoverished public and the equally distressed members of the health professions. Only a system of compulsory health insurance, supported by the state, would fully coordinate the interests of the medical and allied professions and the welfare of the public, make medical attention available to the unemployed millions, diminish to a great extent the highly injurious practice of self-medication, and stimulate in its place a demand for real medical care.

In the Driftway

A CONSIDERABLE amount of applause has reached the ears of the Drifter for the objection he voiced several weeks ago to the fashion among daily newspapers of carrying over six to a dozen front-page stories to inside pages. It is true that not many managing editors have joined in this paean of praise, but managing editors read most of their newspapers in galley proof and so do not have to resort to the acrobatics to which other readers are put who are curious to know what She said to Him after their adventure leaves the front page to take its chances in the forest of wood pulp of the journal's hinterland. It has been explained unofficially to the Drifter, though, by one of the inner council of the *New York Times*, that the reason that newspaper continues so many stories from the front page to inside pages is in order to classify them there according to subject. This explanation is more ingenious than convincing, for if classification is really the desideratum, why should the principle be violated by spreading the material over two pages? Why not concentrate it all on one page? Actually the reason animating the *Times* is the one which the Drifter stated as true of all the press—a desire to make the front page a panorama of news for sales purposes.

IN this connection one correspondent of the Drifter suggests that if the object is to put the maximum number of headlines on the front page, it would be a good scheme to let that page, or half of it, be nothing but headlines, with index notes telling where to find the stories to which they belong. "You can't call the suggestion impracticable," the Drifter's correspondent says, "for the tabloids are already successfully doing it; their front page is all display, with index notes." Although the Drifter has not observed that his campaign has yet borne fruit in the abandonment on the part of any newspaper of the carry-over habit, he is glad to note that some publications have enough of a sense of guilt to adopt an apologetic attitude in connection with the practice—after the fashion of the drunkard who resorts to weeping while in his cups. The Drifter notices, for instance, that instead of the usual blunt "Continued on page 4," the *Seattle Star* uses a polite parenthetical line conveying the request "Page 3, Col. 3, please."

■ • ■ ■ ■

SPEAKING of heads, the Drifter, who so far has miraculously escaped death at a street crossing from an automobile, feels a good deal more philosophical about the future since receiving a letter from a friend—lately knocked down but not killed—suggesting that one should not be bitter about the danger since death from an automobile is merely the "hazard of our age." It has taken the place of the danger that one would be tomahawked and scalped by Indians which our ancestors ran whenever they went for a walk. Well, the Drifter had an ancestor who was said to have been scalped by the Indians as a little girl, but a resourceful friend clapped the scalp back on the child's head and bound it so well with a black stocking that no harm was done. A wisp of black stocking stuck to the lady's head all her life, and helped to make her story plausible and picturesque to her grandchildren. The Drifter prays that somebody may be handy with a black or even a striped stocking when his head is carried to an inside page by a speeding car.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Radio Operators on Strike

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

The radio operators on the ships of the American Merchant Line are on strike against vicious working conditions. Scab operators of questionable ability and experience are in charge of this important work on board the company's four ships. The strike against the latest wage cut of 25 per cent is being led by the American Radio Telegraphists' Association.

The American Merchant Line is a subsidiary of the United States Lines, which in turn is controlled by the International Mercantile Marine Corporation. Is it in gratitude to the United States government for the millions of dollars in mail subsidies which it receives that it thus further reduces the miserable wages of radio operators to \$75 per month for chief operator and \$65 per month for the second operator, and increases their hours of work from eight to twelve a day? Radio operators are now compelled to work continuous shifts of six hours on and six hours off, twelve hours out of twenty-four, eighty-four hours a week of nerve-racking, intensive work—work often involving

the safety of ship, cargo, crew, and passengers. For this they receive wages which, reckoned in hourly pay, is less than that of the oilers or stewards on the same ships.

The radio operator is licensed by the Federal Radio Commission. He must have a thorough knowledge of radio transmission, radio reception, motors, generators, storage batteries, and general electrical theory, as well as of international radio laws and regulations. He must be his own bookkeeper and be responsible for money collected on messages. He is relied upon absolutely by the master of the vessel accurately to determine the ship's position by means of the radio compass in foggy weather. Often he holds in his hands millions of dollars' worth of property and the lives of all on board. Can a steamship company be strongly enough condemned for subjecting its passengers to the inevitable risk of overworked, underpaid, nervous, and irritable radio operators?

The operators, members of the American Radio Telegraphists' Association, are striking back. For many of these highly trained, well-educated men this is the first struggle against a powerful corporation. If your readers are in sympathy with the operators they may send contributions to the strike fund. Address the Secretary, A. R. T. A., 22 Whitehall Street, New York.

New York, April 25

HOYT S. HADDOCK

Everyman

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

On my return from Egypt, whither I went in connection with my work for the cause of international cooperation, my attention was drawn to your issue of April 4, in which it was stated that I made *Everyman* "an independent fascist paper."

In the early summer of 1933 I was asked by a codirector of the *Spectator* to take a small interest in the weekly *Everyman*. I told him that my time was so entirely occupied in advancing the three causes for which I work—(1) the unity of the British Commonwealth through the Over-Seas League, (2) English-speaking friendship through the English-speaking Union, and (3) the cause of world unity through the All Peoples' Association—that I could not be burdened with any more work. But if £1,000—one-tenth of the capital to be raised—would be of any use, I was ready to take shares to this extent, only I could give no time to the undertaking. I also stipulated that the editorial policy of the paper must do nothing to make more difficult my work for international cooperation.

I was away from London from the middle of July, and on my return in October from Italy the first thing I did was to resign from the board of *Everyman*, as I felt the policy was not in accordance with my work. It is utterly untrue to say that I made it (*Everyman*) an independent fascist paper.

London, April 24

EVELYN WRENCH

I. W. W.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

The statement made by Samuel Romer in his article *The Place of Labor in the Auto Industry*, in your issue of April 4, that "the Industrial Workers of the World bowed its way out after putting up a bold front but losing an important strike" may be an expression of Mr. Romer's wish but is far from accurate. It should be put in the collection of obituary notices for our union that have appeared several times annually for the last twenty-nine years. The fact is that instead of the I. W. W. bowing out of the picture after the Murray Body strike, the active members recruited there moved to every major automo-

bile plant and started the active campaign of job action that has been getting most of the wage increases obtained this year. In one department after another they have got the men to sit on their tool boxes while the pay went up. Total increases of as much as 50 per cent have been obtained in this way. It is a method much preferred to the A. F. of L. method of securing representation by showing union membership records to a dubious public body that also gives representation to the employers. In these numerous I. W. W. strikes on the job the management has been assured of the capacity of the committee to represent the men by the fact that work stopped during negotiations.

Detroit, April 29

F. W. THOMPSON

Young Poets Wanted

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

I am endeavoring to compile an anthology of poetry written by young poets aged twenty-five or less, and should be grateful for the opportunity of using your columns to invite any of your readers who come within this age limit to submit work to me. Poems should be original and previously unpublished. All work will be read carefully and returned if unsuitable, providing an international postage coupon is inclosed for this purpose. I cannot at present offer any monetary reward for work accepted, but if and when the anthology is published, I guarantee to pay for all poems therein. I further guarantee that no contributor will be asked to pay anything toward cost of publication.

Contributions should be addressed to me at Chetwynd, Burnside Avenue, Stockton Heath, Warrington, Lancashire.

Warrington, England, April 10 L. ARTHUR HALSALL

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Associate Professor of Gynecology, New York Post-graduate Hospital, Columbia University

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After fifteen years' interval, Mr. Eliot develops the implications of his essay, "Tradition and the Individual Talent," in these three essays, which are the Page-Barbour Lectures for 1933 at the University of Virginia. "A profound interpretation: literature must answer it (not merely by a journalistic refutation) though the answer may not come until most of our contemporary literature has been forgotten. . . . Mr. Eliot's most trenchant and yet most teasing particularization of the religious and moral tradition in literature."

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Finance

Large and Small Investors

RECENT Washington experiences have driven home to Wall Street and to big business in general the growing need for some method of mass political influence with which to replace the shattered slogan of the full dinner pail. Still possessing most of the means for direct pressure on legislators which previously sufficed them, the large financial interests have found their path at Washington blocked, in certain instances, by the antagonistic attitude of some factions within the Roosevelt Administration and by the growing strength in Congress of the labor and agricultural elements. The magnates have therefore turned their attention to the neglected potentialities of the mass of small security owners, representing many millions of votes hitherto unexploited by big business.

The public-utility industry was the first to flirt with the idea of utilizing the pressure which these masses could exert. It remained, however, for the Association of Stock Exchange Firms, in its frantic search for propaganda to offset the demand for stock regulation, to conceive of a blanket appeal to stockholders to exert their influence. While this movement did not assume the mass proportions hoped for by some of its sponsors, the idea of a vast investors' lobby entrenched at Washington to fight "radical" and "dangerous" legislation has refused to die. It has been revived at various annual company meetings this spring. The *New York Times* took a hand early in April with an article describing tentative plans for such an organization by "industrialists, investment institutions, savings banks, and insurance companies." Despite this sponsorship, the article hastened to add, the organization would be run solely in the interests of the small investor, with the large corporate backers contributing only moral support and direct appeals to their stockholders. The latest recruit to the cause is James W. Gerard, former Ambassador to Germany, who recently delivered a fervent plea that investors cease serving as a "football" to politicians and radical groups and organize to protect the interests of "the great middle class" against radical legislation. Only passing mention was made of the need for protection against Wall Street.

Such a movement, by playing on the appetite of the investor for larger dividends and by constantly dwelling on the argument that increased wages and possible restriction of prices inevitably mean smaller dividends, could prove of immense political benefit to the big business interests. To control such a movement, however, would require a skilful semi-fascist technique in cajoling the small investor into protecting the interests of big business at the expense, for the most part, of his own. A greater initial difficulty would be presented by the problem of finding a common political ground, satisfactory to big business, on which to unite the diverse interests of the security holders of the nation. This complexity of interest suggests the ultimate dilemma of the small investor. For, with the exception of the upper fringe of large individual holders of securities, the essential interest of the investor groups in the national economy is as consumers, small salaried employees, or wage-earners and does not lie in a variation of a few dollars a year in the income from their security holdings. Organization in their capacity as investors could benefit their position only by guiding an effective mass attack against the abuses of corporation management. Unless a spontaneous movement for this should develop within its own ranks, such an organization could hardly escape furthering the exploitation of the interests of the people as a whole for the benefit of the dominant business and financial groups.

PETER HELMOOP NOYES

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or in the poetry, but in the harmony of these elements with one another—all of them contributing to the expression of an idea for which there is no equivalent in our words, but which to a reader is quite as unmistakable as the quality of a certain day, the temperament of an interesting friend, or the truth of an experience. The unity of "King Lear," for example, seems finally to be felt when one perceives the almost musical relation of the Gloucester story to the story of Lear, and then perceives the contributions made to the development of this twofold theme by the landscape, the weather, the fauna and flora, and the voices of Edgar, the Fool, and Kent. Yet even that is far from all. So with the other famous tragedies; no analysis yet made has exhausted the tale of their precise and luminous contents. So with the histories. And so with the comedies, early, middle, and late—"A Midsummer Night's Dream," "As You Like It," "Troilus and Cressida," "Cymbeline," and "The Tempest." Poetically minded commentators have sounded the most brilliant resources of our language in an attempt to express and explain their glamor. Yet it is as if they had never been touched—they elude us as they always did, singing so naturally as they pass us by. We flatter ourselves that we do not say certain wrong or sentimental things about Shakespeare, as our ancestors did. We should not flatter ourselves that we can say the right things forever. Other generations will have their say, and Shakespeare will go on being what he is—the happiest, most copious, most complicated, and yet most comprehensible artist who ever used English words.

MARK VAN DOREN

Peace and the Arms Makers

Merchants of Death. By H. C. Engelbrecht and F. C. Hanighen. Dodd, Mead and Company. \$2.50.

Iron, Blood and Profits. By George Seldes. Harper and Brothers. \$2.50.

IT is no disparagement of two excellent books to say that the most striking fact about "Merchants of Death" and "Iron, Blood and Profits" is their simultaneous appearance. Within a few weeks of the publication of an important article upon the same subject in *Fortune*, hard upon the heels of Beverley Nichols's "Cry Havoc" and Fenner Brockway's "Bloody Traffic," barely ahead of a related essay in the current *Harper's*, appear together these two exposés of the traffic in arms. The effect is almost sinister. One is tempted to ask why Messrs. Engelbrecht and Hanighen and Mr. George Seldes and Mr. Nichols and Mr. Brockway and Mr. George Gunther and the editors of *Fortune* and all the company of newspaper and magazine editors and contributors who have nibbled at the general theme have come to the same subject at the same time from practically the same angle and with approximately the same facts. Is it an elaborate campaign of propaganda engineered from some secret source so remote from all the ordinary cleavages of opinion that it can enlist magazines like *Fortune* and writers like Dr. Engelbrecht and politicians like Senator Nye? Or is it merely a journalistic mob reaction to an idea of such compelling journalistic merit that it has appealed to half a dozen publishers at once? Or is the whole thing coincidence—a few liberal writers following their natural bent and a few conservative thinkers taking a fling at the one capitalistic group upon which capitalists can vent their misgivings—with the two attacking columns meeting haphazard not only in theme but in time? Or is it all much more significant than that? Are these signs and portents? It

was Ben Jonson who remarked that swallows fly low before a storm. It was Jaurès who talked of conspiracy in Europe in the summer of 1914 and whose mouth was stopped with earth.

One at least of these questions can be simply answered. The reason why all these books and articles, from the hysterical and superficial "Cry Havoc" to the firmly documented and soundly written "Merchants of Death," contain approximately the same important facts is that all these books and articles draw upon common sources and upon each other. Their authors have all read at first or second hand such works as "The Secret International" and "Patriotism, Ltd.," issued by the Union of Democratic Control in London. They have all read the pertinent League of Nations reports. They have most of them read the armament issue of the French magazine *Le Crapouillot*. And they have seen each other's work. The editors of *Fortune*, for example, had the advantage of seeing the galleys of "Merchants of Death" while their own article was in process. In addition, such of them as are Americans have read the excellent reprints of European comments upon the traffic in arms published by Quincy Howe in his *Living Age*. (Mr. Howe, who has received little credit, is undoubtedly the man most responsible for the entire American campaign.) It is therefore not surprising that all these books and articles should cover much the same ground. They all tell the story of the failure of the French high command to fire on the mines of Briey, they all recount the fantastic adventures of Sir Basil Zaharoff, they all report the venality of the press, the sales of arms to potential enemies, the interlocking of apparently competing concerns in theoretically hostile countries, the hypocrisies of the owners. Beyond that common core they differ only in their use of background. "Merchants of Death" is more scholarly and historical than "Iron, Blood and Profits." "Iron, Blood and Profits" is broader in scope and better informed about the general contemporary scene than "Merchants of Death."

One effect of this great hue and cry against the manufacturers of arms is to set up in the reader's mind a certain hesitant objection. A single book attacking these unlovely creatures makes its point. Nothing could be more contemptible than the desire to profit by the torn guts and blinded eyes of murdered boys. But four books and a half-dozen articles driving home the same indictment raise the shadow of a doubt. Is there not perhaps an almost indecent eagerness to make these men and these corporations the scapegoats of society? And is not the resultant sense of righteous indignation just a trifle smug? How, precisely, *should* these people be expected to act? Given the capitalistic system, given the armament business as one of many capitalistic businesses, given the expectation of making a profit out of that business, the rest follows logically by its own nature. There is an element of irony in the career of Mr. Krupp which is absent perhaps from the career of Mr. Morgan. But the irony is not inherent in the armament business itself. The irony lies in the pretense that that business, because it manufactures the tools of war, is in some way a business associated with the sentiments of patriotism. Actually, of course, the armament maker has no more to do with the sentiment of patriotism in his search for profits than any other manufacturer. He acts not as a German or an American or a Frenchman but as a capitalist. As the authors of "Merchants of Death" put it:

Inventiveness produced a superior product and the development in technology made possible the mass production of arms. Immediately the problem of markets arose and tied to that were the further problems of patriotism and business methods. After some hesitation, Krupp decided that a strict interpretation of patriotism was injurious to business and he embarked on a program of world-wide sales.

It is only the hesitation—which does him perhaps no honor—which distinguishes Krupp from his colleagues in other lines.

The mere fact, in other words, that the business of manufacturing arms for profit is loathsome does not enable the rest of us to shoulder our responsibility off upon the armament manufacturers. As long as the world requires arms it will require arms makers. And since few governments can manufacture their own arms, the great majority of arms makers will be private individuals. If we suffer them we must suffer their acts—and they will act according to their interest. The real problem and the only possible solution is to alter if possible the world's belief that it requires arms. And there never was a bleaker prospect of success in that endeavor than the prospect now before us.

One thing, however, of the utmost importance to that effort these various volumes have accomplished. The world can only be turned against war by teaching. Teaching requires the use of the radio and the press. So far efforts to use the press to that end have failed, and have failed largely because of a counter-propaganda of fear. These volumes make it sufficiently clear that the source of the counter-propaganda of fear has very frequently been the armament manufacturers themselves working through subsidized and dishonest mediums of news. Forewarned by that knowledge and supported by such proof as the proof supplied by Soviet revelations of czarist activities in France, it should now be possible to attack the problem of peace propaganda intelligently. Infinitely more important than the crucifixion of "the fifty men who run the munitions racket" is the cleansing of the press. If that can be done, the fifty racketeers can be rendered impotent. If it cannot be done, even the execution of the fifty would serve no purpose, for they would be replaced tomorrow by fifty or by fifty thousand more.

ARCHIBALD MACLEISH

The Lost Generation and the New Morality

The Unpossessed. By Tess Slesinger. Simon and Schuster. \$2.50.

MISS SLESINGER'S generation, which she calls "the unpossessed," is of a slightly later vintage than the well-known post-war company of Hemingway and Kay Boyle. She pictures them in the throes of a desperate effort to face the new discipline of collective action. Whoever read her brilliant and bitter indictment of the jittery era in "Missis Flinders"—which seemed to me the best short story of last year—will have been watching for this larger treatment of similar material.

And how does Miss Slesinger view this new, regenerative process? In the main, her colors are decidedly mordant. "The Unpossessed" pictures a group of younger New York intellectuals whose social protest remains pretty much in the realm of talk—Lenin toasted in gin, as it were, revolution served up with cocktails. Though a few of her youngest characters escape arraignment, the rest come in for large doses of ridicule. All the liveliest portions of this very lively and readable first novel catch her characters in ludicrous postures: Bruno, the tired Jewish radical, mocking himself behind a smoke screen of vaudeville; Jeffrey, the sex novelist, displaying his technique of lady-killing; Miles, the stiff theorist, pursued by a New England conscience; Merle Middleton, the society matron, romanticizing revolution from the safety of wealth and the escape of psychoanalysis; the jazz-age Elizabeth rotating in a whirl of chain-drinking, chain-smoking, chain-loving. Even the minor touches, such as the ambiguous and embarrassing presence of Graham Hatcher, the one Negro at the left-wing party, have a finished brilliance of social comedy. There is danger, indeed, that Miss

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Slesinger's verbal brilliance, her gift for juggling epithets and shibboleths, may run away with her. The bedroom scene in the Paris pension, for instance, comes close to facile smartness.

Since her ridicule cuts both ways, however, this tendency is generally avoided. But as a novel "The Unpossessed" betrays a more fundamental weakness. Perhaps the fact that the short story "Missis Flinders" stands as the last chapter, with the book built back as it were from that entity, accounts for a certain brokenness both as to structure and theme. Its unity is threatened by the fact that Bruno now competes with Margaret (Missis Flinders) as the chief character, and their problems remain unrelated. Bruno's Hamlet-like straddle would be solved apparently by the courage to lose himself in collective action. Margaret's problem is quite different: it is sex, "womanhood," and her salvation supposedly lies in the most bourgeois of resources—having a baby. And incidentally, Margaret's story is not improved by its larger treatment; a certain sentimentality has crept in which was wholly absent from the short story. But the main weakness is that these two themes—on the one hand a sort of D. H. Lawrence critique of sexual integrity, and on the other redemption by social action—run separate courses through the book and are never really integrated. As a result the book breaks down at important points, where "talk" fails to bridge the gaps in underlying structure. A number of scenes, including the climactic "party," have the air of tours de force.

It is nevertheless a brilliant and cutting first novel. Miss Slesinger is harsh on her "fellow-travelers"; she does not pretend that their redemption has been accomplished, and it is even implied that for some of them, in the words of Bruno, the revolution is just another opiate. This seems to be salutary rather than not, and it is a credit to her honesty that the book does not end with a wishful red sunrise on the immediate horizon.

FERNER NUHN

Flower of Manhattan

A Backward Glance. By Edith Wharton. Appleton-Century Company. \$3.

AMONG the many crisp utterances on her craft which Mrs. Wharton sprinkles throughout this volume is the following: "There could be no greater critical ineptitude than to judge a novel according to *what it ought to have been about.*" For the reader of these reminiscences desirous of extracting their very special quality of charm and interest this remark is an excellent one to keep in mind. Nothing could be more foolish than to throw down this book with the objection that its backgrounds, its people, and its events seem lacking in vital significance to the harried and very much preoccupied reader of today. It is beside the point to make uncomplimentary comparisons between the author of "The House of Mirth" and the man with the dinner pail—that latter-nineteenth-century specter whom Mrs. Wharton quaintly invokes in one passage. The point is rather that Mrs. Wharton was the flower, the exquisite and certainly altogether undeserved flower, of a social group in America whose always tenuous existence has for some time now shaded off into oblivion. Daughter of Rhinelanders and Stevenses, debutante of the age of innocence, intimate of those frail and neurasthenic lovers of culture who flitted back and forth between Europe and America in the eighties, Mrs. Wharton was unquestionably affected by the moral and social values of the period and milieu into which she happened to be born. She would have been something of a monster not to have been so affected—up to a certain point. For like every authentic novelist, Mrs. Wharton was at once the product of a very particular set of conditions and the observer and critic of those conditions. What made Mrs. Wharton a novelist rather

than just another occupant of a box at the Metropolitan was of course a very early perception of what she herself calls the "flatness and futility" of the society of her time. But what was in the first place responsible for this perception on the part of a young woman who had every reason to be admirably conditioned, as one says nowadays, remains something of a mystery. Heredity, in her case, offers no clue: her mother seems to have been a perfect model of her class; and her father, except for a slightly adventurous taste for Spanish travel, was apparently undistinguished by any special sensibility or intelligence. Yet sensibility and intelligence were both gifts which Edith Wharton possessed and which set her apart automatically from her family and her class. The weaknesses of her writing—the thinness of her most characteristic material, the increasing fragility of her point of view, and the still insuperable aura of gentility—can all be laid to her time and her class. But her strength is her own—the strength which enabled her, in her very best work, to pass so far beyond that conditioning process which is regarded as so inevitable today. This is the mystery which will not be found revealed in either the handbooks of American cultural history or in the gospel according to Marx.

If there is any continuous dramatic interest in these pages, it consists in the unbroken persistency of Mrs. Wharton's effort at emancipation—the old battle of the artist with the world. Contrary to what might have been expected, reconstruction of old New York, its manners and its people, occupy rather little of the book. Most of it is concerned with Mrs. Wharton's personal friendships with people who, like Walter Berry and Henry James, had made the same renunciations as herself or who, like the Bourgetts and the Comtesse de Fitz-James, belonged by right of birth to the "richer soil" of Europe. For Mrs. Wharton's life, once she had decided to commit herself to perspective rather than participation, was necessarily cast on the more intensely personal plane of friends, books, gardening, and travel. But even these compensations were not tolerated when they encroached too much on the practice of her craft. Unlike Gertrude Stein, she found in war work less a romance than a distraction. And there is something half-apologetic in her account of the brilliant salons in Paris attended in the pre-war epoch. What emerges throughout is an insistence on the priority for the novelist of the claims of his craft over all other claims that might be made.

The question will occur, of course, how well this attitude is sustained by the evidence of so much of Mrs. Wharton's actual practice of her craft—especially in recent years. It is not an exaggeration to say that it is almost impossible to believe that "Ethan Frome" and "Twilight Sleep" could have been written by the same hand. Speaking of Balzac and Thackeray and Proust, all novelists of manners like herself, Mrs. Wharton remarks on the tendency of such novelists "to be dazzled by contact with the very society they satirize." But she goes on to justify them with the suggestion that *pour comprendre il faut aimer*, and perhaps this is the best justification that can be offered for Mrs. Wharton herself. Because in all her later fiction love takes precedence over understanding, the ambiguity that has always marked her writing is less productive of those qualities which we look for in the true satirist. But there is in the present work a kind of recrudescence of that old ambiguity which gives it a much more interesting quality than will be found in many works by authors who have more definitely made up their minds about things.

WILLIAM TROY

Buckminster Fuller, designer of the Dymaxion car, will review Lewis Mumford's "Technics and Civilization" in the next issue of The Nation.

Clouding the Wine and Cracking the Bottles

What Marx Really Meant. By G. D. H. Cole. Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.

G. D. H. COLE is a clear-voiced and kindly teacher. His "Guide Through World Chaos" is a friend to the distracted mind, and "What Everybody Wants to Know About Money," planned and edited by him, is a plain man's key to modern highbrow conversation. Only an economist who used to be a poet could be so humanly helpful.

So much the more distressing to find him writing this new book, in which, through 309 pages of steady and unanswerable proof to the contrary, he keeps up the confusing pretense that his opinions are "Marxism." Nothing could be more bewildering to a mind inquiring either about Marx or about G. D. H. Cole. He disagrees with Marx explicitly upon so many cardinal points that he ought out of a mere sense of proportion to call his book "Where Marx Was Wrong." And if you add to these explicit disagreements the number of points in which he unconsciously attributes to Marx modern scientific attitudes absolutely alien to the philosophy of dialectic materialism and impossible for a Hegelian-trained mind of the last century to consider reasonable, the title of the book, "What Marx Really Meant," becomes nothing less than a joke. If Marx meant this, one cries out in a kind of amused desperation, why in the name of God didn't he say it?

Sidney Hook, I thought, went as far as a sense of humor would permit in pouring new wine into the old Marxian bottles. He not only abandoned materialism and historic determinism and the inevitability of the communist society, and reduced "Das Kapital" to the status of an "illustration" (and poor Engels to the status of a pupil too dumb to understand "Das Kapital" or the dialectic method), but abandoned also the triadic form of the dialectic and the universality of its application. According to Hook's version, dialectic materialism is a philosophy which declares that the world is not uniformly material and wherever it is material it is not dialectic. That was fantastic enough. But G. D. H. Cole, evidently very much influenced and encouraged by Hook's example, repeats all these heroic operations, and then goes straight on and throws away the only two essential things Hook left untampered with—a belief in the class struggle as a dialectic principle constituting the essence of "all history," and a belief in the labor theory of value as integral to its contemporary application. I have counted twenty-nine points in which G. D. H. Cole either consciously emends or unconsciously contradicts the carefully expressed opinions of Marx himself upon vital questions.

Mr. Cole himself has some misgivings about the nature of his operations. "Some Marxists will say," he concedes, "that what I have been saying is not Marxism at all. . . . Even if that were so, it would not matter, provided that mine were the better doctrine for today." It would matter, and it does matter, in just this—that it destroys utterly that simplicity and clarity of elucidation which is Mr. Cole's great merit as a teacher. You cannot pour new wine into old bottles without clouding the wine as well as cracking the bottles.

If Mr. Cole in the preface of his next book would quietly remark, "It was through Marx that I came to the point of view which I am about to expound, and although I cannot accept his system of thought, I owe to Marx many vital ideas and a tribute of affection and admiration," and then go on in the name of no "ism," he would greatly clear the air both in his own mind and those of his pupils. He would, moreover, be obeying a good maxim penned by himself in the poetic days:

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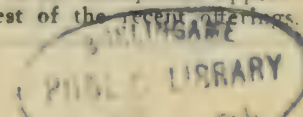
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Next Week in The Nation

Steel Labor Grows Restive

By Karl Lore

Destroyers we create;

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All things that now are great,

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Why should a man with this sense of how great things grow waste his time trying to read back into an antiquated, romantic German philosophy of being the views and attitudes of a modern social scientist? Is it a fear of the hardy and extreme revolutionary action implied by what Marx *really said* that begets this milder and more opportunistic account of what he *really meant*? Is G. D. H. Cole, as of course all Bolsheviks will affirm, a "bourgeois deviation"? Or is it just the old, all too human need for a holy book and a god-the-father that makes him treat Marx as half-awakened theologians treat the Bible? I do not know. I only know that it is a bewildering Bible that has to be patched up and emended by the believer upon every third page, and it is a sadly doddering and loose-babbling old god-the-father who never succeeded once in his life upon any cardinal point of his system in *saying what he meant*.

I prefer the Marx of the Bolsheviks, who created a naive metaphysical system according to which the world is made out of matter but this matter performs the essential function of spirit—that of going where the believer wants it to go by a "self-active" dialectic movement which constitutes its "essence"—and who stuck to this system through thick and thin. That is a Marx whom you can respect, from whom you can learn much, and whom you are not tempted to worship.

I must append a correction of Mr. Cole's allusion to my book "Marx and Lenin" as giving "a Trotzkyite interpretation" of Marxism. That is an unscholarly reference to my book and a crude injustice to Trotzky, who is an orthodox Marxist and violently opposed to my position.

MAX EASTMAN

Shorter Notices

On Our Way. By Franklin D. Roosevelt. The John Day Company. \$2.50.

It is a striking illustration of the character of modern book reviewing that this volume, immediately upon its appearance, should have received the leading position and the largest amount of space in most of our so-called literary reviews or departments, although a critical examination reveals no justification for calling it important either as literature or as a contribution of new ideas or information. It is a narrative of our present President's first year in office, told largely by means of his addresses and state papers, and as such is a useful work of reference, although not for a minute comparable to the "World Almanac" or the "Statistical Abstract of the United States." The title is good but a variation of that which Art Young used for his autobiography, "On My Way." The sole basis which editors had for giving the book more than passing notice lay in the fact that its authorship was credited to the President of the United States—difficult as it is to believe that he wrote any considerable part of it other than the foreword and brief last chapter—and in the probability that the publishers would distribute a liberal sum in advertising.

Colonel Lawrence. The Man Behind the Legend. By Liddell Hart. Dodd, Mead and Company. \$3.75.

Mr. Hart, despite his subtitle, makes Colonel Lawrence more legendary than ever. His explanations, tentative by his own admission, merely leave more to be explained. The book, by proving that one can be intelligent about T. E. Lawrence (or Ross, or Shaw) without understanding him, suggests that the hero of Arabia is not to be considered in the light which shines on other men. His genius, or his malady, has produced in him

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Alice Mocks

THE MOCK TURTLE



"We've had a lot of arithmetic," said the Mock Turtle, including the Gryphon in his glance. "But we can't figure out how anyone can go to Europe this year."

"Why, that's simple," said Alice. "You just send your baggage down to the pier and go aboard a steamship."

"But, Exchange Rates," shouted the other two in chorus.

Alice looked blank. "So what?" she said. "Just what have exchange rates to do with a round trip steamship passage from New York?"

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■ modesty which now and then is attractive but threatens to grow repulsive; and his difference from everybody else may very well turn out to seem something else besides superiority. His great episode after all was the Arabian one, and Mr. Hart has done well to concentrate on that. Mr. Hart, who knows ■ great deal about the art of war, decides that Colonel Lawrence is one of the great captains of all time—comparable with Marlborough and with the earlier, the better, Napoleon. This decision, based upon a study of the Arabian campaign and arrived at in spite of the fact that Colonel Lawrence fought only one regular battle, provides 300 pages of excellent reading.

The Dreamer. By Julian Green. Harper and Brothers. \$2.50.

Once more Julian Green's way leads among frustrated provincials, into the inner darkness of their writhing inhibitions, and once more, though with other writers such people appear as monsters, his introverted grotesques—the consumptive, erotic Manuel, the sadistic Aunt Plass, the innocent, sensitive Marie-Thérèse—retain enough normal traits to have a sympathetic, human aspect. There is nothing didactic about Mr. Green's treatment of their abnormalities; nor does he wallow as so many writers do in the emotional aberrations of his characters. His attitude and perceptions are as balanced as his well-measured sentences. In his penetration into the sickened portions of men's minds, he leaves what he finds along the way and does not attempt to clear ■ space about the festering spots for the sake of emphasis. But the way is shaded and tortuous, and in this book an impression of artificiality, of forced maneuvering, remains with the reader. The situations are a little too remote even on Mr. Green's assumptions. The novel is a fantasy, but despite the nostalgic purity of the style, ■ fantasy less inevitable than "The Closed Garden" or "The Dark Journey."

Covering Two Years. By I. V. Morris. Reynal and Hitchcock. \$2.

It is fairly easy, having taken for heroine ■ woman like Judith, so confused and tormented by her emotional background and experiences, torn between infidelity to her husband and child and fidelity to an inescapable memory, for an author to be both obvious and violent. Mr. Morris has managed to give his story composure and restraint without sacrificing the grim implications of Judith's personality. In this, his first novel, he has made ■ psychological study of ■ complex, morbid woman with commendable compression, dispassion, and intricacy. Unfortunately, apart from his central character he has not been so successful. He clears the moth-balls away from some pretty trite examples of Back Bay eccentricity and repression without clearing the air of the smell of camphor. The force of Judith's effect is spent in ■ setting and a style too remindful of other writers, among others of the early Mauriac, of Julian Green, and, in point of view, of Eugene O'Neill. Yet Mr. Morris's talents, freed of this too studied, too artificially literary quality, should produce ripper later fruit.

Salah and His American. By Leland Hall. Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.

The case for freedom has not been entirely settled; at least the American in this book who hired a young Negro in the streets of Casablanca to be his servant during a visit to Marrakesh did not find it so. Salah had been born a slave and had run away from ■ bad master, but a kind employer was something else, was, to the consternation of the American, despite wages, a good master. The short book is rich with the sights and smells, the sounds and the heat of Marrakesh, and vivid with the subtle discord between the Westerner whose moral, political, and economic traditions forced him to free from still older traditions of bondage a fellow human being who asked only to remain a slave. The story of the relationship between the two

men is one of those documents which by the combination of curious circumstance and fine writing happily elude classification and comparison. The material sounds like truth and the style reads like fiction, the effect should be an enjoyment to anyone who cares for good descriptive prose, likes able psychological studies, and can accept the fact that the fate of one rather memorable slave and not slavery is the point in question.

Meriwether Lewis of Lewis and Clark. By Charles Morrow Wilson. Thomas Y. Crowell Company. \$3.

It is a pity that the first biography of Lewis should have so much fiction in it. Mr. Wilson's manner is in general so "poetical" that when we come to particular passages we do not know what to believe. We cannot be as sure as he is, for instance, that Lewis loved Theodosia Burr Alston with a dark and lingering passion; and we are free to suspect that he has accepted the legend of Lewis's suicide because it somehow makes a better story than the equally plausible legend of his murder. The book has its value, since it quotes from documents; elsewhere, however, it lacks the air of reliability.

Drama Note

"The Milky Way" (Cort Theater) is an engagingly unpretentious farce about a simple soul who blundered into fame as ■ pugilist and then blundered out again before it was too late. The hero is played by Hugh O'Connell, who has shown before how amusing he can be as an amiable nit-wit, and the total result is something which almost anyone is likely to find very pleasantly absurd. Never for a moment has the author tried to rise above the elementary level of the hard-boiled farce, and he is quite unashamed when he comes to the romantic interest which has ■ necessary place in his formula. But the very innocence of the piece constitutes one of its charms and helps to explain why it will probably be one of the conspicuous successes of the spring. The unskilful will laugh long and loud but the judicious need find no cause to grieve. Here is ■ common ground upon which the two classes can meet, and for once they probably will. You may even take the children if you like.

J. W. K.

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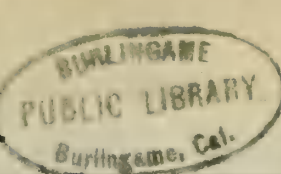
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Contents

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS	603
EDITORIALS:	
Bombs Bursting in Air	606
The Munitions Message	607
Governor Pinchot and Senator Reed	607
Meet the Author	608
ISSUES AND MEN. WORDS AND HOUSES: WILL ACTION COME? By Oswald Garrison Villard	609
CARTOON: THE "OPEN DOOR" POLICY IN CHINA. By LOW	610
THE DARROW REPORT. By Paul Y. Anderson	611
DYNAMITE IN THE STEEL UNIONS. By Karl Lore	612
BRINGING SHELTER UP TO DATE. III. WHY DON'T WE DO IT? By Douglas Haskell	614
WILD BEE'S NEST. By Robert P. Tristram Coffin	615
FEUDALISM AND A KNIGHT ERRANT IN CALIFORNIA. By Bennett L. Williams	616
A STATEMENT TO THE PRESIDENT	617
IN THE DRIFTWAY. By the Drifter	619
CORRESPONDENCE	619
THE INTELLIGENT TRAVELER. TRIPS FOR YOUNG PEOPLE. By John Rothschild	621
CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE	622
BOOKS AND FILMS:	
Sharp Fear. By Lionel Wiggam	623
Shakespeare's Rival. By Joseph Wood Krutch	623
The Writer in Soviet Russia. By Carl Becker	624
Richard Aldington. By R. P. Blackmur	625
An Artist's Childhood. By Eda Lou Walton	625
A Novel of Distinction. By Mary McCarthy	626
Handbook of Dictatorships. By Johannes Steel	626
Government in Business. By James Rorty	627
Shorter Notices	628
Films: Journey to the End. By William Troy	630

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THE LA FOLLETTES have left the Republican Party. This news from Wisconsin must come to many of that party as a shock indeed. Ever since the senior Robert La Follette entered public life there has always been at least one of that family "boring from within," despite the fact that for years before his death the first Senator of the name was anathema to the Republican conservatives. Now his sons rightly feel that the time has come for a new party; that the Republican Party is utterly hopeless, without possibility of liberal leadership. As for the present Democratic administration in Wisconsin, that too is beyond defense. It has nothing to differentiate it from the reactionary Republicans. Under the circumstances the founding of the Wisconsin Progressive Party was absolutely dictated. It gives the only hope that Senator La Follette can be reelected next fall. It will support President Roosevelt, it is announced, in all his advanced measures, and if he falters and fails to put his Administration above big business, the Wisconsin Progressive Party can surely be counted on to bring pressure to bear for clear-cut and radical reforms. "No one can deny," Senator La Follette said in his address to the meeting at Fond du Lac on May 19 which took this historic step of cutting

loose from the Republicans, "that the principal achievements of the present Administration had their origin in years of effort by progressives of both parties." True, and progressives in both parties ought to rally around the new banner at once. There is now plenty of evidence that we are witnessing the development of a third national party. The only question is how fast it will grow and how soon the Farmer-Labor Party in Minnesota and the new groups in other States can come together for joint action on a sound and far-reaching platform.

CONGRESS, it now seems certain, will recess within a few weeks without having enacted a single piece of labor legislation calculated to improve the status of the wage-earner under the New Deal. Senator Wagner's Labor Disputes Act, even in its innocuous revised form, still lies slumbering in the Senate Labor Committee. Federal unemployment insurance remains the vision of a small number of idealists. Federal old-age pensions and workmen's compensation are still ends to be achieved in the distant future. True, it has been intimated that the President will shortly transmit to Congress a message in which he will elaborate a broad scheme of labor reforms. But he will not ask for immediate action; he will merely recommend that Congress think over all the contemplated measures and be ready to consider them at the session beginning January, 1935. On paper, of course, labor has made substantial gains as a result of the enactment, since last summer, of more than 400 codes. But the labor provisions of the codes must remain largely unenforceable for the want both of a powerful trade-union movement and of a will to enforce on the part of the Administration. Even if the codes could be enforced, they would merely put a bottom under wage rates and a limit to the work week. They would do little to protect the wage-earner against the impact of the business cycle, the threat of economic old age, the hazards of the job to life and limb. The Administration, nevertheless, has seemingly staked everything on the hope that the codes will bring back good times to the factory and the mill, the mine and the store. As a result, after a year of the New Deal, our labor legislation is still primitive in character in comparison with countries like Great Britain, Sweden, Norway, Australia, and others, despite the fact that none of them has been blessed with a Recovery Act.

ELSEWHERE IN THIS ISSUE we print an article by Karl Lore discussing the militant spirit among workers in the steel industry, that bristling barricade which the profit-makers have so triumphantly defended against the hopes and aspirations of the American labor movement. Mr. Lore, without editorializing in the least, simply declares that low wages and long hours have driven the rank and file of the workers to defy the union bureaucracy and the union weakness and indifference which have so long delayed a real organization of the industry. Surging forward far ahead of their leaders, the members of the Amalgamated Association of Iron, Steel, and Tin Workers at its recent annual conven-

tion took the meeting into their own hands and voted that an ultimatum be presented to the industry at once which, if not met by June 15, would in all probability result in the calling of a general strike. All this is wholly admirable and commands the sympathetic attention of every worker in the country and of every person who, outside of a labor union himself, yet believes that only by its own firm strength and pertinacity may labor free itself from the bondage which the masters of industry have forced upon it. Yet there is another side of the story, and the hopeful militants in the steel unions must not fail to consider it.

THE NEWS SERVICE published monthly by the Labor Research Association points out in its issue for May that while the steel production rate rose from 48 per cent of capacity in March to 54 per cent in April and to 60 per cent during the second week in May, the current steel consumption rate is now about 50 per cent of capacity. A marked drop in production is indicated for June, and it is obvious that the rate will have fallen sharply by the end of the year. The spring output of motor cars has reached its peak. This is the first fact that the Amalgamated must remember. The second is that its roster of 30,000 dues-paying members represents less than one-tenth of the 350,000 to 400,000 workers employed in the industry. The third point can be illustrated by a quotation from *The Nation*.

In the face of misrepresentation, injustice, intimidation, violence, and deliberate provocation to disorder, the men have for almost three months carried on an unsuccessful strike in a spirit of extraordinary self-restraint, patience, and regard for the law so wantonly violated by its sworn guardians. Yet despite the solidarity among workers of a dozen different nationalities and languages, the strike is gradually crumbling under the steady blows of a relentless industrial autocracy.

These words appeared in the issue of December 20, 1919, and the strike referred to was of course the steel strike which had commenced in September of that year. The "relentless industrial autocracy," tightly interlocked with the great financial interests of the country from the house of Morgan down, is as fully determined to protect its dividends as it was fourteen years ago. Wages paid per ton of steel produced in March are declared, by the research association mentioned above, to be the lowest in the history of the industry, except during the middle months of 1933. A recent study of fifty families of steel workers in Duquesne, Pennsylvania, disclosed that the total gross income for the families in 1933 was \$18,853, which averages about \$7.25 per family per week. Out of this total some \$1,500 was deducted for insurance and for food boxes distributed as a sort of relief by the company. And at the end of the year the workers' debts, for groceries, rent, taxes, and the like, amounted to \$46,255. In other words, the steel workers have every right to demand higher wages, shorter hours, union recognition, better working conditions. If they have the strength to force these demands now, more power to them! But strength—the strength of united thousands of determined workers—is needed as it was never needed before.

AFTER apparently much wabbling, as reflected in the contradictory Washington dispatches, the President seems to have capitulated completely to the silver bloc. He

is now ready to accept a bill which has indeed some "permissive" clauses, but which in its crucial provision will be mandatory. Congress will "authorize and direct" the President to build up a silver monetary reserve of 25 per cent in relation to 75 per cent gold. Thus the policy of acquiring a huge amount of silver is made mandatory by Congress, and virtually all that is left to the President's discretion is the time. As we pointed out in our issue of May 16 in commenting upon this plan, there is no way in which the silver so acquired can serve as a substitute for an equal amount of gold reserve. The bill will simply compel the government to buy \$25 worth of silver (carried at \$1.29 an ounce) for every \$75 worth of gold it already holds. At present this would mean the compulsory purchase of at least 1,300,000,000 ounces of silver, at a cost of at least \$600,000,000 and more probably around \$900,000,000. The government will be obliged, in other words, to spend an amount greater than the entire annual pre-war federal expenditures to acquire a metal for which it has not the slightest need. And the result, apart from this, will merely be to throw our monetary system into further chaos.

WHAT HAS BECOME of the Administration's promise to take up with the Cuban authorities the revision of the Permanent Treaty? President Roosevelt uttered it last November, and Secretary Hull reaffirmed it in December before the delegates of twenty-one American nations at Montevideo. Yet Congress is to adjourn shortly and the consent of the Senate is required for treaty-making. Of the wisdom of annulling the Platt Amendment there can no longer be any doubt. It has failed lamentably to benefit the Cuban people, and while it has served a few of our capitalists, it has proved detrimental to the interests of Americans in general. As investors in Cuba, under its fancied protection, they have lost their savings; as manufacturers or farmers or workers in export industries they have seen our once rich Cuban market vanish. But apart from these long-distance considerations, prompt action in regard to Cuba is imperative. As a result of the arbitrary policy of Sumner Welles, anti-American feeling in Cuba has mounted rapidly, despite the Administration's good intentions and the benefits that should accrue to Cuba from the Jones-Costigan Act. The great ovation accorded Ramon Grau San Martin after his four months' absence from his country emphasizes the fact which, however unpalatable, our State Department cannot ignore, that he has increased enormously in popularity because of its unrelenting discrimination against him. Had it recognized him, his brief interim presidential term would by now have expired. Instead, he appears almost certain to be the overwhelming choice of the Cuban people for a full term. Meanwhile Cuba's stability hangs perilously in the balance, and the tension and bitterness there impede the necessarily joint effort at economic reconstruction and the delicate task of discharging our political commitments. Prompt steps looking toward cancelation of the Platt Amendment would go far to undo our blundering of the past year.

NEARLY FORTY MILLION DOLLARS has at last been allocated to the City of New York by the Federal Relief Administration for public works, as a result of the budget-balancing operations conducted by Mayor LaGuardia and his staff since January 1. By means of a certain amount

of administrative reorganization, a certain number of salary reductions, furloughs without pay for city employees, and a number of additional taxes on business, the city budget has nominally been balanced. We say nominally, because not only has the balance been effected at the expense of a large group of fairly low-salaried workers, but the New York relief problem, increasing instead of decreasing with the advance of the summer months, has reached a point where it may well cause the city administration the gravest concern. William Hodson, Commissioner of the Department of Public Welfare, announced on May 16 that lack of funds to care for them would necessitate dropping 10,000 persons now on relief rolls in the city. There are at present 155,000 on home relief in New York. Of the 30,000 CWA workers passed on to the city at the close of the Civil Works program in April, from 8,000 to 10,000 have been reemployed. The \$37,500,000 just granted by the federal Public Works Administration will provide jobs for an additional 7,500 men, but this will by no means meet the needs of the city's indigent and helpless unemployed. Mayor LaGuardia has the cruel necessity of facing and solving this problem during the next four months, for if families without work can somehow manage to exist in warm weather, when winter comes they become an imperative and immediate charge on the community.

TWO MORE European countries have gone fascist. Through a quiet coup on May 16 the Republic of Latvia passed from the rule of a parliament dominated by Social Democrats into that of a dictatorship controlled by wealthy landowners cooperating with fascist organizations. The official reasons given for the seizure of power and the manner in which it was carried out follow the Hitler formula, which grows more efficient with use. The government, it seems, discovered plans for a Socialist uprising; observing growing discontent it declared martial law for the safety of the people, or as one communique put it, "to forestall unrest." To render the people even more safe newspapers were put under a censorship and alcoholic beverages prohibited for two days. Government buildings, including the parliament building, were occupied by troops. Socialist headquarters were surrounded and the red flag was removed; several Socialist leaders were arrested, including Dr. Paul Kalnin, Speaker of Parliament; and the dullest boy in the class will now tell us what were alleged to have been found stacked in Dr. Kalnin's villa.

THREE DAYS LATER, without disorder of any sort, the Bulgarian army established a dictatorship in that country, announced a program of reorganization, and named a Cabinet of seven ministers, all with the consent, if not with the connivance, of King Boris. A satirical note is contributed by the declaration that there will be no more municipal elections since they have been a "source of embarrassment to the government recently because of the huge Communist vote." This is described as the "general collapse of the democratic regime." Johannes Steel, in *The Nation* of March 21, described the Nazi dreams of a self-contained empire stretching from the Baltic to the Adriatic: "Nazi propagandists are working day and night in Lithuania, Latvia, and Esthonia. . . . The Nazis hope, and not without reason, that this propaganda, in conjunction with the ever-increasing outside pressure, will eventually lead, if not to actual coordina-

tion, at least to a coordination of aims." These same propagandists are extending their operations to the troubled Balkans. The most disheartening note in both episodes is that apparently no resistance was offered to the fascist seizures.

SALARIES UNPAID, credit exhausted after much borrowing, insufficient food, and lack of clothing—these reports have come from various groups and millions of individuals of late. But the latest group whose misery has been forcibly called to the attention of press and public is not unemployed, nor driven to the wall by long months of chaotic economic conditions at home. These unfortunates are employees of the United States government in the consular and diplomatic services who have been reduced to starvation and want because their pay from the United States has been reduced more than 50 per cent during the last few months by our government's experimentation with its currency. The Consul General in Switzerland has notified the State Department that banks will not lend another cent to these employees, who cannot adequately feed their children or buy them shoes with which to go to school. Our Ambassador in Paris, Jesse I. Straus, has sent a blunt and outspoken cablegram demanding immediate action by the government. He speaks of the "great suffering" in his own embassy, and demands the "immediate cutting of red tape" so that these officials shall not actually starve under the American flag. Not only has the drop in the exchange worth of the American dollar affected them; they have also had their salaries cut under the economy bills. The McReynolds bill for the equalization of pay of members of the consular and diplomatic services on the basis of the dollar's exchange value has been passed by both houses of Congress, but has been hung up in conference. What are foreigners to think of a government which cares so little for the well-being of faithful and devoted public servants?

WHILE PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT, in signing the anti-crime bills which have just been rushed through Congress, was calling for a nation-wide war on crime, California was giving a convincing demonstration of what can be done under existing laws when there is a real disposition to enforce them. Less than a week after William F. Gettle was kidnapped from his Beverly Hills home and only slightly more than twenty-four hours after he had been rescued, the three men charged with the crime were ready to begin serving the life sentences imposed upon them. Some of the new federal crime bills—particularly that making it possible to use federal officers in the pursuit of kidnappers—may prove to be wise pieces of legislation, but there is nothing wise about the familiar state of mind which leads Americans into a hysterical fit of lawmaking whenever they are shocked by a spectacular crime. It seems hardly worth while to insist again that what we need most is adequate enforcement of the laws we already have, but the outcome of the Gettle case is an admirable illustration of the fact that inadequate laws are not responsible for the prevalence of crime. If all criminals were apprehended as swiftly, and punished as expeditiously, we should have little need of new laws against anything. We should also remove the only argument which anyone can possibly urge in defense of lynching. Even Governor Rolfe must recognize that the lesson just given in the courts of his State is more salutary than the lesson taught by any mob.

Bombs Bursting in Air

MR. DARROW'S bomb, bursting in the overcharged air of Washington, has precipitated one of the finest—and most important—political rows of the present Administration. If the technique of controversy seems a little juvenile—the I-am-not-you-are-so style of oratory being chiefly employed—that fact must not be allowed to distract our attention from the central issue at stake.

It is certain that Mr. Darrow and his committee have not presented an exhaustive, dispassionate analysis of the NRA. It is almost equally certain that they were not expected to do so and that they cannot be fairly attacked for their failure to examine and appraise the several hundred existing codes. If President Roosevelt had wanted a job of this sort done he would not have asked Mr. Darrow to do it. He would instead have turned to some such body as the Brookings Institution, which for many months has been conducting a survey of the workings of the Recovery Administration in all its intricacies. Or he would have asked the Federal Trade Commission to report on the operations of the major codes as they relate to the independent or small business man in the same detail in which it lately examined the steel code. Or he might have asked the Research and Planning Division of the NRA itself—under the able direction of Leon Henderson—to tackle such a job. But he did none of these things. He invited Mr. Darrow and a committee of a few other unofficial citizens to investigate complaints by small enterprises that they have been subjected to undue hardships by the operation of the codes. It was the announced intention that the recommendations of the board would be used for the guidance of the Administrator in the modification of code policies.

This was the intention. But what has been the result? The Darrow board based its conclusions on material assembled rather hastily, in the course of a few hearings at which complaints were received and afterward sifted and considered. The report is a compound of findings, recommendations, and general opinions. It has been repudiated with explosive violence by the NRA in all its interested branches, and one may therefore assert—as many public men and newspapers are asserting—that it has failed of its purpose. With this contention we flatly disagree. The report may be inadequate in its handling of facts, but it represents the reasoned opinion of intelligent men against whom can be leveled no charge of political partisanship or social bias. It should be examined on the merits of its views. Even John F. Sinclair, who resigned his membership rather than be associated with a statement which he considered ill-considered and hasty, has announced his belief that from 10 to 20 per cent of the complaints heard are of basic importance and would justify the appointment of a permanent quasi-judicial board to examine the effects of the major codes.

We do not ask a detached scrutiny of the report by General Johnson. He is a dogmatic man, the temperamental opposite of Clarence Darrow; and he has his reputation and his work to defend. Nor do we ask it of Donald Richberg, who is a lawyer and, in this case, the counsel for the defense. But we do ask it of the President. Mr. Roose-

velt is pledged to a position of dispassionate judgment, of devotion to the single end of industrial and social recovery, and, by his own assertion, to a policy of free experimentation. To try, to evaluate, to reconsider, and then if necessary to do something different—this is Mr. Roosevelt's obligation. He should approach Mr. Darrow's report with no defensive attitude. It is not enough to meet attack with counter-attack, to prove that certain facts are incorrect or that a particular criticism is unfounded, to characterize general opinion as "prejudiced" and "ignorant" and "intemperate." The task of rebuttal may be left to the fiery General and his deft counsel. Let Mr. Roosevelt go rather to the heart of the matter in debate. What lies back of the complaints, the charges, the angry retorts? Is it or is it not true that the tendency of business under the most important codes is toward a greater and greater degree of monopoly control? Is it or is it not true that industrial cartels are in process of formation, controlled by boards representing the dominant units in each industry, with government representatives sitting in, if at all, as non-voting observers, outsiders without authority and, indeed, without even the technical knowledge and ability to exercise authority if they had it? Is it, in fact, true or is it not true that "monopoly sustained by government" is "clearly the trend in the National Recovery Administration"?

On another page of this issue we publish a document which more positively presents many of the very issues which the Darrow report has brought into the open. Submitted to the President by a group of liberals who were disturbed by an apparent shift in Administrative policy away from the principles that had been proclaimed, this statement urges Mr. Roosevelt to resist all contrary pressures and to move steadily toward greater social control and more resolute limitation of the power of big business. Mr. Darrow demands the same thing. In his supplementary report he urges that "only by the fullest use of productive capacity for the raising of standards of living of individuals in the community can a steady balance be achieved in an age of abundance." To this end he demands a planned economy based upon "socialized ownership and control, since only by collective ownership can the inevitable conflict of separately owned units for the market be eliminated in favor of planned production." With this conclusion we agree. The majority of Mr. Darrow's board apparently does not, since the supplementary report was signed only by the chairman and his friend, William O. Thompson. But it is this conclusion, rather than the more detailed recommendations contained in the main report, that we commend to the thoughtful attention of President Roosevelt. Does he really believe, after a year of trial, that either full recovery or any generous measure of industrial democracy can be expected to emerge from codes administered by business boards and from a Recovery Administration run chiefly by business representatives? If he does, it may be that the Darrow report will prove the agency to inject into his mind that germ of skepticism so necessary to serious political thought; it will then have justified its existence no matter how many political explosions may follow in its wake.

The Munitions Message

THE President's message to Congress on the munitions question deserves high praise. It is a great advance to have an American President going on record as declaring that "the private and uncontrolled manufacture of arms and munitions and the traffic therein has become a serious source of international discord and strife." It is stimulating, also, to have him indorse heartily the Senate's appointment of the Nye committee to investigate every angle of this foul business within our country, and assure the Senate that he will order the executive departments to "co-operate with the committee to the fullest extent." The President, in addition, urged the Senate to ratify promptly the Convention for the Supervision of the International Trade in Arms, Ammunition, and Implements of War signed at Geneva June 17, 1925, and long hanging fire in the Foreign Relations Committee. Ratification, the President rightly says, "would be a concrete indication of the willingness of the American people to make their contribution toward the suppression of abuses which may have disastrous results for the entire world if they are permitted to continue unchecked."

But Mr. Roosevelt is not satisfied with that; he wants, with the reassembling of the Disarmament Conference in Geneva on May 29, a new treaty drawn, "much more far-reaching" than that of 1925. "The people of many countries," he correctly declares, "are being taxed to the point of poverty and starvation in order to enable governments to engage in a mad race in armament, which, if continued, may well result in war"; and he attributes this danger in no small measure to the "uncontrolled activities of the manufacturers and merchants of engines of destruction." We admit that the President is somewhat inconsistent; that he is open to the charge of being on both sides of the fence. He has allotted some \$238,000,000 of PWA funds for the construction of thirty-one naval vessels, and he has signed the Vinson bill which gives him the power to initiate a naval building program to cost the country one billion dollars. That is not the way to lead in disarmament, nor to convince the rest of the world of the sincerity of our disarmament intentions. It is the way to strengthen the most dangerous lobby in Washington, which is maintained by the army, the navy, the munitions manufacturers, and the shipbuilders. The \$238,000,000 will go directly into the pockets of those same shipbuilders who sent William B. Shearer, that admitted lobbyist and alleged naval expert, to Geneva for the express purpose of endeavoring to destroy the Disarmament Conference and thwart the policy of his government.

But the President has precedent in urging the Congress to ratify the Armaments Convention of 1925, just as he has diplomatic precedent for joining Great Britain and the League in putting an end to the senseless Chaco war between Bolivia and Paraguay. At least we have ourselves acted under the joint resolution of Congress of January 31, 1922, forbidding our citizens, in March, 1929, to supply arms to the rebels in Mexico; and under the treaty of April 30, 1930, with twenty Latin American Republics we laid an embargo against the rebels in Brazil. Secretary Stimson, referring to the latter treaty, declared that "between its signatories it rendered compulsory the policy of protecting our Latin

American sister republics against the traffic in arms and war material carried on by our nationals. . . ." It is true it was an anti-revolution policy which led to this treaty, but it is surely but a short step from that to a policy applicable to such a situation as the Chaco war, especially as this would not involve the dangerous action of taking sides. In the larger field, both Presidents Coolidge and Hoover have urged the ratification of the Geneva Convention of 1925. More than that, Mr. Burton of Ohio introduced on December 5, 1927, a bill proposing an embargo in war time on all war materials, which was favorably reported by the House Foreign Affairs Committee but never passed.

The President will be lucky if he can compel his own subordinates to take his point of view both on international control of armaments and on the embargo proposals. For the Burton bill was successfully sabotaged in 1928 by the Secretary of War, the Secretary of the Navy, their military and naval aides, a representative of the Chemical Foundation (summoned by the Speaker of the House), and other persons. (The argument is that if you do not allow American private manufacturers to sell munitions to other countries, they will not have the equipment necessary when we get into another war. As the authors of "Merchants of Death" have pointed out, "the significance of all this lies in the fact that government department heads led the defense of the private arms maker, and of his right to unrestricted international sale 'in the interest of national defense.'") These authors feel that there is very little hope indeed of thoroughgoing international control of armaments if only because of the extraordinary difficulty, under modern conditions, of defining what constitutes munitions or materials for potential munitions. None the less, the difficulty of the task should be the greater challenge to our own government. During the war Lloyd George promised a delegation of British miners that he would call for a government monopoly of all arms and munitions making as soon as the war ended. He did nothing of the kind. But surely this is the right direction in which to move.

Governor Pinchot and Senator Reed

THE Republican Old Guard is sitting up in bed again as a result of the Pennsylvania primary election on May 15 in which Senator David Aiken Reed defeated Governor Pinchot for the Republican Senatorial nomination. The Reed victory is being hailed as the first major political setback for the Roosevelt Administration, not counting the New York mayoralty election last year. This is because Senator Reed frankly ran on an anti-New Deal platform, promising instead a nebulous "square deal," while Governor Pinchot just as definitely supported the Roosevelt program, despite his nominal position as a Republican. But at the same time the new Pennsylvania Democrats successfully nominated their candidate, Joseph F. Guffey, chief Roosevelt patronage dispenser in Philadelphia, on a New Deal ticket. As is pointed out by the *Philadelphia Record*, which is inclined to support the President, the New Deal votes on both sides outweigh the opposition. The *Record*

sees in the election merely a proof that the Republican Party is still conservative and the Democratic Party liberal.

But that is only one of the dozen ways in which the returns can be analyzed. Senator Reed won by a plurality of 104,000, of which 91,000 came from Philadelphia, the stronghold of the Pinchot-hating Republican Old Guard. The Reed vote was approximately 587,000 to Pinchot's 483,000. But the important thing is not the number of persons who voted for Reed or Pinchot, it is the number who did not think it worth while to vote at all. More than 50 per cent of the total registered electorate of both parties failed to go to the polls, and in this respect the Democrats were far more remiss than the Republicans. Since nearly 2,000,000 Republicans have registered as such, and only 1,070,000 voted, the stay-at-homes, it will be seen, have the balance of power in the November election. And since the revived Mellon-Grundy-Vare machine which backed the Senator used every effort to bring out the organized vote, and did so, it is fair to conclude that those who did not vote are inclined either to Governor Pinchot or to a split ticket in the fall.

The Guffey Democrats consider it their duty to make a test at the election of the issue of New Deal Democracy versus Old Guard Republicanism. Mr. Guffey defeated Roland S. Morris, former Ambassador to Japan, for the nomination by 396,000 votes to 98,000, so that the combined Democratic vote is less than half the combined Republican vote. Mr. Guffey is said to have informed the President, after being notified of his nomination, that he expected Governor Pinchot to step aside, and in addition that he (Guffey) was entitled to the so-called New Deal vote of the Republicans. But considering the sizable vote polled by the Governor—proportionately more than in 1926 when he ran against Boss Vare and George Wharton Pepper—and the additional vote he can expect, he has everything to gain and nothing to lose by running again in the fall as an independent, and there is every indication that he will do so.

The best hope of the Reed forces, in case the Governor decides to run, is that by November the national Administration will be in considerably greater disfavor than at present, but even this is not much to clutch at, for to a great extent the Pinchot vote was a personal one and need not be expected to decline. On four previous occasions when he has been a candidate (twice for Governor, twice for the party Senatorial nomination) Mr. Pinchot has been steam-rolled in Philadelphia and Pittsburgh, where the machine is strongest, and has run handsomely in the rural, mountain, and mining counties. In this primary he lagged far behind his usual upstate figures, though 52,000 changed votes would have turned the tide. This was because the shrewd Democrats got the labor vote by nominating Thomas Kennedy, secretary-treasurer of the United Mine Workers of America—which dominates the Pennsylvania Federation of Labor—for Lieutenant-Governor, on the premise that as head of the State Senate he could advance labor legislation which has hitherto been killed. But there is nothing to prevent labor from voting for Kennedy for Lieutenant-Governor and Pinchot for Senator in the fall, particularly as Guffey has made a bad mess of such Administration selling-points as the Home Owners' Loan Corporation and the CWA in the State. Despite the Pollyana optimism of the Republicans that this is the turning-point, the Pennsylvania primary was not a true test of the popularity of the New Deal.

Meet the Author

IN Hollywood they save unnecessary wear and tear on fragile actors by employing "stand-ups" to pose while the lights are being adjusted and "doubles" to fall down-stairs, leap from aeroplanes, or perform other hazardous feats in which it seems unwise to risk a really valuable man. After some years of experience with literary teas, honorary dinners, and even private parties it occurs to us that it would be wise of publishers to adopt the same system with distinguished authors who ought to be at their desks turning out salable copy instead of discussing the weather with literary editors or making speeches on subjects they know nothing about. We look with suspicion on any writer who really likes to do that sort of thing, and the public would hardly know the difference since it has long ago learned not to expect words of wisdom and to content itself with no more than a good look at the celebrity in the flesh. Obviously this good look should be made as rewarding as possible, and there are hundreds of men who never wrote a publishable line but look a great deal more like writers than do some of our most prolific littérateurs. Any enterprising costumer would be glad to supply outfits appropriate to poets, revolutionists, or stuffed shirts.

Various reasons have been assigned for the dulness of brilliant authors, and disgruntled hero-worshippers sometimes suspect that they bore on purpose, making mental notes of the penetrating remarks which must be occurring to them and later using these unuttered sallies in print instead of wasting good stuff on a single, non-paying ear. We ourselves have sometimes come away from a private conversation with a distinguished writer wondering if his books can really be as good as we thought them, but we have generally found that they were, and are driven to the conclusion that a man's works afford no basis for judging what the whole of his self is like. Indeed, we have come to believe that a writer usually differs from his fellows not in being more intelligent or witty or profound but only in possessing a peculiar ability to isolate from the rest of himself that small part which happens to be interesting. Perhaps even the dullest of our friends may have an essay or two in them if they could only separate it and then keep quiet for the rest of their lives.

It is not merely that your good writer is often not *like* his books: that the pessimist is gay, the wit grumpy, the fluent stylist inclined to monosyllables, and the purveyor of sweetness a hardened cynic. That fact is well known and even piquant. The really disturbing thing is that he often seems plain stupid. We have known persons who not only looked but also talked and acted as if they could write good books, yet were doomed either to remain mute Miltons or to make everyone wish that they had remained so. On the other hand, we have known unpromising fellows who, against all apparent possibility, secreted highly valuable works from deeply hidden sources. If we have known them before the event we have been inclined to cry "Miracle!" when the event occurred. When we have met them only afterward we have been inclined to say: "Whatever of intelligence or vivacity or acuteness the man may once have had, he has obviously put all of it into his writing. The rest of him is pure fool."

Issues and Men

Words and Houses: Will Action Come?

THESE are fine and brave words of President Roosevelt in his message to Congress asking for \$300,000,000 for home rehabilitation and construction: "Many of our homes are in decadent condition and *not fit for human habitation*." This sounds more like a sentence lifted from an editorial in *The Nation* than an utterance of an American President. Most of our recent Presidents, certainly all since Woodrow Wilson, would have thought themselves bound not to tell the naked truth about such a condition as this, but to stress the fact that the laborer's standard of living was higher in the United States than anywhere else, that there was a chicken in every pot, and that the two-car garage for everybody was just around the corner. We are fortunate, indeed, to have a President who is not afraid to dwell on a bad condition, or to call it by its right name. That gives the best possible promise that some of our evil conditions will be brought to the attention of all the people and so rectified.

My mind jumped as I read those words "not fit for human habitation." In years of wandering I have seen those "homes" all over the United States—on the edges of deserts and Bad Lands, in the mining camps and coal districts, in the slums of our great cities, chockablock with some of the finest dwellings. I have studied them in back alleys in Philadelphia, hidden well behind charming post-Revolutionary façades. I have beheld them in the North End of Boston, in the pre-earthquake San Francisco, and none worse than right here in the city of New York, where there are still more than 100,000 inhabited rooms without a window that looks on anything but an airshaft. I cannot forget those shacks, miscalled homes, in which the millions of poor whites and Negroes live in the South—shacks devoid of a single comfort or convenience, with corn growing to the tottering doorway, without flower, or fruit, or even a shade tree to hide the horrible barrenness, the bodily and mental destitution of the Americans—with their "highest standard of living"—dwelling miserably within, under conditions European peasants would not tolerate. The existence of these dwellings alone has challenged our smug satisfaction, given the lie to our assumed superiority to all the rest of the world, and made a mockery of our assertion that ours is the best, the most progressive, and the most beneficent of governments. "Many of our homes . . . not fit for human habitation"? Millions, Mr. President, millions of them.

But this \$300,000,000 is only a small fraction of what is needed. Probably the request is only an opening gun; indeed, the dailies have for some time been carrying the story that the President would ask for a \$1,500,000,000 appropriation to begin the work of nation-wide housing reconstruction. There are to be federal long-term loans at low interest rates, to a maximum of \$2,000, for the modernization or improvement of all types of property, but with primary emphasis on homes. There is to be a federal guaranty of new mortgages on existing homes up to 60 per cent of "currently appraised value," and a federal guaranty of mortgages on newly completed homes up to 80 per cent of the appraised value.

Finally, there is to be private organization, under federal supervision, of mortgage associations which are to provide low-cost long-term financing to home owners and builders, and the insurance of shares and certificates of sound building-and-loan associations. Those are all desirable things, much to be applauded. But they leave the major problem untouched. The fact remains that under the NRA precious little headway has been made in far-reaching new construction of cheap and modern workers' homes. I have already referred to the fact that there is something wrong with the present housing administration under the Department of the Interior. I have not tried to assess the blame; I only record the fact. I have heard it officially stated that, incredible as it appears, only 25,000 single dwellings were built in the entire continental United States during 1933. That shows that we are not only not growing, but that we are very far from keeping up with normal replacements of homes that are being worn out. Nothing would help the actual recovery program more just now, especially when the NRA is breaking down at so many points, than to revive the housing industry. Its ramifications are tremendous. It would be the first major industry for capital goods to come back.

We are, of course, not alone in the need of home construction. The British government has built since the war, in connection with local authorities, no less than a million homes. Some can be found in about every town in England and Scotland, but this number is totally inadequate. Herbert Morrison, the leader of the new Labor majority in the London County Council, has announced that 100,000 structurally separate homes will be built at once, and slums done away with in every direction. It is authoritatively stated that within London are 150,000 people living more than three to a room, and 1,200,000 living more than one and a half to a room; in all some 165,000 houses are needed at once. But even at that the English people have none of those dreadful shacks which we, in the South and West, call homes. They have a powerful Labor Party more than ever bent on correcting these conditions. We have many city planners, social workers, health authorities, and public-spirited citizens eager to aid in destroying every last dwelling that is unfit for human habitation. But the only leadership that we have is that which comes from the White House. The Congress has steadily declined to concern itself with this nation-wide problem. It has been "outside of its field"; it was something for the States and the local authorities to attend to. Well, we know the outcome, and we know now that we have the first real hope of a national leadership in removing what the President would be justified in characterizing as a disgrace to the American flag. His words are of the best. Now shall we see rapid and efficient action?

Bruce Garrison Villard

A Cartoon by LOW



THE "OPEN DOOR" POLICY IN CHINA.

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The Darrow Report

By PAUL Y. ANDERSON

Washington, May 19

THE operation which Donald Richberg and his NRA associates performed on the Darrow report should serve in the future as a warning against the perils of over-advertising. No document since the Wickersham report had received so much advance publicity; none turned into such an effective boomerang. The melancholy truth is that Richberg has done to Darrow almost precisely what Darrow did to William Jennings Bryan in the celebrated Tennessee monkey trial. That he did it with great sorrow and reluctance does not change the fact. The real picture of what occurred is not a pretty one, but I intend here to paint it in its true colors. Clarence Darrow has been a very great man. In his prime he possessed one of the most powerful intellects it has ever been my privilege to observe in action, and I was proud to have his friendship. He is now seventy-seven years old, and for several years has been in feeble health. In this matter certain individuals, not exactly bowed down with scruples, used Darrow's name and reputation in an effort to achieve their own selfish ends. It was a shameful thing to do and I devoutly trust that the public will recognize and reward them as they deserve.

THE report itself is a comic document, and suggests the Darrow of old about as much as the operations of a corn doctor suggest those of Harvey Cushing or Walter Dandy. I was present in Dayton, Tennessee, when Darrow placed Bryan on the witness stand, made him an international laughing-stock, and broke his pride and his heart. In order to maintain the State's position in the case, Bryan was bound to contend that every line in the Bible must be interpreted literally. Darrow read the passage which states that "every living thing" not taken on the ark with Noah was drowned in the flood, and asked Bryan if he believed that to be the literal truth. The Commoner avowed that he did. "What about the fishes?" Darrow grated. Mopping his fevered brow Bryan shouted in desperation that he believed the fishes were drowned, too, while the press benches roared and the rural clergy looked on with stricken faces. Reading again, Darrow asked the tortured Bryan if he believed that snakes crawl on their bellies because of the curse pronounced on the serpent which tempted Eve. Poor Bryan gasped that he did so believe. "How do you suppose snakes got around before that?" Darrow asked. If there was any reply I have forgotten it. To suppose that the same man who ground Bryan's face into the red Tennessee clay is the author of this report is impossible. For example, on page twenty-four of the report we find this statement: "All competition is savage, wolfish, and relentless; and can be nothing else. One may well dream of making war ladylike as of making competition fair." Yet on page sixty-seven the following appears: "A return to the anti-trust laws for the purpose of restoring competition, we believe to be one of the great needs of the times." It hardly seems credible, but there it is. Finally in a supplemental report signed by Darrow and W. O.

Thompson we find the following: "The choice is between monopoly sustained by government . . . and a planned economy which demands socialized ownership and control." In short, the reports successively contend that competition cannot be regulated, that it can be regulated, and that the only choice is between government-sustained monopoly and communism!

ASIDE from the ludicrous inconsistencies of the report, it is full of the most glaring inaccuracies. This was inevitable, considering the farcically partisan manner in which the board conducted its proceedings. Indeed, before a single witness was heard, one member is reported to have declared that it would "blow the NRA out of the water inside of six weeks." In the hearings on the motion-picture code, it declined to receive briefs submitted by the large companies, although it had expressly promised to do so. Its unsupported insinuations against Deputy Administrator Sol Rosenblatt in connection with this code constitute one of the shabbiest phases of the report, and justify the savagery with which Rosenblatt tore it to pieces in his reply. There is not space here to mention one-half of one per cent of the gross absurdities and misstatements. The board was created ostensibly to protect "the little fellow." It found that many "small enterprises" were being oppressed, one of them being the Good-year Rubber Company! Under the steel code the board found that out of 15,000 votes in the industry 4,362 would be cast by the Steel Corporation. As a matter of fact, it could easily have ascertained from the official record that the number cast by the corporation and its subsidiaries is 1,332. If the board's calculation were correct, the value of that corporation's annual output would be more than \$2,000,000,000. The actual figure for last year was \$167,500,000. The board was created originally in response to complaints and demands which were not made in good faith. It has succeeded only in bringing ridicule and humiliation upon one of the most lovable characters of contemporary American life. Johnson is right—the board should be abolished.

IF the House accords the consideration which it deserves to a report presented this week by a judiciary subcommittee, we shall soon enjoy the gratifying and unprecedented spectacle of three federal judges being simultaneously impeached. I can think of nothing at the moment that would have a more wholesome effect. The favoritism and corruption which exist in the federal courts, especially in connection with bankruptcy and receivership cases, have become a national disgrace, and I know of no quicker way to end it than by stripping a few jurists of their robes. The magistrates involved in this instance are Wilkerson and Woodward of the Northern District of Illinois, and Lindley of the Eastern District in the same State. I trust it will be recalled that Herbert Hoover attempted to place Wilkerson on the Circuit Court of Appeals, apparently as a step in promoting him

to the Supreme Court. The subcommittee made an exhaustive investigation of the handling of bankruptcies and receiverships in these three courts, and the facts reported by it can only be described as shocking. Rank favoritism in the appointment of receivers and attorneys, gross disregard for the property rights of creditors and stockholders, and a callous indifference to the ordinary proprieties of procedure fairly shout from every page of the long report. In the case of the Chicago, Milwaukee, and St. Paul Railroad alone, Wilkerson allowed fees and expenses in excess of \$2,400,000, which—believe it or not—was raised by assessing the stockholders \$4 each. Voluminous evidence is presented tending to show that Lindley's handling of the Insull receiverships was calculated to favor Insull and certain Chicago banks. Judge Woodward ascended the bench in 1929. Immediately the law firm by which his young son was employed began to receive lucrative appointments in receivership cases from Judge Woodward. In the following year his son's compensation was increased from \$2,400 a year to \$13,000 plus 40 per cent of all the business brought in by him. The foregoing are

but samples. I cannot improve upon the following language which appears in the report: "Our investigation discloses a condition in Chicago that amounts almost to criminal negligence in the failure on the part of the courts to properly conserve the property in litigation, and in some instances an apparent willing assent to the plundering and sacking of the estates committed to the care and custody of these courts. . . . Receivership and bankruptcy matters have degenerated into nothing more or less than a pure and simple racket, which should be stopped by Congressional legislation and Congressional action." There is only one thing, in my opinion, that can save these judges from impeachment. That is the House's reaction to what Representative Hatton Sumners drily described as "the low standard of judicial conduct which the Senate approved in the case of Judge Lauderback of California." A substantial majority of the Senate voted to convict Lauderback, but the required two-thirds was lacking. Lauderback announced himself "exonerated," and did not resign. Judges, it seems, are chosen for other qualities than their sensitivities.

Dynamite in the Steel Unions

By KARL LORE

THERE is a restlessness in the ranks of labor in the great basic industries. The widespread organization movement of the automobile workers threatening a general strike, warnings of national stoppages in the mens' clothing, textiles, and oil industries are unmistakable indications of a new mood among the workers. Now it is the steel industry, the backbone of our industrial life, which faces a showdown. The Amalgamated Association of Iron, Steel, and Tin Workers, the American Federation of Labor affiliate in the steel industry, has been holding its annual convention in Pittsburgh. For two weeks 225 delegates from the mills thrashed out the immediate union program. From that convention has gone the order to all local lodges to prepare for country-wide strike action should the steel industry refuse to recognize the Amalgamated Association.

This was in many respects the most remarkable labor gathering that has been held in years. Not only did it show clearly the fighting mood among the workers, but it was the first instance in a long time in which a progressive rank-and-file group dominated a convention of an A. F. of L. union in one of the great industries, defeating the administration on every basic issue and planning a program of strike action nation-wide in its scope.

It was in 1892 in the historic Homestead strike that Andrew Carnegie broke the hold of the Amalgamated on the industry. Since then, with the exception of the period during and immediately after the great steel strike of 1919, the Amalgamated has existed only on the fringe of the industry with no influence among the mass of the workers. Its leadership lost the courage and the will to organize. A steady decline after 1919 left it in 1932 with a membership of about 5,000 in an industry employing half a million men. Organizational morale was low, many of the members staying in the ranks only because of the insurance benefits which the union had established for its members.

Theoretically its structure and jurisdiction were industrial. The constitution provided membership for all "working in and around rolling mills, tin mills, steel works, chain works, nail, tack, spike, bolt, and nut factories, pipe mills, and all works run in connection with same." In practice, however, it was content to hold on to a steadily diminishing group of the skilled workers in the sheet mills and the wrought-iron furnaces. It saw technical developments and economic whirlwinds slash one craft after another from its ranks without realizing the consequences or learning the lesson. Both the sheet-mill men and the wrought-iron puddlers were confronted with tremendous changes. Automatic sheet-mill rolling displaced a large number of the skilled men in that branch of the industry. Wrought iron became obsolete in an age of steel, and chemical processes accomplished more quickly and cheaply the work that the puddler used to do in the red glare of the furnace mouth. Such reliance on a narrow craft base in an era of vast technological change was disastrous. The A. A. seemed to be on its deathbed.

The National Industrial Recovery Act with its Section 7-a broke in upon this situation. For a time the union lacked strength to take advantage of the proffered opportunity. When it finally did launch a widespread campaign, the steel kings had had time to consolidate their forces. A powerful anti-union front was formed under the leadership of the United States Steel Corporation. Company unions were organized and those already in existence were altered to meet the changed conditions. But the workers wanted action and the A. A. organizers in every steel region enrolled thousands of members. Many communities heard the union message for the first time. In city after city parades and meetings were held where they had never been permitted before. At Weirton, West Virginia, and at Clairton, Pennsylvania, the workers struck. When the city council of Fairfield, Alabama, tried to prevent organization in the plants of the Ten-

nessee Coal, Iron, and Railroad Company, a United States Steel subsidiary, by prohibiting joint meetings of Negro and white workers, the A. A. defied the ordinance, called an organization meeting, and signed up 2,000 members. In Newport, Kentucky, the Newport Rolling Mills, which had fought the union to a standstill in 1922, were forced to give in when a strike closed down the mills.

Thus the foundations were laid for a strong union. At present every major steel plant of the country is said to have a local. Even the larger United States Steel mills have substantial units. In the Sixth District, which includes important steel centers in Ohio and Michigan, the number of locals has increased from twenty-four to sixty-four. These new lodges, moreover, have been built on an industrial basis, taking in blast furnaces and open hearth, coke plant and other divisions of steel manufacture. The new organization that has risen out of the ashes is totally different from the old. The 95 local lodges that composed the Amalgamated Association before the NRA union drive have been overshadowed by the addition of 137 new lodges in the great plants of the industry, which the union had never before been able to touch.

It was reported to the convention that the dues-paying membership of the A. A. stood at 30,000, six times its strength of a year ago. Thousands more hold membership cards and have paid their initiation fee but are holding back on dues payment until they see that the union really means business. This suspicion and doubt among the workers is the bitter price that the Amalgamated must pay for its years of inaction and for its unsavory record in the 1919 strike.

Many of the delegates who gathered for the convention came from mills which had imposed company unions on their employees. United States Steel had held a shotgun election to establish them in its plants. The delegation from Weirton was decidedly sour on the New Deal. In January General Hugh Johnson had promised Mike Tighe, international president of the Amalgamated, that "the Weirton case will get definite action in a few days," but months had passed with only half-hearted attempts to make the company fulfil its obligations under the NRA. Now that same company has been awarded a government contract.

Nor were they all satisfied with the state of affairs in the union itself. "The age of the hoop skirt is past," said the younger delegates, who knew that the year ahead would in all probability make or break the union. They came from mills which still refused to recognize the union as the instrument for collective bargaining. They realized that the issue would have to be pushed by a strong organization working under the direction of a courageous and clear-headed leadership.

There have always been elements in the Amalgamated that opposed the official policy and worked for a more vigorous and effective program. At its last convention Elmer Cope, militant in the union, had been expelled for his progressive policies and for his connection with the Conference for Progressive Labor Action. The progressives had been hopelessly in the minority. This year the new elements joined hands with the old opposition group.

A dramatic clash on the first day of the convention heralded the new alignment. About fifty of the delegates present came from locals which had not paid in full their per capita dues to the national organization. Thousands of union men

were on the streets owing either to discrimination against them for union activity or to the prevalent unemployment. The mills were operating with great irregularity, and the high dues demanded by the union were hard to raise. In one case a bank failure had tied up union funds, making it impossible for the lodge to pay its obligations. When the administration-controlled credentials committee came in with a report to bar those delegates, their recommendation was overturned by an overwhelming vote. But an even harder blow came a little later when President Tighe announced that Senator James J. Davis of Pennsylvania had been asked to address the convention. Davis—he likes to be known as "Puddler Jim" among the steel workers—is a member of long standing in the Amalgamated and is always invited to speak at conventions. To union officialdom he is the "home boy who made good," and in the past it was rank heresy even to murmur against the incredible broadside of platitudes which is a Davis speech. But at this remarkable convention a delegate from Gary rose in protest and charged that the Senator had "played ball" with a company union in his city. When Davis finally did speak, urging a "copartnership of capital, the investor, the employer, and labor," a number of delegates walked out of the hall.

There was one chance left to keep the convention within the usual channels. It has been the rule that locals submit their resolutions on questions of policy and program early enough to be printed in the program of business. Only emergency resolutions could be introduced from the floor of the convention. In this convention the rules committee recommended a similar procedure. The delegates flatly refused to follow it and voted a substitute rule permitting the introduction of resolutions of any kind from the floor, giving the younger delegates a chance to submit their programs. Faced with this entirely new set of conditions the officials became panic-stricken. The steam-roller methods of the past were smashed. Union dues were reduced and the insurance system was thrown to the wolves.

But by far the most dramatic and dynamite-laden decision was the adoption by an overwhelming majority of the delegates of a militant program committing the organization to an immediate drive for union recognition and threatening a general strike in the industry to back up this demand. Every lodge was ordered to present demands for union recognition, the \$6 a day minimum wage, and the thirty-hour week on May 21. Industry must give its answer by June 15 or face a national strike. Nor is the execution of this program left entirely in the hands of the union officers. Each union district will have its representative on the board which is to direct the fight and to deal with the employers or the government. The delegates were not willing to leave the execution of their program wholly in the hands of officials who had fought against its adoption.

Many have died in the battle to plant organization in the mills. Those who died in 1919—the dead of Homestead, McKees Rocks, and Ambridge—are having their monument built. Perhaps the steel strike will not be called. It may be that the old leadership will still be able to spike the development of the new movement. Or perhaps an agreement like that made in the automobile industry will serve temporarily to becloud and delay the issue. But the workers in the mills have shown a spirit that will surely produce an important chapter in the history of American labor.

Bringing Shelter Up to Date

III. Why Don't We Do It?

By DOUGLAS HASKELL

IN thinking about a home, we might place on one side of the balance all our favorite desires. The average American would like his home capacious, comfortable, well serviced; and in addition, how he would like to have it air-conditioned, not to say streamlined! The few people who are more subtle than the average want gardens, playgrounds for the children, security from traffic and distance from noise, and a sense of peace and ease. A home in such terms would arouse a feeling of desire. We all strive hard for luxuries, not necessities.

Over against these desires, as the source of their satisfaction, stand the national resources, the factories, the workers, engineers, and planners who combine to make up the capacity of the plant. And in America this capacity is adequate. Our desires could be satisfied beyond all previous hopes. The lowbrows could have their gadgets and the highbrows their fine community plan. No Utopia is required. Despite all the skepticism that a first-class "depression" has engendered, we are compelled to admit that the plant with its huge capacity is there, demonstrable in hard figures to any who care to look. They need only consider physical geography, plant inventory, and the known resources of technical skill. In the first of these articles I threw up the roughest kind of sketch; but the closest study could scarcely diminish the finding of opulence. If enough of us were suddenly convinced that survival was at stake, as in a war, then you would see this plant rapidly put to work, and its output would be a revelation.

Our desires, then, should be the motive power, and the capacity of the plant the base for calculation. But this is not how it works today. What stands between? Two things separate us from the home of our desires. The first is the notorious inefficiency of the building "industry." The second applies to all industries; it is the operation of the "market."

The combined effect of inefficiency and market speculation has resulted in a mode of operation in the building trades that is fantastic beyond anything else in the economic emporium. F. L. Ackerman describes it in the February *Architectural Forum*. The process is one that depends directly on decay. "When account is taken of the cost of promotions, financing, sales, construction of habitations, taxes, and the cost of living, it is readily seen that from one-half to two-thirds of the population cannot be housed until a like proportion of habitations has fallen into an advanced stage of decay and obsolescence." In other words, what with one cost charge and another, so expensive has shelter become that none of it could be built new except for the very well-to-do. The rest of us could have it after they were through with it. They have enjoyed a sort of *prima nocte* in our homes. If we tried to get in sooner, we were soon set right by a foreclosure. It is as if clothes were so expensive that new ones could be bought only by bankers and gangsters, the rest of us depending on their hand-me-downs. So when it comes to

the bottom third of us in the economic scale, we "cannot be housed until nearly two-thirds of all habitations have fallen into such decay that they are no longer to be rated as investments and are viewed by owners, mortgage holders, and tax collectors as liabilities. These facts seem to indicate that slums and blighted areas are among the assured end-products of our economy." This in the "richest country on earth"!

The housing movement began its attack on these irrelevant costs with what economies the technical ingenuity of planners and architects could devise "in the field." To circumvent high land costs it devised better layouts, and against high construction costs it devised "large-scale operations." This not being enough, the sales and promotion costs were reduced by "limited-dividend" companies; but since high profits are what makes the wheels go round or stops them, such enterprises were not attractive except to philanthropists. So now there has come the attack on costs by weighting them, through public action. Advocates of public housing today wish to cut down the weight of the old ox-cart of real estate by reducing land costs (through the right of eminent domain); to massage some weight from the driver by legislation aimed to secure compulsory investment of funds at low interest rates; and then to hitch a horse to the ox by supplementing the inadequate purchasing power of the "lower income groups" with a government subsidy. This approach is in no way communistic. It endeavors to work through the present builders; but both the incentive and the success are dubious.

There is left, then, the attack on costs through building homes a good deal as we build automobiles—the attack proposed in the first two of these articles. Here the opportunities are so large that capital invested in them could draw handsome profits. The efficiency of building mainly in the factory rather than in the field is only the beginning of a series. Your house becomes increasingly independent of its site and, as technology improves, increasingly independent of heavy city installations. It becomes demountable if not movable; it can choose its location out of a much larger, hitherto unavailable area of land. You can live almost anywhere near a road. The proposal brings shelter into the industrial tempo, makes it flexible like industrial products.

And yet it is here, having started off full of hope, that we are perhaps doomed to the sharpest disappointment. It is here that bookkeeping can once more take its eventual revenge. For nobody has devised a way of starting off a new industry without creating a big new debt; it is called the industry's "capital." Once set on its way, this debt grows faster than the purchasing power that buys the product; the purchaser too is therefore permitted to go into debt through mortgages; and we are off once more to a new boom, followed by the complete revolution of a new business cycle.

When at the end of the cycle the new crisis comes, we may perhaps console ourselves that we have made a net advance. The modern homes are there. The plants and tech-

nique are there. For a time capacity has been approached. But there is a hitch. Nobody has any comfortable benefit of the homes; the debtors, if not turned out by the sheriff, sit there by sufferance of the creditors. And nobody uses the plants, except in fits and starts. The only potent thing left is the mountain of paper which establishes the claims of the creditors. The only aim fully attained is that for which the cycle was begun by business—the creation of this new debt.

Thus, somewhat wearily, we come to the conclusion that no further technical advance, such as supplying everyone with a modern home, can be made of any lasting benefit without the thorough and complete redesigning of our method of keeping books, which we call "capitalism." Yet there is a further suspicion to be entertained, namely, that the process of rapid expansion may scarcely be able to begin. We shall soon see. Industrialists have been investing hundreds of thousands in research, apparently in the belief that production will proceed. On the other side we have the indicative and revealing program just announced by President Roosevelt.

What this program reveals is that there is scarcely a lacuna left in the interrelated structure of the debts we call capital. There is scarcely the old chance for one capitalist to start even though he thereby damages the obsolete equipment represented by the old investments of another. President Roosevelt's program is a stunner to those who have thought that there might still be an escape through the existing government. Theoretically the government has independent powers. Actually it makes no move that does not first pass the scrutiny of the insurance companies with their twenty-odd billions, the building-and-loan societies with their eight billions, and in short the other guiding spirits directing, among other things, the forty-three-billion-dollar debt represented in all sorts of mortgages. These debts are now all one lump. If the government were to underwrite new construction on the basis of social need, this would automatically wipe out a part of the old debt and with it the "good property" of the two-thousand-odd people who control it and us. So a new industry has to shoulder more than its own "proper" debt. Besides pushing along its own new mountain of paper it has to push the old one. For the old and the new are one.

We have already seen on what the old real-estate mortgages were based. They were based on a product which two-thirds of us could not enjoy until it became physically or financially moribund. So far as usefulness went, these debts were fully canceled years and decades ago; some of them never had any usefulness at all. But only the minimum was ever written off. Throughout the depression the financial institutions carried what they could by pure bookkeeping fictions. No income to consumers was in sight with which to pay off these debts or establish these "property values," but there they were in the books just the same.

The President's program is all of the same piece. It encourages "renovation and remodeling" to refurbish the obsolete debt-ridden properties for a new run. It establishes mortgage associations to knit the structure still closer. And then there is the neatest trick of all, from a President who is an old insurance hand himself: mortgages and shares are to be insured (as determined by the benefit of the market) by the government through claims on our children and their grandchildren. Let it be added that the service of the government bonds employed is in itself a charge against any future production. It is all logical, because in order to stimu-

late any new business you have to have an active mortgage market, and the mortgage market, old and new, is one. In fact, in so far as any of us have "invested," our own money is working for the debt and against the satisfaction of our own future needs. The rate, then, at which we can secure new homes depends on the rate at which these people can become intoxicated and enthusiastic over their own powers of pyramiding their debt claims, postponing the demand for payment, and unloading excess on the government or on the small and powerless man.

It seems, then, that this paper structure has a ghostly life all its own, and follows its own paths; in the past they happened to take the direction of new automobiles, breakfast foods, and radios; in the last few years they have led to starvation for many people; and in the future they are bound to run counter to any large-scale, modern, and adequate production unless by auto-intoxication. Bankers control it, but idiots could perhaps get the same results.

Summing up, any plant manager, given the resources and equipment to be found in the United States, could supply us all with marvelous and unprecedented homes. He would work with inventories that listed tangible goods, and through executive orders that set to work real machines. But he could never get them through the market. The weird superstition under which we live and suffer, a superstition of positively scholastic refinement and cleverness, may not even give him the chance to begin. We have no chance to measure our slavery unless we keep our eye on the best that we *might* have as a home.

[*This is the last article in Mr. Haskell's series.*]

Wild Bee's Nest

By ROBERT P. TRISTRAM COFFIN

I wish that I possessed the key
To read the print which the wild bee
Has put around his paper palace.
There is not a single careless
Line in all that he has writ
Roundabout the walls of it.

If I could read this fine inscription
On paper older than Egyptian,
I might surprise the architect
Who works in secret to erect
The arches of the frost and guides
The mullions on the undersides
Of beetles' wings, who carves each cup
The water-lily opens up,
Or hammers the snowflakes' filigree.

It must be happiness to be
A creature that can do no wrong,
Whose house is built so like a song,
Small to greater, then to small,
A little universe of wall
Full of independent night.
A bee does nothing but is right,
His house grows by its own sure plan
Into a music lost to man.

Feudalism and a Knight Errant in California

By BENNETT L. WILLIAMS

"WELL, boys," said I, "it looks like the Pacific Gas and Electric Company is about to have me fired from the *Tribune*" (Oakland, California).

The speaker was myself, Bennett L. Williams, San Francisco police-beat reporter for the *Tribune*; the place was the decidedly informal pressroom in the Hall of Justice, San Francisco; the time, about 7:30 a.m., Friday, April 13, 1934, about fourteen hours after I had brought suit in the California Supreme Court against the California Railroad Commission to prevent it "from compromising" the rate-reduction case with the Pacific Gas and Electric Company.

Complaint No. 250195, filed by me against the company on April 17 in Superior Court, asking damages, recites that I was correct in my surmise, and that I was unmistakably fired a few hours later. The complaint further recites:

That plaintiff [that's me] was informed over the telephone by Stanley Norton, city editor of said Oakland *Tribune*, that plaintiff should not have filed said petition "against the Pacific Gas and Electric Company," and otherwise gave plaintiff to understand that said company objected strongly to such filing. . . .

That the said Norton . . . remarked in effect that newspaper reporters should keep themselves pure and unspotted from the world, its contaminations, prejudices, and strifes; but that plaintiff was not deceived thereby, but rather was amused at the trite bit of drivel that even a moron wandering into a kindergarten class of journalism would not fall for.

That plaintiff was discharged from said position solely at the behest and demand of said Pacific Gas and Electric Company, the same being a perfect example of the bludgeoning savagery with which the said Pacific Gas and Electric Company deals with an honorable and upright citizen who dares interfere with its schemes and plans to continue its excessive charges for gas and electricity.

That in the [Supreme Court] action plaintiff declared that approximately 2,000,000 Californians are in reality just so many enfeoffed vassals under the feudal overlordship of the Pacific Gas and Electric Company; that said company . . . promptly proceeded, like a heathen in his blindness, to demonstrate that an American citizen who attempts to exercise his constitutional rights against said company fares no better than did the serf who presumed to petition his feudal overlord in the Dark Ages.

That the above is not an overstatement of the situation; that plaintiff has been suddenly and ruthlessly and most unjustly deprived of his only means of livelihood; that said company will "persuade" other newspapers to boycott plaintiff, and that plaintiff has no possible means of protection and redress except in court action.

This all arose out of an order issued by the California Railroad Commission November 13, 1933, directing the Pacific Gas and Electric Company to reduce its natural-gas rates by approximately \$2,100,000 a year; the subsequent appeal by the company to the federal courts; and the about-face action of three of the five members of the commission in suddenly ordering a rehearing on the rate question, although

no request for such rehearing had been filed with the commission. The company, however, promptly came before the commission and offered to settle for less than half. My suit followed.

The complaint, which I drew up and filed myself—I am not a lawyer and did not have the money to hire one—contains something new in a legal prayer. I asked that the court assess damages against the company to the full value of the company, and that in liquidation of those damages all the assets and property of the company be turned over to the general public to operate as a publicly owned and managed and controlled utility. I asked this as exemplary damages. I also asked \$50,000 direct damages. These exemplary damages I asked because of my "most sincere and abiding desire speedily to rid the public of a most baleful, disruptive, and anti-social force, the Pacific Gas and Electric Company under private management and control."

Then I went on to allege that the records of the California Railroad Commission show that every cent of the company's assets has been taken from the public in the form of excessive charges for gas and electricity. As a sample of these charges I pointed to the fact that the Pacific Gas and Electric Company charges the general public \$1.45 for the first 1,000 cubic feet of natural gas, whereas the company pays but 7 cents for that same 1,000 cubic feet of gas. For the second 1,000 cubic feet the rate is 85 cents, and so on up to 6,000 cubic feet. The average domestic consumer in San Francisco pays \$1.11 per 1,000 cubic feet for this 7-cent gas!

On this point the complaint alleges:

That the company has extracted from the public under guise of collections for gas and electricity . . . every cent needed to buy and furnish all its equipment, property, and assets from a pin to its several-million-dollar cash surplus, and to pay all its operating expenses, maintenance charges, and to extend its plant and equipment . . . and that the company has taken from the general public nearly one billion dollars during the last twenty-two years, but without giving the general public credit for one cent of the value that it alone created.

That instead of building up an agency with the single purpose of serving the public, the company has developed into a feudal system, and uses its power to violate the rights of citizens who seek to check it in its heedless and destructive course.

To those who hold up their hands in holy horror and shout that I advocate confiscation of the company's property, I reply: The company is confiscating my home. It charges me more for natural gas for heat alone than I pay in taxes on that home. And now the company has caused me to be fired from my job, thus cutting off my sole income.

Brothers and sisters, how would you like that?

Do you think more of your home, your private property, than you do of a bugaboo abstraction, a rickety scarecrow flapping in the wind?

A Statement to the President

THE statement which follows was prepared by a group of liberal editors and publicists led by Oswald Garrison Villard, and was read to President Roosevelt at the White House on Friday, April 29. It has since been submitted for signature to a larger group of persons, whose names, with those of the original signers, appear below.

*To the Honorable Franklin D. Roosevelt,
President of the United States:*

We believe that the acid test of the New Deal lies in its effect on the actual distribution of the wealth which the machine age creates but which we have yet to find the way to spread out and use. The depression dramatized both our success and our failure by its vast stocks of unpurchased goods and by its massed unemployment.

For the rank and file of Americans this distribution of wealth comes down to work and earning power; and unless that is substantially increased, and made secure, recovery is bound to stall and Western democracy must acknowledge its incapacity to plan and control the economic forces on which modern life depends.

We believe that higher wages, higher purchasing power, higher living standards can, short of government dictation, come only through the bargaining power of labor so well organized that it has an effective voice in determining working conditions. In the process of stimulating revival the NRA has made no determined effort, so far as we have observed, to bring unionization and collective bargaining to a point where the codes can be enforced. If we are to find a democratic solution, things can no longer be allowed to drift.

I

We recommend that a prime charge on the present Congress should be the creation of a Labor Board in the United States Department of Labor with full power to safeguard the right of workers to organize and bargain through representatives of their own choosing. The law should ban coercion whether in the form of (a) company initiated, financed, or dominated unions, (b) suppression of insurgent unions, (c) discrimination against and discharge of those who participate in union activities, or (d) compulsory arbitration.

In order to insure freedom of choice in controversial situations, the board should provide and require a standard, anonymous form of ballot, and demand the absence of electioneering and intimidation at the polls. In the machine age the voting machine might become a vitalizing symbol for democratic articulation of the workers.

We believe that government initiative in bringing order into industrial relations will be balked unless Congress renews the present power of the President to license industries which fail to conform to standards and procedures such as are envisaged in the code system. It is not necessary to remind you, Mr. President, of the defiant attitude of the United States Steel Corporation, the Weirton Steel Corporation, the Budd Company, and others.

II

We believe that minimum-wage provisions under the NRA need overhauling. They were conceived as a method to provide a bottom level for industrial employment in the United States, but there are gaps and holes in that bottom; and they are too

low to provide even a health and decency measure of income. The whole range of minimum standards needs reexamination and jacking up. Unionization, if encouraged, can be counted upon to head off the widespread practice of making the minimum wage the medial or maximum wage, or of making it the pretext for rate-cutting and speeding up. But meantime our whole wage structure has been undermined by the rapid increase in prices. We recommend that the basic minimum rates be tied up with the cost of living indices of the Bureau of Labor Statistics of the United States Department of Labor, and automatically be required to rise with them.

III

With wages lagging behind profits, and production already beginning to grow beyond the power of the wage-earning market to consume, the weakness of the NRA set-up (with its code authorities dominated by industrial interests) is registered in price practices which jeopardize the whole recovery program. Labor organization is weak in comparison with trade organization, but consumer organization is weaker or non-existent. The Consumers' Advisory Board is encased in a producers' scheme of control. We believe that just as in the case of the creation of the Labor Board, there is need for an independent, outside consumers' agency of government, which shall have an entirely free hand in standing for the consumers' stake in the flow of current wealth.

It should be equipped with a consumers' standards laboratory and research staff such as has been recommended by the Consumers' Advisory Board. It should have a legal and educational staff which should inform and defend the consuming public. It should have powers of investigation and recommendation of legal action as unequivocal as those of the Federal Trade Commission, and should promote and serve organizations of consumers in the same way that the Department of Agriculture has looked out for the farmers.

IV

The most defenseless consumers, the Americans whose earning power has been most desperately smashed by the depression and whose depleted purchasing power is the greatest drag on recovery, are the unemployed. We are not only dealing with an overhang of mass unemployment, but that mass unemployment is augmented by new bodies of workers thrown out of work every month because of technological changes. The process of throwing jobs into the discard has been going on wholesale during the depression, and is accelerated now that wages have been increased.

We need to abandon our emergency attitude toward unemployment, and first of all to build the federal-State-city relief set-up into an orderly system of administration with elements of permanent planning. The demoralizing dole of groceries should be ended, and the American family put on a self-respecting basis when out of work. Backward policies in the localities involved should not set the standards in the distribution under federal grants to States and cities. Adequate cash benefits should be required as a national policy. On the one hand, such unemployment-relief administrations should be welded into a permanent system of public-welfare services. On the other hand, we should institute a national system of unemployment insurance.

We are glad to learn that the force of the Administration has been thrown behind the Wagner-Lewis bill, which would use the federal taxing power as a leverage to instal State un-

employment-insurance measures. With over forty legislatures meeting next winter, now is the time to act. Unless we do act now, American workers will have no more security against unemployment than they had in 1929. Nothing in the way of a system of permanent security has as yet come out of the depression.

We urge that the full force of national leadership be put behind the extension of the United States Employment Service. At the same time we raise the question whether the federal-aid principle which so successfully has led to the reinforcement of a score of State employment services, cannot and should not be employed to advance the date when State unemployment-insurance funds begin to function. Why not use some of the huge sums now going into relief to instal a permanent system of protection through unemployment insurance? Similarly we urge the application at this session of Congress of the federal-aid principle to the spread of old-age pensions. We recommend further a program for stabilizing employment and sustaining purchasing power. Moves that make for better distribution of income should be accompanied by protective measures against hazards too heavy to be borne by families as such. The cost of medical care should be met by spreading the risk over groups of people and over periods of time. Sickness insurance is basic to any national planning for health.

V

We believe that there should be a tie-up between the Securities Act and the NRA, the control of capital issues and the routing of government credit, so as to make these financial policies a force for stabilizing employment and earnings.

We recognize that the high hopes held out for public-works appropriations for housing, as a means for giving employment and stimulating the capital-goods industries, have met with persistent disappointment. We believe that instead of abandoning this, double and treble energy and money should go into it, and that the meshes of delay should be broken through. We urge that if local housing developments continue to drag, the federal housing authority should itself, and at once, embark on projects on a national scale. Private capital will not go into really low-cost housing as a profit-making venture. It never has done so. If governments—national, State, and city—face their duty and provide such housing, they will not be competing with legitimate private interests, but with the substandard, unsanitary slum buildings which drain the efficiency of American workers and disgrace our civilization.

As a stimulus to such a housing development, we recommend that the federal government provide money for housing purposes at low interest rates and for long amortization periods. Three per cent, instead of 4 or 5, would be the equivalent of direct financial grants and on many counts preferable. Such a low interest rate would start a continuous policy of rebuilding to be carried on throughout the year.

Such programs of constructive expenditure, together with the rehabilitation of educational, health, and other services, will require money. Increased income and inheritance taxes afford means for distributing the wealth of America in socially useful channels. We believe that the postal-savings banks and their tremendous increase in thrift depositors point the way to government banking. They should provide checking facilities as well. Why should we not have a government system of banks run, not for private profit, but for the public service? The government would gain enormously by it and find itself able to develop vast credits for the financing of a far-reaching social program. The attacks on the Securities Act and the obstruction to the Stock Exchange bill by interests which have axes to grind prove the need for an immediate, aggressive counterthrust by the Administration which will restore confidence among the people as to the financial leadership of the government.

VI

Certain industries in which there is a primary public interest should be made the subject for experimentation in a larger degree of planning and cooperative control, as, for example, the natural-resource industries on which the whole fabric of industry depends. Coal is one, which after six months of futility under the code is still in chaos—with no elements of conservation, no adequate stabilization, and no security for miners and their earning power. Oil is another. Power is a third, with the Tennessee Valley as the great laboratory. So, too, the communications and transportation industries and, also, consumer industries suggest themselves. Housing has been touched upon. Milk presents an equally arresting opportunity, one of the most necessary food products, at the mercy of conflicting interests, with impoverished farmers and undernourished children caught in the confusion. The emasculation of the food-and-drug bill shows the need of a great drive in this field under your personal leadership.

We have no hesitation in urging these recommendations, not merely because we deem them vital to the success of the New Deal, but because the people will listen to you and follow your lead if you will appeal to them and ask for their support against the threatening forces of inertia, reaction, and selfish rapacity.

EDITH ABBOTT; ETHEL RICHARDSON ALLEN; FREDERICK L. ALLEN; FREDERIC ALMY; BEULAH AMIDON; READ BAIN; ROGER BALDWIN; C. RANKIN BARNES; HARRY ELMER BARNES; W. G. BEACH; PAUL T. BEISSER; A. A. BERLE, SR.; ALGERNON D. BLACK; BRUCE BLIVEN; FRANZ BOAS; THEODORE H. BOGGS; JAMES C. BONBRIGHT; LEROY BOWMAN; ELIZABETH BRANDEIS; SUSAN BRANDEIS; ANN REED BRENNER; PAUL BRISSENDEN; KENNETH L. BROWN; JESSICA BRUCE; HENRY M. BUSCH; JOHN B. CANNING; LUCY P. CARNER; RUTH CATLIN; PERCIVAL CHUBB; EVANS CLARK; RUDOLPH I. COFFEE; MOLLIE CONDON; ROSSA B. COOLEY; F. R. COPE, JR.; E. H. LEWINSKICORWIN; JEROME COUNT; BRONSON CUTTING; ELMER DAVIS; JEROME DAVIS; MICHAEL M. DAVIS; NEVA R. DEARDORFF; EDWARD T. DEVINE; JOHN DEWEY; JOHN N. DICK; PAUL H. DOUGLAS; PROFESSOR AND MRS. HORACE A. EATON; JOHN EDELMAN; SHERWOOD EDDY; JOHN L. ELLIOTT; HAVEN EMERSON; ABRAHAM EPSTEIN; D. M. ERB; MORRIS L. ERNST; ELMER D. FAGAN; DOUGLAS FALCONER; DOROTHY CANFIELD FISHER; GALEN M. FISHER; WALTER FRANK; MARY T. L. GANNETT; MARY L. GIBBONS; MARY B. GILSON; MARTIN G. GLAESER; JONAH GOLDSTEIN; S. S. GOLDWATER; HAROLD M. GROVES; FANNY S. H. HALL; FRED S. HALL; HELEN HALL; FLORENCE CURTIS HANSON; FREDERICK K. HARDY; HELEN HARRIS; HUBERT HERRING; JOHN HAYNES HOLMES; WILLIAM S. HOPKINS; HAROLD HOTELLING; GRACE B. HOUSE; FANNIE HURST; FRANCES INGRAM; SAMUEL G. INMAN; STANLEY M. ISAACS; CLARA STURGES JOHNSON; F. ERNEST JOHNSON; WILLIAM T. JOHNSON; JOHN PAUL JONES; SAMUEL JOSEPH; ARTHUR KELLOGG; PAUL U. KELLOGG; BENJAMIN B. KENDRICK; ALBERT J. KENNEDY; WILLIAM H. KILPATRICK; FREDA KIRCHWEY; JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH; SADIE L. KULAKOFFSKY; A. S. LANGSDORF; RICHARD T. LAPIERE; BRUNO LASKER; LOULA D. LASKER; JOHN R. LAWSON; AGNES BROWN LEACH; HENRY GODDARD LEACH; ALICE LEE; EDUARD C. LINDEMAN; HENRY LINVILLE; KARL N. LLEWELLYN; OWEN R. LOVEJOY; SOLOMON LOWENSTEIN; SIMON J. LUBIN; ROBERT S. LYND; ELIZABETH MAGEE; AMY G. MAHER; FRANK A. MANNY; LUCY R. MASON; MARK A. MCCLOSKEY; FRANCIS J. MCCONNELL; MARY E. MCDOWELL; WAYNE McMILLEN; J. H. MELISH; ADOLF MEYER; HARRY MOAK; PHYLLIS MOIR; HENRY

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In the Driftway

FOR years now Western Union has been cultivating the middle-class virtues among its patrons. One of its most persistent annual campaigns—directed toward ancestor worship—was staged only recently, culminating on Mother's Day, when who knows how many million mothers received telegraphic messages of love ranging from simple declarative sentences to high-flown if platitudinous rhymes—at graduated prices—which were probably ghost-written by a telegraph clerk who cordially hated his maternal parent. During this campaign one was very likely to discover on a telegram bearing the news of Uncle Henry's sudden death or placing an order for 10,000 shares of Something Common a sticker which pointed out that a greeting to mother on Mother's Day, especially via Western Union, was socially correct. At other seasons of the year Western Union promotes other appropriate sentiments at so much a word prepaid or even collect. And at all seasons it reminds unthoughtful customers of the simple amenities. Only recently the Drifter had occasion to wire for money. "Do you mind," asked the young man in the faintly sad and reproachful tone of a Salvation Army lassie who has observed the Golden Rule being broken, "asking that it be sent by Western Union?" "Of course not," the Drifter replied, contrite and confused, "stupid of me not to think of it myself."

* * * * *

IT was inevitable, once Western Union had started on its righteous course, that it should eventually assume the role of censor. The expression "lousy" was among its first victims. And now a zealous Western Union missionary in Birmingham, Alabama, Mr. Pinkard by name, has taken the responsibility of keeping off the press wires two news dispatches to the *Daily Worker* dealing with a strike now going on in that region, involving both Negro and white workers, in which two strikers have been killed. The dispatches apparently were too red for Mr. Pinkard, who sent to the *Daily Worker* the following telegram of explanation when

it was discovered—in spite of Mr. Pinkard's discreet silence in the matter—that the wires had not been transmitted:

Two propaganda dispatches picked up from drugstore to *Daily Worker*, New York. These dispatches were not entitled to press rates and were returned to post-office box number left by sender. The sender gave us no opportunity to pass on the highly inflammatory character contained in the dispatches and we therefore returned them to the address listed. The contents were strictly propaganda.

* * * * *

AT the moment Mr. Pinkard's theory of the function of a telegraph operator is being passed upon by R. B. White, president of Western Union, at the request of the *Daily Worker*. The Drifter feels fairly sure that for purely business reasons Mr. Pinkard will be reversed. One has only to contemplate the plight of Western Union, the newspapers, and their readers if the theory is upheld. In the past a newspaper correspondent has sent even his demands for money at press rates. If Mr. Pinkard is right, what will become of the speeches of everybody from President Roosevelt (urging stock-exchange regulation) to W. Kingsland Macy (urging Justice Stone for President) and Father Coughlin (speaking for silver). As for the dispatches of Mark Sullivan, they would have to be sent in asbestos code, for obviously they might easily inflame some member of the Union League Club to assassinate Rexford Tugwell. On the whole, Western Union had better stick to Mother's Day and Christmas, even though its operators in the South don't like Communists and their attitude toward Negroes, for if Western Union tries to keep propaganda out of press correspondence it will shortly do itself out of a lot of business—and, conceivably, out of the profits with which it has carried on so valiantly its propaganda to preserve the middle-class virtues.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Dr. Ross and Dr. Loos

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

The *Nation* for April 18 contained an editorial about the treatment of Drs. Ross and Loos by the Los Angeles County Medical Society. I wish to add a comment that may be of use should this case assume national importance, ■■■ I trust it will. The editorial ends with the words: "They will appeal their case to the Council of the California State Medical Association for review and if necessary to the Council of the American Medical Association for final decision."

Two comments: (1) The intrenched group that controls the A. M. A. probably instigated this action; (2) the courts oblige members of associations to seek redress from wrongs in the organization to its central body before any appeal may be made to the courts. The A. M. A. considers that it is the judge of what is good for society, and it fights the socialization of medicine on that ground. The people feel that the courts as a disinterested party should be the arbiter, but thus far there have been no cases that have been appealed to the courts after having been carried to the Judicial Council of the A. M. A.

One of the outstanding cases is the Stanacola (Standard Oil Company of Louisiana) case in East Baton Rouge Parish, Louisiana, where the local society threw out certain doctors who

worked on salary for a hospital-and-health association of Standard Oil employees. The Louisiana State Society decided their work was not unethical (contract practice), but the A. M. A. came back with a decision that the local society had a right to determine the conditions of its membership. There the matter rests today. Another case is the result of efforts of physicians of the Dallas Street Railway Employees' Association to be restored to membership in the local society, from which they were expelled because they cared for street-railway employees on an insurance plan. The State society of Texas and the A. M. A. ruled against them, and great pressure was brought to bear on them from indirect medical sources. The doctors dropped their work for the Dallas Street Railway Employees rather than carry the matter to the courts, where I feel they would have won their case.

The Ross-Loos case will have to be carried to the courts for a fair hearing, and the matter will never be settled till some one does this. Dr. Clifford Loos has the backbone, and with help like yours I hope he may win.

San Francisco, May 15

P. K. SMITH

"A Monument to Paris"

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

Mr. Warre B. Wells protests in your issue of May 2 against my remarks upon translation in general and his translation of Jules Romains in particular, made in the course of a review you published three months ago. The matter seems to me to deserve further discussion.

1. *Translation in General.* I am reproached for the fact that I said the only "perfect" (*sic*) translations were completely free translations. Well, what are the classics of English translation? Urquhart's Rabelais, North's Amyot's Plutarch, Holland's Suetonius, Florio's Montaigne, Jarvis's "Don Quixote." If they are not "completely free," what are they?

Mr. Wells rules that a translator "is entitled to take liberties" with his author "only if he is driven to do so for the sake of clarity in his own language." But of course! Only I say there is no "if" and these are not "liberties." Each language possesses its own genius, to which the writer—author or translator—is bound to be obedient. In such obedience Romains used the metaphor (which he did not invent), *sonorité de cailloux*; in such disobedience Mr. Wells translated by an unintelligible invention, "sonority of shingle," a phrase the only English for which is "plangent."

2. *Mr. Wells's Romains in Particular.* Depending, as he boasts, upon his eye, Mr. Wells has been deceived by the look of many a French word. Here are specimens. *Officieusement* has nothing to do with "officious" but means literally "unofficially"; *peine* is properly translated by "sadness" not by "pain"; *la Saint-Jean* is not "St. John's Day" but Midsummer Night. There is in Mr. Wells's translation a type of error the elucidation of which should give satisfaction to the translator, though it must be a bore for everyone else. For example, when a woman is to meet a man in *un entresol* it is not her but his apartment that is in question. An *entresol* is classically a lower floor of a building in which a vigorous bourgeois, unbeknown to his family, keeps a pair of rooms for the express purpose of clandestine entertainment. *La raison social* cannot be translated by "social register," a phrase which has no meaning in England and a quite special one in America. The translation is "firm name." *Institution libre* is not a "free institution"; it designates the class of educational establishment in France that is not free, but is licensed by the state to charge fees.

However, I stick to my point: the important thing about a translation into English is the translator's English. If that is

right, the rest will worry nobody. When the translator of "Batouala" rendered *Ce livre n'est qu'une collection d'eau-fortes* by "This book is only a collection of strong drinks," he must have been dictating while playing a bassoon or running for a train. The meaninglessness of the English evidences the imbecility of the translation—and not necessarily of the translator, mind you: he may have been simply heedless, in a hurry.

Meanwhile, what are publishers' editors for, if not to catch this sort of thing?

New York, May 3

LEWIS GALANTIERE

Why Call the Police?

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

I should like to protest through your columns against what I regard as a dangerous precedent, likely to lead to such conditions as obtain in Germany. Visiting the New Lots Evening High School on one evening last winter as the guest of one of the teachers, I was surprised to find policemen patrolling the corridors. On inquiry I learned they were there at the request of the principal to break up a student demonstration. The demonstration had been called to protest against the payment of excessive fees as deposits on books and against the principal's summary dismissal of a student from the school.

Now without arguing the merits of the student claims, no one seriously interested in keeping our institutions of learning free from the kind of intimidation and coercion all too frequent in Germany can see a reason for the police. They have absolutely no business in a public school. It is assumed when he is hired that the principal has the capacity and intelligence to deal with the student body. When his ideas run counter to those of a substantial number of students, the least he can do if he has any decency is to permit the expression of contrary opinion.

The action of the principal in calling the cops to enforce his bidding, aside from being an affront to the children of taxpayers, is an open admission of incompetence and an act of cowardice. The logical outcome of such a procedure would be for teachers to summon police to their classrooms every time they have a misunderstanding with students.

Brooklyn, N. Y., April 10

BEN SCHRAGO

Julia Lathrop

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

May we ask that you call the attention of *Nation* readers to the fact that we are assembling material for a book, "Life and Letters of Julia Lathrop," and will be very grateful if any who have letters or other papers written by Miss Lathrop will send them to Grace Abbott, 528 Seventeenth Street, N. W., Washington, D. C., for our use. If desired, they will be copied and originals returned promptly. If return is not requested, they will be filed with other Julia Lathrop papers in the manuscript division of the University of Chicago Library.

JANE ADDAMS and GRACE ABBOTT

Washington, April 20

Erratum

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

In my letter entitled A Brief for Insulin in *The Nation* of April 4, in the next to the last line of the second paragraph, appeared the phrase "period 1915-33." This should have been "1915-22."

Baltimore, Md., April 13

HARRY A. TEITLEBAUM

The Intelligent Traveler

Trips for Young People

PARENTS who have investigated the advantages of a good summer camp for boys and girls in their 'teens know that those with proper surroundings, equipment, and personnel are usually not cheap. They are discovering that a summer abroad may not cost much, if anything, more than a good camp, and of course the rewards to the young traveler may be very great.

Within the last few years there has been a decided development of trips for boys and girls. For the most part they are run by teachers or other sympathetic leaders of youth who thoroughly enjoy conducting their charges through foreign countries and who inspire in them an answering enthusiasm. Many trips are recruited personally and locally, and for that reason the following schedule must be incomplete. However, most of the enterprises listed have been established for several years, and have won the confidence of parents. They all do a good job in combining the pleasures of travel in a congenial group with real educational values.

One of the pioneers in travel for young people is Dr. Sven V. Knudsen, who with his wife will conduct this summer the eighth trip of "American Boys Abroad." The group leaves New York on June 29, visits England, the Scandinavian countries, Berlin, Holland, Switzerland, and Paris, and returns on August 11; the inclusive price is \$435, third class. The feature of Dr. Knudsen's trips is that the boys are entertained in fine European homes. Dr. Knudsen's wide circle of acquaintances abroad makes possible this foreign hospitality, which is often converted into genuine friendship for the young Americans. Boys between seventeen and twenty-two years of age are accepted. For further information address Dr. Sven V. Knudsen, 248 Boylston Street, Boston.

The Sorland Camp, on the south coast of Norway, is the best bargain I have seen offered. The trip costs \$300, third class, from New York back to New York, sailing June 20, returning August 29. The group, which is limited to forty-eight boys between twelve and fifteen years, spends nearly five weeks in the camp, where there are water sports, instruction in crafts, athletics, and so on. Twelve days of sightseeing through Scandinavian countries, Berlin, Brussels, and Paris follow the period at camp. The camp is under the supervision of American and Norwegian Boy Scout leaders, although apparently not an official Scout project. The American representative is Merrill Christopherson, 432 Third Avenue, New York.

The World "Y" Tours, organized two seasons ago under Y. M. C. A. auspices, offer two trips this year. A boys' group traveling tourist-third at sea will spend forty-eight days in England and Central Europe under the leadership of David Creighton, of the Wilmington, Delaware, Y. M. C. A. The inclusive cost, New York to New York, is \$430. A Mediterranean cruise on the Roma touches sixteen countries in the sixty-eight days from New York to New York. It costs \$580, tourist class. The leaders are A. M. Black of the West Side Y. M. C. A., New York, and his wife. Girls as well as boys may register, and there is a plan for tutoring in one or two subjects at a small cost. Complete information about both trips may be obtained from J. C. Clark, director of World "Y" Tours, 347 Madison Avenue, New York.

"A Third Experiment in International Living" will be divided in several groups this summer. Two French-speaking and two German-speaking parties of boys and girls over sixteen years of age are planned. In this "experiment" American boys and girls live in foreign homes and go on camping and hiking

LOUIS FISCHER

Will accompany a group of ten Americans for 41 days in the Soviet Union. Traveling without haste the group will visit Leningrad, Moscow, the Ukraine, Dnieprostroi, Rostov and the great state farms, the Caucasus, Armenia, Black Sea and Crimean resorts, Kiev. Mr. Fischer will arrange meetings with Soviet authorities. Through him the group will contact all phases of Soviet life.

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expeditions with foreign boys and girls of the same age. Two years of language study is a requisite for admission to the groups, and the activities include study as well as practice in conversation. The cost is \$400, from New York to New York, third class. The French-speaking groups sail June 30 and return to New York on September 4. The German-speaking groups sail June 27 and return to New York on September 7. Each group is limited to fifteen and will be accompanied by a woman and a man leader. Address Donald B. Watt, 817 Comstock Avenue, Syracuse, New York.

Bicycling and walking through the British Isles, seeing the shrines of English literature, and meeting some of the outstanding literary men of our times are on the program for a group of ten young men between the ages of sixteen and twenty-two. The group will be conducted by Charles L. Todd, a graduate of Hamilton College, who took a similar trip two years ago, and Kimball Flaccus, a graduate of Dartmouth. It is sponsored by, among others, Mrs. Olin Downes, Lennox Robinson, Leonora Speyer, Joseph Auslander, Harold Vinal, and Witter Bynner. The cyclers will spend their evenings talking and reading about the places they visit, and will call on A. E. Housman, John Masefield, Lennox Robinson, Liam O'Flaherty, Richard Aldington, and others with whom the leaders have personal acquaintance. The group sails June 30 and returns to New York August 27. The inclusive cost is \$600, tourist class at sea. Address Kimball Flaccus, 1301 John Jay Hall, Columbia University, New York.

A tour for boys between the ages of fourteen and nineteen will visit England, Holland, Switzerland, and France under the direction of Francis G. Simmons, who has been connected with boys' activities in several good private schools and camps. The group, limited in number, will sail on July 6 and will return to New York on August 31. The lower rate of two quoted is \$615, third class at sea. Frances P. Adams will conduct a party of girls to England, Holland, France, and Switzerland. The rate is \$725, tourist class, sailing on July 6 and returning August 31 to New York. Information on both trips may be obtained from World Acquaintance Travel, 56 West Forty-fifth Street, New York.

There are many excellent tours for students. For the third summer International Student Service, 140 Nassau Street, New York, is offering students a chance to spend part of a European vacation in student work camps. Seventy-five places have been allotted to American students in camps in Switzerland, Wales, and Germany. Work camps represent an effort to help students and professors by furnishing them outdoor surroundings at little or no cost, in return for which they work on some community project, such as road or trail building, land reclamation, or the like. Students are drawn from many countries, so that the work camps are centers for international fraternization. There is plenty of recreation along with the work. The students chosen by the International Student Service are admitted free to the camps of Switzerland and Wales and pay a small fee in Germany for board and lodging. The periods vary from two to six weeks. Women students are admitted occasionally to some of the camps.

Lack of space prevents discussion of other unusual types of travel projects. There are a number of European and Russian tours being organized for Negroes, and one, at least, of an interracial character. Palestine is beginning to attract travelers other than religious pilgrims. A number of summer trips are planned for persons who desire the opportunity to study the advanced economic and social institutions produced by Zionism.

JOHN ROTHSCHILD

[In early issues of The Nation, Mr. Rothschild will discuss summer schools offering interesting courses in various European countries.]

Contributors to This Issue

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JOHANNES STEEL is the pseudonym of a German Social Democrat now a refugee in the United States.

JAMES RORTY is the author of "Our Master's Voice: Advertising."

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Books and Films

Sharp Fear

By LIONEL WIGGAM

Lost on the high invisible hill
The goats are running in the rain.
Frail and terrified and shrill
Their cries have wakened me again.
Like little ghouls from tree to tree
They wander searching for the field
Where grass in fragile filigree
By rail and wire is safely sealed.
The sharp fear startled from their throats
I hear across the rising wind—
The crystal cries of little goats
That blind, increasing fright has thinned.
Weary and weeping they will run
Until the dawn invades the hills.
Tomorrow they may, in friendly sun,
Lie down among the daffodils.

Shakespeare's Rival

Ben Jonson. By John Palmer. The Viking Press. \$3.50.

FOR more than a century after the death of Ben Jonson his name was commonly linked with the name of Shakespeare, when it was not—as it often was—put first. This is a commonplace of literary history, but there is a reason whose significance is not always appreciated. Jonson's virtues were virtues which it was easy to describe. He was learned, he was moral, and he had general ideas. The case for his greatness could easily be made out, and if you put him first you could say just why. But Shakespeare was at least as elusive then as he is today, and to acknowledge his supremacy was to acknowledge the inadequacy of the literary canons. That he was no scholar was bad enough. That he proved nothing and taught nothing was even worse. His champions could only urge the obvious fact that his work was supreme, but in criticism as in everything else a fact makes slow progress against an intelligible argument. The error, moreover, is one which every generation makes again when it considers its own writers. For similar reasons the eighteenth century put Richardson above Fielding and the nineteenth century put George Eliot above Dickens. Almost certainly the next generation will discover that we have made the same sort of mistake. We may read one writer with the greatest delight, but conscience will not allow us to put him before another whose work has the qualities which we think it ought to have. A is only entertaining and intelligent. B understands the significance of science, interprets the social scene, or what not. And of course we are wrong. It is for being intelligent and entertaining that writers are long read.

Mr. Palmer's admirable volume does not pretend to add anything to our knowledge of Jonson's life. It is, however, full of shrewd critical interpretations and his subject is one in connection with which such criticism is genuinely useful, because Jonson is a great writer whose greatness needs interpretation in order to be fully appreciated. There is no really wrong way of reading Shakespeare. He can be understood in a dozen different ways—some of which he would not have understood himself—and they are all rewarding. But Jonson

is one-dimensional in the sense that he must be taken in the one way he was intended to be taken or he means nothing at all. And Mr. Palmer is an excellent guide, with scholarship enough to furnish the clew to what a modern could not divine for himself and with an admirable critical gift which enables him to make his author mean something to us. Moreover, he makes very clearly the distinction between an early play like "Every Man in His Humour," in which our interest must remain in large part antiquarian, and the masterly "Volpone," which is still almost majestic in its somberly poetic vision of a human vice carried to magnificent heights.

The earlier plays are very satisfactorily interpreted in terms of two conflicting impulses—the impulse to realism which led Jonson to the study of low life, and the impulse to an intellectual schematization which made him put his realistically observed characters through their paces in plays based upon a purely artificial conception of the "humors"—one of which completely dominates each personage. The start was always some peculiarity observed in nature, but once the start had been made, the peculiarity was lifted out of its context and made the theme of a purely logical structure in which observation played little part. The result is to combine a realism unequaled in Elizabethan literature with a singularly clear but narrow, mechanical, and highly artificial interpretation of events and their meaning. On the other hand, the later plays, particularly "Volpone," exhibit a power which their author developed only after his period of masque writing. Even "Volpone" is, to be sure, a study of avarice considered as a humor, and the method is far more like the method of logical exposition used by Molière than like the method of Shakespeare. But the poetry which Jonson could not wholly achieve in his classical tragedies illuminates the play, and the characters become almost terrifyingly impressive symbols of various unlovely passions at their height. Volpone, one might say, is not a character dominated by avarice; he is simply Avarice itself, an allegorical figure somehow endowed with a reality which allegorical figures usually do not possess.

To Mr. Palmer, Jonson is the last great embodiment of the Elizabethan zest for living, the last exemplar of that essentially pagan vigor which was destroyed by the wave of puritanism from which we have not yet recovered. Without any disposition to apologize for the Puritan, one may wonder if that is entirely fair, and suggest instead that Elizabethan paganism was destroying itself from within. The increasingly somber violence of the Jacobean playwrights is hardly to be explained in terms of that puritan thought to which the Jacobean dramatists paid so little attention. Oddly enough, Mr. Palmer does not point out that the theme of "Volpone" is the theme used by Marlowe a generation before when in three separate plays he studied some vice which had been carried to such perfect realization of itself as to become magnificent. From the very beginning, in other words, the Elizabethan writer had been tempted to imitate the Italians of the Renaissance in their tendency to find *virtu* the justification of character, and like the Italians he could not forever escape the conclusion to which that tendency leads. The Jacobean drama degenerated because its authors had come up against a moral dilemma which they could not solve; because if strength was the ultimate criterion, and strength could not be distinguished from violence, then the best men might be the worst and anarchy was come again. Jonson believed himself a moralist on the classical model, but "Volpone" is the proof that he could not escape the difficulty which the Puritans were to solve in their own unintelligent way. It exhibits him face to face with a principle of evil which he had no way of exorcising and before which he was compelled to stand in a half-admiring, half-terrified amazement.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

The Writer in Soviet Russia

Artists in Uniform. A Study of Literature and Bureaucratism.

By Max Eastman. Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.50.

MAX EASTMAN is "on the side of the Soviets and of the proletarian class struggle," but he does not believe that "the world can be saved by Soviet ballyhoo." By Soviet ballyhoo he means the acceptance of an officially interpreted Communist dogma and the suppression of those who depart from it. The primary purpose of the present book is to exhibit Soviet ballyhoo in action, to show how it has "functioned in art and letters."

Mr. Eastman shows us how it functions by getting down to cases. He tells the story of Yessenin's suicide, of the "framing" of Zamyatin, of Romanov's recantation, of the humiliation of Boris Pilnyak, of Polonsky's persecution, of Maikovsky's suicide, and so on. He is aware that there has been much good writing in Russia during the Stalin regime, but the point is not whether the writers who voluntarily accept the official dogma and program are free, but whether those who venture to reject it are free; and Mr. Eastman has no difficulty in demonstrating that a great number of the ablest Russian writers have found, sooner or later, that they must either recant or run away or end their lives with a pistol or their days in Siberia. No doubt there are still many liberals in this country who find comfort in believing that the suppression of RAPP in 1932 has put an end to all that. Mr. Eastman assures us that it is not so. "RAPP is no more," true enough; but Stalin and his uniforms for writers are still very much there. The essence of Soviet ballyhoo, so far as art and letters are concerned, is expressed in the slogans of the Artists' International. "Art renounces individualism. Art is to be collectivized. Art is to be systematized. Art is to be organized. Art is to be disciplined. Art is to be created under the careful yet firm guidance of a political party. Art is to be wielded as a weapon." In other words, art is to commit suicide at the behest of propaganda.

Having with accustomed brilliance told the "sad story of the regimentation of the creative spirit," Mr. Eastman asks why the Soviet government should have made a mistake so obviously fatal. The answer is that Stalin and his supporters, unlike Lenin, have swallowed whole the outmoded Marxian philosophy. The trouble with Marxian philosophy is that "it is 'philosophy' in the very sense that Marx himself denounced philosophy." Far from abandoning "all philosophy" for science, Marx did not even abandon Hegel's philosophy. He merely replaced Hegel's World Spirit with a World Robot who performs to a different purpose, and without demanding social attentions, all the work which the World Spirit was employed to perform.

This, then, is the fatal error—to fall back upon a theological method of saving the world, to relieve ourselves of the trouble of taking thought by relying upon the Marxian World Robot, not ourselves, to add a cubit to our stature. The Marxian doctrine and the proletarian struggle (purpose), thus happily identified, are "read into the objective development of reality," the convenient result of which is that the function of thought may be limited to reconciling experience with the doctrine, and all thought which does not serve this end may be regarded as not "of the essence of reality" and therefore not part of true knowledge: so that to deny expression to such thought is not to obscure but to clarify the truth. Well, but where are we? Are we discussing the Bolsheviks or the Church Fathers? It doesn't really matter, since their ideology is the same; and that is why, in reading Bolshevik political controversies, one sniffs again the pungent musty atmosphere of long-buried disputes over the Semi-Pelagian and other Christian heresies. Read again the controversy that led to the ban-

ishment of Trotzky. To a critical mind the only point of interest is that the truth of Trotzky's ideas or the wisdom of his program was never for a moment recognized as the issue. The issue was the same as that at the famous Diet of Worms. It was this: Had Comrade Trotzky so far departed from the "Lenin line" as to have placed himself in an "ideological" rather than merely in a "programmatical" opposition? The decision was that he had, and he was therefore exiled. But it would be a profound mistake to suppose that the exile was effected by Stalin. The action of Trotzky and the action of Stalin were "Identical Opposites" which the Dialectic Materialism must needs reconcile in a "Higher Synthesis," and in this instance the reconciliation effected by the Dialectic took the form of exiling Trotzky. Dialectic Materialism, like Divine Providence, for which it is but another name, often moves in mysterious ways its wonders to perform. Mysterious perhaps, but by no means new: effecting the Higher Synthesis of Identical Opposites by knocking one of them on the head is a method with which the world has been long familiar.

Mr. Eastman does not think that "the world can be saved" (the revolution accomplished? the classless society established?) by this Soviet ballyhoo. Nevertheless, if I understand him, he does think it can be saved—by science or scientific method; and he thinks the vital question for this country is "whether Americans are going to conduct their revolutionary efforts in the name of science, or are going to swallow down" the Marxian "romantic philosophy"—the Stalin Soviet ballyhoo.

Well, I have no yen for ballyhoo, nor any aversion to scientific method. But I can see that each has its uses, and that whether the one or the other is more useful for saving the world depends on what is meant by that somewhat romantic theological phrase. Scientific method is an admirable instrument for those who wish to acquire exact knowledge of the world, especially the physical world, and care very little, or nothing, about changing it. If one does wish to change the physical world—for example, make water run up hill—one will find scientific method more useful than ballyhoo. But in one respect the problem of changing the physical world differs profoundly from the problem of changing the social world: the physical world is indifferent to changes proposed or made, the social world is very much interested. Mr. Eastman knows this, without, I think, sufficiently allowing for it. "Social science," he says, "when it is applied in action on a grand scale, does differ from physical or mechanical . . . engineering in that the scientists are themselves part of the material they work with, and *what they think about the experiments may affect the results.*" This is putting it mildly. The result of any social experiment not only *may* but *must* be affected, not only by what the social scientists (revolutionary leaders) think about it, but still more by what the "material they work with" (the people) think about it.

The distinction is vital, and will remain so until the people are all capable of taking a detached, scientific view of their social relations. They will run up hill only if persuaded or forced to do so. The Bolshevik "social scientists," like all political leaders with a program of action to be realized, have found that force works best when supported by the right kind of ballyhoo (ideology), and that the ballyhoo works best when it announces with conviction that the country at the top of the hill is flowing with milk and honey. In fact it may or may not be flowing with milk and money, and the "social scientist" who abandoned political for scientific methods would have to induce the people to make the steep ascent with no better assurance than that they were engaged in a social experiment designed to advance the cause of truth by testing a social hypothesis which might turn out to have been invalid. I suspect that to the great majority this formulation of the problem would be the wettest kind of ballyhoo yet discovered.

I do not think the Communist revolution, in any of its

various formulations, is likely to be advanced by abandoning ballyhoo for scientific knowledge. Nevertheless, I delight in Mr. Eastman's exposure of the ballyhoo, partly because he does such an honest good job of it, chiefly because I am convinced that man cannot better his lot in the long run by suppressing factual knowledge and critical intelligence in favor of any species of wish-fulfilling dogma.

CARL BECKER

Richard Aldington

The Poems of Richard Aldington. Doubleday, Doran and Company. \$2.50.

MR. ALDINGTON is a type of the poet—in intention, in attitude toward life and toward past literature, in vocabulary, in the tone of his thinking, and in his wilful assertion of personal inspiration. But he is, on the whole, not an example: his work is not poetry of a high order. The best evidence for this statement is that his poetry loses rather than gains when read all at one time, as this collection invites us to read it. There is no single poem in the volume which persuades us to remember it complete, though there are many lines, especially beginning lines, which stick in the mind because of the boldness of statement or the lift of the rhythm. That is to say, while he presents us with a fund of substance and a talent for feeling, Mr. Aldington lacks either the genius or the arduous will for persistent execution; he lacks those elements of composition and of style which persuade us finally of a poem's existence.

This failure may be fundamental, the result of a radical defect of talent, or it may have an origin at least partly historical. Mr. Aldington began publishing with the imagist group of 1912, and that—as it has turned out for everyone in the group—was a heavy weight to bear. The excitement of a fresh, superficial view coupled with an easy, not to say laxative, method of writing produced or encouraged a good many rather fluid talents to whom the finished, the solid, the mature seemed stale. Success was accidental and fragmentary, and no poet can expect a lifetime of accidents unless the life is short.

However it may have been intended and whatever benefit of freshness verse first felt, the final effect of imagism was to prevent poets from doing the work necessary to complete their poems. And by completion I do not mean detailed adherence to any doctrine of how a poem should go, or subscription to any school of sensibility, which would tend to prevent poems from completion by the limitation of form and the distortion of particular insight. I mean, on the contrary, that the heirs of imagism, by asserting a false freedom of form and the independent validity of private experience however expressed, have been unable either to sustain a tone or explore a subject in terms the reader can accept.

Eliot and Pound deliberately obstruct by obscurity of reference the reader's view of the contents of their more important poems and accomplish their perversity with great clarity and beauty of language. Mr. Aldington, on the contrary, has not advanced that far in the attempt to make verse either difficult or private. You do not need, in reading him, either a specially designed encyclopedia or a faculty for telepathy. His subject matter is conventionally presented, his allusions may be found in a small classical dictionary, and he uses words in their normal connotations. His poems, however, appear with what Henry James called "the terrible fluidity" of self-revelation. Thus, like Eliot and Pound on one side, he sees neither the necessity nor the convenience of sustained tone and the dramatic presentation of material, and like Cummings on the other side, he uses words as he finds them without much effort to particularize them in the poems. Hence his rhythms break down as soon as

they are established, his arrangements lack inevitability, and his language tends to be slovenly and therefore while intelligible cannot certify its meaning.

Perhaps nothing more orderly, especially in the realm of poetry and feeling—nothing less fragmentary, nothing less heretical—could have been expected of a generation whose young manhood was interrupted by the war and demolished by the peace, and whose imagination was thus driven by the need of exile or escape from the dreadful order that was laid everywhere upon it. We have Mr. Aldington's war poems and particularly his poem called *Exile* positively to suggest as much, and we have the later poems of the *Eaten Heart Group* and the new poems at the end of the book to demonstrate it negatively. The two longish poems, *A Fool in the Forest* and *A Dream in the Luxembourg*, are so to speak interludes between the positive and negative poles, but rather resemble in their diffuseness and excessive romantic bitterness "The Death of a Hero" and "The Colonel's Daughter" than the poems. It was the war perhaps and what came after it that made Mr. Aldington in every case let himself go from a summit of emotion, of recognition, or of disillusionment. But when you let yourself go you do not often make great poetry, because without a form to mold you and a discipline to direct you, you cannot possibly know where to stop, know what has been presented specifically and what has been merely stated, what has come out good and what bad; you can, in fact, only push on to the corollary and let yourself run down.

That is what Mr. Aldington does. Experience catches him by the throat or beats him in the face, and he answers back as vigorously as he can. His subjects are war and love and hypocrisy. His weapons are sharp statement, bold image, snatches of masculine rhythm, and the catch-as-catch-can of tumultuous feeling. His retreat is into Greek poetry or the English land. He has a stubborn but crotchety honesty without ever the persuasion of tact, and he has an intense personal bitterness that never bothers with the only secure foundation for bitterness, which is irony. His poems make powerful personal documents of a life, but they do not often do the necessary work to make them powerful poetry. The success of many fragments only adumbrates the size of his failure. Reading him we may fortify the more honorable of our prejudices, but nothing is brought to the objective strength of that which can be contemplated all round.

R. P. BLACKMUR

An Artist's Childhood

Memories of My Childhood. By Selma Lagerlöf. Doubleday, Doran and Company. \$2.50.

THIS second volume of Selma Lagerlöf's autobiography, like the first, has the charm of fine writing. And again the author's creative imagination so controls the material that we see her childhood as it must have been. There is no hint of adult revaluation of childhood experience, no over-stressing, as so frequently happens when an adult attempts to tell his or her own story, of the pains or joys or even of the awarenesses of childhood. Selma lives through the years from her tenth to her fifteenth year a little lame girl, but not too lame for physical activities and never burdened with pity—exactly as she must have lived them. Miss Lagerlöf would seem to believe—and very probably she is right—that the normal childhood is a slow growth in sensibility, not days of morbid grief or excessive joy, but days of comfortable growth toward understanding. She does not stress the dreaming of childhood in contrast with the reality, but indicates how these blend. She understands the drama of secret adventures and of little embarrassments, but most of all she understands the child's pro-

gressive adjustments to the adult world, her dreaming as a part of quiet learning.

This volume opens with the return of Selma from an orthopedic institute to live as usual at Marbacka under the instruction of the new and completely trusted young governess, Aline. A shadow settles over the home when the father is taken ill and slowly grows weaker. But neither Selma nor the other children lose too abruptly their normal sunshine. Selma reads the Bible from cover to cover, though she is teased for this, certain that by so doing she will aid her father's recovery. The father, evidently a little afraid of religious emotion for his children, is somewhat alarmed, but the mother persuades him to leave his daughter alone. Meantime the children put on plays, go out to see the Easter witch who, usually of straw, once turns out to be their nurse. They visit relatives and enlarge their knowledge of places. Selma, frightened by ghost stories, puts herself to the task of overcoming fear. The war going on between Germany and France is felt only through persons who insist on talking of war. Aline, the governess, falls unhappily into love, then happily out, and into marriage. The dressmaker comes in the spring and fall to make new dresses for all the children. And always the children participate in the general family life. They make calls with their mother and begin to understand social distinctions. They are living as country gentry, in a gentle community. There is nothing to grieve or shock them. Selma, obviously the most sensitive child in the family, must take in, as experience, whatever she can through her own sensitivity with no unusual attention paid her. Her parents do not treat her as if she were different from the others. Much of the interest in reading of her charming, quaint childhood lies, nevertheless, in observing the artist's awakening. And how complete a knowledge of human character one can see her acquiring in this small but intimate society where children are taught by being accepted as important members of a group, to be treated and talked to with complete honesty. The Lagerlöf family are all fairly intelligent and frankly emotional. They are all completely normal though not dull people. Such a family, such a community life, could be, perhaps, the best background for a child learning to be a writer by observing intuitively the little actions of people, their brief expressions, and by listening to thoughtful conclusions from adults who pondered about life.

Humor and pathos in everyday affairs, routine lightened by the observance of folk rituals and activities—this was living. Miss Lagerlöf has caught it all, seen herself and her family in fine perspective and with a clear charm of spirit. And she looks back sixty-odd years without bitterness or even nostalgia.

EDA LOU WALTON

A Novel of Distinction

Bitter Bread. By Nicolai Gubsky. Henry Holt and Company. \$2.

HERE is a novel which has got but scant attention from the American press and the American reader. It is written by an unknown Russian living in England. It concerns the battle for existence waged by two exiled Russians in the north of England. The obscurity of the author and the remoteness of the problem have doubtless militated against its popularity. Nevertheless, "Bitter Bread" deserved a more cordial reception. It is not original in manner or matter: it is written in the well-worn tradition of the English novel, and it tells a hackneyed tale of unemployment, dwindling bank balances, and spiritual maladjustment to modern society. Yet in spite of this it is something definitely new, for it bears the mark of an eccentric mind, a mind delicately balanced, questioning,

acute, humorous. It lacks the violence and passion of other "depression" novels, but it is, perhaps, the more depressing for being careful, reasoned, and unimpassioned.

The story begins when Goring, husband to Zeena and father of two children, loses his job as translator in a large commercial firm. He does not go under all at once. Small jobs, less and less remunerative, feed the body, and friends, gradually less sympathetic, feed the soul. For two years he fights with the world to wrest peace and sustenance from it, regarding his troubles as a problem which has been given him to solve. At last his destitution and his spiritual emptiness force him to find a solution. He, a former aristocrat, half-English, determines to return to Russia to work for the future. It is a painful solution, since it involves his leaving Zeena, who hates the Bolsheviks with embittered, aristocratic passion. Still, he wrenches himself away, only to find himself barred from the Soviet Union by a stupid, suspicious bureaucracy, which regards him as a counter-revolutionary spy. He commits suicide.

While the story is as sad as you could wish, it is not so grim as the summary of the plot would suggest. Throughout its course it is ornamented with wit, philosophy, and sound Russian dialectics, and illuminated with the highest kind of mysticism. It is, altogether, a novel of distinction, born, unluckily, to blush unseen.

MARY MCCARTHY

Handbook of Dictatorships

New Governments in Europe. By the Research Staff of the Foreign Policy Association. Edited by Raymond Leslie Buell. Thomas Nelson and Sons. \$2.50.

THIS up-to-date work, compiled by the research staff of the Foreign Policy Association and edited by its president, contains the most comprehensive and reliable description yet given in a single volume of new social trends and new forms of government in Italy, Russia, Germany, Spain, and the Baltic States. No student of international politics and the social process should miss this book with its unusual amount of authoritative information and its orderly presentation of complex developments.

The exact history of the various European dictatorships, the social and political forces that produced them, the methods by which they were brought about, as well as the debit and credit sides of their administrative records up to the beginning of 1934, are set forth in a manner which, though restrained and academic in tone, makes the book a fascinating and dramatic record of post-war political developments in Europe.

In the section on Italy a brief account of Italy's political life from 1861 till 1919 is followed by a brief interpretation of the theory of fascism and a short description of the history and composition of the Fascist Party of Italy. We also find a searching and concise analysis of the political structure of the fascist state, with its political history and administrative record, complemented by an interesting account of the early history of fascist syndicalism and a thorough discussion of the corporate system. There is also a short description of the passive and active resistance against fascism in Italy and other countries. The Nazi German and Soviet Russian developments are handled in the same concise way. In both cases an excellent analysis of the political, social, and historical circumstances that conditioned the particular development is followed by a history of the movement and an account of the political theories upon which its organization was based. This is complemented by an informative account of the governmental record of the system.

Not only does the whole work demonstrate the trend toward dictatorships, but the assembled facts make it abundantly clear that, ideologically speaking, fascist dictatorships are dicta-

torships of defense, erected for the purpose of defending and helping to perpetuate a social and economic system, while the communist dictatorship, again ideologically speaking, is aggressive and attempts to bridge the colossal gulf between the industrial scientific revolution already accomplished by humanity and its retarded social and political evolution.

According to Spengler we are witnessing the return of the Caesars and are entering upon the age of the Leaders. This record of facts makes it clear, however, that the Hitlers and Mussolinis, far from being leaders, are carried to power on waves of mass emotion which has been effectively exploited by skilful propaganda and which springs from the spiritual and intellectual emptiness of the people, who see in these so-called leaders the symbolic expression of their confused desires.

JOHANNES STEEL

Government in Business

TNT. These National Tax Eaters. By T. Swann Harding. Ray Long and Richard R. Smith. \$2.75.

T. SWANN HARDING, who works by day as a chemist in the Department of Agriculture and by night writes articles and books about advertising, about the imbecilities and greeds of business men, and about the relative competence and probity of government employees, has done his best job to date in this book. He has demonstrated pretty conclusively that over a wide range of essential services you and I get a better dollar's worth out of tax money spent in our behalf by the government than the average dollar's worth of products and services obtainable in the market-place.

It is a highly important demonstration to make at this time. One could have wished that Mr. Harding's right hand had been subsidized, by tax money or otherwise, so that he could have devoted his days to this major task, organized it, and given us a more orderly and concise presentation. The only charts and tables are those prepared by Mr. Harding's opponents, the National Manufacturers' Association and the National Committee for Economy in Government. If one may venture to suggest Mr. Harding's next job, he would do well to take a year off and meet the enemy, table for table and chart for chart, in his next book. Here are a few of the innumerable facts, most of them highly important, which congest Mr. Harding's 381 pages: In 1931 the Post Office deficit of \$146,000,000 was caused not by governmental inefficiency but by a \$97,000,000 subsidy to newspapers and periodicals, a \$17,000,000 air-mail subsidy, a \$19,000,000 oceanic-mail subsidy, and the expenditure of \$12,000,000 for franking and other government postage. First-class mail showed a profit of \$47,000,000, which means, to put it baldly, that every time you and I mail a letter we help to subsidize Curtis, Crowell, Hearst, and McFadden.

The very business men who yell loudest about government extravagance are the most eager to exploit for their own profit the scientific work of government bureaus, and to denounce any attempt to let the general public benefit, as, for example, through government grading of staple products or the setting up of a Department of the Consumer, as proposed by F. J. Schlink. (Incidentally, Mr. Harding vigorously defends the Food and Drug Administration against the attack of Schlink and Kallett in "100,000,000 Guinea Pigs.")

Government, says Mr. Harding, is inefficient and wasteful when corrupted by the greed and incompetence of business; the answer therefore is not that government should get out of business, but that business should get off government's neck. The thesis is sound as far as it goes, and Mr. Harding's documentation is enormous—if it had only been indexed!

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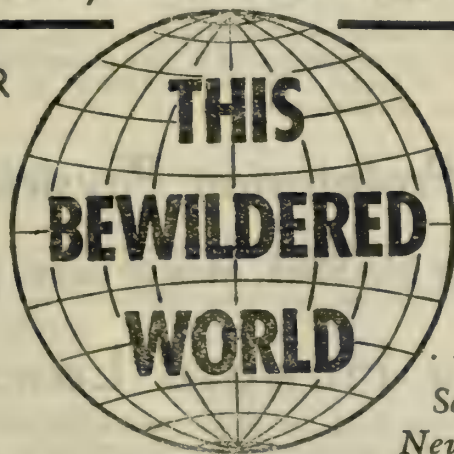
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Shorter Notices

A History of American Graphic Humor. By William Murrell. With an Introduction by Christopher Morley. Whitney Museum of Art. \$5.

Christopher Morley in his introduction to this book says it is "almost a History of Ill-Humor." American pen pamphleteers, Morley feels, are bitter, morose, and ferocious. However, Morley is easily wounded, for in comparison with French, German, or Spanish drawings of the same sort ours are boyish, timid, frolicsome, occasionally bluntly cruel, like a practical joke. The "History" begins with Paul Revere and ends with the Civil War. It is a competent, scholarly book and the pictures are interesting as historical footnotes, but not much more. Murrell says that on the whole American graphic art has been pedestrian, with a few brilliant exceptions, and this is a fair estimate on the basis of the pictures he publishes, presumably chosen from the best. The author does not advance any reasons for this surprising and disappointing fact. Political and social art feeds on social struggle, and our history is full of it, but our artists have not been interested except in the Civil War period, when most of Murrell's "brilliant exceptions" occur. It is true that even now our artists tend to run from current realities; until very recently they avoided even the American scene. Americans have the feeling that the artist who touches politics is no artist. A field which necessarily combines the two, as does caricature and satire, would therefore attract a minority only. That may be why our percentage of really great graphic humor and ill-humor is still so low.

Walt Whitman in England. By Harold Blodgett. Cornell University Press. \$2.50.

Mr. Blodgett furnishes a great deal of precise information about the growth of Whitman's reputation in England, a subject which hitherto, even in the best books about Whitman, has been spotty when it has not been vague. There are separate chapters on Rossetti, Dowden, Symonds, Buchanan, Anne Gilchrist, Swinburne, and Tennyson, as well as chapters of narrative and summary—the latter, unfortunately, marred by touches of that piety which consists in hailing every bit of praise as a syllable in the long scroll of truth concerning Whitman. The truth has even yet to be established. Meanwhile, here is all we shall ever need to know about what Englishmen to date have thought it was.

Foundations for the World's New Age of Plenty. By Fred Henderson. The John Day Company. \$1.

If we look ruefully at a social situation long enough, certain realizations are apt to be pressed into the wits of the dullest of us. And these popular recognitions do not take the form of cleverly devised expedients of escape, but are rather vaguely defined but tolerably fundamental convictions. The England of a century ago gazed for years at the child factory worker before the understanding came that he or she was not making a free contract, and that the righteous expression of Manchester laissez faire was an appalling human lie. Nor is popular disillusionment the less portentous because it coincides in time with official sanction. Slavery in America was dead at the moment Lincoln solemnly pledged himself not to interfere with the institution. In the present depression the public has become increasingly aware of the absurdity of poverty in the midst of plenty. Turn your eyes from the confronting scene, and this is the after-image which remains. Mr. Henderson supplies, briefly and neatly, a rationale for the accumulating dissatisfaction with a world impotent despite abundant means at its disposal. He distinguishes between the fiction of money on the one hand and

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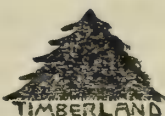
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the fact of goods on the other. A passenger fell overboard from a Mississippi steamboat. Thrashing around, he was nearly strangled, when he caught the shout of the captain, "Stand up!" and found himself in four feet of water. So Henderson shows that the economic realities are labor applied to nature and resulting in consumption, while the price and credit system is merely an awkwardly devised accountancy. He decries and makes ridiculous the current monetary sleight of hand. It is as unavailing, he says, as straightening a deformed man by changing the shape of his shadow.

Films

Journey to the End

BECAUSE the actualities of the contemporary world are what they are, exceeding the farthest reaches of the dramatic fancy, a half-hour at one of the newsreel theaters these days is likely to provide a more complete catharsis than anything devised by the mind or imagination of Hollywood. The catharsis is achieved by the Elizabethan rather than the Greek mode, of course, for there are usually occasional rifts of the merely humorous or grotesque in the rapidly unrolling mist of terror. At the Embassy on Broadway one will see wholesale peasant grief in a Yugoslavian village after an explosion in a government mine, followed almost instantly by a slugging match between Roughhouse Riley and one of his colleagues on the West Coast. Communist May Day demonstrations in Paris, with police and workers engaged in a violent scramble, dissolve into a close-up of a spite fence erected by an Italian somewhere in this country in revenge for a neighbor's insult. So striking are some of these contrasts, in fact, that one can scarcely believe that they are unintentionally achieved. Surely there is an indication of a striving for some kind of effect in the following: the return to Austria of the Hapsburg Archduke Anton and his wife Ileana, surrounded by incense-swinging ecclesiastics and worshipful villagers; the winter carnival in Moscow—serried thousands of young athletes, male and female, moving along on skis or skating in circles to the admiration of other thousands of smiling, approving, and completely preoccupied spectators; a society racetrack in the South, with a close-up of two feverishly excited and rather dissipated-looking young people, one of whom is identified as the recent heir to one of the largest tobacco fortunes in America. Here everything depends, of course, on the recognition of items of contrast not easily translatable in other terms; between the expressions on the faces of the young men and women of the Red Square and the expressions on the faces of the Archduke Anton and the young tobacco prince are differences that lie too deep for words. Such conscious or unconscious effects of montage, however, do not constitute the sole interest; there are also the discordances within the single frame. Samuel Insull reads a little speech calculated to melt the hearts of all self-made Americans, but something in the eyes cancels out the whole effect. A close-up of Hitler addressing the two million gathered in the Tempelhof field outside Berlin brings out features of that leader's oratorical technique which should never have been revealed to the foreign eye. And then there is in the newsreel at the Embassy a close-action sequence which alone makes this half-hour journey to the end of the night an experience that causes all recent cinema experiences to fade by comparison. A side street in Havana jammed with groups of excited students protesting against the government's May Day policy; a sudden rattle of machine-gun fire; the surprised groups scurrying in every direction, the wounded being carried off to shelter, the dead lying sprawled on the pavement. It is with

relief that one closes one's eyes for a moment before reopening them to see the United States air-mail service being turned over again to private companies.

"Marionettes" (Acme) marks the unexpected return of the Soviet cinema to the satirical exposé of developments in the bourgeois countries. It is an amusing, ingenious, and thoroughly effective bit of political satire, and on a level of sophistication that is rarely reached by the Soviet directors. But its director happens to be the same Protosanov whose use of the chorus for mock-heroic effects, stylization of gesture and dialogue, and artificial tempo were appropriated by that most sophisticated of French directors—René Clair. The essential difference between this film and "Le Million" is one of concentration: the satire in the French picture played over so many objects that it tended to lapse into diffuse geniality. Here there is no doubt about the object, and the satire is never genial.

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Contents

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS	631
EDITORIALS:	
The New Tariff Policy	634
The Strike Tide Rises	635
Arthur Warner	635
Towers for Looking	636
ISSUES AND MEN. THE LATEST SAVIORS OF THE RE-	
PUBLIC. By Oswald Garrison Villard	637
CARTOON: PAGEANT OF LIBERTY AT RUNNYMEDE. By	
LOW	638
THE BATTLE OF TOLEDO. By A. J. Muste	639
A LONDON LETTER. By Harold J. Laski	641
CAN FARM PRICES GO UP? By W. P. Mortenson	642
"HANDS OFF CHINA." By Crispian Corcoran	644
THE WORLD'S GREATEST RACKET. By Johannes Steel	646
IN THE DRIFTWAY. By the Drifter	649
CORRESPONDENCE	649
CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE	650
BOOKS AND FILMS:	
She Said Too Little. By Mark Van Doren	651
A Challenge to American Artists. By Glen Mullin	651
The Growth of a New World. By Buckminster Fuller	652
Soviet Literature. By Alexander Kaun	652
Raw Material. By Mauritz A. Hallgren	653
Convention in Flight. By R. P. Blackmur	654
John Middleton Murry. By James Burnham	654
Larger than Life. By Mary McCarthy	655
The Utility Muddle. By Judson King	655
Shorter Notices	656
Films: Spring Miscellany. By William Troy	657

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EVIDENTLY the Administration has been inspired to get behind the Wagner Labor Disputes bill in its new form by the hope of creating a preventive which would nip the summer growth of strikes in the bud. What the bill gives to the trade unions is hardly specific enough, and certainly not substantial enough, to justify them in accepting that preventive. It does not outlaw the company union; it does not establish majority rule; it does not require union recognition where the union is representative of the majority of the workers; indeed, it does not impose upon the employer any more meaningful obligation to bargain collectively than did the Recovery Act. What is equally dangerous, it extends implicit, left-handed recognition to employee-representation plans—the device used by employers first in 1919 and again in 1933 to forestall the progress of the trade-union movement. Section 3 specifies four unfair labor practices, which, in substance, repeat the vague and equivocal guaranties of Section 7-a of the NIRA. Although the employer is forbidden to "dominate" any labor organization, he is no longer forbidden to initiate, foster, or promote a company union. The former list of unfair labor practices, in contrast, was extensive, detailed, and specific. Although Section 3 in the new draft contains language intended to validate closed-shop contracts between trade unions and employers, the lan-

guage is so uncertain that it would be conceivable that an employer might use it to justify a closed-shop contract with a company union. Section 10 conveys to the new board authority to determine the identity of the individuals or labor organizations authorized to bargain collectively. Should the board use the authority, it may, if it sees fit, determine the representatives for collective bargaining according to majority rule. But the board may alternatively apply the principle of proportional representation. Finally, once the board has conducted its inquiry and certified the representatives, the matter will end. For it is no longer specified as an unfair labor practice for the employer to refuse to recognize the representatives, to abstain from negotiating with them, or to fail to exert reasonable efforts to consummate an agreement.

INSTEAD OF ASSERTING in plain language that the right to strike shall remain intact, as the old bill did, the new bill engages in dangerous circumlocution. Nothing in the act shall be so construed, Section 14 says, as "to make illegal the failure or refusal of any employee individually, or of any number of employees collectively, to render labor or service." Is this intended to be anything more than a re-statement of the prohibition against involuntary servitude? If it is intended to be more, if it is intended to safeguard the right to strike, then the change from the blunt language of the original version is suspicious, to say the least. Might not the failure to safeguard the right to strike in so many words be construed by the courts to outlaw militant labor action? This is not an idle fear, since the bill declares it to be the policy of the United States to "provide for the general welfare by establishing agencies for the peaceful settlement of labor disputes." In supporting the original Wagner bill, labor was asking for a staff. The Senate committee has suggested something which might easily be used as a scourge.

NOTHING COULD PROVIDE a better example of the wrong way to get the government into business than the bill recently passed by an overwhelming vote in the House providing for direct loans to small industries by the Federal Reserve banks and the RFC. The reserve banks are authorized to lend to small industries for periods of not more than five years a total amount equal to their surplus as of July 1, 1934; this should come to about \$140,000,000. The RFC itself is authorized to make similar loans up to a total of \$300,000,000. The effect of this measure must be merely to risk public funds in loans that are for the most part too questionable to tempt private capital. Under the terms of the bill the government will have the privilege of providing capital for firms whose policies it cannot control; and it is to provide it apparently regardless of whether or not the particular firm or industry being financed serves any genuine social need. Even if we make the dubious assumption that the distribution of the funds will be entirely free of political pressure, the principles behind the measure are thoroughly bad. Five-year loans, no matter how sound, are, to begin with, not properly banking loans at all, and the Federal Reserve banks should in no case be called upon to make them.

They are capital loans, and ought to be provided through the capital market. If such loans are not now being provided in sufficient amount, it is certainly not through lack of surplus banking funds or potential private long-term capital. Even if we grant that commercial banks and private capital are now unduly timid, the history of previous depressions and panics shows that as soon as signs of a genuine and prolonged revival become clear new capital and increased loans do not lag very far behind. The new bill shows how a principle, unsound to begin with, may be more and more dangerously extended. There was an excuse for the RFC as an emergency institution to make loans on sound collateral to help solvent commercial banks to keep liquid. It should never have had any function beyond that.

GOVERNOR BLANTON WINSHIP has yielded to the pressure of big-business interests in Puerto Rico and has vetoed the workmen's compensation act, the draft of which he had himself submitted to the insular legislature with an urgent request for its approval. The new act is imperative because of the failure of the existing law to protect the workers. The Governor's yielding, apart from its manifestation of weakness and indecision, suggests a regrettable subservience to the forces which on the island, as on the continent, are fighting the Roosevelt policies tooth and nail. General Winship's reactionary attitude was previously manifested by his support of the great sugar corporations in his declared opposition to the Jones-Costigan bill, which, as far as Puerto Rico is concerned, is the first move in the President's farsighted plan for the island's rehabilitation. This program, indorsed whole-heartedly by the Liberal Party, has properly begun with an effort to reconstruct the sugar economy which has increasingly rendered our Caribbean colony a fief of absentee landlords. The Jones-Costigan bill is merely a preliminary step which facilitates the withdrawal of marginal cane lands from production and opens the way to the investment in small homesteads, and possibly in publicly owned "yardstick" sugar *centrales*, of the proceeds of the processing tax. The Presidential program, now being worked out in Washington with the collaboration of a committee of highly qualified Puerto Rican social scientists and technicians—Carlos Chardon, Fernandez Garcia, and Menendez Ramos—aims to restore lands to the individual native growers who have gradually been squeezed out, and to enable farmers and farm laborers to receive a full return on the proceeds of their toil. It would be unfortunate if the first prospect of social and economic reconstruction since the beginning of the American regime were to be blighted by lack of executive understanding. The act creating the Tennessee Valley Authority wisely required that its board should be composed of "persons who profess a belief" in the project's "feasibility and wisdom." In Puerto Rico, as at home, it should be evident that the success of the New Deal depends largely on the ability and sympathy of those intrusted with its execution.

MR. LASKI, in his admirable London letter published this week in *The Nation*, discusses the anti-sedition bill which is now being debated in Parliament. It is possible that American readers do not quite realize the implications of that bill. Those of us who are still interested in freedom of speech and of the press, not to mention the right to publish books and pamphlets which are frankly critical of

the existing government, would do well to examine the British measure very closely. Three amendments have already been accepted which temper slightly its most vicious portions. These provide for trial by jury at the request of the accused, declare that attempts at what the court may term sedition must be done "maliciously and advisedly," and include "with intent to commit . . . an offense" in the clause dealing with persons found in possession of seditious documents. The *London New Statesman and Nation*, in discussing the bill even in its revised form, concludes, however, that if it is passed it will in all likelihood result in the complete suppression of books and pamphlets which are in the left-wing category. "Possibly any frank Socialist book, probably any Marxist book, certainly any Tolstoyan book, would be doubtfully lawful" and any publisher would hesitate to issue it, particularly if it was in cheap and accessible form. This is evidently a blow to traditional British liberties the like of which has not been threatened in peace time for centuries. It might well furnish a pattern which zealous American patriots would seek to imitate. And it shows, as no amount of black-shirt mouthings in the Albert Hall can show, how the British fascist wind is blowing.

PRELIMINARY REPORTS from 140 cities, representing 64 per cent of the country's urban population, show clearly what happened when the President, under pressure from the right, decided to discontinue the CWA at the end of March. The number of families and single persons who had to be given relief in April increased as much as 38 per cent, while relief expenditures from all public funds had to be increased 46 per cent. Even if we compare the April figures with those of last November, as the Federal Emergency Relief Administration suggests, the number of cases receiving relief in leading cities increased 11 per cent. Hence the new desperation which marks the wave of strikes now spreading over the country. New York City had a taste of this desperation last Saturday when a delegation, including white-collar workers, representing the United Action Committee of One Hundred, was refused an interview by Stanley H. Howe, Deputy Welfare Commissioner, on the technical ground that the allowed quota of five delegations per week had been exhausted. The committee tried to enter the building and police and detectives went into action with extraordinary brutality, the delegation and their supporters fighting back futilely with the staves of their placards. Three men were taken to hospitals and thirteen were arrested. When arraigned Sunday morning nine of these were charged with felonious assault, for which the penalty is from three to ten years. But the crowning outrage came when Magistrate McGee ordered the courtroom cleared and James and Rose Lechay, on reaching the sidewalk, failed to move fast enough to satisfy the police. Lechay and his wife were beaten and kicked until the reporters shouted in protest and started up the stairs to complain to the desk sergeant. Another demonstration is expected in a few days, and unless Mayor LaGuardia intervenes promptly, another exhibition of police sadism is in prospect.

THE SENTENCE of from eighteen to twenty years imposed on Angelo Herndon in Atlanta for an attempt at inciting to insurrection by having seditious literature in his possession has just been upheld by the Georgia Supreme

Court. The statute under which Herndon was convicted, which has not been invoked previously for decades, provides for the death sentence as the maximum punishment, but in Herndon's case the jury recommended "mercy." Herndon was arrested while in the act of opening a post-office box which he acknowledged as his, and in his room after his arrest were found piles of documents, many of them in the original wrappers, which the court termed seditious. The case rests so far, therefore, merely on the possession of such documents, and the defense has lain in the contention that mere possession does not in fact constitute the act of inciting to insurrection. The next move will be application for a writ of certiorari to take the case to the United States Supreme Court, where the constitutionality both of the statute itself and of the Georgia court's application of it will be fought. As in the Scottsboro case, the appeal in which was argued on May 25 before the Alabama Supreme Court, the International Labor Defense has conducted the defense, and it deserves the interest and support of all those who do not wish to see a man spend two decades in prison on a trumped-up charge which covers the real offense of daring, as Herndon did, to attempt to organize his fellow-workers, white and black, in protest against intolerable conditions.

AMONG THE BILLS which it is to be hoped Congress will get around to before it adjourns is the Wagner-Costigan anti-lynching bill. However, before the measure comes to a vote, the clause limiting federal intervention to cases in which the victims are taken from the "custody of any peace officer" should obviously be eliminated. The record of lynchings from 1918 to 1934 shows that out of 559 persons lynched, only 251 were taken from peace officers—that is, sheriffs, constables, policemen. The majority of lynchings are conducted by a crowd of "unknown persons," among whom no peace officer admittedly figures. If a dozen men take a Negro suspected of a crime from his home at night and hang him before morning, all the necessary requirements for a lynching are present, but under the present wording of the proposed federal anti-lynching law, the federal government could not intervene. President Roosevelt is reported to be lukewarm in his feeling about the bill, because he cannot quite convince himself that the fine which it is proposed to lay on any county in which a lynching takes place is a proper or workable penalty. It may be worth while respectfully to remind him that the intent of the bill is largely preventive rather than punitive, and that the threat of a considerable fine in a county which is not over-blessed with financial resources would probably do more to inspire the officers of the law with zeal to prevent a lynching there than anything else would—unless it be the other provision in the bill which authorizes the federal prosecution of State officials who refuse or fail to act against lynchers.

WHETHER AMERICAN NEWSPAPERMEN have arrived at even a modest degree of class consciousness is being decided at the convention of the Newspaper Guild of America, at St. Paul, as this issue is being read. The chief point of discussion for the convention is whether the guild should unionize, either by affiliation with the American Federation of Labor or independently, or whether it should continue in a vague, hit-or-miss fashion to represent an ill-defined professionalism. In New York, Philadelphia,

and other large cities the left-wing element is articulate and demands unionization as the newspaperman's only defense against the uncertainties of his trade. But there are many guild members, schooled on anti-labor newspapers, who oppose such a move, partly through their training, partly through fear it will not work, but largely because of the city-room myth that reporters and rewrite men and copy readers are professional people and not members of the working class.

ALTHOUGH President Roosevelt on February 19 last sent to the Senate the convention for the protection of literary and artistic works which every civilized nation has signed except China, Russia, and ourselves, after all these months the treaty is not yet ratified. Entry of the United States into the Copyright Union has been sought for more than twenty years as the best possible way to benefit our authors, artists, composers, and dramatists. No fewer than twenty-one learned and scientific associations have approved it, yet the treaty still hangs fire in the Senate. Although numerous hearings have been held on it by the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations, it has now been referred by that committee to a subcommittee of three headed by Senator Duffy of Wisconsin, and it is reported that the subcommittee is now on the point of beginning once more to take testimony and hear those who favor and are opposed, just as if there were not already hundreds of pages of verbatim testimony available. We confess that the delay is as maddening as it is inexplicable. It is a most flagrant example of our refusal to cooperate with the rest of the world in what is simply a matter of international justice and good-will. The chief protests seem to come from labor unions who insist that if we ratify the convention a lot of books will be printed abroad that would otherwise be printed here—the old damnable protective-tariff principle. The only thing to do now is for the Senate to ratify the treaty at once and if necessary to defer until later the framing of the enabling act to carry out the provisions of the treaty, which is the excuse for the new hearings and the present indefensible delay.

JOSEPHINE ROCHE has accepted the Democratic nomination for Governor of Colorado, and the news of the candidacy of this remarkable woman will be hailed with delight by liberals and true friends of labor all over the country. For Miss Roche has not only shown great public spirit always; she has set an inspiring example of how seriously the inheritor of a great property should take his responsibility. On becoming majority owner of the Rocky Mountain Fuel Company, she at once flung herself into the task of improving the relationship of the management with its workers. The first thing she did was to urge her employees to unionize, with astounding results in their increased happiness and efficiency. This square dealing and complete democratic cooperation between the officers of the company and the miners have resulted in a greater proportionate reward for each, notably in more working days per annum for the men than have been obtainable by any other miners in Colorado. The demand for Miss Roche's candidacy was of spontaneous origin, being first voiced by the editor of a newspaper in the southwestern part of the State. It was immediately taken up by other editors, with the result that Miss Roche has consented to run. Colorado will be fortunate if it has as chief executive so just and farsighted a person.

The New Tariff Policy

DESPITE the combined oratorical efforts of Huey P. Long and an embittered group of diehard Republicans, the reciprocal tariff bill is expected to pass the Senate within the next few days. Armed with the extraordinary powers conferred by this bill, the Administration will be in a position to carry out the traditional Democratic tariff policy by a vigorous, if somewhat belated, flank attack on the ramparts of protectionism. A direct assault is clearly beyond the realm of practicability. By devious means vested interests have seen to it that the majority of voters are persuaded that a high tariff is necessary to maintain the American standard of living in the face of foreign competition. That practically all economists hold an opposite view has been of little importance as long as these interests have been in a position to bring direct pressure on Congress. An attempt at general tariff revision would probably have led to a consolidation of the protectionist forces, vote-trading, and an ultimate raising of duties without regard for economic considerations. Under these circumstances the only hope of liberalizing American commercial policy lies in the possibility of arousing the groups that are dependent on foreign markets—particularly the farmers of the South and West—to see the necessity of tariff reduction if they are to regain a substantial portion of the \$3,500,000,000 in exports which has been lost since 1929.

The criteria upon which the government may be expected to base its tariff concessions have been set forth on several occasions, although mention of specific articles has always been carefully avoided for fear of provoking premature opposition from organized business interests. Attention will doubtless be centered on the reduction of duties which most clearly lack economic justification. A recent investigation by the Tariff Commission revealed, for example, that there were 1,021 dutiable articles imports of which in 1931 formed less than 5 per cent of domestic consumption. In the case of several hundred of these, imports were less than 1 per cent of the amount produced in the United States. Yet many of these products bear duties of from 50 to 150 per cent! Notwithstanding the flood of cheap foreign products which Mr. Hearst declares to be threatening this country, it was discovered that for a substantial proportion of the items on the American tariff list imports have declined considerably more than domestic production in recent years. While a mere reduction in the value of imports since 1929 is of little significance in view of the general drop in world prices, it is clear that where imports have fallen more than consumption, the tariff is serving to restrict trade and is higher than can be justified on grounds of protecting the existing status of American industries. Some reduction also seems to be called for in the case of duties which have been in effect for many years without stimulating a substantial production of the protected commodity within the boundaries of this country.

By no means all the duties suggested above, however, are likely to be reduced in reciprocal agreements. Such factors as an industry's importance to national defense, the extent of its concentration, the number of workers employed, and its relative wage level will unquestionably be taken into

consideration in determining the policy to be adopted in any particular instance. The Senate amendment guaranteeing a hearing to an industry before the duty on its products can be reduced will not only prevent hasty action, but will probably serve to prevent many desirable adjustments.

In our general satisfaction with the prospect of a long-needed change in American tariff policy, we should not lose sight, moreover, of the grave dangers involved in the bargaining method. Past experience with this technique in this country or in Europe has been by no means reassuring. The practice of bargaining with individual countries has resulted in special arrangements based on immediate considerations and has made the adoption of a consistent and continuous tariff policy virtually impossible. Instead of contributing to a reduction of trade barriers, bilateral negotiations have frequently led nations to raise duties in advance for bargaining purposes. Similarly, efforts to strike a good bargain may lead to an intensification rather than a diminution of trade rivalries. The present Anglo-Japanese controversy illustrates the danger of placing national governments in a position where they must support domestic trade groups in their struggle for world markets. By laying undue emphasis on the desirability of expanding exports, while granting tariff concessions only as a last resort, the bargaining psychology might easily accentuate the prevailing misconceptions regarding commercial policy and cause the United States to repeat the errors of the 1919-29 period. Even today the American public has only partially grasped the fact that a creditor nation can benefit from its position only by maintaining an import surplus of goods and services.

Needless to say, the opponents of the President's tariff program have not been nearly so much exercised over the prospects of a trade war as over the possibility that the profits of certain American enterprises might be curtailed. They reason not illogically that if imports are to be greatly increased, certain domestic producers are bound to be affected. The elimination or reduction of the tariff on products which the United States normally exports, for example, would be painless to the American producer but would be valueless to the countries seeking reciprocal agreements. Similarly, a 50 per cent reduction in the duty on commodities, such as olive oil, which we do not produce in this country in large amounts would not be likely to increase their consumption sufficiently to permit us to dispose of our huge agricultural surpluses. If the United States wishes to obtain new markets for its export products, it must be willing to make substantial concessions, even though they be painful.

It is clear that a new principle as well as a new technique is needed if reciprocity is to succeed where previous experiments of this type have failed. The Administration apparently believes that a rigorous holding to the most-favored-nation clause will make it possible to avoid the worst features of bargaining. Retention of this clause may restrict negotiations to some extent, but it should have the effect of assuring an increase rather than merely a diversion of trade. As a leading creditor, possessing one of the highest tariffs in the world, the United States is in an unusually favorable posi-

tion to sponsor a new type of bilateral agreement, based on the traditional American principle of equal treatment. Whether we shall shoulder this responsibility, and thus stem the world-wide drift toward economic nationalism and war, depends upon the courage of the Administration in making concessions despite the injured outcries of powerful American industrial interests.

The Strike Tide Rises

THE spilling of blood brought the labor crisis to the front pages of the newspapers, but the labor press for weeks has presented a mosaic of unrest unparalleled since 1919. In every part of the country, in every branch of industry, workers by hundreds, by thousands, and by tens of thousands have been laying down their tools in strikes that have been overwhelmingly supported by the rank and file, in most cases involving American Federation of Labor unions. Shipping on the Pacific Coast has been virtually at a standstill as the result of a strike which began among longshoremen and has gradually spread throughout the ranks of waterfront labor until it extends around the entire seacoast. In Minneapolis the National Guard has been withdrawn and 5,000 truck drivers have gone back to work after a strike which tied up the city market-place for eleven days and led to pitched battles between strike sympathizers and 1,500 special police in which one man was killed and hundreds injured. In Toledo a settlement is still to be made in a strike of some 2,000 electric workers in the automobile industry, who were joined in their picketing by thousands of members of the Unemployed League, a national organization which has 100,000 members in Ohio and which for months has not only organized strikes among workers on relief but has actually called employed workers out in the fight for better conditions.

But these are only the more dramatic of the strikes, involving both employed and unemployed workers, which are in progress from one end of the country to the other: in numbers ranging from 200 to 15,000, miners, automobile workers, printers, carpenters, tug firemen, shirtmakers, paper-hangers, textile operatives, painters, silk workers, airplane workers, and grave-diggers are striking for better pay, shorter hours, less speeding up, regularization of employment—and recognition of the union. And this last, recognition of the union with its implication of the closed shop, is the central issue in the rising wave of unrest which may culminate in a strike of steel workers in June.

Essentially the demand for recognition is a demand for a share of the power to decide conditions of employment. The promise of such power for labor seemed to be implied in Section 7-a of the NIRA. That pledge was ignored in the automobile settlement. Moreover, the regional labor boards, presumably created to enforce Section 7-a, have in many cases operated to break strikes rather than to mediate them. By sending strikers back to work pending settlements they have blunted the workers' only bargaining power, their refusal to work.

The Administration can prevent bitter class warfare only by removing its cause, which lies in the maldistribution of wealth. Mr. Roosevelt's way of putting it is that mass purchasing power must be increased. The attempt to achieve

this through the voluntary cooperation of industry has failed. Unless Mr. Roosevelt is now prepared to use his power to license business, he must support labor in its attempt, through union recognition and the closed shop, to increase employment and wages.

The Weirton case and the automobile settlement demonstrated, if demonstration were needed, how fiercely industry will fight the attempt on the part of labor to gain power. Alfred P. Sloan, head of General Motors, in his report for 1933, indicated the tack industry will follow:

Unfortunately [there] appears to be looming the specter of the greatest monopoly that ever existed in any country in the world—the closed shop. . . . Does not the record of American industry, with its freedom and independence as developed through the mutual confidence of management and labor in the automobile industry—providing for the American workman the highest standard of living in the world—justify a decision in favor of the open shop?

The answer lies in the same report by Mr. Sloan, in the course of which he revealed these facts: The net profits of General Motors increased from \$164,979 in 1932 to \$83,213,675 in 1933 (under the NRA). The number of employees increased from 116,152 to 137,764 and pay rolls from \$143,255,070 to \$171,184,315. In other words, the annual wage of a worker in the most efficient of American industries in 1932 was approximately \$1,230, or \$270 below the decent subsistence level of \$1,500. In 1933, when profits were 400 times as large as in 1932, the annual wage of the worker with the highest standard of living in the world was approximately \$1,240, or \$260 below the decent subsistence level.

Between the monopoly which demonstrably exists in the major industries of America and the "labor monopoly" which troubles Mr. Sloan there can be no question which the Administration should favor with its great influence if it has truly at heart the welfare of the American people.

Arthur Warner

THE NATION announces with deep sorrow the death on May 23 of Arthur Warner, who for many years, except for brief intervals devoted to other work, has been a member of the staff. He died suddenly—following an operation—in the midst of plans for future work and adventure which included a trip to Russia in the late summer. His loss to *The Nation* and to his friends on *The Nation* cannot be measured. Throughout the years of his association with the paper he brought into the lives of all of us a quality almost too imponderable to describe and at the same time too potent to be mistaken. Every person ever associated with *The Nation* will understand the reality of this influence. It seems important, now that he is dead, to try to find the necessary words to describe his particular quality.

Arthur Warner was as steady as a lighthouse in his devotion both to principles and to people. He never appeared to be tempted to forget or trample on either one through any fanatical preoccupation with the other. He was as certain in the direction of his feelings as of his thoughts; they moved together like beams from a single light. He was a fixed point in a wavering world; and yet he maintained his bal-

ance and clarity without withdrawing from the conflicts of his time, without allowing himself the luxury of detachment. Where most people in the midst of the whirlpool of contemporary events and ideas are deflected, swept in footless circles, forgetting one cause to forward another, dropping one subject because ten others have crowded it out, Arthur Warner was serenely constant. One of the first editors to write about the crime against Sacco and Vanzetti, he never lost touch with that slowly mounting tragedy, even when other publications and writers grew bored or despairing. And only the other day he turned in an editorial comment on Tom Mooney, saying: "I think it's time we got round to this again." He did not forget even those friends whom he never knew! And his dependability was no mere journalistic steadiness; it was an emotion of stubborn, unchanging loyalty.

If ever an editor and a radical wrote without malice, it was Arthur Warner. His opinions were decided, outspoken, and strongly held, but they concealed no inner poison. He was completely ready to respect the opposition of honest antagonists—to oppose them and like them. He never identified ideas with moral qualities. He was willing, mentally and emotionally, to let live—a virtue not as common as it should be among those who cling to their own beliefs with a strong faith.

But none of these characteristics reveals the source of the pervasive effect of Arthur Warner's personality. Not even if we add that he was lovable and witty and bristling with amiable eccentricities. Perhaps his value as an editor and fellow-worker can be traced chiefly to a quality of mental distinction which found its expression in almost every word he ever wrote—even to the titles of his articles. Arthur Warner was, in simple fact, unique. And if it be remarked that each of us is also unique, it can at least be asserted that distinction is of varying degrees and that Arthur Warner's was of the highest. He had without doubt one of the most individual minds on the staff of *The Nation* in all the period in which he worked there. Other editors have been as well informed and as wise; others have written with equal power; none has been so nicely, unmistakably differentiated. Arthur Warner was a radical and a newspaperman and an editor, but he never wrote primarily as one or all of these; he wrote in his own person. Every article was an exposure, an unconscious, wholly unpremeditated exposure, of his personality. And everyone who has written professionally will understand the measure of that praise. To avoid all the possible stereotypes and still to write words that will fit into the complex mosaic—the collective pattern—of a weekly journal, is a quality seldom demonstrated so consistently and so successfully.

And the personality thus exposed was a rare combination of feeling that never spilled over into bombast or sentimental nonsense, and earnestness that never became heavy or pompous, and whimsicality that was never without edge, and humor that was truly funny. His many minor prejudices were ardent; his true ardors were measured and tempered by wisdom. To have worked with Arthur Warner has been a deep satisfaction. We may hope that at least a part of his humane and civilized outlook, his cheerful pessimism and acceptance of the chances of fate, has remained with us to inform our own vision and to reconcile us to the life that he has left.

Towers for Looking

WE generally receive and read with interest the *Pen and Hammer*, a bulletin published in the interests of "proletarian" literature. The current issue pours scorn upon those philosophers by profession who seek "philosophical serenity" and then, somewhat inconsistently we think, pours even greater scorn upon Josiah Royce and others who abandoned their immediate concerns to beat the drums for the Allied army during the late war. The naive implication seems to be that the intellectual is to concern himself with public affairs only when he happens to be on a particular side, but we wonder if that is not expecting a bit too much. You may ask of the philosopher that he remain philosophical, but if you insist that he take up some cudgel, then you can hardly be surprised if he sometimes hits your friends over the head.

Of all the poets and painters, philosophers and novelists, who foamed patriotically at the mouth when the Lusitania was sunk, at least nine-tenths now regret that they said what they said or felt what they felt. Looking back upon those hysterical days they wonder at themselves and realize too late that a little of the "philosophical serenity" which they then scorned so heartily might have served both them and civilization very well indeed. There was passion enough and intolerance enough without their contribution. The simple citizen could be depended upon then as he can be depended upon now to supply all the partisanship necessary even for the conduct of a successful war. But there was a sad lack of that sense of fair play, that reasonable perspective, even of that simple decency, which it is the special function of the intellectual to encourage.

Not all the repentant fire-eaters have become pacifists or Marxians. Many of them doubtless still believe that the war had to be fought and won. But they have come to realize that they did not play the part they might have played, that they repudiated the very qualities which they alone possessed and which, to say the least, might have helped to make the whole episode less shameful. The war would have been won without their patriotism, but had they played their rightful part it could not be said, as now it may be, that the nations as a whole went mad.

Sometimes it is assumed that the intellectual who does not shut himself up in an ivory tower must necessarily cultivate that blind partisanship which is both appropriate and necessary to the soldier. But towers are not really built to be shut up in; they are built to be looked out from, and they afford a perspective from which it is sometimes possible to get a truer view of things than any to be obtained in the midst of the battle. Your genuine philosopher is not averse to towers, but he uses them for their legitimate purpose, and when the smoke has cleared away, civilization is generally glad to know that someone was perched upon that point of vantage. He does not believe that his function is the only one. He may even feel that the world, still being what it is, has as much need of partisanship as it has of detachment, but he retains a certain respect for his own function. The pen is not mightier than the sword but it is very likely to be righter, and there is a place for rightness even when it happens to be as ineffectual as it usually is.

Issues and Men

The Latest Saviors of the Republic

THE Republicans are tactically wise in setting up the cry that our personal liberties are endangered, that the Constitution has become a scrap of paper, and that President Roosevelt has placed the heel of tyranny upon our necks. Ogden Mills put the case about as well as it could be put in his speech of May 19, and of course the little Theodore Roosevelt was there to say, "Me, too." But I must be pardoned if I indulge in long and ribald laughter. *These* men setting themselves up as saviors of the Republic? Why, they were the ones who helped to rivet upon the United States the very chains that the country has been trying to break under Franklin Roosevelt's leadership. They were all for the tyranny of big business, the reign of the privileged, notably the protected interests, and the safeguarding of wealth first and last. Other men might have the right to speak against the undoubted trend toward dictatorship in Washington, the granting of emergency powers which must be revoked when the emergency ends lest we have a most dangerous beginning of a real dictatorship in Washington, but not these. Senator Borah was better able than these gentlemen to take a position against giving too many powers to the President, as he did in a recent speech, but even Senator Borah knows full well that the whole trend of Republican government, in every Administration since Grant's, has been toward greater and greater centralization of power and authority in Washington, and greater and greater fortification of corporate control of our political and economic life. Only during the Administration of Theodore Roosevelt were there intermittent efforts in the other direction.

When I read the following choice extract from a speech before the Women's Republican Club in New York, I confess that I felt that this sort of campaign was not going to get very far even if it was tactically justifiable. It was Mrs. Paul Fitz Simons, the Republican national committeewoman from Rhode Island, who broke forth thus:

Never in the history of our nation has sedition been so openly preached, but our citizens seem oblivious to the immediate and increasing danger, which, due to the unprecedented powers vested in the President and by him delegated to his Commissars, is a flaming sword over the citizens of the land. Already liberty and the Bill of Rights have been ruthlessly destroyed. The Constitution is a mere scrap of worthless paper to those who are now regulating our lives.

That is only going to excite people's risibles. Some may even remember that it was the Republican Party which, with a flaming sword in hand, deprived the Filipinos of their freedom. They may recall that their boasted party of liberty has never done anything of importance to rescue the American Negroes, whom it freed from slavery, from peonage and disfranchisement. I wonder if Mrs. Fitz Simons can name any prominent Republican outside of the Progressive group who has really done one thing to stop the innumerable violations of personal liberty which have been going on in this country ever since the war. But waiving all this, my point is that this cry alone has too little basis to be used to turn

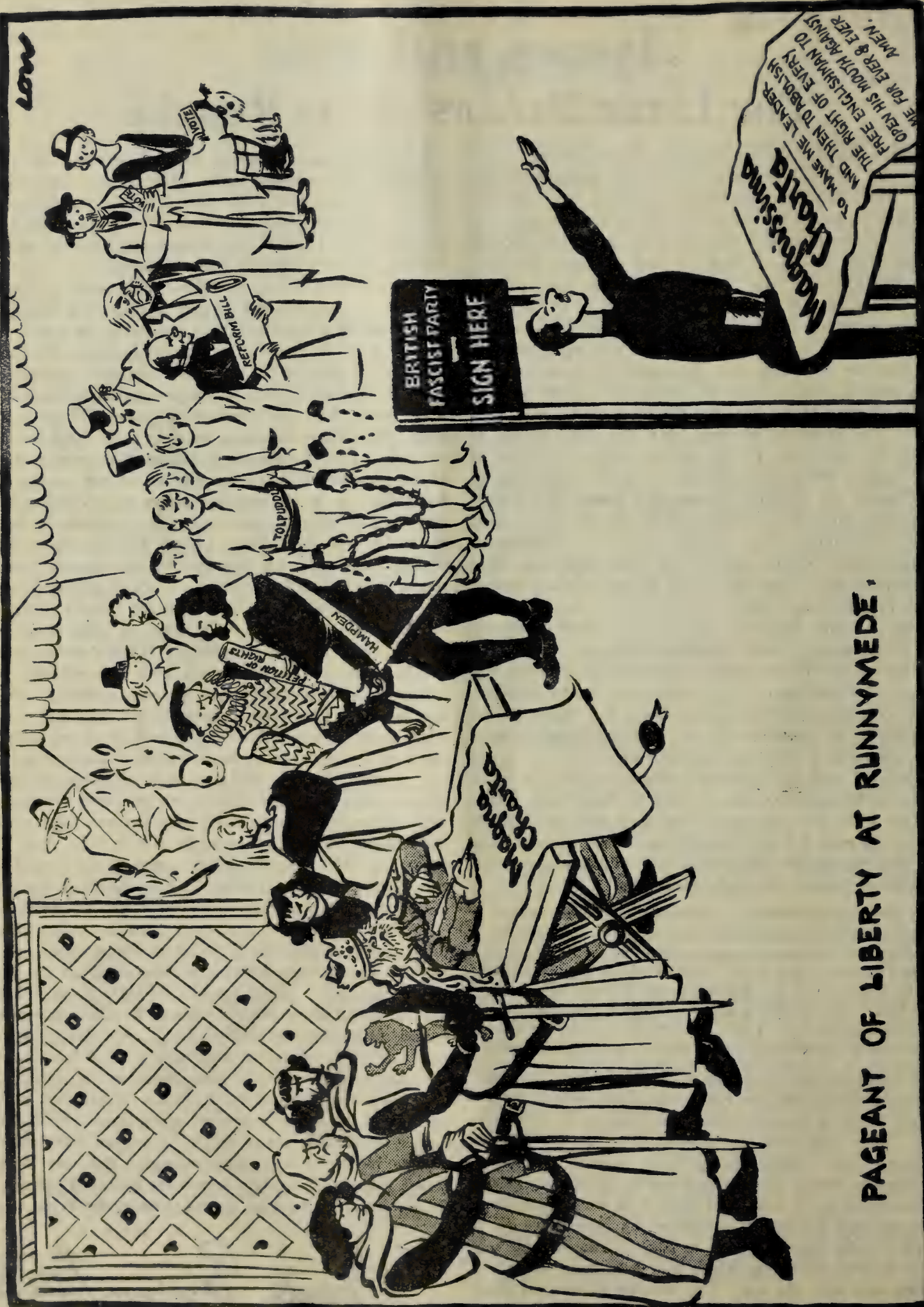
the Democrats out, especially when those who raise it have themselves such unclean hands. The highest claim made by the Republicans now is that they will win from 80 to 100 seats in the next Congress. That would give them a bare control of the House. But no unbiased political authority believes that anything like that is possible.

No, you can't beat something with nothing. To look forward to a Republican victory in 1936 the Republicans must produce a candidate who can really be considered a rival to Franklin Roosevelt's remarkable personality, with a constructive plan for the social and economic reorganization of the United States which will give a guaranty that it will work better than the Roosevelt program. There is not a single Republican candidate in sight who could be taken seriously. Jim Wadsworth, a delightful country gentleman of large means who has frequently shown the courage of his convictions, as in his open opposition to prohibition in the early days of the noble experiment, has certainly neither the personality nor the ability. Ogden Mills is obviously impossible because he has been one of the greatest beneficiaries of special privilege. As for a social program, who is there in the Republican Party to draft a really liberal and far-reaching one to match that which is being worked out gradually by the Democratic Party? If the President's forthcoming program is to be what has lately been published, with its proposals for unemployment, sickness, disability, and old-age insurance, and death benefits, it will stir and win the whole country, in which the great bulk of us are today tortured by the insecurity of the times and of our economic status. I admit that the NRA is breaking down for lack of proper enforcement and because its tendencies are monopolistic and injurious to the small manufacturer. But what do the Republicans offer to put in its place? The little Theodore says, "My program is the return to the rugged individualism of Herbert Hoover." Does he think the public has forgotten where that rugged individualism landed us?

There is something supremely comic in the happiness of the Republicans over the fact that in Pennsylvania one Republican beat another Republican who stood for the Roosevelt doctrines by something like 110,000 votes. Gifford Pinchot polled about 490,000 votes of Republicans who were entirely satisfied with the New Deal. Are they going to be won back by language like that of Mrs. Fitz Simons, or by the more polished and sensible utterances of Mr. Mills? Nor must the Republicans overlook the La Follette bolt in Wisconsin and the splitting of their party there. Will that be healed by promises of a return to rugged individualism? Finally, let me warn my Eastern readers that this "growing Republican attack" is right here in the East, and that it bears little relationship to what is happening in the West.

Howells Garrison Killard

A Cartoon by LOW



PAGEANT OF LIBERTY AT RUNNYMEDE.

The Battle of Toledo

By A. J. MUSTE

Toledo, May 27

IN 1919 the Willys-Overland automobile works in Toledo were on strike. The strike was broken by the Killits injunction, one of the most vicious in American labor history. This was an important part of the post-war offensive to smash unionism in the automobile and other basic industries. So far as Toledo is concerned it was successful.

Today a score of companies of the Ohio National Guard are encamped about the Electric Auto-Lite plant, nearly every window in which was smashed by a crowd of 10,000 workers last Wednesday afternoon and evening while several hundred strike-breakers and sheriff's deputies were imprisoned in the plant for fifteen hours; the air in the vicinity of the plant is soaked with tear gas and KOCN (nauseating gas), which can often be smelled a mile or two away in the business or swankier residence section; two men have been killed and scores wounded by the soldiers, who are still being showered with bricks by angry crowds; and the Central Labor Union (A. F. of L.) is taking a general-strike referendum in one of the bitterest labor wars this "sweet land of liberty" has ever known.

The present situation in Toledo has roots also in that Harding-Coolidge-Hoover big-business and financial orgy which was ushered in by the strike-breaking and red-baiting of 1919-21. Out of low-paid workers C. O. Miniger, the executive head of the Auto-Lite Company, and his associates made huge profits. Miniger is a local boy who, until he was nearly thirty-five and "struck oil" in the auto-parts manufacturing business, was a \$30-per-week salesman. As the profits piled up he went in for banking. There was the business with which we are now so familiar, of holding companies, loans to insiders, and all the rest. The Ohio Bank and the Security Bank were closed in 1932 in one of the worst of the banking scandals, still in litigation. Miniger has paid his double liability as a stockholder, but his holding companies had withdrawn their money under highly questionable circumstances. Thousands of sober, thrifty Toledoans suffered hardships. Many were among those who smashed the windows in the Auto-Lite plant last Wednesday and in the face of tear-gas bombs hurled by the deputies within tried to ram the factory doors. No one here doubts that if they had succeeded they would have wrecked the plant. The most popular sign carried by the pickets in front of the plant before Wednesday's outbreak read: "We Don't Need Dillinger—We Have Miniger." The deputies captured that sign along with others, but Miniger's attorneys have not included it with those others among the exhibits in Judge Stuart's court, where Louis F. Budenz, executive secretary of the American Workers' Party, Ted Selander and Sam Pollock of the Lucas County Unemployed League, and several members of the Automotive Workers' Union are on trial for violating an injunction against mass picketing.

Toledo, like many other cities, is in financial straits as an aftermath of the era of super-prosperity. One of the results is that 150 policemen have recently been laid off and the wages of the police have been cut to \$100 per month,

with not too much assurance that even that is going to be paid. It is not surprising, therefore, that the police feel some sympathy for the unemployed and the low-paid workers. At no time in the course of the Auto-Lite and other recent strikes have they indulged in brutality toward the strikers. There was no clubbing on their part even last Tuesday and Wednesday when the excitement was at its height. Early on Thursday morning I personally witnessed any number of instances of strike sympathizers hurling rocks at the plant while the police looked on, warned them when deputies inside the plant were preparing another gas attack, gave first aid to the wounded besiegers, and solicitously rushed them off in police cars to hospitals.

The rough work throughout the strike has been done by Sheriff Krieger and special deputies paid by the Auto-Lite Company according to the sheriff's sworn testimony in court. The immediate responsibility for violence in this strike rests upon the provocative tactics of the Auto-Lite Company and these deputies. For example, on Wednesday just before the big outbreak occurred, several hundred pickets were marching back and forth before the plant gates with thousands of spectators looking on from the other side of the street. At one gate in full view of these thousands a young girl picket got an ugly wound behind the ear from a bolt thrown out of the factory window. At another gate an elderly man urged the crowd to join the pickets and was knocked down by a deputy's fist. Infuriated by this brutality the crowds rushed in a solid mass to join the pickets.

Strike-breakers were rushed out of the plant and turned streams of water on the crowd, which then forced the strike-breakers back into the building with showers of bricks. Deputies who had also retreated to the factory then unloosed the gas attack. Very inconsiderately they tossed several bombs right into the midst of the police, whose sympathy for the strikers was not diminished thereby.

It is, of course, high time to bring the Roosevelt Administration and the NRA into this story. It is the disorganization of former Postmaster-General Brown's local political machine following the Roosevelt landslide which is in considerable degree responsible for the fact that, so far at least, it has not been possible to rally "the forces of law and order" successfully against the workers. It is the present disorganization in the Roosevelt regime and the realization which has fully dawned upon the workers that not Section 7-a of the NRA nor labor boards nor even the White Father himself can be trusted to give them anything, which has brought about the militant fight for organization in Toledo as in Minneapolis and elsewhere.

Last August, when the first wave of organization under the New Deal got under way, an A. F. of L. federal local, the Automotive Workers' Union, was formed by the workers in the Logan Gear, Bingham, Electric Auto-Lite, and other automobile-parts shops in Toledo. In February the union demanded from the employers recognition, a 10 per cent wage increase, and the establishment of a seniority system. There was a five-day strike at the end of February and the

beginning of March. It ended when an immediate 5 per cent increase was given in addition to the promise that by April 1 a contract with the union would be negotiated.

April Fool's Day neared. The union presented its contract to the employers. Thomas Ramsey, business agent of the Automotive Workers' Union, was practically thrown out of the Auto-Lite office. The company presented its own contract, a near yellow-dog affair which made no provision at all for collective bargaining. The Subregional Labor Board did nothing. Active workers were fired. The company refused to negotiate. In the middle of April the strike was renewed.

The strike was successful from the workers' point of view—too successful to the Auto-Lite Company's notion. An injunction was resorted to. That had done the trick in 1919, why not in 1934? At first it seemed that the company strategy would succeed. Mass picketing ceased. The union for the moment accepted the limitation of twenty-five pickets to each gate. Strike-breakers filtered in. At this point a new and significant force swung into action. Toledo and Lucas County unemployed are organized in the Lucas County Unemployed League, affiliated with the Ohio and the National Unemployed League (not to be confused with the Unemployed Councils). It has been the policy of the leagues everywhere to support union-organization campaigns, to warn the unemployed away from striking mills and mines, and to assist in picketing, relief, and other strike activities of the employed workers. The Lucas County Unemployed League had offered its aid in the first Auto-Lite strike and did so again in the second.

Guided by Louis F. Budenz, who has successfully smashed many injunctions in his career as a labor organizer, the Lucas County Unemployed League, led by two young Toledoans, Ted Selander and Sam Pollock, now took the initiative in smashing the Auto-Lite injunction. On May 5 the Lucas County Unemployed League Anti-Injunction Committee sent a letter to Judge Stuart saying: "On Monday morning, May 7, at the Auto-Lite plant, the Lucas County Unemployed League, in protest against the injunction issued by your court, will deliberately and specifically violate the injunction enjoining us from sympathetically picketing peacefully in support of the striking auto workers' federal union." They described the injunction as "an abrogation of our democratic rights" which contravened "the spirit and letter of Section 7-a of the NIRA."

On the morning indicated the "mass" picketing was carried on by Selander, Pollock, and two of the members of the union. The four were arrested, charged with contempt of court, and held for twenty-four hours. Released on bail they promptly returned to the picket line and were joined by others. A few days later forty-six men were arrested, including of course the irrepressible Selander and Pollock. When the trial for contempt came up, an attempt was made to isolate these two leaders and three active union members, sentence them, and let the rest go. The other forty-one insisted they were "guilty of the same offense" and that it must be "forty-six or none." They were backed in their demand by hundreds of union members and sympathizers, who took possession of the courthouse and cheered and sang while Selander from the witness stand expounded the principles of militant labor, and Attorney Edward Lamb exposed the mockery of much of the legal machinery of capitalist govern-

ment. After this amazing scene the court recessed for lunch. The court enjoyed a long lunch hour and later in the afternoon, after two hours of confusion, mumbled what was supposedly a decision, but which no one to this day has been able to explain. At all events those who had been cited for contempt walked blithely out of the court and back to the picket lines!

Louis Budenz came to Toledo in person and assisted in mass demonstrations. The Central Labor Union of Toledo and the A. F. of L. locals affiliated with it began to talk of a general strike and initiated a referendum on the subject. Fifty-three locals have already voted for a general strike. The strike would be partly in support of the Auto-Lite strike, partly a means by which various trades would gain the union recognition and wage increases which they have long desired, partly in support of the effort to organize the Toledo Edison Company now being made by Oliver Myers, business agent of the International Brotherhood of Electrical Workers. Myers is a highly intelligent, fighting industrial unionist who says he is out to organize all the Edison employees, "the power plants too."

Thus the way was prepared for the great demonstration of last Wednesday which we have already described. Just now the hot-dog and popcorn stand which did a flourishing business within a block or so of the Auto-Lite plant throughout that demonstration is still on the job. So is the National Guard, whose members are increasingly ruthless. An army of mediators is at work. They are headed by Charles P. Taft, who has just demonstrated his liberalism and his impartiality in an amazing fashion. After the writer of this article, Professor Lawrence Sears of Ohio Wesleyan University, and Attorney Edward Lamb had tried in vain for ten hours on last Saturday to obtain access for counsel to Ted Selander, who for some as yet unknown reason was picked up by the National Guard and held *incommunicado*, they asked Mr. Taft if he could not assist in this effort. Mr. Taft declined and in the course of this conversation revealed his mental attitude and utter unfitness for the role of impartial mediator by remarking. "This strike should never have been called in the first place!"

The Automotive Workers' Union is on the job and announces that it will never give up the fight until the militia is out and the union recognized. The trade unions are on the job and have called a great torch-light parade and mass-meeting for June 1. The signal for the general strike may be given that night. Arthur Garfield Hays of the American Civil Liberties Union arrives in a few hours to assist in the defense of Budenz and of union and unemployed leaders charged with contempt for violating Judge Stuart's injunction. P. J. Gould, representative of the Lake Erie Chemical Company of Cleveland, assures the *Toledo News-Bee* that his company, which is supplying bombs to the National Guard, is on the job, too. They are sending in stronger ones now, since, Mr. Gould laments, "the rioters seem to eat this tear gas. They take it and ask for more." The Auto-Lite Company is also on the job though it is not making any automobile parts just now. The local papers announce that "heavy steel plates were being installed late Saturday along the lower doors and windows." Indications were that this was "part of the general cleaning up and repair work." Maybe the Auto-Lite is going to be a closed shop from now on.

A London Letter

By HAROLD J. LASKI

London, May 13

I

ECONOMIC nationalism is bringing its revenges. When the ex-free trader, Mr. Runciman, announces to the House of Commons that a quota will be introduced against Japanese textile goods seeking importation into the British colonial empire, Lancashire and a passionately protectionist majority all cheer with enthusiasm. Yet it is difficult not to feel that this is the beginning of grave events of which we have not heard the last by any means.

Let us grant that there is some case for action against Japan. Her vastly depreciated currency acts as a subsidy to her exports. Part, at least, of the reason for her competitive power is the sweated labor costs in her bill of production. The effort of the British government to arrive at a trade agreement with Japan was treated with equivocation, delay, hesitation, to a degree that made it evident that Japan was too confident of her strength as an industrial producer even to wish to take negotiations seriously. And anyone who visits the Lancashire cotton towns, who sees there the intensity of suffering through unemployment, will understand that no government could fail to do something which could be represented there as action against its sufferings. It must also be recognized that in the present temper of the nation any policy which tells Japan that there is a limit to British patience with her general aggressiveness is certainly to be widely popular.

When that is said, it must be emphasized that the government has not really confronted its problems. Everyone knows that a great deal of Lancashire's misfortune is its own fault. The textile industry is in a state of anarchy. It suffers from over-capitalization, bad organization, inefficient methods of distribution, failure to take advantage of technical development in the industry. No inconsiderable part of Japan's advantage in the industrial race is unquestionably due to her superior efficiency in these matters. Everyone has known this for years. No government has had the courage to tackle it because no government has had the courage to attack a fiercely individualistic body of vested interests whose behavior, for some fifteen years now, has been indefensible. The quota policy of the government merely postpones a day of reckoning. It stabilizes an inefficiency which everyone knows to be unpardonable.

That is not all. It seems to many of us pretty hard, say, on Nigeria, that its citizens should be compelled to pay more for cotton goods, not in their own interest, but in that of Lancashire. If that is the price of empire, it is not an easy price to pay. For it is the deliberate subjugation of colonial interests to bolster up the declining competitive power of the mother-country. It is the use of the state power to force a weaker imperial unit to subsidize the wages of the Lancashire worker and the profits of his inefficient master. Worse economics it is difficult to imagine—and it is done, of course, without any pretense of consultation with the consumers who will be affected by the decision.

It is unthinkable that Japan will acquiesce in the de-

cision without fighting back. A narrow front of conflict will become a wide one; and no one can pretend to foresee where this may end. This quota may hasten Japan in her policy of Eastern expansion. It may prove the incident which confirms her in her decision to break the Tripartite Naval Agreement next year. It may lead her into those closer relations with Germany of which the result may easily be the basis of that attack on Russia which would, I believe, set the whole world in flames. If the restriction policy is successful, it may confront Japan with an unemployment problem which, added to her present troubles, may encourage her to the view that the conquest of new markets by the sword is the historic method by which imperial autocracy finds relief from domestic burdens. And the encouragement it offers to India and the dominions to press for relief from their own foreign competitors by seeking further markets by quota in Great Britain opens up vistas the nature of which is definitely unpleasant. A nation which begins to tread the path chosen by the National Government in 1931 enters a road of which the complexities may very easily mean grave disaster in the end. So far from winning a victory, Mr. Runciman's policy has merely created new problems; and it is only too obvious that he does not know the answer to any of them. He has shown once more—if it still needs to be shown—that the state as an economic unit is a dangerous monster in an internationally interdependent world. By doing by fiat from London what he should have attempted by negotiation at Geneva he has made the prospect of world peace even dimmer than it was before.

II

With the refusal of the government to support Lord Salisbury's bill for strengthening the powers of the House of Lords, one more effort to reform that body has proved abortive; I do not think now that another effort will be made until after the next general election. But the debate was intensely interesting for its revelation of the Conservative mind. Taken as a whole, the peers do not doubt that they owe it to the nation to make abortive any future Labor victory. They would have no hesitation in creating a new chamber with a permanent Conservative majority. They would, if they could, undo the whole effect of the Parliament Act by taking away from the Speaker of the House of Commons his power to decide what is a financial measure. Many of them would be willing to make it impossible for the Commons to put any measure on the statute book until a new general election, exacted at the pleasure of the Lords, had refreshed the power of the government responsible for it. One peer high in the ranks of the Tory party actually pleaded for a revival of monarchical authority as a safeguard of the nation—by which he clearly meant the interests of property—against socialism. I must not omit the special insight of Lord Redesdale, who explained that the hereditary principle lies at the foundation of the Christian religion.

For the moment the danger of a revival of the Lords has passed. But the discussion is important because it shows

that a Labor revival of serious proportions will not go unchallenged. If the Labor Party wins the next election, it is a pretty safe speculation that the Tories will at least try to exploit obsolete vestiges of the royal prerogative against a socialist program. If there is a Conservative majority, there is certain to be a new second chamber so constituted as to form a decisive bulwark against socialism. We are moving, I suspect, toward a position when all the dangerous resources of a constitution mainly built on unwritten understandings may be deliberately exploited against the Labor Party. I think it is a safe prediction that the present simple faith of most of its leaders in the willingness of privilege to play the game will be put to a stern test in the next three or four years.

III

At any rate they ought to be moved by the implications of the Incitement to Sedition bill, which is now in the committee stage of the House of Commons. It is a bill which ought to rejoice the heart of men like Mr. Mitchell Palmer and Congressman Hamilton Fish. No serious reason for its introduction has been given; and its clauses are drawn so widely that in the hands of a "patriotic" magistrate the most honorable pacifist propaganda might easily be construed as a deliberate attempt to incite the troops to mutiny. The bill has been riddled with criticism; even so stout a Conservative as Sir William Holdsworth, the successor of Dicey and the most eminent of our academic lawyers, has attacked it root and branch. The Attorney-General has accepted some amendments; but the general nature of the bill remains unchanged. It is the worst measure of its kind we have seen in Great Britain these hundred years.

Its introduction is important because it symbolizes the growth of a fascist temper in Great Britain. It must be taken in conjunction with facts like the increase in the number of Communist prosecutions; the widening sympathy for Sir Oswald Mosley; the increasing insistence in the press that a victory for Labor is incompatible with the maintenance

of a constitutional system, an insistence in which even Mr. Baldwin joins; the deliberate militarization of the police by Lord Trenchard, who is seeking, with the warm approval of the government, to create therein an officer class mainly recruited from the public schools. It looks as though conservatism had made up its mind to regard the privileges of property as an Ulster to the service of which they are entitled to twist the constitution just as they please.

There is some evidence that the Labor Party is not wholly unaware of these dangers. But I think it is true to say that its main leadership and, not least important, the party machine gravely underestimate their significance. They think that some mysterious entity called the "national character" will enable Great Britain to muddle through in the future as in the past. They wholly forget that a nation only muddles through on two conditions: (1) its industrial supremacy must leave it ample margins within which to make concessions to the masses; (2) it must have agreed within itself upon the basic assumptions of the national faith. Neither of these conditions any longer holds in Great Britain, and their absence makes a trust in "national character" an inadmissible gamble for whoever maintains confidence in it.

No doubt it is true that communism, like official fascism, has as yet no serious hold in Great Britain. But I think this is due to two special reasons. The electorate still wants to see what a Labor Government can do with the parliamentary machine; and communism will not grow—the chance of war apart—until that experience has tested its adaptability. The strategy of the Communists, in the second place, is so futile—sane as their diagnosis often is—that they do far more harm to themselves than they do to their opponents. Not even daily reiteration will persuade the electorate to believe that George Lansbury and Stafford Cripps are tools of the capitalist class. The Communist Party in Great Britain has many valuable qualities; but it lacks that saving grace of common sense which is the mainspring of political influence.

Can Farm Prices Go Up?

By W. P. MORTENSON

DURING the past 100 years farm prices have fallen many times, have been shattered and mended, and then have slowly climbed the hill to better times again, only to repeat the topple and crash. This time, however, farm prices seem completely smashed, with little apparent vitality left for recovery.

For a decade agriculture has been in distress. Farmers have protested; legislation has been enacted; research has been set under way. Today farm prices command the attention of economists throughout the country. For example, the University of Wisconsin has sponsored a historical study to determine the movements of farm prices in the past and their probable movements in the future. For three years a research staff has been gathering and interpreting price data on the important farm products. No one can doubt that the results of such findings will be of great value in providing intelligent guidance for agriculture.

From these studies, covering farm prices over a period of many decades, facts have been gleaned which prompt one to question certain beliefs very common among laymen, to a considerable extent among public officials and aspirants for office, and to a lesser extent among economists. Since the beginning of the present distressed condition of agriculture, the period of 1910-14 has been referred to as the "normal period of agriculture," and a great deal of the attempted legislation since the early twenties has supported that assumption. Indeed, the present Agricultural Adjustment Act has defined the years 1910-14 as the "base period" for agriculture. This, supposedly, was a time during which farm purchasing power was about normal. Agricultural leaders and farmers in general are hoping to enjoy once more the purchasing power they had in this "base period." One may well agree that it is a laudable goal toward which to work, and everyone interested in agriculture would be happy to see it

reached. If it is a point which farmers can reasonably expect to reach and maintain, it will profit them to be apprised of the fact as soon as possible in order that they may take the necessary steps in readjusting their farm operations and future commitments.

The well-informed will agree that the period of the World War was an abnormal one, and should not be chosen as a "base period," which presumes normality. Nor has any period since the World War been a truly normal one. We need, therefore, to go back before that time for dependable price comparisons. Let us see, then, how this so-called "base period," 1910-14, compares with earlier periods. Briefly, during the sixty-year span from 1840 to 1900 we find that farm prices were relatively lower than during the period centering around 1910-14. On the basis of 100 for 1910-14, the index of Wisconsin agricultural prices in 1860 stood at 71, in 1880 at 73, and in 1900 at 62. Thus, may we not conclude that if the 1910-14 period is to be taken as normal, then farm prices for the whole period prior to that date must be assumed to have been abnormally low?

Judging from these figures it probably would be more nearly correct to say that farm prices during the period 1910-14 were high, and during the preceding years they were "normal." Instead of being considered a "base period" upon which to rest the structure of farm prices, 1910-14 really should be considered in the nature of a peak period. During that particular period agriculture was in a favorable position for two reasons: because prices of farm products were high, and because products which farmers bought were relatively low in price compared with several decades before that time. Up to that time farm taxes had never been high, and except for about two decades after the Civil War debts had not been burdensome. In appraising the present condition of agriculture we need, therefore, to consider, first, the exchange value of farm products, which depends as much upon the prices of the things the farmer buys as upon those he sells; and, second, his fixed expenses—debts and taxes.

Leaving taxes and debts out of consideration for the moment, it is not absolutely essential that farm prices be raised to some former high level in order to put farmers in tune again with the rest of the country. The same results might be obtained if prices of the products of industry were lowered to meet those of the farmer. For example, it matters little to Jerry Smith whether he sells milk for \$2 a can or \$1 a can, so long as he can buy three shirts for the price of a can of milk. Over a period of years Smith is concerned more with the buying power of his products than with the prices they net. Agriculture, therefore, may be relatively well off even though the prices of farm products are not high, provided the prices of the goods bought by farmers are low enough. Further improvement in the purchasing power of farm products depends substantially as much upon the possibility of continued improvements in the output per man of industrial goods, with consequent lowered prices, as upon any considerable increase in the general level of agricultural prices. Farm products, low as they appear today, are still about equal to their 1850-1910 average. Products bought by farmers—non-agricultural products—likewise are about the same as the average during that period. Therefore, while the exchange value of agricultural products is only about three-fourths of what it was during 1910-14, it is only a little below the 1850-1910 level.

From the standpoint of the prices of agricultural products, the farmer is not in such desperate circumstances compared with the period prior to 1910. He is at considerable disadvantage in the products he must buy. He is at a great disadvantage, however, in the matter of debts and taxes. Debt and tax burdens today loom like mountains for the farmer. Accordingly, even though Jerry Smith is able to skimp on clothing, new machinery, fencing, and lumber, the burden of meeting certain recurring fixed charges in holding his farm constitutes a heavy drain upon his present earnings and past savings. What really interests farmers today is the answer to this question: What will happen to farm prices during the next ten years or so?

There are those who insist that industry cannot prosper unless agriculture is prosperous. That is, agriculture leads the way—it is the determining factor; hence it must be improved first. Many who are interested in the welfare of agriculture gain comfort from this belief. Sadly enough, it is largely untrue. Agriculture is not, even under normal conditions, an extremely heavy purchaser of industrial goods. Probably agriculture has never enjoyed more than one-fifth of the total national income. Moreover, a dollar spent by a farmer sets no more wheels in motion than a dollar spent by his cousin in the city. It is more likely that a prosperous agriculture depends upon a prosperous industry than the other way around. Agriculture—in the present world economic situation—is very unlikely to rise to prosperity unless business improves and the unemployed again become buyers of those farm products which are now considered by many as semi-luxuries—for instance, butter and cream—as well as of those food products which are essential for the maintenance of life and a fair degree of health.

If industry again provides an abundance of jobs in the cities at attractive wages, thereby drawing people back to the city and placing the present unemployed on the pay rolls, the agricultural outlook will again brighten up. It has always been true in the past that during favorable industrial conditions literally hundreds of thousands of young men dropped the plow and took advantage of attractive wages in the city. This happened from 1910 through most of the prosperous era. Then agricultural prices were favorable largely because industry was prosperous, world markets offered an outlet for the products of agriculture, and pay rolls were such that the city dweller had power to purchase semi-luxuries as well as the necessities of life.

The government, through the Agricultural Adjustment Administration, is engaged in a great campaign to improve agriculture through production control. Will this program bring farm purchasing power and farm incomes back to the 1910-14 level? There are grave doubts. Though it may succeed in raising the price of a bushel of grain or 100 pounds of milk by reducing farm production, it must be remembered that when farmers produce fewer and fewer pounds of milk or bushels of grain during succeeding years, even at higher prices, the net farm income may still be low compared with the "base" period. Reduction in crops does not necessarily result in a higher cash income. Ezekiel and Bean, economic advisers to the Agricultural Administration, state that for such things as meat animals and dairy and poultry products prices depend very largely upon the amount of income which the consumers have to spend. They add that readjustments in supplies and improvement in marketing meth-

ods can improve farm purchasing power only in a limited way unless city purchasing power is restored. They conclude that complete price recovery of these products to a point at which it means a substantial improvement in income must therefore await general economic recovery. In the case of such products as fruits and vegetables it has been found that, say, a 10 per cent decrease in production causes less than a 10 per cent increase in prices. Thus a large crop brings in a greater total income than a small one.

In addition, it should be mentioned that when farm production is reduced, it is impossible to reduce costs accordingly, since approximately two-thirds of the farm costs are relatively fixed and thus independent of the volume produced. For that reason the reduced production will be at a higher per unit cost than a larger production. We may therefore, it seems, safely conclude that cutting down production cannot guarantee higher farm incomes to everyone. Controlled production may bring higher incomes for the producers of some crops, but for others it may actually reduce the total income.

It is important that farmers realize that present reduced city pay rolls will react against price increases resulting from production control. A plan to raise farm prices to a point at which farmers, the middlemen, and the NRA will be satisfied may meet with firm resistance on the part of city housewives, especially those who control the purses of large families with small incomes.

The facts literally drive one to conclude that farmers

must try to adjust their immediate expenditures and their future obligations in anticipation of farm purchasing power and net income *below* the 1910-14 average. Those who do so will doubtless fare much better during the next decade than those who assume obligations with the expectation that their purchasing power will soar again.

Shall we, then, resign ourselves in hopelessness, or shall we heed the call of the countryside which promises: "Who chooseth me shall gain what many men desire"? Rural America may not have as much to offer as Horace Greeley believed when he enthusiastically urged, "Go West, young man, go West." Yet even though the farm may not afford a high labor income during the next decade, it offers security, a home, and a desirable place to rear a family, and these are items which command the attention not only of prospective buyers but also of those now on farms. The farmer of the next decade is not likely to be among those on the high-income tax list, but if he has set his place in order he can always depend upon the farm as an island of safety, where the family may live as a unit with opportunities to take part and pride in community affairs, and where the cupboard will not be bare when the dinner bell rings.

Attempts are on foot in many regions to relieve farm real estate from the present staggering tax load. Farm values and debts are being written down; inefficiencies in operation are being overcome. Such adjustments will serve to transfer many farms from the category of liabilities to that of assets.

"Hands Off China"

By CRISPIAN CORCORAN

Tientsin, April 25

THE "Hands off China" declaration came as a surprise and a shock to the world, a surprise and a shock that were deepened when elaborations by Mr. Yokoyama at Geneva, Ambassador Saito in Washington, and Minister Ariyoshi in Peiping proved conclusively that it was not a minor official's indiscretion but a bona fide statement of policy. Actually, it need not have been so surprising. As early as last January the question of international cooperation in China was gone over with a fine-toothed comb during interpellations in the Tokio Diet, and Foreign Minister Hirota hinted at the possibility of action in a speech on the subject. On April 9 a still more definite indication of the way the wind was blowing was given by a Japanese Foreign Office spokesman, who, in an interview granted to the press, stated flatly that Japan was not only opposed in principle to international participation in Chinese reconstruction but would take all possible measures to resist such participation when it entered a practical stage. For one reason or another this statement was not given wide publicity, and we in China only learned of it from mailed copies of Japanese newspapers. One suspects cable censorship. Be that as it may, nine days later the same statement was broadcast throughout the world.

The immediate reason for the declaration seems to have been the return to Europe of Dr. Rajchman, League of Nations envoy and economic adviser to the Nanking government. Dr. Rajchman, a Pole, was sent to China a year or

so ago in accordance with one of the recommendations of the ill-starred Lytton report providing for "temporary international cooperation in the internal reconstruction of China as suggested by the late Dr. Sun Yat-sen." He is now returning to Europe by way of the United States, presumably with concrete recommendations. Although it is most improbable that his activities involved any immediate threat to Japan's economic hegemony in China, they certainly symbolized the determination of the Powers to checkmate Japanese ambitions on the Asiatic mainland. Now the Japanese are determined that neither Dr. Rajchman nor the policies he represents shall ever return.

The European Powers and the United States have for the past year taken a great part in the arming of China, particularly in the building up of air fleets for both Nanking and Canton. Along with airplanes, they have sent military advisers to instruct the buyers in their use and make sure that more orders were forthcoming. Thus besides a brand-new British air attaché and an Italian ace with an imposing war record, there are now in Shanghai Captain Frank Buck, the American "human bullet," and a host of other military gentlemen, outstanding among whom is General Hans von Seeckt, who was responsible for the reorganization of the Reichswehr after the Kapp Putsch and, with Schacht, Thyssen, Hugenberg, and Krupp von Bohlen, was a member of the reactionary gang that brought Hitler to power in Germany. General von Seeckt, while helping in the organization

of crack battalions for Chiang Kai-shek, is doubtless keeping his eyes open for business opportunities of which his friends among the steel magnates may take advantage. Besides the representatives of the international armaments ring, circling like vultures over the fat fields of China, there are a host of industrial promoters, mostly British, running to and fro between Nanking and Shanghai. Among the armament firms now represented in that city are Vickers Armstrong (British), du Pont de Nemours (United States), many American aviation enterprises, the French Schneider-Creusot and the Hotchkiss interests, the Czecho-Slovakian Skoda Works, the British Imperial Chemical Industries, and Dutch and Italian interests. German firms specialize in passenger and semi-military aircraft, as well as in small arms. The activities of these people are, naturally enough, supported by their respective governments, which are thus able to report the emergence of their heavy industries from the depression and have the satisfaction of knowing that the arms manufacturers are keeping "in training" for possible crises, by working on a war footing.

Less obvious, but to the Japanese no less alarming, are the importations of foreign machinery for China's cotton mills and nascent heavy industries, the purchases of railway and air-line stock, and the financial commitments resulting therefrom. Rather alarming, too, is the bid of the United States for the China market as exemplified in recent silver legislation and the visit of Professor James H. Rogers to Nanking.

All these factors, combined with Japanese allegations that special rights have been granted to the United States in the province of Fukien, seem to have prompted the present declaration. They hardly explain, though, why all of Hirota's patient spade work for the bettering of his country's international position should have been thrown overboard in such a spectacular manner. It seems very probable that a preliminary understanding was arrived at with some Power or group of Powers, and the finger points to France.

Although Paris has regarded with some misgivings the Nazi-Japanese rapprochement brought about by the combination of circumstances that forced both Japan and Germany out of the League, Franco-Japanese economic collaboration in Manchuria seems to have a brilliant future. One of the most interesting results of the Manchurian adventure has been the increase of French investments in Japan. The Banque Franco-Asiatique is known to be working with the Japanese General Staff on plans for the construction of strategic railways in Manchuria. Control of the Chosen (Korea) Corporation has passed to this bank from the British Harman group. France has an interest in the Chinese Eastern Railway, unrecognized by the Soviets, but an excellent bargaining counter for the Japanese. The great investments of French finance in enterprises dependent upon the success of Japanese imperialism at the expense of the U. S. S. R. will certainly shape French policy in the event of a conflict. Two more observations may legitimately be made in this connection. The evacuation of the Japanese at the end of the "Shanghai War" of 1932 commenced on the day that the reactionary Tardieu Government fell. Greater Japanese aggressiveness coincided with the accession of the Doumergue Cabinet (which includes Tardieu, Laval, and Pétain), and the "Hands off China" declaration was issued on April 17, the date of the French note which virtually squelched Euro-

pean disarmament. These may be merely coincidences, but the whole-hearted approval with which the Paris press—notoriously government-subsidized—greeted the declaration points to the less charitable conclusion. One longs for a revolution or two in Europe, if only that a few more secret treaties may be published.

I am convinced that we have in China today substantially the same conflict of imperialisms that was observable before and during the war. The Powers which in 1934 uphold Chiang Kai-shek backed Yuan Shih-kai in 1913, exacting as the price of their support his acquiescence in the plans of the Banking Consortium to secure a strangle-hold on China's economic life. This Banking Consortium was severely castigated for its predatory aims by President Wilson, whereupon the United States seceded and Russia and Japan entered, the other members being Britain, France, and Germany. Japan watched the possibility of international financial control of China with as great alarm then as she does now and presented her first "Hands off China" ultimatum, the notorious Twenty-one Demands, in 1915 when the Powers were at death grips in Europe. The Powers were forced to acquiesce, and even the United States, under the exigencies of war, acknowledged "that Japan has special interests in China, particularly for the parts to which her possessions are contiguous" (Lansing-Ishii agreement, 1917). By 1921 the United States had reversed its attitude and the Washington Conference was called to save the Chinese markets for white imperialism, as exemplified by the famous Lamont-Stevens consortium. The Lansing-Ishii agreement was abrogated, as was the Anglo-Japanese alliance, and the Nine-Power Pact guaranteed the administrative independence of China and the Open Door. Today, having smashed the Nine-Power Pact along with other consequences of the Washington Conference, Japan, with amazing consistency, continues to pursue her old pre-war policy, which for some years she was forced to clothe in more pacific forms. This development is on a par with the return to the pre-war anarchy the world over, and the 1935 Washington conference, if it ever assembles, will be called upon to face an even more serious situation than was discussed by its predecessor.

Japan was thwarted in her ambitions after the Sino-Japanese War of 1895, again in 1905, and yet again in 1921. She does not intend to be thwarted again. The plan formulated by the Emperor Meiji shortly after the restoration and again set forth in the famous Tanaka Memorial is still the basis of her policy, which has as its final aims hegemony over China, the elimination of the Soviets from Asia, and eventually the elimination of the United States and Great Britain from the Pacific. The strange and unique synthesis of the interests of the feudal Choshu and Satsuma clans, which, with the great trusts of Mitsui and Misubishi, dominate the army and navy, push Japan to greater and greater politico-economic aggression. The Emperor, as before the restoration, is under the control of a Shogunate, only this time the Shogun wears the habiliments of modern capitalism.

Japanese intervention in North China or on the Yangtze may be expected as a result of the "Hands off China" statement. In the North the Kwantung army is establishing itself in Chahar, a strategic base for a possible descent on the Trans-Siberian Railway. It is also insisting on the acceptance by Nanking of demands which, though insignificant in themselves, carry the dangerous implication of de facto rec-

ognition of Manchukuo. If Nanking accepts, it will nullify the international guaranties—or what is left of them—it invokes and will spoil its chances of rapprochement with Canton, chances which have recently brightened somewhat. The accentuation of the differences between the two factions is, of course, ardently desired by the Japanese. If Nanking does not accede, the Japanese will establish a new government in North China which will do all they ask.

I am considerably distracted while writing the present article by bursts of machine-gun fire, which has been going on for some time. The Japanese garrisons in Peiping and Tientsin have been engaged in field exercises for days in a manner calculated to make the population of the North extremely apprehensive of the future. Intervention in the Yangtze is not improbable if Chiang continues with his program of rearmament.

One aspect of the "Hands off China" declaration not often stressed is the fact that it demonstrates the effect of the Soviet troop concentration in Siberia. The present issue with the Powers is undoubtedly a diversion from the Soviet-Japanese conflict. Changes in the Far East are kaleidoscopic,

however, and the advantage gleaned by the U. S. S. R. will not be permanent. Nevertheless, it shows that Soviet Russia is fully competent to take care of her own interests and can play the diplomatic-military game as well as an imperialist Power, for an infinitely better cause.

Meanwhile the following possibilities are worthy of serious consideration as alternative or correlative consequences of the Japanese action:

1. An economic and diplomatic offensive by the Powers, with an Anglo-American bloc in the lead, which at a further stage may turn into a military offensive.
2. A policy of attrition having its stake in the eventual explosion of revolutionary forces in Japan, which may be forestalled, however, by a Japanese military irruption on the Asiatic continent, possibly in Siberia.
3. The acquiescence of Nanking in Japan's demands coming as a result of the unwillingness of the Powers to commit themselves to an active policy.
4. As a consequence of (3) a synthesis of rival imperialisms and a partition of China, which would logically be followed by a combined front against the Soviets.

The World's Greatest Racket

By JOHANNES STEEL

THE world's greatest racket is the armament racket. It has the singular distinction that those engaged in it do not mind competition, for every armament maker realizes that increased sales in foreign markets by his own or any other firm increase automatically the demand in the home market. To produce this effect it is only necessary that sufficient publicity be given to these sales, which is easily achieved through the press the armament makers control.

Armament shares are the most accurate barometer for the political atmosphere the world over. On March 20, 1933, for example, when the Powers concerned were seriously considering the MacDonald disarmament scheme, the shares of the Skoda Works stood at 320 French francs. In the last week of April, after the MacDonald plan was rejected, these shares rose to 375. At the end of that same week several Franco-German border incidents occurred, and the shares rose to 430. They remained at this level for most of the month of May, falling in the last week of May to 400 francs, to rise again in June, after the failure of the World Economic Conference, to 430. The movements of the shares of the Société Hotchkiss, a French machine-gun firm, showed the same tendencies. On March 20, 1933, the shares of this company were quoted at 1,135 francs; in the last week of April, after the Franco-German border incidents, they soared to 1,320, and after the failure of the World Economic Conference experienced a further rise to 1,385. The shares of Schneider-Creusot, which in March, 1933, stood at 1,340 francs, rose by the end of April to 1,580 francs. In other words, the reaction of the armament makers to these events was uniform; they looked forward to increased business.

The story of post-war political developments in Europe and the Far East cannot be better told than in the following figures showing the dividends paid by the firm of Skoda during the past fifteen years:

Per cent	Year
5	1920
8½	1921
10	1922-23
12½	1924
13¾	1925
15½	1926
17½	1927
22	1928
28½	1929-30

To achieve these splendid results, this firm has created war scares, bribed government officials, and disseminated false reports of the military expenditures of various neighboring countries in order to stimulate armament expenditure at home.

The most notorious of the Skoda scandals concerns a certain Bruno Seletzki, Rumanian representative of the firm. On March 25, 1933, the Rumanian authorities discovered that the Czech firm of Skoda had evaded taxes due in Rumania to the extent of 65,000,000 lei. They instituted an inquiry at the offices of Bruno Seletzki, the firm's chief representative in Bucharest. This search led to the discovery of secret files and military documents in his office, which was then officially sealed. A few days later, however, in spite of all precautions, it was found that the official seals had been broken, and that documents which were especially compromising and important had been removed. The incident was brought up in the Rumanian Parliament by Dr. Lupu and led to the arrest of Seletzki, who was charged with the crimes of evading state taxes, corrupting influential persons who could be of use to Skoda, and removing important military documents.

No sooner was this affair exposed than it was realized that a number of high officials in the army were involved, and

that here was a first-rate scandal. General Petrescu, who was charged with the investigation, demanded in his first report that officials whose guilt was known should be tried by a court martial. All those named by him were suspended from the ranks and kept at the disposition of the Ministry. Immediately after this General Sica Popescu, who had manipulated a very large ordnance order with Skoda, and who at this time was commander of an army corps stationed at Craiova, shot himself in his study. His files concerning the Skoda agreements had been found to contain a letter from him to Seletzki which proved that a bribe had been paid to him. His suicide helped to tear the veil from the Skoda affair and revealed a morass of official corruption and commercial spying.

Sometime before, on the death of a Colonel Strajescu, 54,000,000 lei in cash had been found in his house. Colonel Strajescu had worked in several departments of the War Ministry and had had very close relations with numerous army contractors, especially with Seletzki. At the time of his death the origin of this money was a mystery, but the Skoda affair indicated that it came from Seletzki. After Colonel Strajescu's death a number of compromising files were stolen from his flat and sold to a friend of Seletzki's for the sum of 3,000,000 lei.

A letter discovered at this time which had been sent by a director of a munition firm in Holland to the director of the Skoda Works showed the intimate relations of international munition makers. The director of the Dutch firm demanded, with threats, a commission for having allowed the Rumanian government to give a certain order to the firm of Skoda at double the price which his own firm would have charged. The letter read:

Doubtless you are not unaware of the fact that having made an offer to the competent army services of war materials for several milliards on behalf of the firm which I represent, I have nevertheless not insisted upon this offer in order not to stop the said order being given to the Skoda factories, which you direct, and which in fact received an order for the same quantity of material, but at double the price.

Beyond this, I would like to remind you that I have other claims on the gratitude of the firm of Skoda, and that I have knowledge of the Skoda firm, and that I have proved my friendship and pacific spirit since 1928. At that time, having to give an order for 9,500 projectile bodies, I naturally offered the choice to the staff major in the name of the firm of Breda, which I represented, indicating as the price the sum of 17,550,000 lei. The offer was given to Skoda for the price of 31,200,000, a difference of 14,000,000 out of a total of 31,000,000.

On the advice of a mutual friend who occupies a very high position, I did not protest against the rejection of my offer, infinitely more advantageous though it was, and I think that the sacrifice which I made deserves recompense. . . . I should be most obliged if you could fix me up on this matter as soon as possible, the more so since the delay in the arrangement of the commission which I claim would cause me to entertain serious prejudices.

In addition to the money he paid to the representative of another armament firm as the price of silence and to prevent competition, Seletzki made other payments to influence the Rumanian government. For an order from the Rumanian government amounting to fifteen billion lei, nearly four billion lei—that is, nearly 25 per cent—was paid in bribes by

the Skoda Works. Dr. Lupu in his exposure made this statement to the Chamber: "One Minister received 600,000,000 lei, another 400,000,000, and finally a whole group received 700,000,000." Dr. Lupu was followed in the Rumanian Chamber by M. Coga, a former Minister, who showed that the armament firms concerned not only had been guilty of bribery, but had been "active in fomenting war scares and in persuading their own countries to adopt warlike policies and to increase their armaments."

True to the principle that competition can do no harm, armament and steel-and-iron manufacturers in the formerly Allied nations have generously cooperated with the German armament and steel industries and have helped Germany to evade the disarmament provisions of the Treaty of Versailles. Issues of the *Official Monthly Bulletin for German Trade*, published by the Minister of Economics, show that German imports of iron, which during the first four months of 1932 amounted to 35,409 tons and during the first four months of 1933 to 208,802 tons, by the end of July had risen to approximately 400,000 tons. This iron is imported primarily from Belgium, whose average monthly export to Germany during 1932 was 2,000 tons, during 1933 25,000 tons. During the whole of the year 1931 Germany imported via Holland 8,300 tons of copper, while in the first six months of 1933 these imports amounted to 18,000 tons. During the whole of 1932 German imports of iron and copper minerals via Dutch ports amounted to 48,700 tons; by the end of July, 1933, they had risen to 71,000 tons. Imports via Dutch ports of pig iron for the production of steel rose from 27,000 tons during 1932 to 91,000 tons during the first six months of 1933.

The Krupp plant has for years been training a staff of artillery engineers. They have received their theoretical instruction at Essen and acquired some practical experience at the works of the Swedish Borfor Ordnance and Drydock Company, which is controlled by Krupp, and in the Krupp plants in the Ural. Krupp at this moment is manufacturing within Germany. Heavy guns of the Dicke Bertha type are tested at Meppen, and smaller 42-centimeter types are perfected at Jüterbog. The Rhein Metal Works at Düsseldorf and Sömmerda have just finished the construction of a colossal gun which is described as a "wonder of armament technique" with respect to range, caliber, and explosive capacity.

Germany is the largest producer of chemicals in the world and has a monopoly of certain important chemicals. It would be a mere matter of hours to put Germany's chemical manufacturing resources at the services of the armament industry. For example, the I. G. Farben, the great chemical trust, produces in its laboratories more than a thousand different kinds of poison gas. The chemical factories of Von Heyden at Radebeul, Dresden, are now occupied with the production of an organic oxygen as well as of light invisible gases of a composition unknown up to now. The firm of Billwarder at Hamburg Billbrock can easily change from the production of chromoxyd to the production of the terrible arsenic gases.

Not only the business of the Continental armament makers is booming; British firms also are getting their full share. The Imperial Chemical Industries, Ltd., Britain's biggest poison-gas maker, has been able for three consecutive years to increase its profits annually by an average of 30 per cent. During 1932 the increase of profits over 1931 amounted

to £1,320,782, or almost 40 per cent. This industry, if not actually subsidized by the British government, is actively assisted by the British Chemical Warfare Defense Department, which has for three years past had an annual budget of £135,000. Further research is carried out at British universities, where research workers are subsidized by the government. The United States spends approximately \$400,000 annually on chemical-warfare research.

In South America wars have been kept going solely for the benefit of the munition makers; it is certain, for example, that the wars between Bolivia and Paraguay and between Peru and Colombia could never have continued if the international armament makers had not poured arms into those countries, which have no industries of their own capable of turning out war material.

British armament makers and traders have recently sold armaments to the following South American countries:

Bolivia: from January, 1932, to January, 1934, 2,750,816 rounds of ammunition; 99 machine-guns; 6 tanks; spare parts of machinery.

Paraguay: from January, 1932, to January, 1934, 28,514,000 cartridges mainly for rifle use; 90 ammunition belts.

Peru: from January, 1933, to January, 1934, 239,000 cartridges; 18,000 fuses; 12,000 rounds of ammunition; 18 aircraft machine-guns; 46 bomb carriers.

Colombia: from January, 1933, to January, 1934, 710,000 cartridges; 4,000 kilograms of T.N.T.; 290 fuse lighters.

German armament makers, mainly through the agency of Benny Spiro, the arms merchant of Berlin, who is hated in England for having furnished the arms for the Ulster rebellion, delivered during 1933 the following munitions to South America:

Peru: 10,000 rifles; 400,000 cartridges; 6,000 rounds of ammunition; 12 mounted machine-guns.

Paraguay: 3,000,000 cartridges; 20 ammunition belts; 6 mounted machine-guns.

Colombia: 250,000 cartridges; 2,000 kilograms T.N.T.; 6 anti-aircraft machine-guns.

Nor have the Far Eastern markets been neglected. There, as in South America, wars could have been ended or limited if the Bloody International had not kept on pouring war materials into Japan and into the different sections of China. It is difficult to arrive at correct figures concerning the sales of arms to the Far East. In December, 1933, the French and German armament manufacturers and dealers signed at Geneva an agreement providing for the effective cartellization of the Far Eastern arms markets. Under this agreement the sales organizations of the French and German armament industries are pooled, and as a result there is little publicity in Europe for the sales. This procedure is no matter for surprise, for French and German armament makers and the steel and coal industrialists of the two countries have been cooperating for many decades. This cooperation did not even stop during the war, but reached dimensions which would have meant the conviction for high treason of any lesser citizen of these countries accused of such practices. To come back to the Far Eastern market: in 1933 English firms exported to China 38,000,000 Mauser cartridges, 52,000 smoke cartridges, 310,000 rifle cartridges, 140,000 revolver cartridges, 45,000 automatic rifles, 800 automatic

revolvers, 301 rifles, 45 machine-guns, 6 standard guns, and 200,000 kilograms of T.N.T.

There has always been a strong military friendship between Germany and Japan; only last December the representatives of the Japanese and Polish General Staffs met at Berlin in a conference with the German General Staff. This strong friendship, however, has not prevented Germany from sending, during the three years ending in February, 1934, some eighty-five staff officers to China. It is important to note that most of these officers were not put at the disposal of Chiang Kai-shek's government at Nanking, which has been actively corrupted by the Japanese, but were sent to assist the revolutionary governments of South China. Nevertheless, Nanking did not hesitate to keep a representative in Berlin during the period of war with Japan to deal with the arms traffic from Germany. This officer bought vast supplies of explosives—explosive gelatine, capsules, nitroglycerine, T.N.T., black powder—guns, revolvers, and machine-gun cartridges. The vessels which brought these cargoes to China invariably flew the flag of Norway. The United States had small share in the business, though in 1933 Nanking bought forty-two Curtiss-Hawk single-seater fighting planes. The main profits for American industries from the Far Eastern situation have come from Japan. For the past three years Japan has increased annually her purchases of raw cotton by an average of 35 per cent, not to mention a purchase of 100 per cent more kerosene oil, 40 per cent more crude petroleum, 25 per cent more lead, and 12 per cent more steel. The Manchurian military adventure has so far cost Japan not less than one billion yen, and while Japan is naturally doing all it can to make its home industries profit from this terrific expenditure, up to now more than 40 per cent of this money has left the country.

During 1932 and 1933 Japan bought from Great Britain 2,400 machine-guns and some 14,000,000 cartridges of various descriptions. The figures from the Continent are more difficult to obtain because of the Franco-German agreement not to publish any sales to the Far East, but it may be noted that the Japanese military attaché at Paris has rooms permanently engaged at the testing ranges of the firms of Schneider-Creusot and the Société Hotchkiss. The Czecho-Slovakian armament industry is almost entirely controlled by Schneider-Creusot of France and is also subject to the cartellization agreement. Nevertheless, the following shipments among many others were made to Japan from Czecho-Slovakia during 1932 and 1933:

300 aeroplane machine-guns at the price of £140 each.

10 batteries of four Böhler field guns with a caliber of 7.65 centimeters.

40 light tanks, latest type, with 26 horse-power motors giving 2,000 revolutions per minute, speed 40 miles per hour, chromium-steel-plated, total weight of the tank 2,000 kilograms.

10,000 aeroplane bombs assorted in weights of 25, 50, and 100 kilograms.

3,000,000 Mauser cartridges, and also hand grenades, flame-throwers, and one shipload of spare parts, most of this material having been shipped through the port of Hamburg.

I could adduce many similar facts but these few are sufficient to show conclusively that there would be fewer wars if there were fewer armament makers.

In the Driftway

THE Drifter is passionately indifferent to sports. The mere thought of either watching or taking part in any game produces in him almost indescribable weariness which is rather spiritual than muscular, and he tends, on the whole, to be proud of the fact. He has been known to garden mildly. He has also on occasion worked at a crossword puzzle. But he has never since reaching years of discretion played even a game of cards—to say nothing of a round of golf—and when he puts all these facts together he is inclined to conclude that the thing which has been left out of him is the Competitive Spirit. Sometimes his friends call him lazy and he accepts the charge. It saves argument, and he feels, besides, that a certain indifference to the accusation is a becoming part of a Drifter's character. But in his heart he knows better. When he not only refuses to take part in a game of tennis but even turns his eyes away from the distressing spectacle afforded by his more thoughtless acquaintances, he is merely being true to his own profoundly pacifistic self. Contention—even of that mimic sort which, nevertheless, so easily assumes a certain distressing earnestness—offends him. He is not one of those who find it necessary to “fight for peace.” He seeks no moral equivalent for war because no equivalent seems to him to be necessary. He is a pacifist of the purest sort, one whose pacifism consists simply in a disinclination to fight or even to contend. Perhaps, as enemies have suggested, this indicates merely a deficiency in the adrenal gland. The Drifter prefers to think instead that it is an admirable spiritual quality.

* * * * *

THIS is not, however, what he started out to say. He had in mind, on the contrary, certain philosophical reflections on the paradox inherent in the typical American's passion for sport as a subject for contemplation. And by contemplation he does not mean the sort indulged in by the thousands who go wherever it is that they do go to watch what he believes is called a “big league” baseball game, but rather that purer sort indulged in by that much larger group whose members seldom if ever actually see such a game but who follow with passionate and proud interest the statistics published in the daily papers. Many of them, so the Drifter is informed, pore over the tables of batting averages and are ready at any moment to quote the figures on any prominent player. Yet they are commonly persons of the tired-businessman type who look with suspicion on “intellectual interests” and who seem never to realize that they are themselves indulging in an amusement of a highly abstract kind. Comparatively speaking, a game of chess played by mail is almost a physical conflict, and tiddledy-winks a brutal pastime calculated to bring out all of man's hidden ferocity.

* * * * *

THE paradox lies in the fact that Americans think of themselves as a practical people with little respect for anything not primarily utilitarian. They like to dismiss all abstract speculation and all pure art with a “what is it good for” or a “where will it get you.” Yet the typical American is a man with an ardent and almost purely intellectual inter-

est in the outcome of a series of games in which nothing tangible is at stake and which he never comes in contact with except through the medium of literature and statistics. The Drifter sometimes reads ancient history. The Arian heresy is, as a matter of fact, a sort of specialty of his. But he gets no feeling of superiority from the fact. His concern cannot possibly be any more completely disinterested than that of your hard-headed man of business who seizes a paper on the way home from work to find out whether or not Babe Ruth struck a homer during the afternoon.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

We Guess We Do

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

Last year you wanted to know why I failed to renew my subscription. I replied that I was disgusted with *The Nation's* inability to see through the worthless alternating-current liberal-conservatives like Nicholas Murray Butler, whom it praises one day and denounces the next. Nevertheless, I later resubscribed.

Now *The Nation* has damned itself forever by publishing Mr. Krutch's review of “Stevedore.” Even the critics of the daily newspapers recovered from their propaganda-forbidding views of “Peace on Earth” to see “Stevedore” in a more favorable light. But brave Krutch stands steadfast in his lonely intellectual tower. He finds “Stevedore” nothing less than an “incitement to riot.” With its publication of this review *The Nation*, despite its regular stream of liberal words, is revealed standing with the police and the company police, with the army, and with capitalism and imperialism, playing the same role here that the Kerenskyites and Mensheviks played in Russia. Those associated with *The Nation* should realize this and ask themselves on which side of the barricade they intend to be found—with Krutch and *The Nation* trembling before “Stevedore” and its presage of revolution, or with the stevedores.

It is a pity that *The Nation* cannot bury its dead. When Krutch gratuitously handed “Men in White” the Pulitzer prize, he proved himself ready for burial. Here is a play with no reds, and yet the professor was unable to see through the shiny white uniforms to the cheap melodrama beneath.

I guess by now you realize that when my subscription runs out again, there is no hope for renewal.

New York, April 28

R. V. S.

Mr. Buck Passes the Onion

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

Thank you for giving me the opportunity to read your publication, and also to inform you that it will not be profitable to either of us to continue mailing it to me. While I hold no brief for unethical business, big or little, and certainly cannot be accused of ever having either in person or in my family history acquired any wealth which needs “redistribution,” I am frank to say that I have more respect for a business or business man, big or little, who is frankly and openly “after the dollar,” than I have for union organizers, soap-box or corner orators, and others who derive livelihood and even competence from pandering to and fattening upon the lower impulses of the mundane man, which are only too prevalent in all of us.

Publications of your stripe advocate nothing that is not

founded on the passions of hate, envy, laziness, and greed; and they endeavor to establish a basic statement of fact, than which the human mind has never conceived one more utterly false and destructive—to wit, that a government such as that conceived and developed in our United States owes everyone a job or a living or a chance to work.

No government owes anyone anything, that is, no Republican government, except to see to it that no individual or combination of individuals under governmental or association form deprives a single one of its citizens of the fruits of such labor as such citizen may lawfully perform for himself.

The trouble with you and all of your feeling is that you have not the faintest conception of the inspired form of government, hailing as I believe direct from the Creative Power itself, whatever one may choose to call it, or however one may choose to ignore it, which established itself for the first time in human history, so far as known history goes, on this portion of this continent, as a government of the people, by the people, and for the people.

From casually glancing through your columns, I fail to find anything interesting to such intelligence as I possess. Such publication as yours are like the magazines the newsboys used to peddle in smoking cars in whispers, but which now appear in worse type in every schoolgirl's hand. The reader's first impression is a thrill all right, but the first thrill is the last, for there is after all but one sense appealed to.

Friday Harbor, Washington, May 1 SAM R. BUCK

From One Who Really "Thinks"

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

In your issue of May 9 under the heading of Gentile Silver you made a most vicious attack upon Father Coughlin for his attack on the international banker, and you very cleverly tried to arouse race hatred by implying that he was, in an underhanded way, referring to the Jews as a whole. In the first place, you seem to feel that he has no right to attempt to counteract that propaganda which has been used so successfully by the international banker for the past fifty years. I know of no periodical which has been doing more propaganda work than your own. But Father Coughlin must have been hammering on a very sore spot as far as you are concerned. You have been pounding the silver legislation very hard of late, and it is only natural that you would avail yourselves of the first opportunity to try and discredit Father Coughlin.

You did not impart anything new to us when you referred to the fact that he had invested in silver, for we already knew that he had invested his surplus in commodities. I don't know that you ever took the trouble to mention those who profited by the act which doubled the price of gold. The international banker made plenty in that deal, and if the vast majority of those men happen to be Jews it does not necessarily follow that those of us who oppose them are attacking the Jews as a whole. What Father Coughlin has to say on all economic questions is not his own doctrine but that of the Catholic Church. Unfortunately, we have to use systems which are distasteful to us in our everyday life, but that is no reason for not doing our part to correct them. For instance, I know that the Wall Street gambling which makes it possible for a man to make millions over night is wrong and should be done away with, but as long as it is there, I would not hesitate to make mine if I could.

You are very anxious that the "thinking men of the country" should join you in your attack on Father Coughlin. I wonder why you delayed your campaign until he went off the air. I suppose it would be too much to expect you to publish a letter of this character, but I think you will find that such

attacks will react against you, for your publication is so radical and vicious along different lines that those who really "think" will draw entirely different conclusions from yours. I feel sure that every slam from you will be a boost for the reverend gentleman.

New York, May 8

JOHN J. LOFTUS

Kind Words from a Friend

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

For approximately fifteen years I have been reading your magazine and have availed myself of savings made possible by subscribing for a period of several years at one time. My subscription will expire this coming August and I am already (owing to the depression) laying aside small sums to insure my receiving *The Nation* for three more years.

There are many reasons why *The Nation* has become a necessity to its subscribers. You no doubt are aware of most of the commoner ones. I question very much whether any magazine has a more competent and enlightened group of contributors or a superior board of editors.

The articles by Louis Fischer are always extremely interesting and time usually places its seal of approval upon their content. Paul Y. Anderson has given me many moments of elation because of his "rugged individualistic" method of saying things which should not be left unsaid and refusing to insinuate or deal in subtleties. Through various sources I read of the doings in Washington, but I must admit that his articles contain more actual information than all the others combined.

It has been my practice to pass on my copies of *The Nation* to others after having read them, believing that this procedure would indirectly recommend it to them without the objectionable features involved in praising something which can speak eloquently for itself if given an opportunity.

Chicago, April 29

SAMUEL HILLMAN

Contributors to This Issue

A. J. MUSTE is well-known as a labor leader. He is at present chairman of the Provisional Organizing Committee of the American Workers' Party.

HAROLD J. LASKI, professor of political science at the University of London, is the author of "Democracy in Crisis."

W. P. MORTENSON is assistant professor of agricultural economics at the University of Wisconsin.

CRISPIAN CORCORAN is the pseudonym of an American newspaperman who has lived many years in China.

JOHANNES STEEL was formerly an economic observer attached to the German Department of Commerce.

GLEN MULLIN is a member of the English Department of Columbia University.

BUCKMINSTER FULLER is the well-known engineer, the designer of the Dymaxion car.

ALEXANDER KAUN is associate professor of Slavic languages and literatures at the University of California.

MAURITZ A. HALLGREN, formerly an associate editor of *The Nation*, is now on the staff of the *Baltimore Sun*.

R. P. BLACKMUR has contributed verse and criticism to *Poetry*, *Hound and Horn*, and other magazines.

JAMES BURNHAM is professor of philosophy at Washington Square College, New York University.

JUDSON KING is the director of the National Popular Government League.

Books and Films

She Said Too Little

By MARK VAN DOREN

She said too little, he too much.
She drooped; he could not droop enough.
Between a sigh, between a song,
Simplicity defeated both.

He was importunate with proof,
But undervalued then the pause.
She was judge of something else,
Something silent in the blood,

Something destined to be loud
If only words could fail and wait.
She never heard it; or explained
What sound is deeper than the throat.

They were not different save in this:
He paused too little, she too long.
But each was farther at the close
Than all northwest, and spreading storms.

A Challenge to American Artists

Modern Art. By Thomas Craven. Simon and Schuster. \$3.75.

MANY years have elapsed since the famous Armory Show of 1913 introduced to America the anarchical tendencies in art known as modernism, and aroused the hysterical vituperations of an outraged and embattled academic officialdom which the passing of time has failed to mollify. The sponsors of the new movement have retorted in kind. In the end academic art has been badly riddled, and modernism has achieved substantial triumphs in that, in one form or another, it has profoundly affected the younger generation of painters. Thomas Craven in his brilliant and provocative new book, "Modern Art," has pronounced a pox on both their houses. During his formative period Mr. Craven's sympathies resided definitely with the left wing. Because of his personal contacts, his well-digested learning, his critical shrewdness and fine understanding of the enduring values in art, he is the ideal commentator upon the forces which have been at work since the impressionists.

It is no exaggeration to say that Mr. Craven has anatomized the new men and the new movements with a penetration hitherto unmatched by any historian or critic of our time. He strips their solemn pretentiousness from the abstractionists, the sur-realists; the snob artists, the Bohemian cults which make art out of other art in a world where the fresh impulses of life never penetrate. If his ultimate appraisal of the achievements of modernism gives small comfort to the radicals, it gives even less to the traditionalists, whose painting "has ceased to be work and has become genteel behavior." As Mr. Craven belabors the artists with malicious glee, the patient, long-suffering layman who has been patronized, snubbed, and shocked for so many years will feel that here at last is aesthetic doctrine as friendly to him almost as a glass of beer. He is assured that significant painting is not hocus-pocus; it has its roots deep in the life experience of the painter and reveals its message in forms which all can understand. This the layman has dimly suspected all along.

Thus is the keynote of Mr. Craven's book boldly sounded:

I have considered art as a human activity, a healthy form of labor proceeding from, and affecting, the lives of people. I cannot, therefore, accept technical experiments in structure as substitutes for experience; nor can I credit the transcendental values read into Picasso's abstract patterns by his hypersensitive stockholders. Nor can I accept as valid experiences the hallucinations of the sur-realists who distort the facts of life to suit their little nightmares. I have no use for an art that is founded upon the limited attention of specialists, or upon the eccentricities of monomaniacs; I ask that art contain meanings which may be verified, shared, and enjoyed by a large and intelligent audience. With this in mind I have had to recognize the fact that a picture is not only a composition, a material thing neatly put together, but a representation of something, a symbol, if you will; and that the art of painting attains to prominence when its symbolism reveals notions, ideas, tendencies, and values rising from the mores of the time.

For art's loss of social function, Mr. Craven insists that Bohemian Paris is largely to blame; out of the stuffy, self-perpetuating studio painting of Montmartre and the Latin Quarter was born the present Ecole de Paris. Bohemia has been a pestilence to art with its lazy dilettantes, its tawdry romances and illusions. It has fostered nothing vital—only febrile aesthetic inbreeding and eventual impotence. One of the most persuasive sponsors of Bohemia was Whistler. "He was the ambassador of Bohemia to the Anglo-Saxons. . . . His painting was a Bohemian art, a thing of compilations without guts or substance." Out of Bohemia blossomed the neurotic charm of Modigliani, the eclectic skill of Picasso. The painting of Picasso is ruthlessly analyzed in one of Mr. Craven's most illuminating chapters.

Like Gertrude Stein, his friend and imitator, Picasso has not risen above the childish play with materials. These twin exotics are prize exemplars of the infantilism of Bohemia: their greatest delight is to play with bits of material, and, then, as an afterthought, to attach meanings to their wilful combinations. Such play is possible only in segregated corners of the world where the artist, like the child, is free from economic and social responsibilities—where in truth, he is not above life but beneath it. Picasso, like a spoilt child, tears pictures to shreds and patches—the good art of the past, anything that pleases his fancy—and pieces them together again.

From Bohemia Cézanne escaped, but out of the implications of his aesthetic theory the Bohemians constructed abstract art. Cézanne is historically important because of his repudiation of the impressionists and his insistence upon the "necessity for correlation, that is, for formal order, for conscientious planning, for a scheme of relationships by means of which forms may be brought together in a rhythmical unit." His art, though, was "meager and unfulfilled." He was not big enough to achieve the qualities he admired in the old masters. As intermediaries between Cézanne and the present Ecole de Paris, Mr. Craven presents vivid sketches of Van Gogh and Gauguin, discussing their essential gifts and shortcomings with singular understanding. Van Gogh's fanatical paintings "burn; they have the restless vitality of the flame, but like the flame they are wanting in substance. They appeal to our rarer moods, and unless one is capable of those moods, they are interesting only as specimens of abnormal mortification." Gauguin had a fine color sense and was a skilful pattern-maker but he was no true primitive. His so-called savagery was only a superficial tattoo on a romantic *fin de siècle* Frenchman. He fashioned mumbo-jumbo stage properties for picturesque effects, "hell-bent on playing the bogey man."

After flattening out Matisse, who is characterized as a prosperous wall-paper designer, and disinterring the corpse of cubism in order to trace the ravages of a fatal malady, Mr. Craven examines the work of certain artists on this side of the Atlantic who have left the unrealities of Bohemia behind and, moved by the potentialities of the American scene, are creating freshly and vigorously out of first-hand experience. John Steuart Curry, Reginald Marsh, John Sloan, Thomas Benton are heralded as pioneers plowing the soil for the new crop of native art which in time may spring up.

The book may be epitomized as a super-challenge to American artists to come out from behind their French whiskers and paint American. One feels that the author has gazed with profound dismay upon the Gallic aping and posturing of American painters these many years. The situation has called for strong language, and he has mustered all his resources of invective, sarcasm, and contempt in order to sting his reader into a sharp awareness of a sad, sad spectacle. As in "Men of Art," he displays his gifts as a witty gossip, an engaging raconteur. He has written a violent, bad-mannered book which to all true lovers of art will bring obscene delight.

GLEN MULLIN

The Growth of a New World

Technics and Civilization. By Lewis Mumford. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$4.50.

SCIENCE often makes the front page now in heartening juxtaposition to patronage and recovery news. Nevertheless, the average man seldom reads a scientific book unless it inspires in him the sense that he is taking a correspondence-school course in moral improvement, and Lewis Mumford recognizes the fact. He takes the viewpoint of Science herself; he chronicles in easy steps her progress from a merely whimsical view of the external world to a specific and then to a quantitative one. But he gives so many examples and quotes so often what Mr. X says that the reader is more likely to be convinced that so learned a man as Mr. Mumford must be right than he is to develop his own alertness in the presence of a simply revealed truth.

There are 64 pages of index, notes, and bibliography for 435 pages of text. This statistical observation is made to explain the statement that properly to comprehend Mr. Mumford's point of view a residence would have to be taken up in the New York Public Library for six months. He no sooner leads the reader into the development of an awakening thought than he suddenly breaks the trend of the developed thought by reference to what Oop or Doop had to say in one of the many centuries to which he continually refers. The scene shifts so frequently in years as to become almost a primary diversion of the book. "Just where are we now in time or space, and which of which?"

Again, without direct mechanical experience himself, and with far too slight attention to the part played by mathematics in the development of the mechanical instruments, Mr. Mumford relates without blushing the inside story of the inspiration of inventors, obscure or otherwise. So often the reason seems to the reader to lack validity that those who have themselves experienced the phenomena cited must be made somewhat suspicious of the whole discourse.

Despite these limitations of his work Mr. Mumford is to be congratulated for undertaking so complete and provocative a treatise on a subject which must be mastered if society is to find a happy realization of the extraordinary potentialities of today. He gives, indeed, a complete account of the continuous process by which a growth-and-motion world has evolved out of

a static one. He also clearly reveals his own prejudice in favor of the dynamic equilibrium now about to emerge, though he waits until his closing words to say: "The issue is not decided; the results are not certain; and where in the present chapter I have used the prophetic form I have not been blind to the fact that while all the tendencies and movements I have pointed to are real, they are still far from being supreme; so when I have said 'it will' I have meant 'we must.'" Whether Mr. Mumford's prejudice in favor of certain solutions is harmonic and synchronizable with the whole situation may be questioned, but a conscientious and sustained attempt to reveal the sum total of experience and knowledge which lead to one's prejudices must expedite growth either through enthusiastic acceptance or provocation.

BUCKMINSTER FULLER

Soviet Literature

Soviet Literature: An Anthology. Edited and Translated by George Reavey and Marc Slonim. Covici-Friede. \$2.50.

THE most authentic means for knowing Russia is still found, as before the revolution, in its literature, which continues to be the focus of the national mind and its quintessential expression. There has been, however, a marked change in the writer's approach to his subject matter, Russian life. Gone is the normal tempo which permitted the author to observe life at elbow's length, to analyze and introspect, to diagnose and prognosticate, and by the same token to teach, to guide, to prophesy. The whirling events of the last two decades have proved too overwhelming to be recorded in their totality. Alexander Blok's symphonic poem, "The Twelve," is still the only composition that suggests the scope, complexity, and pregnancy of the October revolution. On the whole, life has overtaken literature. Formerly Turgenev's Bazarov could appear in the pages of a novel before an actual Nihilist walked in life. Others, notably Andreyev and Artzibashev, anticipated or evoked types and groups. Nowadays even retrospection taxes the writer's imagination. The writer today is constrained to be more modest and humble than his predecessor. He can hardly hope to be more than fragmentary, episodic, and factual in recording an infinitesimal fraction of the grand epoch.

Soviet fiction, of which the Reavey-Slonim anthology gives a fair sample, mirrors the high lights of the last seventeen years. A new set of *mores* has sprung up against the background of war, revolution, intervention, blockade, famine, epidemics, and such leapfrog stages as militant communism, the NEP, the Piatiletkas. A shifting of standards, of means and goals, is taking place. The old is doomed, but it refuses to die painlessly. Hence clash and conflict, problems of the family, the child, the woman, sex, youth, the individual versus the collective, the village, the army, the one hundred and odd nationalities. Decidedly this life has been too bewilderingly multiple to be coped with otherwise than in small and specific doses.

To be sure, an anthology, like a cafeteria, offers too much and too little. Inevitable gaps, arbitrariness in the selection of authors and their works, the brief excerpts from novels and essays, combine to leave the reader with an unsatisfied feeling. At the same time this is the first book to offer a comprehensive survey of the field, sufficient to give one an idea of the scope, quality, and dominant tendencies of Soviet belles-lettres. Mr. Slonim's introductory essay is a lucid guide through the labyrinth of Russia's literary schools from the symbolists almost to our day. Almost—for so swift is the tempo of the U. S. S. R. that this survey, written as late as 1933, fails to include the latest school, officially sanctioned and supported by the best authors and critics, namely, "socialist realism."

This term is elastic and comprehensive, and is applied both

to current works and, retrospectively, to the Soviet fiction that has survived party slogans and propaganda posters. It is an attempted synthesis of the important literary efforts since the beginning of the century. Reality is approached with the traditional Russian truthfulness and thoroughness, but the style shows the effects of the symbolist school and is refreshingly unpedestrian in form and imagery. The language is jealously free from clichés; it is direct and imbued with the tension and tempo of the new life. Realism is blended with romanticism in the portrayal of the pathos and heroism of the struggle for a new order. One even hears occasionally a messianic note. The brutal starkness and crude expressionism of early Soviet fiction, used in protest against Russian introspection and psychology, have worn off their rough edges. Today one recognizes once more the tradition of Dostoevski and Tolstoy. With this difference, however, that the individual is not treated as an isolated entity in conflict with society. Through the eyes of the individual, through his actions and reactions, we are shown the collective environment and its problems. One of the most burning of these problems is the quest after harmony between the individual and the mass.

ALEXANDER KAUN

Raw Material

The Menace of Japan. By T. O'Conroy. H. C. Kinsey and Company. \$3.

SOME day, many of our prophets say, the United States will fight Japan. When that day comes we shall very likely see another Committee on Public Information established in Washington to feed the American public ghastly, revolting tales concerning the wickedness of the Japanese. This will be done on the theory that it is only by whipping up mob passions and mob hatred that a war can be successfully conducted. But the propaganda committee will find its job an easy one. It need only turn to Professor O'Conroy's book. For between the covers of this readable and persuasive work may be found all the raw material any Japanese-atrocity mill would ever require.

Willis J. Abbott once called those foreign correspondents who deal mainly in diplomatic sensations "international window-smashers." Taid O'Conroy, though not a journalist, may be placed in the same category. He lived fifteen years in Japan; married a Japanese girl; was for a time on the faculty of Keio University in Tokio, and later held positions in the Imperial Naval Staff College, in night schools, and in technical organizations. According to his publishers, he "lived in a circle almost exclusively Japanese. To all outward appearances he adopted their way of living. . . . During his vacations he went among the farmers of the country, among the priests, and into out-of-the-way parts of the empire to secure a grasp of the complete range of Japanese life."

It is essential that his background be emphasized, for the tales he has to tell are for the most part incredible. He literally accuses the Japanese of every manner of crime and perversion that could conceivably be attributed to a modern nation. Coming from any other source, his work would have to be dismissed as a spiteful fantasy. The Japanese, the author declares, consider themselves the chosen of heaven; all other peoples are barbarians. Therefore they believe that they are destined to rule the world. This is their national religion, Shintoism, the faith of every Japanese man, woman, and child. But they are woefully low in intellect, purposely kept so by the few strong men who really rule the empire. "It is the mentality," says the author, "of a primitive tribe that has been trained in modern warfare, that has had the results of a Western mechanical civilization thrust suddenly upon them. But it

is more convincing. Behind the superficial veneer is that *knowledge* of a divine right to rule the world, the awareness of their superiority over other peoples of the universe, and this has made them a race of religious fanatics whose God is Japan."

More than that, "they take delight in cruelty and bloodshed," and their "passion for blood is not confined to the admiration of political or patriotic murder." Professor O'Conroy cites scores of examples: the massacre of thousands of Koreans after the earthquake of 1923, the innumerable atrocities reported by neutral observers during the battle of Shanghai in January, 1932, the public torturing of animals. Corruption and blackmailing in business life as well as in politics are commonplace, the author asserts; "Japan is corrupt from one end to the other." The priesthood is no better; Professor O'Conroy describes the scandalous thievery of the priests and mentions certain sexual and other orgies that are indescribable. Conditions among the workers are set forth in detail. Thousands of factory girls are not even wage slaves, but apparently receive no wages at all. Indeed, when he gets to the Japanese attitude toward women the author piles up an immense and useful store of ammunition for our future propagandists. Rape seems to be a universal practice and what we know as the white-slave traffic a major industry. Brothels bring in heavy returns to respected business men and are encouraged by public officials because they provide a lucrative source of revenue. The Japanese wife is really a hand-servant to her husband, constantly at his beck and call, and must even wait upon the geishas and prostitutes whom he may and often does bring into their home.

How much of Professor O'Conroy's story is true, how much the product of an overripe imagination? Unhappily, the most distressing aspect of this lurid recital is that it appears on the whole to be well substantiated. The author has carefully documented many of his accusations, quoting at length several reputable Japanese writers, such as Inazo Nitobe and S. Washio. In addition, one may find confirmation of many of his allegations in the writings of G. C. Allen, Harold S. Quigley, Basil Matthews, Payson J. Treat, General William S. Graves, and other Anglo-Saxon authorities whose sobriety and intellectual integrity cannot be questioned. However, these writers have not gone out of their way to stress the faults and failings of the Japanese, but have given each characteristic of the people, whether good or bad, its proper place and proportion.

That Japan is a menace to the peace of the world no one who has observed Far Eastern events during the last several years can well deny. But that the menace arises from the fact that the Japanese may be a debased and vicious people, as Professor O'Conroy alleges, is not so certain. If one were to examine more carefully than this author has done the historic and economic background of the Japanese, one would very likely find much sounder and more plausible reasons for the "menace" here discussed. It might even be possible, as the result of such examination, to show that the same factors which are making Japan a threat to world peace have aided in fashioning the Japanese character, of which the author depicts only the worst possible side. Japan is quite obviously suffering from an inferiority complex and has a grave and probably insoluble economic problem before it. The same in a broad sense is true of the Germany of today. It can hardly be considered accidental that we should detect many of the Japanese traits, their sadism, their intense nationalism, their worship of race, among the Hitlerites. But no serious student has thought of attributing the perversions of Hitlerism to any inherent or irremediable defects in the German character; instead they have been traced to economic and political causes. It appears that Professor O'Conroy did not consider it necessary to inquire into the deeper economic and political aspects of the Japanese problem. At any rate he has merely put together a mess of surface facts in making this rabble-rousing book.

MAURITZ A. HALLGREN

Convention in Flight

All Trivia. By Logan Pearsall Smith. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$2.

THE art of aphorism, especially in that branch which flows neither from religion nor philosophy but rather from ■ deliberately mundane, and literary, experience alone, is limited by a curiously thin quality of conventionality. An aphorism, being brief, is in itself disengaged, naked, and without a context, and thus with the best intentions of pointing ■ definite object, it always runs the risk of hitting nothing but a thin air of words: an instance of what the well-informed lady in Mr. Smith's preface meant but could not exemplify when she mentioned the "fastidious people who polish and polish until there is nothing left." In short, if you are to get any good of him, you must pretty well agree with your aphorist before you read him. You must assume that you know the context in life of the observations he makes, and you must assume that you know his point of view toward the foibles which are his targets. You must assume this knowledge but you do not need to possess it. That is the character and the success of this kind of conventionality.

On his part the aphorist must help you by surprising you a little—but not too much. He can seldom, for example, afford the grotesque or risk turning your stomach; such things have to be guaranteed by specific rendering or eloquence of insight beyond the terms of the convention. But he is at liberty, or indeed under the necessity, to resort to some slight, surprising turn of speech, some classical trope, some sly indication that you, the reader, are the real cushion for his pin. On the whole, however, the aphorist must persist in an assumption of snobbish equality; you and he are really much alike in your worldly frailties and thereby a little superior; and this in the long run is the best road to platitude. But your aphorist, if he is any good, either avoids platitude by understating it or escapes it in apparent paradox.

The whole point is this: your literary aphorist neither plumbs nor expresses human character; rather he ornaments and elegantly quickens ■ conventional view of it. It is, so to speak, convention in flight. Mr. Smith's literary aphorisms are in the line of La Rochefoucauld, only less malicious, and of La Bruyère, only less organic; he has less knowledge of the world than either, and therefore, perhaps, less sympathy with himself. But thus, on the other hand, his wit is freer and its flights more delightfully irrelevant. For the willing reader he should always afford a distinct pleasure: the knowledge of life without its burdens.

R. P. BLACKMUR

John Middleton Murry

The Necessity of Communism. By John Middleton Murry. Thomas Seltzer. \$1.50.

I REMEMBER, some years ago at Oxford, going to a lecture by John Middleton Murry. It was during the time of his controversy with Eliot over "intelligence," and there was ■ large crowd of literary undergraduates and the usual townspeople. He talked—a small man with large tortoise-shell glasses—an hour and a half or more, about the Parable of the Prodigal Son and John Keats. He made, to those who were willing for the time to lull their strict logical sense, who were not annoyed by having it proved that the New Testament was pure poetry and Keats revealed Scripture, a number of illuminating remarks. After the talk there were questions by the audience. These were nominal, until a graduate student near

me rose with ■ sheaf of notes fresh from the study of Keats's Letters. He quoted from Keats statements disproving Murry's central thesis. Murry evaded by an answer "on ■ higher plane" than logic. The graduate student persisted. A look of pain, almost of suffering, crossed Murry's face. He took out his watch, and apologized to the audience at large: "I am sorry not to be able to go on with this most significant point, but I must get my train for London."

I tell this rather pointless story because it is true, and because it sums up so much about Murry. He is an Old Testament prophet in tortoise-shell glasses, ■ poet who cannot rhyme, a philosopher who cannot think; he overflows himself. I am not playing with names: there is in Murry real prophetic fervor, but it is dissipated in clouds of merely *personal* emotion; there is true poetic insight, but no disciplined medium to body it forth; there are glimpses of profound thought, but an inability to reason doggedly, as a philosopher must, ■ analyze through to the logical heart.

Consequently, it is not enough to dismiss Murry, as this carefully read Oxford student afterwards dismissed him. He is more than Aldous Huxley's Burlap. It is not enough to dismiss him; but it is even more fatal really to believe in him. Our prophets must speak from ■ fuller and more authentic revelation.

It would not be hard to tear apart "The Necessity of Communism." The extravagant, unresolved paradoxes, the grandiose over-simplifications, the elementary fallacies, the historical nonsense, are so easily vulnerable. But we should tear also ■ good deal that ought to be preserved. For the truth is that Murry has a "message," and the confused obscurities of its origin do not necessarily make it any the less true and imperative.

For ■ long time now Murry has been seeking—so far as he is sincere, so far as he is not Burlap—personal salvation. To this consuming end he has directed the memories of his dead wife, his readings of the New Testament, his whole concern with Christ, St. Francis, Blake, Keats, Lawrence. In "The Necessity of Communism" he records the furthest advance he has made on the road to salvation. The book is addressed to his fellow middle-class intellectuals. The "message" is simply this: We, the middle-class intellectuals, have today one chance, and only one chance, for salvation. We must make the full renunciation. We must become, in ethical aim and intellectual outlook and practical activity, complete Communists. No avoiding of the issue, no halfway measure, is any longer possible. Any other solution whatever is spiritual corruption.

The message is put, throughout the book, in religious, or rather evangelical, language that will no doubt, and on the whole rightly, be offensive to orthodox Communists. This whole matter of the "religion of communism" needs clarification. There is one very important similarity between communism and religion: the active—not merely academic or habitual—believer in communism, like the active believer in ■ religious faith, is often able to achieve what might be called a full "integration of the personality." I take it that this is what Murry means, in his own way, by "personal salvation"—certainly he does not mean a promise of reward in a supernatural heaven. This integration of the personality is surely worth being serious about. Nevertheless, the danger of talking about communism in religious terms is that in every other important respect it differs radically from what we normally—though in this Murry is unlike the rest of us—mean by religion: in the objective content of its beliefs, in its rejection of the supernatural, in its method of approaching both theoretic and practical problems, in its attitude toward science, in the virtues it implicitly emphasizes.

I do not mean to be making a rigid distinction between abstract "subjective" aspects, in which communism and religion

are alike, and "objective" aspects, in which they differ. The matter is not so simple as that. A full integration of the personality cannot be gained simply by taking up the handiest doctrine that may be around. And this is a truth that Murry understands. He states it in its extremest form: "Intellectually, spiritually, ethically, the choice before the conscious Englishman today is to be a Communist or *nothing*. His nothingness may take the most diverse forms: aesthetic dilettantism, snobbish economic sapience, superficial 'action,' pessimistic neo-Catholicism. But each and all alike are forms of nothingness. . . ." Formerly "salvation" could be achieved in stoicism, the church, the army, a governmental career. But history has made these solutions no longer possible—even subjectively—for the conscious, the full personality.

The message, then, is first of all a personal message. Murry means it to be much more than this. He tries to show the "pattern of history," the objective necessity for communism, even the major lines of revolutionary strategy. On such subjects he is often confused, and sometimes dangerous—as in his belief that the "conversion" of a few hundred or thousand devoted intellectuals is the one hope for the revolutionary movement, or his amazing declaration that the sole immediate tactic for the movement in England must be to work for a decent living wage for all, employed and unemployed. However, we do not have to worry over the possibility that Murry will become the political leader of the revolution.

Nevertheless, even in these more sweeping matters, if we are patient, we can find illumination. His attack on the mechanical Marxian materialists who imagine that all human activities "can be reduced to animal gestures of the same order as the flick of a frog's leg" is excellent and always needed. His definition of Marxism is worth study: "Marxism is two things: it is the ethical passion of disinterested action, and it is the intellectual passion of disinterested seeing; it is a morality of self-dedication to a revolutionary cause, and it is a doctrine of historical materialism." This, in turn, leads to the decision: "Ethical passion, to be effective, must await an objective situation appropriate to itself. And Marx, and Marx alone, with profound prophetic insight, saw that this crucial moment in history had arrived." Lastly, I should like to quote a remark addressed as cogently to Americans—and Frenchmen and Germans—as to Murry's countrymen: "Each country will get the Marxism it deserves." The moral tone should not hide entirely the historic meaning.

JAMES BURNHAM

Larger than Life

Magnus Merriman. By Eric Linklater. Farrar and Rinehart. \$2.50.

Finnley Wren. By Philip Wylie. Farrar and Rinehart. \$2.50.

I THINK Farrar and Rinehart should be taken to task for the extravagance of their blurbs. Here are two minor novels, one by a young Scotsman, the other by a young American. They are both fairly entertaining. They have wit, learning, passion, and a little poetry, but the publisher's ecstasies are decidedly out of keeping with the merit of the novels. The jacket of "Magnus Merriman" reads like a litany of literary saints: "Gargantuan comedy . . . Tristram Shandy, Gargantua, Don Quixote, and Falstaff . . . the language of Shakespeare brought up to date." The list for "Finnley Wren" is briefer but not more modest. A flamboyant headline in large script announces: "At Last! A Book in the Spirit of Sterne and Rabelais. . . ." If one chose to go on one might add Huxley and James Branch Cabell to "Magnus Merriman's" credit, and Anatole France and Tiffany Thayer to "Finnley Wren's"—comparisons as suitable, if not as complimentary.

Naturally, all this name-conjuring has a basis in fact. Both novels are frankly derivative from, though not "fit to stand beside," some of the aforementioned masters. Magnus Merriman and Finnley Wren are heroes in the old style—extraordinary, gusty, rollicking men, larger than life. Tragic buffoons, both, they cut a wide swath in the world. Their adventures are numerous and remarkable. Magnus's take him from soldiering in India and journalism in America to politics in Scotland and, at last, to a farm in Orkney and a country wife. Finnley's experiences are of a more private nature, but they are extensive and startling enough. They include two strange marriages, a forest fire in Canada, and a career as a high-powered advertising executive in New York. Both men detest the modern world and find their only real satisfaction in violent physical activity. They are inveterate talkers, drinkers, and fornicators. Indeed, Linklater's book might be said to be steeped in alcohol, Wylie's in sex.

From Rabelais and Sterne, Wylie and Linklater have taken also a passion for rhetoric, for strange words and highly colored metaphors. Linklater's rhetoric, however, has been curbed and compressed into neat, ironic sentences, while Wylie's bursts forth with a little of the vitality of Rabelais himself. In "Finnley Wren" you will find coined words, technical words, archaic words heaped upon each other with fine prodigality. Linklater minces along, picking his way carefully, caressing each innuendo, each delicate shade of meaning. His book is appallingly self-conscious. The consistently over-perfect prose style has turned a novel which is at times truly robust and humorous into a cheap display of virtuosity, a small piece of exhibitionism. "Magnus Merriman," moreover, adheres far too closely to the recent past. Its story technique is one of familiar, plodding realism. One is introduced to the hero in school. One follows him religiously, step by step, throughout his adventures. One leaves him when they end. It is all a little stodgy.

Wylie's faults are of a different order. His style I have already mentioned; his experiments with the time shift and the shift in point of view are new and frequently exciting. But he lacks one quality which the Scottish author possesses above all else—literary taste. In the more emotional moments of "Finnley Wren" and in the depiction of contemporary New York life, Wylie can stoop to a sensationalism which is as vulgar as anything Tiffany Thayer ever employed to titillate the public. The book, in general, is rich and lively enough for one to overlook these excesses. It is so good that one could heartily wish that Mr. Wylie could have exchanged a little of his superb carelessness for a measure of Mr. Linklater's excellent taste.

MARY MCCARTHY

The Utility Muddle

The Valuation and Regulation of Public Utilities. By John H. Gray and Jack Levin. Harper and Brothers. \$1.

THOSE who desire to know the stern truth as to why we are where we are in the utility muddle can find help in this little book of 143 pages by Dr. Gray and Dr. Levin. The facts and the conclusions here set down come not out of study alone or the field of action alone but from that best of combinations, genuine scholarship and practical experience. Dr. Gray, in addition to his wide university connections, was for years with the Bureau of Valuation of the Interstate Commerce Commission, and is a past president of the American Economic Association. Dr. Levin is a public-utility lawyer, at present the Chief of Legal Research of the NRA, and formerly valuation expert counsel to the Public Utilities Commission of Washington, D. C.

The book is written in an interesting and readable style,

and unlike most discussions of this subject it does not avoid the stumps. For example, it points out frankly that one of the reasons for the failure of utility regulation by the State utility commissions has been the governing decisions of the United States Supreme Court. The crux of these decisions for the past half-century is given in plain language and carefully documented. The wobblings and reversals of the court in its interpretations are analyzed. No straight thinking can be had on this subject without a knowledge of a few of these decisions. There is a terse review of the history of regulation as well as of the causes of its failure. We learn exactly what those vague terms "valuation," "reproduction cost," "fair return," and "due process of law," as applied to utility rates, mean in terms of millions of dollars taken illegally and unfairly from the pockets of the American people. And finally we learn what all this spells in terms of democratic government. The authors quote in this connection a warning made twenty years ago by Professor F. W. Taussig of Harvard: "It is not too much to say that the future of democracy will depend on its success in dealing with the problem of public ownership and regulation."

JUDSON KING

Important New Fiction

In next week's issue of *The Nation* Joseph Wood Krutch will review Thomas Mann's "Joseph and His Brothers"; Dorothy Van Doren will review Evelyn Scott's "Breathe upon These Slain"; Louis Kronenberger will review Robert Cantwell's "The Land of Plenty"; Allen Tate will review T. S. Stribling's "Unfinished Cathedral."

ANNA LOUISE STRONG

ASSOCIATE EDITOR OF THE MOSCOW DAILY NEWS

WILL accompany a group of ten on a 4½ weeks trip in the Soviet Union. Dominant trends will be studied in control centers such as Leningrad, Moscow, Kiev, Kharkov, Baku. The Soviet system in the lives of peasants and minor nationalities will be observed in the picturesque mountain regions of Dagestan and Georgia, the climax being a great folk festival on the slopes of Elbrus, highest peak in Europe.

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Shorter Notices

The Antislavery Impulse, 1830-1844. By Gilbert Hobbs Barnes. Published for the American Historical Association by D. Appleton-Century Company. \$3.50.

The anti-slavery impulse began in religion and wound up in Congress, leading eventually to the abolition of Negro slavery and the most difficult war the United States ever fought. Many of the leading anti-slavery advocates started as revival speakers in the great effort which was made early in the nineteenth century to break the hold of Calvinism on the American mind and to democratize sin and salvation. The effort led naturally to the endeavor to save the living doomed, the Negroes, and in it the services of philanthropists, preachers, fanatics, and politicians were jumbled. Professor Barnes has written an excellent study of the movement which flourished before the abolition of slavery became a political issue, and the movement which at the same time made it a political issue. His great hero is Theodore D. Weld, courageous and anonymous, whose work as a preacher inspired others to preach, whose pamphlet "Slavery as It Is" inspired "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and whose work as a lobbyist was of great service to the patriarchal champion of the anti-slavery cause in Congress, John Quincy Adams. Weld's horror of personal publicity amounted almost to a neurosis, and Professor Barnes has done an important service to history in resurrecting from the Weld manuscripts and letters important data hitherto unpublished. He has also combed the many anti-slavery publications of the period for original material of great value.

The Letters of Romain Rolland and Malwida von Meysenbug. Henry Holt and Company. \$2.50.

Readers of Romain Rolland's writings will be interested in these letters as a kind of portrait of the artist as a young man. And what a romantic and individualistic and potentially aristocratic young man Rolland seems. He has come a long way during his life, has stepped out of one literary period into another, for the hero of his last novel, "The Death of a World," faces toward Russia and communism. Rolland, it seems, might easily have held to the creed of art for art's sake. Such a creed was his heritage. But there was even in the youth in his early twenties a strong moral purpose. And gradually this youth saw that morality must be related to social backgrounds. In these letters to his much older friend (Malwida von Meysenbug was over seventy-four when he became her closest friend) Rolland is struggling, against the desires of his family, to find himself out, to determine, through travel, through the study of music and of art, his own artistic interests. There is no doubt whatever that he was greatly aided and fortified by this strange friendship with the woman who, all her life, had been the companion of artists. Malwida von Meysenbug had transcended age by choosing always to associate with youths of genius. Less than a year before Rolland met her she had lost the last of her great friends, Warsberg. She had known Wagner, Nietzsche, Herzen, Mazzini, Liszt. More than one tragedy of genius and much glory had been enacted in her drawing-rooms. By the time Rolland knew her, Malwida had built for herself a complete spiritual strength, an extremely idealistic detachment from the material world. She believed only in the soul, particularly in the souls of great men. It is interesting to speculate how this came about. We do not learn many facts about her earlier life. She writes to Rolland only to direct and stimulate him. But there is a curious fear in her that this young artist may fall so deeply in love with another woman that he will forsake the single search of the artist. Those letters written to him about Grazia, the young girl with whom he is in love, are



almost the letters of a jealous woman. The serenity of Malwida's life seems, in these letters, to be pregnable. Altogether the correspondence is very interesting, for the complex psychology of both writers is laid open for dissection.

Films

Spring Miscellany

WHAT is perhaps most discouraging about the film industry—or the art of the cinema, if you like—in America at present is the persistence of the lag between its technical and what one might call its artistic evolution. Technically the screen has arrived at a smoothness of surface and articulation, an ingenuity in the exploitation of its resources, a sureness and elasticity of method, which might all be grouped together under the term sophistication. A simpler way of putting it perhaps would be to say that in the Hollywood film, even of the ranker variety, the bones no longer stick out through the soft and attenuated substance. As a medium or form it is now at least as developed and mature as either of the related forms of the novel or the naturalistic drama. Through their mastery of its possibilities certain recent directors have even, as has been suggested, made of it a very sophisticated form. But like certain young people whose anatomical development far exceeds their mental capacities the Hollywood film has not paralleled this sophistication of form with a corresponding sophistication of substance. Such an uneven evolution is always disturbing, and it is probably what is responsible for the peculiar state of confusion left by so many recent films. But the distinction just made may have a certain usefulness in preventing us from ignoring, in our disappointment with their failure to advance very much in the one direction, the very real improvement that they have shown in the other.

"Where Sinners Meet" (Radio City Music Hall) happens to be based on a comedy by A. A. Milne in which a certain delicate tinge of sophistication was already to be detected, and as such it does not offer a very good illustration of the disparity that has just been pointed out. All that it proves is that with a competent director, a cast made up of Diana Wynyard, Clive Brook, and Billie Burke, and an impeccably mounted English country-house background, an unenterprising Hollywood producer can make a second-rate English comedy just as amusing and second-rate on the screen as it was on the stage. There cannot even be the customary charges of distortion or vulgarization: the gossamer touch of J. M. Barrie's literary godson is preserved with virginal intactness. The objection that the cinema purist will make to this film, of course, will be concerned not so much with the quality as with the nature of its comedy—a comedy depending too much on epigrams, whimsicalities, purely verbal situations, and not nearly enough on movement, pantomime, and montage effects. In brief, whatever sophistication there is here is of the stage rather than the screen, and one suspects that on the stage it was not of the best.

Descending several rungs from the middle-brow to the distinctly lowbrow, however, one will find in "Murder in Trinidad," inspired by a recent detective thriller, a clean-cut example of the manner in which a picture can achieve a very real distinction of form without anything resembling the same distinction of subject matter. Admirably put together from the standpoint of such things as narrative organization, timing of climaxes, and the rest, it piles up its story of intrigue, contraband, and murder in the British colonial possession with an effect of portentousness worthy of a much more serious theme. Somewhat the same effectiveness, unsupported by any logic in the events or any other sort of logic, is accomplished in "The Black

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Cat," in which Bela Lugosi and Boris Karloff move ominously through a series of gory episodes which do not bear the remotest correspondence to Poe's tale of the same title. A vague undifferentiated terror is created by the expressions on the faces of these two actors, the rather sinister contrast between the ultra-modern architecture and the graveyard atmosphere, and the usual generous jumble of sadistic elements. Much is promised—a Black Mass or Witch's Sabbath, for example—that is never adequately fulfilled; and the trouble finally turns out to be the failure of the script writers to make up their minds to follow through any one of the several stories with which they begin.

The same uncertainty is reflected on an even larger scale

in "Sadie McKee," which, like "Rip-Tide" and several other recent films, would gain considerably in interest if the producers would not try for quite so many different kinds of interest in the same picture. Clarence Brown, working with Joan Crawford and Franchot Tone in the principal roles, does much with certain individual sequences: the whole situation between Sadie McKee, the virtuous small-town girl, and the drunken millionaire whom she marries for his money, is more terrible than is likely to be appreciated by the great public. But the picture as a whole is a rambling, absent-minded affair which merely serves to increase one's exasperation at the waste of so many resources and so many fine talents in Hollywood at the moment.

WILLIAM TROY

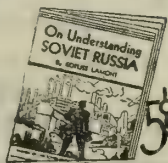
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Contents

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS	659
EDITORIALS:	
War Clouds over Geneva	662
One Year of Section 7-a	663
Satan Still Finds Work	663
Poetry Is Popular	664
ISSUES AND MEN. JOSEPHINE ROCHE FOR GOVERNOR OF COLORADO. By Oswald Garrison Villard	665
CARTOON: THE BRIDGE OF SIMON'S SIGH. By LOW	666
IN RUSSIA LIFE GROWS EASIER. By Louis Fischer	667
MR. ANDERSON'S LAST STAND. By Paul Y. Anderson	669
IMPRESSIONS OF ITALY. By Robert Dell	670
SAN FRANCISCO'S LABOR WAR. By Evelyn Seeley	672
IN THE DRIFTWAY. By the Drifter	674
CORRESPONDENCE	674
THE INTELLIGENT TRAVELER. EUROPEAN SUMMER SCHOOLS. By John Rothschild	676
BOOKS, ART, THE DANCE:	
Poems: A Soldier's Epitaph. To ■ Thrush at Twilight. By Lizette Woodworth Reese	678
Once Upon a Time. By Joseph Wood Krutch	678
Portrait of a Factory. By Louis Kronenberger	679
Vivified History. By Mary McCarthy	679
Photograph of the Waste Land. By Dorothy Van Doren	680
Soviet Kaleidoscope. By Gertrude Diamant	681
The James Credo. By William Troy	682
Shorter Notices	683
The Dance: "Kykunkor"; Native African Opera. By Lincoln Kirstein	684
Art: American Folkways. By Anita Brenner	684
CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE	686

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THE PRESIDENT'S war-debt message proved all over again how inevitably the demands of domestic politics conflict with the demands of intelligent international procedure. What else could Mr. Roosevelt have said as long as his main object was to get Congress out of Washington by the middle of the month? On the other hand, what could he have said that would have served better to irritate every European nation and further confuse the long-drawn-out debt discussions? Boiled down to a sentence, Mr. Roosevelt told Congress that he had no intention of doing anything about debts and so they might as well go on home. It is quite evident from the response it received that the message produced the effect intended; it was variously described as "strong," "firm," "patriotic," and "sound." Only Senator Glass spoke a negative word and in doing so admitted that his attitude was "different from that of most members of Congress." We do not mean to suggest that the President is deliberately distorting his own view for political ends. The fact is, rather, that Mr. Roosevelt thinks exclusively in political terms. Since his domestic program is far more important in his eyes than any temporary disturbance of our relations with Europe, more important even than the possible stimulation of our foreign trade, the question of debts must be subordinated to the more pressing realities at home.

THE EFFECT of Mr. Roosevelt's debt message appears in the tone and content of the British note received in answer to it. With extreme dignity in which the note of grievance is carefully subordinated, the British government recalls its declaration of December 1, 1932, reiterates that the inequity of the debt situation makes further payments in full impossible, points out the burden which the English people have assumed in making payments so far, and states that, while it has no intention of repudiating its obligations, it cannot resume payments at the old rate. Since under the terms of the Johnson Act further token payments are unacceptable, future payments will depend upon revision of the debt structure. The rest of our European creditors will presumably follow the British lead. In other words, by insisting on all we shall get nothing. By refusing revision downward of our war-time loans, we shall probably lose the whole \$11,000,000,000 which we now claim.

AFTER A NINE MONTHS' PERIOD of "experimentation" the steel code has again been extended by the Administrator, this time, however, after elimination or modification of some of its most objectionable features. The astounding provision, to which we called attention in a recent editorial, permitting the Board of Directors of the American Iron and Steel Institute to compel any member of the industry to file a higher base price if the quotation originally submitted was believed by the board to be "unfair" has been entirely eliminated. The number of authorized basing-points for price quotations has been increased somewhat in order to silence the complaint of some of the most vociferous objectors to the original list, while the "all-rail" freight delivery charges may no longer be assessed against a customer who chooses to use a cheaper method of transportation. An important gain to labor is found in the adoption of the eight-hour day, and simple justice has been extended to piece workers by the new requirement that they shall be included under the minimum-wage provision. The most important change is contained in a new provision which gives the government representative limited veto powers over decisions of the code authority. These modifications leave much to be desired from the standpoint of the consumer of steel products. Before he can be given reasonable assurance that prices are established on a truly competitive basis, the ten-day waiting period on the filing of price quotations must be eliminated and the list of basing-points extended to include every production center in the industry. However, the changes already made are steps, although small ones, in the right direction.

THE CANNERS who said "can't," or more bluntly "won't," when urged by the AAA to put a quality-standards clause in their code, were apparently unable to convince or persuade the President. He approved the much-fought-over canners' code *subject to the inclusion of a quality-standards clause*. Worse still, General Johnson's forwarding letter recommended that the Food and Drug Administration be legally empowered to enforce the observance

of the government grades, and that its budget be proportionately increased. Does this mean a belated victory for the consumer interest? Certainly the big canners are hit, as the bitter lamentations of the food editor of the *New York Journal of Commerce* attest. "One will pause to consider," he remarks in the issue of June 2, "the tremendous patience and perseverance of this man Tugwell." Two days later, however, the writer of the *Business Outlook* column in the same paper has a cheering thought: "These clauses," he writes, "have been approved too late for application during this canning season. By the middle of the next season the NRA is now scheduled to expire. As a result, these code provisions may remain inactive until the future of the NRA, and then the final form of organization of the canning industry, have been decided upon." In other words, the big canners, backed by the newspaper and magazine publishers, will stall and fight to the end. For what? For the privilege of "educating" the consumer to buy advertised brands whose price exhibits no dependable correspondence with the quality of the food in the can. Also, of course, to keep in leash the independent canners who constitute 80 per cent of the industry, some of whom testified at the code hearings that government grades are used in the canning industry—up to, but not including, the point of sale to the consumer; further that they would rather like to see government grading established as it would enable them to get a dependable product to the consumer at a reasonable price, and to compete successfully with the advertised brands.

"**LEFT WING** seizes the Socialist Party," headlines the *New York Times* over its account of the Socialist convention. The Battle of Detroit was long overdue and one is glad that it was fought to a decision, even though this decision may be difficult to consolidate. It is worth asking just what this Socialist Party is which has been "seized" by its left wing. How left is left? Now that the left wing has seized the Socialist Party, what will it do with it? Who will get the party funds and the party property and how? And finally, is there any power of cohesion left in the varied left, center, and right-parliamentarian composition of its membership, torn as it has been for years by inner factional strife? Will not this miscellaneous proletarian, small-business, and professional-class material dribble out of the left hand that has seized it into the right hand of a secedent Old Guard, and into the outstretched hands of the official Communist Party, the expelled Communist factions, and such new formations as the American Workers' Party and the Farmer-Labor Federation? Judging from the continuing reverberations from Detroit, some of these questions will be answered fairly soon. The new platform threatens a general strike against the threat of war or fascist counter-revolution and goes even farther left in the following passage: "If the capitalist system should collapse in a general chaos and confusion, which cannot permit of orderly procedure, the Socialist Party, whether or not in such case it is a majority, will not shrink from the responsibility of organizing and maintaining a government under the workers' rule." This, while not enough to satisfy the extreme left Socialists, was far too strong for the Waldman-Lee-Oneal cohorts. Where will they go, these ancients? And what about the extreme lefts, who are reported to be even more disaffected than the Old Guard? On the whole, it would seem probable that the

official Communist Party will benefit least of all from the inevitable splits and secessions to come. Perhaps the most important result is negative. But in any event the total effect is to clarify the situation and to facilitate a realignment of parties.

SETTLEMENT of the Electric Auto-Lite labor dispute at Toledo, if it proves to be as satisfactory as the initial agreement indicates, will be a decided victory for militant workers' action. The troops have been withdrawn and Judge Stuart has postponed decision in the injunction case for a third time. The company, through its president, C. O. Miniger, has signed a contract which grants recognition to the union, provides for the extra 5 per cent wage increase involved in the strike, brings the women workers 5 per cent above the code in wages, and provides for the return of all strikers to the three plants affected. Louis Budenz, secretary of the American Workers' Party, warns, however, that the Electric Auto-Lite Company is under pressure from the Automobile Chamber of Commerce, with whose policies the Auto-Lite Company, as a large manufacturer of automotive parts, is tightly bound up. The American Federation of Labor failed to force a showdown in Detroit, and now that weak policy is coming home to roost in Toledo, where the issue still hangs in the balance. This much can be said: that the strike would never have come to the stage that it has reached today had it not been for the audacious violation of the injunction. The Auto-Lite workers, aided by the Unemployed League, did force a showdown and the employers yielded. In that sense a fighting union policy has scored a great victory in Toledo, just as in Minneapolis the militant spirit and excellent organization of the striking truckmen forced a favorable settlement.

THE ORDER for a 25 per cent curtailment of production in the cotton-textiles industry has gone into effect; hourly wages have not been raised; and the United Textile Workers of America has withdrawn its call for a walkout of mill operatives. On the surface, it would appear either that the union officials were maneuvered into a bad settlement or that they backed down at the last minute from threats they never seriously intended to carry out. But the objections raised by Messrs. McMahon and Gorman to the curtailment order were only a pretext; they were part of a bargaining game in which the union sought to gain concessions which would consolidate its hold on the workers in the industry and clear the way for the all-important task of organizing the textile workers in the Southern mills. Such concessions the United Textile Workers have seemingly succeeded in gaining. A representative of the union will be appointed to the Labor Advisory Board of the NRA. Another union representative will be appointed labor adviser to the government members of the Cotton Textiles Code Authority. And the membership of the Cotton Textiles National Industrial Relations Board will be extended to include one more employer member and one more employee member, the latter presumably an officer of the U. T. W. A. These may seem like purely formal concessions, but they are the first overt recognition by the NRA of the fact that the union is entitled to have something to say about "self-government" in the industry. So far the U. T. W. A. has been the stepchild of the NRA; it has been without representation

on the Labor Advisory Board, the Code Authority, or even the Industrial Relations Board of the industry. Now at long last the union will be ushered into the inner circle. It is regrettable, nevertheless, that the union so readily consented not to press its protest against the curtailment order. If it is reemployment at which the NRA codes aim, how can that be achieved by reducing job opportunities?

IN APPROVING the revised iron-and-steel code, the President has pledged his word that the wage-earners of the industry will be permitted to participate in elections of representatives for collective bargaining. It is doubtful, however, that the rank-and-file leaders (Forbeck, Spang, Irwin, *et al.*) of the Amalgamated Association of Iron, Steel, and Tin Workers will regard this as enough of a consideration to justify calling off the strike. The President's orders, assuming he sees fit to deliver them, may mean as little to the United States Steel Corporation, Bethlehem, Republic, Youngstown, and National as those delivered in the past by the Labor Board. First, Judge Nields's recent decision in the Weirton case suggests strongly that the government would find it exceedingly difficult to win any court tests on the election issue. Furthermore, suppose elections were held and the Amalgamated representatives were chosen, would the steel companies be willing to execute collective agreements with the union? Would the companies even be willing to begin negotiations toward that end? We already have the collective assurance of the Iron and Steel Institute, and the individual assurances of its constituent members, that under no circumstances will an outside trade union be "recognized." This can mean only one thing: that the steel employers will have nothing to do with the Amalgamated, elections or no elections. The union leaders are well aware of this; and that explains the extraordinarily militant tone of the reproaches they addressed to the President last week, notwithstanding his approval of elections. Like it or not, the President must awaken from his roseate dreams of "industrial self-government" and face the brute fact that a fighting spirit is at work in the trade unions.

INFECTED, doubtless, by the news from Toledo, Minneapolis, and San Francisco, the New York literati last week added a small but unique ripple to the strike wave. It appears that the Macaulay Company, publishers, had, in the opinion of its employees from the editorial staff to the typists, been running its business a bit too arbitrarily. Specifically, it has summarily fired Miss Dorothy Rimmer on the alleged ground that she had been organizing the employees of the firm into a local of the Office Workers' Union. Promptly fourteen of the eighteen employees of the firm walked out, including Isidor Schneider, poet, novelist, and Guggenheim Fellow, and Miss Susan Jenkins, one of the editorial staff—everybody, in fact, except the shipping department. Also, they picketed the building and threatened to bring the entire cast of "Stevedore" to swell the picket line. Finally, they invoked the power of mass pressure in the form of a deluge of telegrams and letters from eminent authors, including some from writers who had signed or pending contracts with the firm and threatened to cancel or withdraw them. The demands were for recognition of the union and reinstatement of Miss Rimmer. As we go to press it is reported that the unhappy publishers are still determined to

"run their own business in their own way." And the literati are still picketing, side by side with the clerks and typists. It sounds funny, chiefly because it is unusual. On the whole, it strikes us as establishing an excellent precedent.

THE SPANISH GOVERNMENT, echoing the words of José Maria Gil Robles, Jesuit fascist leader, has declared the harvest throughout the country a national emergency and ordered the crops to be brought in under government supervision with the aid of the Civil Guard and the shock-troop police—this in answer to a call for a national agrarian general strike, supported by all labor except a few Catholic unions in the north. The strike is the first serious nation-wide move against the offensive of the counter-revolutionary government which took power after the elections to the Cortes last fall. Since then the government has restored the state subsidy to the clergy, freed the monarchist and fascist rebels from jail and exile, restored to their former rank monarchist military men involved in the Sanjurjo uprising, removed Socialist and Communist mayors throughout the country, suppressed and persecuted the independent and labor press, and, most recently, revoked the law providing that landlords in each municipality must first employ labor in their own region—a law passed to combat the traditional practice of undercutting by using immigrant Portuguese labor. The strike is significantly an expression of the united-front movement started first in Barcelona by dissident Communist, Syndicalist, and Anarchist groups. It is now functioning in the form of workers' councils in about half of Spain, and although supported only half-heartedly by the Socialist Party and the Iberian Anarchist Federation, and fought by the Communist Party, it nevertheless makes steady headway, for the great mass of Spanish workers are hotly in its favor. They are keenly aware that united action is their only sure, strong weapon against fascism.

IT IS NOT UNLIKELY that the late Governor Rolph's chief claims to fame will be first that he did not grant a pardon to Tom Mooney and second that he publicly condoned a lynching in the most overt, brainless, and altogether deplorable official support of lawlessness that modern times record. Shortly after the bodies of the alleged San José kidnappers and murderers had been cut down, "Sunny Jim" Rolph said: "This is the best lesson that California has ever given the country." Nor were these shameful words said in hot blood, for the Governor reinforced them later by explaining that he had not called out troops to prevent a lynching because in effect he did not really wish to see the lynching prevented. Under the auspices of the American Civil Liberties Union, a brief was drawn up duly charging Governor Rolph with murder in the first degree. But the crime of which he was guilty—and it is a worse crime than simple homicide—was that of using his high office to urge on the dogs of cruelty, cunning, and mass hysteria. Whether or not the people of California would have repudiated Governor Rolph at the polls next November will never be known. A disarming geniality of temper was probably the reason that he had been Mayor of San Francisco for twenty years before he was elected Governor of the State. It may, indeed, have been this very good nature, this unwillingness to risk offending any but the defenseless, that betrayed him into the act for which he will be longest remembered.

War Clouds over Geneva

THE assembling of the statesmen of the world at Geneva to administer the last rites to a rapidly sinking Disarmament Conference appears to have greatly facilitated political maneuvering in anticipation of the coming war. For while the formulas of disarmament continue to be bandied about in public, the back-stage negotiations bespeak a callous acceptance of Premier Mussolini's recent assertion that war is perhaps "the tragic destiny of man." In the foreground the problem of German rearmament continues to overshadow all else. Although it is freely admitted that a degree of rearmament is inevitable, France remains obdurate in its determination not to sanction this step unless it be accompanied by guaranties of security, which Britain, at least, is unwilling to give. The present session of the conference had scarcely got under way before Louis Barthou dispelled all hope of a last-minute compromise on this issue by responding with an ill-timed display of Latin temperament to Sir John Simon's plea that France "bridge the gap" separating it from Germany. Not only did the seventy-two-year-old French Foreign Minister declare that he must refuse to allow a "single Power"—Germany—to impose its will on the representatives of "nearly all the world," but he went out of his way to ridicule the none-too-adroit British spokesman to his face.

This turn of events was particularly distressing in view of the favorable atmosphere created on the opening day, May 29, by the really excellent speeches of Norman Davis and M. Litvinov. Declaring that the American people are aroused at the evils being revealed in connection with the traffic in arms, Ambassador Davis told the conference of President Roosevelt's desire for an international convention effectively regulating the manufacture and shipment of munitions. He also reiterated the American government's suggestion for a progressive abolition of those types of weapons particularly suitable for aggressive warfare, as well as its willingness to enter into a universal pact of non-aggression. While lacking a concrete proposal which would serve to break the European deadlock, Mr. Davis at least made it plain that he was not satisfied with the status quo. But, as on previous occasions, it was Litvinov who most successfully fired the imagination of all present when he proposed that the conference be transformed into a permanent, regularly assembling parliament of peace. The Soviet representative also urged the imposition of sanctions against violators of the Kellogg-Briand pact, and suggested an ingenious formula which would allow the United States to adhere to such a plan without assuming the same responsibilities for security as would fall upon the leading European states.

Behind the scenes, however, the various governments are already directing their policies on the assumption that the Disarmament Conference has failed. Mussolini announced on May 26 that Italy would build 70,000 tons of new battleships as its contribution to "disarmament." And the press has been filled with reports of political realignments which remind one unpleasantly of Europe in 1914. By far the most significant of these is the projected agreement of mutual military assistance between France and the Soviet

Union. As a counter-move to the alleged understanding between Nazi Germany and a recalcitrant Japan, both independent of League restraints, the proposed pact is said to provide for an exchange of military plans between the general staffs of the two countries, as well as for technical collaboration similar to that which existed for many years between the Soviet Union and Germany. Complementary to the military agreement, a multilateral pact of mutual assistance against aggression is planned, open to all countries and based on the definition of an aggressor which Litvinov submitted to the Disarmament Conference on February 6, 1933. The sponsors hope that in addition to the Little Entente it will be possible to secure the adherence of most of the countries bordering on the Soviet Union, particularly the three Baltic states—Estonia, Latvia, and Lithuania—where fear of a Nazi attack is especially acute. That the pact will also be open to Germany is of crucial importance, for it is only through the inclusion of the Reich that it can become an effective instrument of peace rather than merely a defensive alliance of the type that existed prior to the war. Whether Germany is interested in a joint undertaking to preserve the peace of Europe remains an unanswered question.

In order that the mutual-assistance pact may not conflict with existing peace machinery, it is evident that provision should be made for bringing the Soviet Union into the League of Nations as quickly as possible. While no official statement has yet been made regarding Moscow's attitude toward this proposal, it may be assumed that the Kremlin will welcome any step which promises protection against the possibility that Hitler may seek to carry out his dreams of expansion toward the East. For the League, however, Russia's entry raises many perplexing problems, particularly since Poland may be expected to oppose Soviet entrance unless it also is granted a permanent seat on the Council.

What should be the attitude of the United States in the light of these latest developments? Surely, no one can view the trend of events and its possible consequences without serious perturbation. As measures of security, alliances are even more treacherous than armaments, and are the very tinder from which a world conflagration may be expected to spread most rapidly. But does not the failure of the Disarmament Conference imply a return to the war system and all that is involved? Perhaps not of necessity, but our first task is clearly to save the conference if it is humanly possible. If these efforts fail, as now seems inevitable, a general security pact such as Litvinov suggests, involving sanctions against an aggressor, is probably the next best resort. To make such an agreement, however, it is necessary to enlist the active support of all the nations of the world honestly desiring peace. It will also involve implementing the League, the Pact of Paris, and all of the existing machinery of peace by every possible means. All this may be bad news to Mr. Hearst and other isolationists, but if any lesson is to be learned from the ill-fated Disarmament Conference, it is that peace can only be attained at a price. And while the price is infinitely less than that of war, it must be paid in advance.

One Year of Section 7-a

A YEAR has passed since Section 7-a of the National Industrial Recovery Act became the law of the land. It was believed by some hopeful souls a year ago that Section 7-a's purpose was to stimulate the formation of trade unions to run parallel with trade associations. But the ink of the President's signature was hardly dry, the NRA was still a mere skeleton, when Messrs. Johnson and Richberg made it plain that the Administration did not intend to force trade unions upon reluctant employers. The NRA would not insist that the labor provisions of the codes be the fruit of collective bargaining. The NRA would not turn over the enforcement of these provisions to organized labor. The NRA would not demand, where trade unions existed, that the employers recognize them and negotiate agreements with them. The NRA would maintain a strict neutrality between trade unions and company unions, keeping an eye out only for coercion. And the NRA, although it intended to see that the workers were not done out of their rights of collective bargaining, would be equally scrupulous in seeing to it that nobody interfered with the sacred right of individual bargaining between employer and employee. To this position, or its close equivalent, Messrs. Johnson and Richberg have held ever since.

Under Senator Wagner's influence, the National Labor Board worked out a theory of Section 7-a more comforting to organized labor than that put forward by the NRA. True, the Labor Board was created to suppress strikes—by soft words and tactful urging. But in the process of so doing the board fell back upon traditional democratic ideals and evolved, in substance, the following formula for the maintenance of industrial peace: Workers were to choose their representatives (individuals or labor organizations) at secret elections. With these representatives the employer was bound to bargain collectively. He must recognize them, negotiate with them, and exert every reasonable effort to execute with them an agreement, preferably written, covering wages, hours, and working conditions.

Unfortunately, the board was without legal powers, so that its interpretation of 7-a remained a theory. A few strikes were ended; an occasional employer was argued into treating with a trade union that was pretty powerful to begin with. But in practically every major attempt to apply its theory of 7-a, the board fell down. It could not get the owners of the captive mines to recognize the United Mine Workers, election results notwithstanding. It backed away from Mr. Ford in the Edgewater and Chester controversies. It never succeeded in compelling the Budd Manufacturing Company to bestow upon its employees the benefits of an election under Labor Board auspices. The Weirton Steel Company defied the board on the election issue, and has just defeated the board in the federal courts. The President snatched the threatened automobile strike away from the board, and "settled" it. The chief result of the board's attempts to apply a democratic concept of Section 7-a was that a group of Reading, Pennsylvania, hosiery manufacturers signed an agreement with a trade union, and that another hosiery manufacturer in Tennessee lost his Blue Eagle.

The NRA would not and the National Labor Board

could not do anything to help the trade unions. But meanwhile, snapping out of its depression lethargy, the A. F. of L. began to organize workers in mass-production industries, for example, automobile and rubber, where the trade union was formerly taboo. Some individual unions, of the "industrial" rather than the "craft" type, were even more successful. The United Mine Workers swarmed over into the Appalachian area and compelled the non-union operators to sign an agreement. The needle-trades unions consolidated their hold on the metropolitan markets, and even made substantial headway in the out-of-town open-shop regions. The hosiery workers' section of the textile workers' union made trade unionism a reality in the mills of Berks County and elsewhere. Even the slumbering steel workers' union awoke, with the consequence that a general steel strike now threatens.

But the anti-union employers fought back. With the automobile and steel industries to the fore, company unions sprang up on the industrial landscape like cacti after a desert rain. Though ostensibly sanctified by Section 7-a, these unions were formed for the purpose of shutting out any possible trade-union intrusion. They are apparently here to stay. Nothing will rid labor of them save an avalanche of strikes with full union recognition as their primary objective. Are Toledo and Minneapolis the premonitory rumblings of such an avalanche? There and elsewhere it has been shown that organized labor cannot afford to pin its faith on the wisdom and power of a supposedly classless government. Magna Charta or no Magna Charta, it looks as though the trade unions in the United States would be able to get from the big-business employers only as much as they are able to win by force majeure.

Satan Still Finds Work

LEISURE has always seemed to us one of the most beautiful words in the language, and to speak of the "use" of leisure time is almost to utter blasphemy. Leisure, surely, is the privilege of doing what one wants to do with deliberation, or of doing nothing with security, conviction, and nonchalance.

Hence it was with a feeling akin to consternation that we read the just-published report of the Committee on the Use of Leisure Time of the NRA. Leisure, it appears, has become a "problem," and despite the tragic earnestness with which the committee has approached this problem, its chairman, Raymond B. Fosdick, and its distinguished members, including Nicholas Murray Butler, Alfred E. Smith, Matthew Woll, and others, are not sure they have solved it.

Evidently the premise on which the committee based its study was the ancient Christian aphorism, "Satan still finds work for idle hands to do." But who is this Satan? Apparently he is, as usual, a mysterious, abstract, almost metaphysical personality. Mr. Fosdick, who procured a financial subsidy from the Rockefeller Foundation to aid the NRA committee in thwarting the wiles of the devil, seems to think of him as the state, or society, or, even more vaguely, civilization. In opening the series of conferences last November at which the data of fact and opinion were assembled concerning the machinations of the Adversary, Mr. Fosdick breathed defiance as follows:

A museum is no substitute for bread, and a playground is no roof against the winter sky. I do not care to be a party to any attempt to provide an ornamental façade for a social system that cannot find work for its people. . . . Unless we can solve the far greater problem that confronts this nation today, all this talk of the satisfactory use of leisure is empty words. But for myself, I have faith to believe that we shall solve this problem.

After this outburst one turns to the report almost with a thrill of hope. Page on page that hope recedes. The "free" hours of the 10,000,000 adults who constitute the industrial population of Greater New York are counted over every one apart. In telling the beads of this rosary, it appears that half of these people are unemployed and hence completely exposed to the temptations of the Adversary. But even the other 5,000,000 have an average of forty-one hours a week of free time. What to do? Retro, Sathanas! With moving eloquence, the committee recommends that the school buildings, parks, and museums be more adequately used for baseball, basketball, lectures on civics, and so forth; that more classes for adults be established, not merely for vocational instruction, but in such broad cultural courses as literature, drama, rhythmic dancing, clay-modeling, and the like.

By page 96 one is obliged to concede the decision to the Adversary. The devil, whether he is society, civilization, the NRA, Mr. Rockefeller, or the group personality of Mr. Fosdick's committee, certainly has found work for idle hands to do. Indeed, it becomes difficult to distinguish the Powers of Light from the Powers of Darkness. Do not Mr. Fosdick and his committee represent the state, society, civilization, the breakdown of which has brought forth this "problem" of the "use" of leisure time? Surely it would be false modesty for them to pretend otherwise.

In speaking of himself, this eleemosynary Satan uses the first personal plural pronoun. "We," it appears, did not find it appropriate to consult the unemployed or the insufficiently employed as to the disposition of their leisure time, any more than the NRA Labor Board and the President could permit the automobile workers to control their jobs by establishing the closed shop. When they are consulted, workers are likely to be rather forthright. For example, in "The Plight of the Coal Miner," by Homer L. Morris, we find recorded the following objection of coal-camp parents to the choice of a comedy for a school entertainment:

Why should our children participate in such foolishness? Why should we be exposed to the unrealities of a comedy? We live in a world of hard and strange facts. Our savings have all been used during the past two years since the mine closed. We don't know how we are going to get food for our next meal. Our lives are full of tragedy, pain, suffering, and want. We have no desire for the make-believe of comedy. The worries of unemployment have driven all prospects of pleasure out of our lives.

Clearly it is only a matter of time before we shall witness a wave of strikes against this "use" of leisure time, rivaling the present wave of industrial strikes; a kind of holy war against both the "made-leisure" and "used-leisure" activities of the Adversary. In imagination we see already the marching columns and hear their militant chants: "Down with Rockefeller-financed leisure!" they will shout. Also "Rhythmic dancing, my eye!" And finally, "We say it's civics, and the hell with it!"

Poetry Is Popular

FREQUENTLY, but with ever recurring amazement, we give a few moments to the "Questions and Answers" department of the *New York Times Book Review*. It is exclusively devoted to the task of locating quotations, and its anonymous editor feigns an ignorance so complete that when, as occasionally happens, some troubled subscriber seeks the source of a line like "The plowman homeward plods his weary way," or wonders if any reader can help him find a poem called "If," this editor gravely passes the question on and later gravely prints in an extended list the names and addresses of erudite correspondents who hastened to share by post their unusual knowledge. But such occurrences are rare, and the wonder usually is, not that the lines in question are unfamiliar, but that anyone could have any possible reason for wishing to know them.

Consider, for example, the issue of May 27. A certain "G. D." wants the name of a poem written in answer to "Invictus" and ending with the words "Christ is the Master of my fate; Christ is the Captain of my soul." "P. K." labors under the delusion that some one original thinker is to be credited with the observation, "Nothing matters much; most things not at all," and is willing to spend at least a postage stamp to find out his name. "M. K." is looking for a poem about grandmother's wooden chair which is said, somewhat improbably, to begin: "There it stands in the corner, with its back to the wall, the old wooden rocker"; and "C. B.," for reasons which it is hard to penetrate, burns with desire for a complete poem beginning: "Oh, soft falls the dew, as the twilight descendeth."

What is more, each of these perverse desires stands a very good chance of being gratified, since the same issue contains a group of answers to queries no less remarkable. Did not three eager readers help "J. G. O." to find "Famous Old Kentucky"? Did not Mr. E. Robb Zaring of New Albany, Indiana, reply to a certain "A. J." who wanted a gem called "Training the Other Woman's Child"? Did not, furthermore, four named correspondents as well as others too numerous to be mentioned enlighten a troubled "E. J." with the knowledge that the lines he was seeking were by Ruth McEnery Stuart and that they were published in 1913 in "Daddy Do-Funny's Wisdom Jingles"? Who says we are not a literary people or that poetry is no longer popular? Hundreds of us, it is evident, keep clippings from obscure "family papers," treasure the names of poets who would be called forgotten if it were generally suspected that they had ever been known, and pore over volumes called "Fireside Selections" or "Heart Throbs."

Gelett Burgess once confessed that he first broke into print by requesting an unpublished poem composed by himself and then under another name supplying it the following week. Perhaps the trick is still being used, and if so it will explain some of the cases in which two persons claim to know verses which seem, on their face, unlikely to be interesting to more than one. But though we should rather not, we suspect that most of the questions and answers are genuine. They merely prove how little any literary critic knows, and what can be not only remembered but cherished and brooded over in doubtless very honest hearts.

Issues and Men

Josephine Roche for Governor of Colorado

PICTURE to yourself a hall in a small town situated in the coal fields of Colorado. It is none too well lighted. The seats are filled with rough-looking miners and their wives—even a few children. Many of them show by bent backs that they have toiled for a lifetime with the shovel and pickax; many are sons and even grandsons of miners. It is easy to see the effects of years of inadequate pay, of the never-ending uncertainty which for decades, for a generation, has been the chief characteristic of life in those coal regions. The people wait patiently but not long, for their boss and employer is usually on time. There she comes—the woman who holds their destinies in her hands—not very large, quick of action, sweet and smiling of countenance. The minute she enters the hall every soul in it rises to his or her feet. No cowering or toadying here, nothing forced, nothing dictated by habit or convention. These hard-handed workers rise for her because they know their boss to be their best friend, their anchor to windward; because they respect, admire, and trust her. They know of the sacrifices she makes for them, of her unfailing devotion to them and their interests.

But even they cannot wholly understand how great Miss Roche's sacrifices have been. Miss Roche works day and night for her mines and their workers until one trembles for her nerves and health. Every cent of the interest which comes to her as the majority owner of the company goes back into that company to keep it afloat. She occupies the house of friends, Senator and Mrs. Costigan, while they are in Washington during the sessions of Congress, and the Buick she drives is neither streamlined nor knee-actioned; it suggests nothing so much as a worn-out, spavined Dobbin, more than ready for the pasturage of old age. The speedometer of that car shows many thousands of miles, a large portion of which Miss Roche ran up while campaigning to make that aforementioned friend of hers one of the two Senators from Colorado.

It will be a new experience for Josephine Roche to be working to advance her own fortunes. I know that she will profit if she makes her Rocky Mountain Fuel Company a rich and successful concern; there will be cynics, I suppose, to say that her devotion to her miners is in part devotion to her own future bank account. To this I answer—nonsense! Had she been concerned with her profits she would have sold out long ago and let the workers go hang. Actually she has never thought or worked for herself since she took over the company. When she became majority owner after her father's death, she found an organization bitterly opposed, like every other mining company in Colorado, to organized labor, and she reversed that policy the minute she could. She invited the union to organize her miners. But she did not stop there. Experience in social-settlement work in Boston and New York had taught her not only the needs of the laboring masses but how to get on with them, how not to patronize, and she promptly won the faith and confidence of those who depended upon her. Her company,

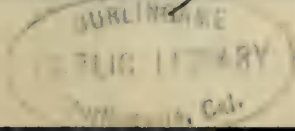
however, was heavily in debt because its resources had been used up in endless labor troubles, and her laboring force was inadequately paid, working far too few days in a year, improperly housed, and about hopeless of ever having decent pay and decent living conditions.

There was the problem. It would have daunted any experienced business man, for all through the Colorado mining industry there were cutthroat, underhand competition, price slashing, stealing of customers by any possible trick, all the skullduggery, commercial crookedness, and ruthless salesmanship with which America carried on its mad battle for riches in obedience to the private-profit motive. Against the other groups Miss Roche and her aids—Mr. Costigan, John R. Lawson, and others—had to fight for their commercial lives. She came East, found friends and admirers, and went back to carry on as the chief champion of organized labor in the Rocky Mountain States. And her sacrifices have had their reward. Her company is afloat while others, like the Rockefeller-owned Colorado Fuel and Iron Company, bloodied by the horrible Ludlow massacre of members of a tent colony—striking miners and their wives and children—are now in the hands of receivers. Josephine Roche's miners have proved for everyone to see that union labor in a cooperative enterprise like this works more economically and produces more tons of coal per man per day than unorganized labor. Her miners have worked more days per year than those in any other mine in the State and been envied of all the others. Incidentally, her workers and union labor throughout Colorado have been her best sales force. "Buy from Josephine" has been their slogan.

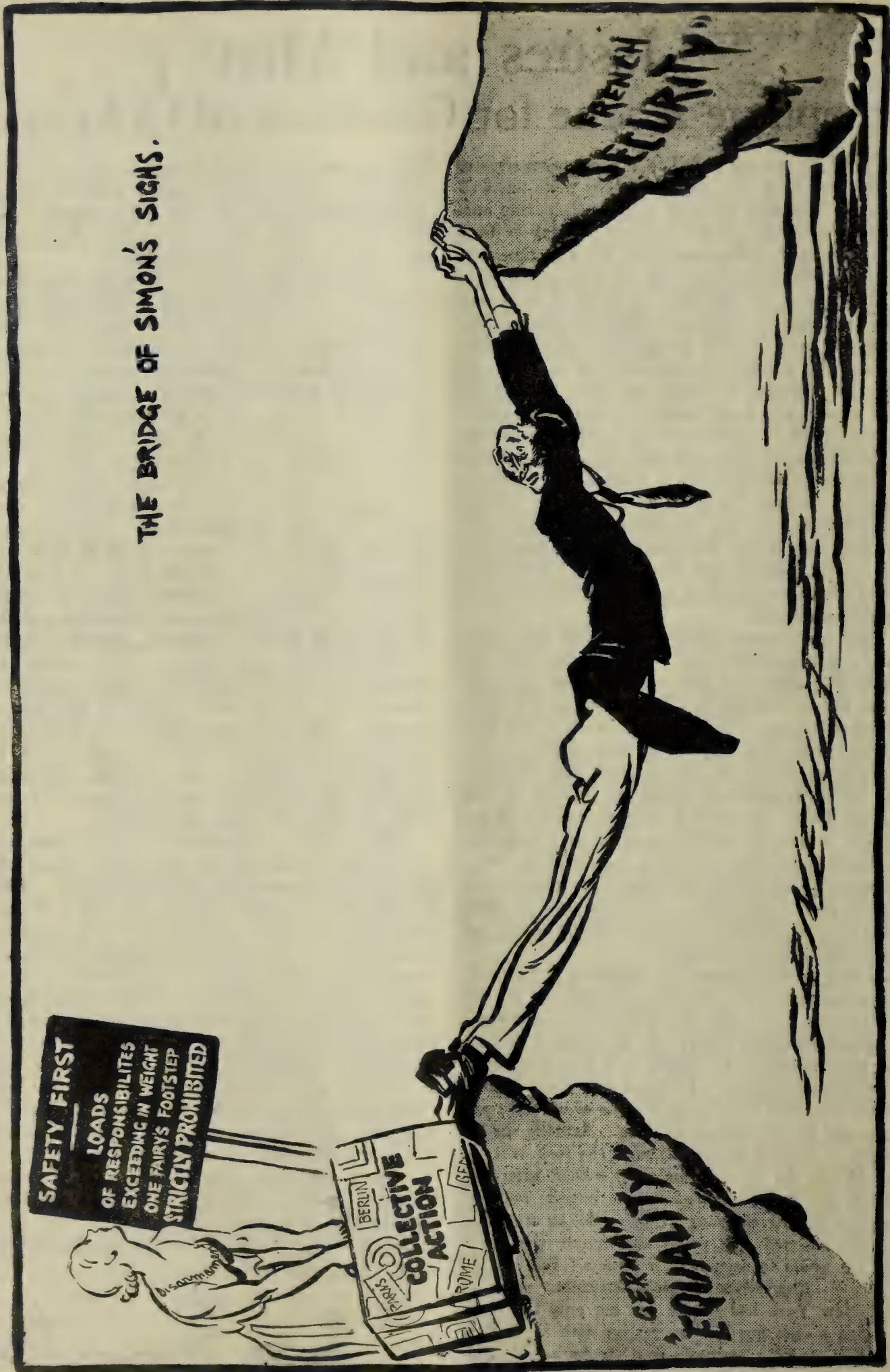
A wonderful achievement—though not yet out of the woods; how wonderful only the insiders can know. And now Miss Roche is out for the Governorship. The suggestion did not come from her but from the editor of a farm newspaper in northeastern Colorado. It spread like wildfire across the State. Organized labor is with her to a man. Of course Miss Roche is for the truly liberal policies of President Roosevelt. The NRA code for the Colorado coal fields she herself largely helped to draft; for the first time that human jungle, in which her mines were the only refuge, is organized as it should be. Unfair practices are eliminated; for the first time labor is assured a square deal and decent living conditions. Miss Roche may not yet have won her fight, but, thanks to the NRA, the reforms for which she hungered have arrived—let us hope to stay.

Every woman in Colorado and every man there who believes in justice, in fair play, in a decent way of life for all who toil, in a square and new deal, and in a decent economic world will vote in the Democratic primary and the election for Josephine Roche.

Isabel Garrison Villard



A Cartoon by LOW



In Russia Life Grows Easier

By LOUIS FISCHER

Moscow, May 8

A BEAUTIFUL pure-Aryan woman who traveled in my compartment from the Dutch border to Berlin declared that in this modern age we missed many of the homely amenities of the Middle Ages. "We have made a fetish of progress," she said. Her Nazi friends have been fighting the machine—"because it throws men out of employment." At the recent congress of the German lignite industry President Heubel warned that this anti-machine tendency would ruin production. Ruhr factories are experiencing difficulty in finding young apprentices ready to go through three or four years of patient training before becoming masters. Why should they when there may be a war before then? Much better to march the streets, sing songs, and cry "Heil Hitler." Germany is buying certain quality steels and aeroplane parts abroad because she can no longer manufacture them herself. Germany's productive capacity is not developing, and the government, wisely, does not wish it to develop. For such plant expansion would cause more overproduction and thus enhance the economic crisis. Hitler is spending large sums to employ the unemployed, but they are put to work making roads, digging canals, clearing woods—not building factories. That would be undesirable progress. A Nazi philosopher writes: "To become more agrarian means to become poorer and more primitive, perhaps to become more uncivilized and barbarous, but on the other hand it means to become more German." Oswald Spengler inveighs against the "optimism of progress," and Nazi thinkers have suggested that the orbit of progress is perhaps elliptical. A fascist leader once accused the Bolsheviks of "deifying progress." They do. They maintain that progress, to be progress at all, must move in a straight line.

More and more, as one goes from the Soviet world into the West and back again, one senses this philosophical and psychological distinction. In an increasing number of bourgeois states people are happy if they can "hold their own." They want stabilization. The slogan is "recovery" rather than advance. And where, in quite isolated cases, peculiar circumstances make for new construction, leaders are haunted by an omnipresent fear of the slump which avenges the boom.

A dark pall seems to be rolling farther and farther over Europe. How much spiritual uneasiness, mental depression, and concern about the future! Materially Soviet life may still be hard. Most Western countries are far more comfortable than Russia. But in Russia the prospect is bright, and everyone is convinced that conditions are improving and must continue to improve.

Since I left the U. S. S. R. in January, the rise in the standard of living has been considerable and obvious. But I think people expected more and expected it more quickly after the tremendous sacrifices required by the first Five-Year Plan. Perhaps the rate of growth will now be geometrical. Meanwhile, the feeling of disappointment that the first year of the second plan did not lead the entire population straight into a paradise of plenty has dampened enthusiasm and intensified the demand for better conditions.

My most vivid visual impression in Moscow came from the excellent clothes worn by many men and women on free days when folks don their "Sunday best." Never since the revolution have Muscovites dressed so well. Obviously the inhabitants possess a change of clothes and are now able to discard their work-a-day garb for finer apparel on sabbaths. On week days shoes, suits, and dresses look better than they did six months ago, and on free days the clothes are good, not alone by old Russian standards but absolutely. A large percentage of those who wear new suits, spring overcoats, and shoes are young factory hands. In Istanbul, Athens, Madrid, and other capitals the traveler has merely to walk ten minutes away from the center of the town to find himself in poor districts where the appearance of human beings, houses, and streets is strikingly worse. The Bolshevik revolution, however, was a churning process, and workingmen are just as likely to live in what were formerly exclusive residential sections as in the factory faubourgs. Moreover, the working-class outskirts of old St. Petersburg today often present a better picture than the central thoroughfares once graced by the palaces and villas of nobles and the rich, now neglected and dilapidated. In this respect, though not in most others, a leveling has taken place. The result is that while the well-dressed workingman who moves in the hub of town frequently improves its exterior aspect, his presence in outlying districts erases the usually sharp differences between these and the well-manicured center of the city.

The food situation, too, is much better than it was last winter. There is scarcely anything one cannot buy—if one has the money. The ordinary cooperatives where citizens make purchases on their ration cards still maintain very low prices, but they sell only bread, meal, potatoes, herring, sugar (600 grams a month for non-proletarians and a double ration for workers), and, infrequently, tea. Bread costs a ruble for two kilograms; sugar two and a half rubles a kilogram. Workingmen and some government employees obtain supplementary food and clothing at higher than cooperative but lower than commercial prices in closed factory stores, which may be well stocked, but even these fortunates must occasionally, and the rest of the population must always, resort to the very high-priced commercial stores to which all have access if they can pay. In them first-grade butter costs 35 rubles a kilogram, cheese 20 rubles a kilogram, sugar 15 rubles a kilogram, tea 80 rubles a kilogram, soap 2½ rubles a cake, and so on. In a closed cooperative men's suits cost between 40 and 100 rubles. But what is a ruble? A paper ruble is worth about one gold cent or one gold halfpenny. Compared to world standards these Moscow prices are therefore not excessive, are perhaps quite moderate. Prices, however, must always be considered in connection with earnings. Wages, of course, vary, and I know persons who earn anywhere between 100 and 1,500 rubles a month. The average income of a worker is approximately 140 rubles a month, but to know how much he can purchase for this sum one must first ascertain what he receives in his closed factory cooperative at reduced prices, and this is different in each plant. It

is possible to assert quite categorically, however, that the standard of living went up in the last semester and is rising faster now. This is obvious in streets, theaters, and private homes. It was reflected distinctly in the jolly May Day parade: both the military and civilian sections of this demonstration showed that the country was richer. Factories spent more money on decorations and floats. There were more tanks and aeroplanes; finer uniforms—Red Army soldiers must now wear white collars inside their khaki collars; more singing and dancing among the marchers.

The period of great strain which commenced in 1928 and continued throughout the trying years of the first Five-Year Plan is now ended. All individuals feel this. The nation dares to relax. Industry has acquired momentum. Pig-iron production, which averaged 17,100 tons a day in April, 1932, and 18,600 in April, 1933, jumped to 28,700 tons a day in April, 1934. The corresponding figures for steel are 17,300 tons, 17,200 tons, and 26,100 tons; for coal 184,600 tons, 197,600 tons, and 251,000 tons. This progress in heavy industry is matched by equally remarkable advances in the light industries which yield articles of daily consumption. The fundamental idea of the first plan was the postponement for four years of the payment for the nation's efforts. Today the state is paying its debts to the population.

The air of prosperity and the sense of satisfaction which this circumstance produces are marred by the sharp struggle to earn more in order to obtain more worldly goods, some of which are today available to the masses for the first time in Russia's history and many of which became scarce after 1927. Soviet Russia must still face a number of complicated problems of distribution and production. The basic fact, however, is the present possibility of walking into a store and getting what one needs.

The first Five-Year Plan gave the U. S. S. R. these material benefits and something else: security from foreign aggression. For the first time in my twelve years in Russia Bolshevik leaders assert in private that the country will not be attacked during the next twelve months. The fortification of the Far Eastern frontier, with the aid of the products of new industries established between 1928 and 1933, accounts for this unprecedented spirit of national confidence. Hitherto every Western statesman's speech and every trip of a foreign general-staff officer was interpreted in Moscow as a move against the Soviet Union. Greater economic strength and bigger armaments have now dissipated this exaggerated Soviet fear complex. The Kremlin is convinced that Japan is too cautious and too preoccupied with Chinese and home affairs to engage Russia single-handed, and moreover that Tokio will this year find no allies in Europe. Thanks to the cordial rapprochement with France, the Soviet Government's foreign political position is so powerful that it may not have to yield to French suggestions to join the League of Nations, and the abatement of the Japanese menace together with Russia's favorable gold and foreign-currency balance will make a difference in the Soviet attitude toward America and toward Western nations generally. There is probably some warrant for the guess that England will get more Soviet trade, and Germany and the United States less, than many observers predicted.

Safety from invasion augments the Red Army's already great popularity. War Commissar Voroshilov is vying with Lazar Kaganovich for the honor of being second to Stalin.

At the party congress in January the delegates manifested much affection for him. His sun is in the ascendancy. The party congress elected a new central committee—the most influential body in the U. S. S. R.—which includes more than the usual number of army leaders among its members and deputy members. Though its functions are largely civilian, the G. P. U. has military status. It is also, in part, an army separate from the major national forces. Not long ago a delicate rivalry sprang up between the Red Army and the G. P. U., and a desire arose among the military to modify the status of the G. P. U., the Soviets' political police. Several other equally important or more important considerations induced the party congress to decide on the G. P. U.'s abolition: economic improvements have undermined domestic political opposition; the war danger is diminished; wrecking activities by disloyal engineers have shrunk to a minimum: the G. P. U. made many mistakes in dealing with these activities. On account of its officials' ubiquity and efficiency and because of its broad and scarcely controlled prerogatives, the G. P. U. was the only body in the Soviet Union which had sources of power within itself instead of, as is the case of all other organizations, enjoying influence lent it by the Communist Party. This situation could no longer be tolerated. Moreover, more normal political conditions have stimulated a demand for an administration of justice which might have been called Western a few years ago but which some Western countries have now abandoned. When the G. P. U. is finally abolished—the date has been postponed several times for unexplained reasons—the public courts will be granted added power and will hear more cases. Akulov, the Soviet Union's Attorney-General, has been urging this change for the last three years, and Stalin has supported him. At a conference of state prosecutors and court officials a few days ago, Akulov declared that “the organ of Soviet justice must not only annihilate and suppress the opposition of the class enemy”—this is what the G. P. U. limits its efforts to—but must also, he added, “exert an educational influence on unstable elements among the laboring population.” And that could best be done by the courts.

The thought of tampering with the G. P. U. would never have occurred to anyone had not Russia's domestic and foreign situation undergone a marked change for the better. Soviet citizens today have a highly developed consciousness of their country's strength and its potentialities for scientific and economic achievement. The valiant rescue of the Cheliuskin crew from the fragile ice floe in the Arctic stirred the entire nation as no industrial triumph in years. Millions thrilled to the idea that Soviet airmen displayed such a tremendous capacity for heroism and daring. The records established by the two Russian stratosphere balloons were likewise interpreted as tributes to Soviet science, the excellence of Soviet equipment, and the fine human qualities of the new Soviet individual. The Bolsheviks are really convinced that their system will enable the nation to reach heights of culture, technique, and material well-being never even dreamed of in the West. Some will call this an illusion; others an exaggerated national superiority complex. Communists, however, argue that their unique approach to life taps hitherto unsuspected sources of intellectual and moral strength. In any event, the intensive inculcation of the belief that “there are no fortresses,” as Stalin has said, “which the Bolsheviks cannot take,” is an important political reality.

Mr. Anderson's Last Stand

By PAUL Y. ANDERSON

Washington, June 2

THE Washington gossips are muttering among themselves that Mr. Roosevelt is softening up. A few days ago a former Albany correspondent remarked, "I'm afraid he is *going Governor* on us." To be perfectly candid, some of his recent actions may reasonably be cited in support of the theory that he has become cautious. Nevertheless, I have excellent grounds for rejecting this theory. The President's chief concern at this time is to get Congress out of town. He is likely to succeed, because most of the boys are anxious to get back and repair their fences. When that happens, certain financial and industrial interests which recently have been emboldened to assume attitudes of defiance may learn that they have sadly misapprehended the President's temper. I apprehend that they will presently find themselves dealing with a tough baby. A very tough baby. We now have, as I have heretofore noted, a dictatorship by common consent, and I anticipate that its powers are about to be exercised to the fullest extent. No doubt that event will bring grief to the breast of the Honorable James M. Beck, who represents Bill Vare, the big Philadelphia garbage man, in the House of Representatives, but it may also bring food to the stomachs of hungry millions—which, after all, probably is of more importance. The manner in which the steel code was revised should be enough to tell the judicious in what quarter the wind lies. Price-fixing has been prohibited, the uniform eight-hour day has been established (the end of the long, long trail), General Johnson has been empowered to veto any act of the Steel Code Authority, and minimum wage scales have been extended to piece workers. The Federal Trade Commission recently uttered several criticisms of the steel code, some of which appeared to be thoroughly warranted. With characteristic humor Roosevelt has now assigned the commission to the task of conducting a six months' survey of conditions in the industry and recommending improvements in the code. They asked for it; let us hope they do a good job.

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JUST the same, we are in for plenty of trouble. It is not merely the Toledo situation—although I consider that situation to be highly significant. As I write, the steel workers' union is headed toward a strike which, if it occurs, will undoubtedly be attended by shocking acts of violence, and will almost certainly end in a complete defeat for the union. In the first place, less than one-fourth of the workers in the industry are organized. For a strike to be effective the union needs not less than a majority. In the second place, the committee representing the union made the mistake of presenting their demand for recognition to the Iron and Steel Institute instead of the individual employers. The institute, of course, is under no legal obligation to engage in collective bargaining with anyone, while the employers are. The committee is the victim of its own inexperience. It is trying to organize the industry by means of a strike, and it hasn't, in my judgment, one chance in a hundred. The outlook is more favor-

able for the textile workers. Additional strikes in the automobile plants seem almost inevitable unless a change is made in the terms of the compromise settlement which was reached here a few weeks ago. I shall not be surprised if the automobile magnates are afforded an opportunity to make good on the bold language which some of them employed during their recent conference with the President. They might do well to remember that the United States Army contains several officers thoroughly schooled in industry and fully capable of operating their plants. Indeed, I suspect some of them could operate them better. Certainly they could do it more humanely.

* * * * *

ANY Senator has a perfect right to oppose any official act, agency, or government official, and he has a perfect right to state the reasons for his opposition. But no Senator has the right to utter untruths on the floor of the Senate, and that is exactly what the Honorable Gerald P. Nye, of North Dakota, did last week in his speech attacking General Johnson and the NRA. Imagine a Senator or anyone else publicly declaring that while Johnson has made mistakes, he refuses to admit them! As millions of radio listeners know, Johnson has made it a fixed policy, carried out in literally dozens of speeches, to admit that he has made mistakes and expects to make more. He has merely contended that they were honest ones, and were corrected when discovered. Imagine a Senator declaring in one breath that the NRA is driving "little men" to the wall by permitting prices to be fixed at such a low level that they must sell at a loss, and asserting in the next that consumers are being robbed by high prices! Imagine the same Senator posing as a champion of labor one day, and the next day espousing the cause of the little chiseler who wishes to pay less than \$12 for a forty-eight-hour work week! The fact is that probably the biggest mistake Johnson ever made, and the only one, so far as I know, that he has failed publicly to admit, was when he relied on the good faith of Gerald P. Nye. Well, he knows better now.

* * * * *

THE farcical episode of the Darrow report achieved new heights of comedy last week when Chairman Darrow and another member of the board voluntarily appeared at Johnson's office and begged for an opportunity to "cooperate" with him, and when Sidney Hillman of the garment workers' union shook his finger under the nose of another member and charged him with being "the worst sweatshop operator in the United States." Of the two who went so belatedly to Johnson's office in search of "cooperation," the venerable chairman was received with courtesy and kindness, because he is old and he is feeble. But the other man is not, and during the short time which he remained—it was very short—he heard some language from which I suspect his eardrums are still smarting. He had it coming. The whole business has turned into an extremely sour joke.

PUBLIC LIBRARY
Burlingame, Cal.

THIS will be my last regular contribution to *The Nation*. The explanation is simple enough. For reasons which they deem sufficient, my employers, the editors and publishers of the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*, have entered an order to cease and desist. The reasoning by which this decision was reached was, in my opinion, faulty, and based largely on misapprehension. Nevertheless, they were acting strictly within their rights. It will be whispered that interests which I have treated none too tenderly here have finally succeeded in getting my scalp. Indeed, I can already hear the chuckles of the publishers' lobby. Don't believe a word of it. The objections which prompted this decision have been a subject of discussion among us for years, and I have been permitted to continue this long solely because of the paper's consideration for my feelings. The *Post-Dispatch* cannot be "reached"—I have seen that tried often enough to know. As a matter of fact, common honesty forces me to confess that over a period of twenty years (come June 14) no reporter in America has had better treatment from his employers. I have been al-

lowed to work pretty much as and when I chose, and have been the beneficiary of innumerable acts of kindness. Of the editors of *The Nation*, I need only point out that I probably have been permitted more freedom of expression than any political writer in active practice. We have not always agreed, but they have let me have my say. One cannot reasonably ask for more. To the readers of *The Nation* I should like to say the following: Through the years in which my diffident observations on men and affairs have appeared in this place, I have received thousands of letters from men and women in every State in the Union and several countries in Europe, and 95 per cent have been friendly. I have not been able to answer all or even a majority of them, but I shall treasure the sentiments they expressed for the rest of my life—and I am hardly a sentimental man. I suspect that my best was none too good, but you have been pretty swell about it, and I shall miss you. We may never meet again in *The Nation*, but rest assured, ultimately we shall all be reunited in hell. So long, and good luck.

Impressions of Italy

By ROBERT DELL

Geneva, May 3

I CAME back to Geneva three weeks ago after shivering for six weeks on the Italian Riviera. As I went there to work, the fact that there were not more than six fine days in the whole time was less serious than it would have been had I gone merely to bask in a sun that declined to show itself except on rare occasions.

The return journey from Genoa to Geneva, via Modane, did not give me a favorable idea of the efficiency of Fascist organization. The favorite claim of Mussolini's admirers is that the Fascist regime has made the trains punctual in Italy. For all I know, the claim may be justified, and it should not have been very difficult to make the trains punctual, for most of them are so slow that there is plenty of margin to make up for lost time. A *rapide* takes nearly three hours to cover the distance between Genoa and Turin—104 miles—and an ordinary "express" about four hours. What the slow trains take, God and Mussolini know. And in other respects the management of the Italian railways leaves much to be desired. I left Genoa by the Rome-Paris *rapide* at 9:20 p.m. on April 8, the Sunday after Easter. When the train arrived at Genoa, where a large number of people were waiting to take it, it had only one through carriage to Modane and Paris, containing four first-class and four second-class compartments. It was quite impossible to enter it, for people were packed closely together in the vestibules and corridor, and when the door of the carriage was opened, some of them nearly fell out. The only thing to do was to get into a carriage going only as far as Turin. At Turin a crowd of passengers for France—they seemed to me to number about 200—were bundled out on to the platform in pouring rain at about half an hour after midnight. More through carriages to Paris were added—two, I think, but in any case they were inadequate to provide for all the passengers. All the way from Turin to Culoz, where I got off the train, I spent the night in the corridor, which was full of

people. There were men lying in the luggage racks in the compartments. I have never seen anything like it on a railway journey since the war, when there was some excuse for overcrowded trains. There was no excuse on this occasion. Rome and the Italian Riviera had been full of foreign visitors for the Easter holidays, and any competent railway administration would have made provision for an influx of travelers to Modane and Paris at the end of Easter week.

Of the foreign visitors to the Riviera east of Genoa in the Easter holidays about 90 per cent, I should say, were Germans. At Rapallo on Easter Day one heard more German spoken than Italian, and heard hardly any other foreign language. All the hotels were full—there was not a room to be had—so the number of German visitors must have been large. Many of them looked like people in quite modest circumstances and their respective accents showed that they came from every part of Germany. I counted, however, more than twenty German cars in two or three minutes against half a dozen from all other foreign countries. In view of Dr. Schacht's plea of poverty as an excuse for not paying the creditors of Germany, this is really rather surprising. It is a fact that the financial and economic conditions in Germany are very bad, but the proletariat are the chief victims of the Nazi regime. The condition of the German workmen is worse than it has been in the last fifty years. Their average real wage last October was 35 per cent lower than in 1913 and 31 per cent lower than in 1900, and it is certainly not higher now—rather the contrary. A Zurich paper said a few days ago that a German firm on the Swiss frontier was paying its German workmen four marks a week, from which one mark was deducted for income tax and various other contributions. This seems almost incredible, but wages in Germany are wretchedly low and the income tax and other deductions made by the state are about 30 per cent of the nominal wage, at any rate when the weekly wage is as much as fifty marks. The German in-

vasion of the Italian Riviera, however, shows that there must be middle-class—and even lower-middle-class—Germans with money to spend on foreign trips. And prices in Italy are considerably higher than in Germany.

The Nazi government is spending enormous sums on propaganda abroad, at the expense of the creditors of Germany. Can it be that Goebbels is subsidizing foreign travel for propaganda purposes? It seems hardly likely, but German agents swarm in Italy as elsewhere. A German woman went into a book and newspaper shop in Nervi one day in March to buy a German newspaper. The shop was full of Nazi publications and portraits of Hitler and other eminent Nazis. To the surprise of the customer she was served by a German girl, who told her that she had been in Nervi for a couple of months and that the shop belonged to her brother. The customer—not quite sincerely—admired the portraits of Hitler and asked the shop girl whether business was good. The girl said that it was satisfactory, and then the customer asked: "Are you doing good work for Hitler?" "Oh, yes," was the proud but somewhat incautious reply, "that is what we are here for."

Rather to my surprise I found feeling in that part of Italy not very favorable to Nazi Germany. Naturally German money was welcome, but the spenders of it were less so. Nothing annoyed the Italians more than to be told that Hitlerism and fascism were identical. They always replied that the resemblances were quite superficial. They said that Hitler was crazy, as perhaps in a sense he is—he is certainly a mystical fanatic. But there is more resemblance than Italians like to admit between the Nazi and Fascist regimes. It is true that the resemblances are mostly in methods. The principles and doctrines of the Nazi religion are peculiar to itself, especially its fundamental dogma of "racism" with its consequent anti-Semitism. Anti-Semitism is not peculiar to Hitlerism, but its "racist" basis is. Hitler appears to have got it from Georg Schönerer. There is no anti-Semitism in Italy nor is it a conscious aim of fascism to return to the Dark Ages. "Hitler is Widukind's revenge," said Alfred Rosenberg recently—and Widukind was defeated by Charlemagne in 785. Fascism, however, has killed intellectual life in Italy as Hitlerism is killing it in Germany. There can be no real intellectual life without liberty. There is in Italy the same feeling as in Germany of being surrounded by spies—it is less oppressive, however, in Genoa than in Rome—the same stifling moral atmosphere, the same repression of individuality, the same passion for histrionic stunts, the same organized humbug. While I was on the Riviera, there was the grotesque general election in which 97 per cent of the electors on the register were alleged to have voted. Before it was held, the walls were covered with placards declaring that abstention would be treason. As a rule one sees few black shirts in that part of Italy except those worn by the Fascist militia, but on the election day every member of the party wore a black shirt by order.

The Italian and the German press are as alike as two peas. In both countries the newspapers are mere propaganda sheets. In Rome official instructions are given to the press daily. The editors are told what subjects they must deal with, about what space is to be given to each subject, and which are to be put on the front page. The Italian papers, like the German, give little real news and are filled up with long reports of speeches by eminent politicians, glorifications of the regime,

and other pure propaganda. Italians do not know what is going on in their own country, still less in the rest of the world. The *Corriere della Sera*, for example, which formerly had one of the best foreign news services in Europe, has now a miserable service. It publishes, of course, only what the authorities allow it to publish and its news is usually tendentious. When I was in Italy it printed several columns every day from its Paris correspondent about the Stavisky scandal for the purpose of injuring the reputation of France and inflaming Italian opinion against that country. The correspondent repeated as gospel every bit of gossip or scandal published in the *Action Française* or in the weekly scandal papers, however unfounded, and quoted Léon Daudet on every possible occasion. His messages were misleading and often libelous. In Germany people are ceasing to read the papers. In Italy anybody in business or practicing a profession or in any position at all prominent is obliged to take a paper or be suspect, but Italians do not conceal their contempt for their press.

On the Riviera there is less outward manifestation of Fascist enthusiasm than in Rome. One does not, as in Rome, see several times a day bands of young Fascists marching along the streets singing hymns to the blessed dagger and the glorious machine-gun. In general one is less bored by fascism. Rome, in my opinion, is now intolerable. It combines intellectual deadness with noisy vulgarity. In Genoa the economic crisis is severe and its consequences are obvious. The port is half-deserted, trade is at a standstill, and there are bitter complaints on all sides. The number of unemployed is very large—how large it is impossible to say, as the official figures bear no relation to facts—and wages and salaries are miserably low. Genoa was formerly a wealthy town and no doubt still is, relatively to Italy as a whole, but there are evidences that all classes are suffering from the crisis. I had not been in Genoa for twelve years and I found a great difference. The town is much less lively and much less money is spent. The best restaurant and the only really large cafe in the town have failed and are closed, and the restaurants and cafes remaining are half empty except on Sundays. The economic conditions in Italy may be no worse than in Germany—perhaps they are not as bad—but I have been in no town in Germany where the external signs of the depression were so marked as they are in Genoa.

There is widespread and increasing discontent, and I found people more ready to voice their grievances than on any previous visit to Italy since Mussolini gained power. No doubt they spoke more candidly to a foreigner than they would have spoken to a fellow-countryman. If workmen are not discontented, they are easily pleased, for wages are, I believe, even lower than in Germany and the cost of living is higher. Moreover, as in Germany, they are deprived of the right to organize themselves independently to improve their condition. The strongest expressions of discontent that I heard, however, came from the commercial classes. They complain that the government is recklessly extravagant—that, for example, it spends enormous sums on embellishing Rome although there is already a huge budget deficit—that taxation is oppressive, and that it is almost impossible for most people in trade or commerce to make both ends meet. The Italian deficit is larger than the French, about which so much fuss has been made, and it is difficult to understand how the state manages to pay its way. It man-

ages it partly by forced internal loans, or loans that are forced in everything but name—another cause of discontent.

If this particular district is at all representative of Italy as a whole—and that is a point on which I can express no opinion—I should say that whereas Mussolini still has a strong personal hold, although less strong than formerly, the regime is not popular. People put up with the regime for the sake of Mussolini. How long will they do that? Already Mussolini is trying to divert the attention of the Italian public from his failure in internal affairs by desperate efforts to win prestige by a success in foreign affairs, but hitherto his efforts have been far from successful. His Balkan policy has proved a catastrophic failure, and it is by no means certain that his Austrian policy will succeed. He does not know whether to come to terms with Hitler about Austria or to break with him, and some day he will have to choose. Indeed, Mussolini has no definite line in foreign policy. He turns feverishly from one experiment to another.

I returned from a visit to Rome rather more than a year ago with the impression that the disappearance of Mussolini would probably mean the end of the Fascist regime, and that impression has been strengthened by my recent visit. The Nazi regime would survive the death of Hitler, because Hitlerism is a religion and when Hitler ceases to be a demi-god on earth he will become a god in heaven. Fascism is a camouflage for a dictatorship on traditional Italian lines without definite doctrines or principles. The "corporative state" and the rest of it were after-thoughts. Mussolini is fascism and the regime is a one-man show. Hitler is not afraid of assassination. Mussolini lives in terror of it. He wears a coat of mail under his clothes, and when it is announced that the Duce is about to leave the Palazzo Venezia by a particular gate, a car with somebody else in it comes out rapidly by the gate mentioned and Mussolini's car leaves by another. The chances are that Mussolini will be assassinated some day. If he is, his assassin will be a man in a black shirt.

San Francisco's Labor War

By EVELYN SEELEY

San Francisco, May 29

DOWN on the waterfront they say, "The strike is over and the war's begun." Dean H. F. Grady, chairman of the President's mediation board in the International Longshoremen's strike, said, "We have a revolution on our hands."

The biggest and most solid strike the West Coast has ever known after continuing nineteen days came to a crisis Monday, May 28, in violence and a "peace pact." The violence consisted of long and bloody riots in which scores of heads were cracked, one man was seriously wounded when police fired into the picket lines, and seven men were packed off to the hospital. The "peace pact," known by the strikers as "boloney" but regarded by the *San Francisco Examiner* as a settlement, dodged the strike demands. It had already been rejected in a coast-wide referendum by the rank and file of the Pacific Northwest and stood to be rejected in the San Francisco balloting. San Pedro, the harbor of Los Angeles, was expected to regard the peace pact more favorably, since its shipping is dominated by the militant open-shop policy of the city.

The strikers demand the closed shop, control of their own hiring halls, and fifteen cents more an hour. They were offered "full recognition of the union without closed-shop provisions," joint control of the hiring halls with the employers, and arbitration for wages and conditions. The closed shop is the big demand and the big obstacle. It is believed that while San Francisco ship-owners might agree reluctantly to the closed shop and Portland and Seattle might come in, Los Angeles would never agree. Joseph Ryan, president of the International Longshoremen's Association, has been quoted as saying, "We don't care a whoop for a closed-shop agreement," but San Francisco, the storm center of the strike, has repudiated his remark and holds out militantly for the closed shop. The settlement must be voted on by the whole rank and file of the striking body.

The strike began technically on March 23, although

President Roosevelt halted it on March 22 for an investigation; it became active on May 9 after the fact-finding committee produced nothing. The suggested settlements, in which all the leading capitalists and chambers of commerce and 11,400 marine workers are concerned, have grown less and less favorable to the workers in spite of the efforts of Edward F. McGrady, Assistant Secretary of Labor, and President Ryan.

This is not "just another strike." It is virtually a general strike. Of the 11,400 longshoremen and marine workers striking along the coast, 3,800 are longshoremen in the San Francisco Bay region; 1,700 are members of the International Seamen's Union and the Marine Workers' Industrial Union; 1,200 are marine cooks and stewards; 3,500 are marine firemen and water tenders; 600 are masters, mates, and pilots; 300 belong to the Independent Union of Officers and Engineers, No. 9; 1,700 are members of the Marine Engineers' Benevolent Association. And it is the coast teamsters and marine-transport workers, an active group that grew out of the old I. W. W., who by their sympathetic strike on all dock work have enabled these groups to put it over.

Sixty-one ships heavy with cargo lie idle in San Francisco harbor, 500 scabs work furtively under Pinkerton protection, and 500 police patrol the waterfront. In Portland and Seattle the scabs were scared so thoroughly that the harbors have been locked up tight from the beginning. In Portland one day twenty-five would-be strike-breakers were thrown into the Willamette River. In Seattle a Japanese silk ship, ready to unload its valuable silk cargo before it discharged its passengers, to load it on the special fast train that waited, and thus to bolster up the wavering silk exchange, stood in the harbor ten days and finally returned home with its silk. San Pedro, because of its open-shop domination and its physically decentralized character, has managed a little unloading and given the northbound railroads and trucks a little business.

San Francisco is the place where strike tactics are de-

terminated. Scores of heads are bloody since the riots of last Monday, but so far not one is bowed. The mediators may be exhausted, the ship-owners desperate, the Chamber of Commerce threatening to open the port by some mysterious means, but the strikers are still rarin' to go.

It is a different strike from any the Coast has ever known. No other strike has ever tied up the entire coast, no other has achieved a united front of waterfront workers. Until May 28 it was a peaceful strike, except for the strike-breaker damage, and not a gun was pulled. There were no armed guards, and employers were reported to have urged some Pinkerton guards to sign waivers against potential personal injury. Strikers were repeatedly ordered by their leaders to avoid all violence. Until the crucial Monday, when one longshoreman found a battered bugle and another played it at the head of the daily parade, ending this time in bloodshed, there was almost a holiday spirit among the strikers.

It is an amazingly popular strike, and even the usual labor-baiting newspapers have held their peace. Relief has poured into the chest of the strike committee and the Workers' International Relief, and lately 1,600 longshoremen have been fed daily at the soup kitchen. The Community Chest has fed strikers' families. College boys and professors have sent clothes.

In spite of the fact that Ryan stated on May 29 in Seattle that the San Francisco strike was led by Communists, the usual "red scare" has made no headway. It was not a Communist-impelled strike and the Communists have picketed side by side with old A. F. of L. members, have led relief and legal defense, and have been cracked on the head by the "sappers" indiscriminately.

"It's because it's a militant strike that we've been successful so far," said Harry Bridges, a lanky Australian stevedore, the veteran of four strikes and an outstanding strike tactician. "They can call them radical tactics but whatever they are they work. You get nowhere at all with the good old legal tactics, all this reliance on arbitration, injunctions, letting the scabs work, and so forth. You've got to do it this way—start right in with mass picketing and relief, and hold the respect of the men by doing things and not just sitting around waiting."

The West Coast has always been strong for its longshoremen. And the longshoremen have been proud of themselves. They take great pride in their trade; many of them have followed it for twenty or thirty years and made it a life work. San Francisco longshoremen are famous for moving ships faster than they can be moved elsewhere and for the least breakage, and thus have helped to bring shipping to this port. Recently, however, the longshoremen's profession—like many another—has declined from its heights. Working conditions have become so bad that the strikers feel they have nothing to lose. There have been a few men, getting preference, who have made \$75 a week. But the rank and file have averaged \$10 a week and less. Hiring halls have been manipulated by labor contractors who bargained with the men for employment commissions. The average longshoreman has come down to the docks daily at 6 a.m. and has stood around until noon to learn he could wait around until 10 at night for a few hours' work.

There has been no union except the Blue Book (company) union that resulted from the bloody San Francisco

strike of 1919. The present International Longshoremen's Association is only eleven months old, the fastest-growing union in labor history. The NRA, they say, helped them to some extent at first, but since then it has not been able to enforce its own rules. The repeated attempts by employers to knife the new union, with the increasingly bad conditions, brought about the decision to strike on March 23.

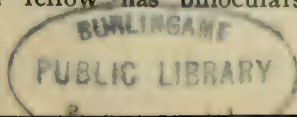
From the beginning the union's healthy distrust of officials in general and its rule that all settlement proposals must be submitted to the rank and file for a vote have kept the strike going. The referendum rule has also caused a lot of red tape in forcing a vote on all proposals, good or bad. Local autonomy is so strong that even the international president is looked upon with a skeptical eye. Strike-breaking has done nobody any good, though there have been recruiting at the University of California by Bill Ingram, the football coach, and offers of \$15 a day to fraternity scabs by Herbert Fleishhacker, Jr., son of the banker who controls the Dollar Line. President Sproule of the University of California quickly checked Ingram's activities, but the university is still known to longshoremen as a "scab incubator." The National Students' League made a fuss. A Stanford student published a letter that echoed through the campus saying, "Scab is a dirty word, like spit." San Mateo College had a huge protest meeting.

Scabs live furtively on the "hotel ship" Diana Dollar, and quit in hordes because of fear and uncomfortable conditions and pay that doesn't equal promises because there isn't work enough. Ambulances bringing them in were attacked by strikers, and a doctor treating them was threatened. Suspicious-looking individuals wandering on the waterfront are questioned about their destination, and if they say they are taking a ferry, a picket sees that they take it.

Many of the 500 police who patrol the waterfront used to be longshoremen themselves and until the strike grew bad were good friends with the strikers. But that is over now. In the first place the cops are fighting tired, having been kept working in twelve-hour shifts with no days off. After last Monday's violence Lieutenant Joseph Mignola, in command of the police who did the shooting, said, "Next time we won't dust 'em off, we'll put some of them in the morgue."

The strikers, who picket 1,000 at a time and in twelve-hour shifts like the police, have been banished now to the town side of the Embarcadero. It looks like a movie set for a panoramic war. The Embarcadero is a wide impressive street stretching out in an arc from both sides of the Ferry Building. It is modern and suave on the harbor side, for most San Francisco commuters and visitors enter here. The wide walk in front of the white stone piers, formerly hilarious with unloading or with sailing farewells, is silent these nights. Farewell parties for the few sailings must do their cocktail drinking in the street, if at all; visitors cannot pass, and only a few round-the-world passengers are seen. Ferry commuters sneak along unobtrusively. Police are everywhere; their motor cycles or armored cars lined up in imposing squadrons. Mounted police gallop up and down.

The pickets' patrol cars look comparatively shabby on their side of the street. The longshoremen stand in groups on the other side of the tracks, leaning against old buildings or old rusty iron boilers or battered ship parts. One weather-beaten fellow has binoculars at his eyes. He's "spying"



around," he says, watching to see if any of those ships that crowd the harbor so strangely are "taking exercise." He is watching for scabs, taking a good look at any he finds so he will know them next time. Farther back from the piers the tattoo parlors, pool halls, movie halls, and even the beer joints are practically deserted. But business is heavy at the soup kitchen.

The strikers, a hearty lot, bear out the longshoreman tradition; are huge, husky, usually blue-eyed men. They look defiantly out at the bay and the East Bay diadem of lights that rims it. Within that frame it is strange to see nothing move but ferry boats and to hear no steamer whistles and no workmen's shouts. That Japanese ship, full of scrap iron to be made into munitions, cannot move until they say so; nor can any others of the sixty-one out there at anchor.

[When it became apparent in the course of the balloting that both the seamen and the longshoremen would reject the proposed settlement which Miss Seeley describes, the plan was suddenly withdrawn. Mr. McGrady has returned to Washington to obtain, if possible, the government's approval of a plan by which hiring halls would be operated by government officials in association with representatives of both the ship-owners and the union, the cost to be shared equally by the three. But even if the government consents to this scheme, neither the ship-owners nor the longshoremen are likely to do so.—EDITORS THE NATION.]

In the Driftway

THE Drifter is not much of a collector except of such commodities as could not possibly be profitable. He once had an elegant collection of rattlesnake rattles with which he used to impress maiden aunts, but there is probably something in his chemistry that would have kept him from cherishing the South American stamp which was recently adjudged worth \$50,000—enough to keep a Drifter away from home forever. And at the moment he has a collection even more worthless, practically speaking, than rattlesnake rattles. It consists of miscellaneous letters and press releases from publishers that he has managed to salvage from that most important piece of office furniture—the wastebasket.

PUBLISHERS are among the most fascinating specimens of the genus *Homo*, and their variety is endless. There is, for instance, the effusive type who is convinced that every book he publishes is the best of its kind ever printed and who launches each precious volume with a personal letter to the literary editors of the world in which he proclaims his conviction with generous abandon. He has obviously never stopped to consider the confusion which must arise in the breast of an editor who receives three such letters in one day, and the Drifter would be the last to suggest that such generous impulses be curbed. But a recent letter has the Drifter worried. The writer calls the book in question to the "very, very best attention" of the editor. When the very has lost its flavor wherewith shall it be very-ed? And will not this promising young publisher eventually have to change his name and begin all over again?

FOR contrast there is the Milquetoast among publishers who goes in for deference and understatement. "My dear Mr. —," he writes, "I am sending you a copy of —'s latest novel. I have a feeling that — can write." The letters of this particular publisher have lately become so full of reservations and therefore so long that they can scarcely be read at one sitting. "It is hardly reasonable," one of them begins, "to believe that you will share my enthusiasm for —"; by the third paragraph the qualifications have become embarrassing. "You will probably complain that this book is not new and you will be perfectly right. . . ."

HERE is a blurb for a book just out which should obviously have been issued in the middle of a long intellectual winter:

How America may work out an economic system which shall provide an adequate and comfortable living for all its citizenry is *only one* of the absorbing problems in this book. [Italics ours.]

Releases often contain news of a rather bizarre nature such as that "Booksellers of Gettysburg, Pennsylvania, are stocking heavily on 'Long Remember' for a big day of cash sales on May 30," or that two of the leading fiction titles on the list of books which Uncle Sam is buying for the boys in the Civilian Conservation Corps are "A Nest of Simple Folk" by Sean O'Faolain and "After Such Pleasures" by Dorothy Parker! But the publisher's nose for news is perhaps best illustrated by the following release which for the Drifter sheds an entirely new light on the nature of coincidence:

By one of those rare coincidences in publishing, "Lightship," a novel by Archie Binns, was sent to press . . . a day before the White Star Liner Olympic crashed into the Nantucket lightship. . . . "Lightship" is the story of the men aboard a lightship off a reef on the Pacific Coast. . . . It will be published in August.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Arthur Warner

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

I want to say that I feel that the death of Arthur Warner is a great loss to *The Nation's* readers and friends. In my mind Arthur Warner represented personally, in the fullest way, the combination of honesty and noble antagonism to all forms of oppression and persecution associated with the name of *The Nation* and the liberal way of life.

Nowadays when so many radicals escape into cynicism or meet reaction with whining irresponsibility, there is something especially clean about cheerful integrity like Warner's. It leaves a glow with you, a sense of well-being. Working with him, or talking to him, or even seeing his name in print, I felt a kind of guaranty that here was a firm, pleasant, unassuming, and deeply sincere friend of humanity.

That quality has attached itself to many philosophies and expressed itself in many ways. These days one sees men and women who fight for it getting their heads cracked, being jailed, persecuted, slandered. I think Warner always recognized that this was his fight, too, tactical differences notwithstanding; since

defeat of the workers' side implies sure death to the cultural values upon which honest writers and intellectuals build their lives.

Warner never dodged issues; he was never afraid of taking sides. He was a good writer and an honest one. The fight against exploitation, destruction, and savagery has lost a valuable friend.

New York, May 27

ANITA BRENNER

"The People's Choice"

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

In three respects your references to Agar's "The People's Choice" in the editorial Who Gives the Pulitzer Prizes? in *The Nation* for May 23 depart from accuracy.

You say that the book is "by common consent, mediocre or worse." On the contrary, "The People's Choice" was commended not only by most newspaper reviewers but also in such magazines as the *New Republic* (January 24), the *American Historical Review* (April, 1934), and especially the *American Review* of December, 1933, in which Allen Tate called it "the most remarkable popular history that has been written on America."

You say: "The best that the New York Times reviewer could find to say was 'Reserving the right to disagree with many of the author's undocumented conclusions, "The People's Choice" will repay the time spent in reading it.'" This gives the impression that the review was unfavorable, whereas actually it was a full-page indorsement of "The People's Choice" as a book of lasting value.

You say that the book expresses a point of view "which even many conservatives would regard as stupidly reactionary." Can a book which has big business for its villain be so described?

Boston, May 21

R. N. LINSOTT

"On Our Way"

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

I think most replies to critics are a little absurd, but I should like the gentleman who wrote the review of "On Our Way"—in *The Nation* for May 23—to see this, and perhaps it might be of interest to your readers as well. This review says: "... difficult as it is to believe that he [the President] wrote any part of it ["On Our Way"] other than the foreword and brief last chapter..." The facts are that the President wrote the entire book. I have definite knowledge of this for the reason that I witnessed the dictation of the greater part of it.

New York, May 22

CRITCHELL REMINGTON

In Defense of Major Douglas

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

It would be very strange if a professor of banking discovered any good in Major Douglas's writings. A condition of holding such a post is strict financial orthodoxy. The condition is not insisted on; one simply does not become a professor of banking unless one is orthodox. But to do the breed justice, many of them would have prepared themselves more conscientiously for writing on Douglas than Professor Beckhart appears to have done in his review of "Social Credit" (*The Nation*, May 16). He complains, for example, that Douglas does not

define clearly the terms cost and price. This is to neglect the early technical works of Douglas. For a starter, let Professor Beckhart ponder on this statement: "Cost is the accumulation of past spendings over an indefinite period, whereas cash price requires a purchasing power effective at the moment of purchase." As for the charge of anti-Semitism, to which Professor Beckhart stoops in what should be a discussion free from prejudice, there is not a grain of truth in it.

New York, May 11

GORHAM MUNSON

A Call Against Arms!

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

A stirring call for an International Women's Congress Against War and Fascism to be held in Paris July 28 to 30—the date which marks the twentieth anniversary of the outbreak of the most tragic war in all history—has been received by the American League Against War and Fascism, signed by many well-known European women. It is a summons to women from all walks of life to unite on this common plank of struggle against war and fascism. Women from the farm, the mill, the shop; women who work in the professions and arts; women from the home—they will be united in an impressive American delegation to go to Paris and make their protest heard. Their plans for this struggle will be international in scope.

Any sum that readers of *The Nation* can spare will be a telling contribution toward the carrying on of this great purpose.

New York, April 30 WINIFRED CHAPPELL, Treasurer

F. Hopkinson Smith

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

I am preparing the official biography of F. Hopkinson Smith. Will all persons who have any information concerning his career—engineering, artistic, literary, or personal—please communicate with me at the University of Richmond.

Richmond, Va., April 4

CAROLINE S. LUTZ

Fascism and England

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

To a man who happens to have been bred and born an Englishman, and who could not get away from the fact, try as he might, the controversy begun by Mr. Steel in *The Nation* for April 4 concerning whether England will go fascist is highly interesting.

If public ideas outside of England are going to be based on what the Mosleyites and Rothermeres are saying and doing in England, that foreign opinion is going to stray far from the truth. While your Englishman is naturally a European, and belongs to Europe, he is also something apart. The whole of the European continent might be giving obeisances and the Roman salute to the dictators of the various countries, but, just as absolute monarchy has been gradually but surely shorn of its divine right since the execution of Charles I, so is it impossible for any one man to bring the English people under the iron heel of fascism.

Fascism is nothing less than the feudal system showing its head again. Does any intelligent foreign observer think for a single moment that the bitterly fought-for liberties which are the foundation of the untrammelled and constitutional government of England at present, liberties which are ingrained in the

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people, are going to be sacrificed, as it were, overnight? Magna Charta, which was wrung from King John, undoubtedly was the genesis of English constitutional and political freedom, and when the fascist minority in England ransacks the British Museum in order to find and destroy that document, then, and then only, will I attach any importance to its escapades.

Any shade of fascism is impossible in England. I am English and I know.

New York, April 25

H. SPENCER, JR.

The Intelligent Traveler European Summer Schools

EUROPEAN summer schools are organized primarily for the study of the language of a given country with courses in general culture given in addition. They do not repeat the curriculum of the academic year in tabloid form, as American summer schools usually do. Arrangements for credit in an American university for summer work done abroad are often difficult on this account. If credit is an object, such arrangements should always be made in advance with one's own university. In planning a summer course one should remember that in general at least six weeks must be spent in residence before an American university will recognize the work for credit.

The following opportunities for summer study in England, France, and Germany are a selection of those which seem most valuable for Americans. The Institute of International Education, 2 West Forty-fifth Street, New York, is headquarters for fuller information on other schools, detailed curricula, costs, and academic requirements. Rates given below are figured on the exchange of February 3, 1934.

ENGLAND

Since English summer schools stress courses in the English language, they attract more Continentals than Americans. However, the courses are diverse, and emphasis on methods of teaching makes them valuable to those who teach their mother tongue to foreigners.

University of London, July 20–August 16. Faculty includes Somerset Maugham and Barrie. Courses are offered in history of London, phonetics, economics, education. Fee, \$27.94; board and room about \$14.27 a week.

City of London Vacation Course in Education, July 27–August 10. Courses include English literature, modern methods of teaching in England, and the like. Fee \$4.15 per course; accommodations from \$15 up.

Polytechnic School of Languages, London, July 30–August 24. Special courses for teachers. Fee for full course \$21.79. Living expenses in boarding-houses about \$21 a week.

Of wider interest for Americans are the excellent schools of the drama, some of them connected with or visiting the important drama festivals. The following offer worth-while opportunities:

School of Dramatic Production at Bath, July 28–August 11 and August 14–August 28. Courses in all branches of dramatic art, and production of several plays, with the giving of a final London performance at the famous Everyman Theater. Fee \$15; board and lodging in the Residence House \$15 a week.

Cambridge Summer Meeting, University of Cambridge, July 26–August 2. Lectures on Masterpieces of Drama and the Modern Theater. Illustrations will be afforded by university dramatic societies and by visits to the Festival Theater. Fee \$10.89; board and lodging in university halls \$14.27 a week.

Central School of Speech Training and Dramatic Art, University of London. This is the foremost dramatic school in England. Fee \$55 for the six weeks' course, which may also be split into two-week periods. An American group conducted by Blanche Yurka will spend two weeks at the school, a week at Oxford at the Verse-speaking Contest, a week at the Malvern Festival, and two weeks at the Shakespeare festival. The inclusive rate New York back to New York is \$597. Address the Drama League Travel Bureau, Hotel Barbizon Plaza, New York.

English-Scandinavian Summer School of Physical Education at Sturry, Kent, August 1-August 18. Curriculum includes Swedish gymnastics, swimming, sports, folk dances. Tuition and living expenses for a total of \$51.90.

FRANCE

University of Paris (Sorbonne), July 1-October 31. A comprehensive list of courses is offered in language, French civilization, literature, history, phonetics, art and archaeology, and so on. Tuition is \$13.38 a month. The United States Foundation at the Cité Universitaire offers rooms for \$16 a month. Reasonably priced meals are available at the cafeteria.

Universities in other cities stress the study of the French language and literature. There is much to be said for attendance at a provincial university; the student gets a truer picture of French life outside the metropolis, and there are more opportunities for making excursions into the countryside and becoming acquainted with rural France. Fees are about the same as at the Sorbonne; living expenses, if anything, are a little cheaper.

The following universities list special courses for foreigners this summer: University of Lille at Boulogne-sur-Mer, July 17-August 26; University of Aix-Marseilles at Cannes on the Riviera, July 17-September 22; University of Dijon, June 15-October 31; University of Poitiers at La Rochelle, July 15-August 15 and August 15-September 15; University of Poitiers at Tours, July 1-September 30; University of Grenoble, July 1-October 30; University of Toulouse at Bagnères-de-Bigorre in the Pyrenees, July 1-September 12, mountain excursions and sports; University of Nancy, July 9-September 29. Although courses are offered for three months, in most cases students have their choice of four or six weeks' study.

The Institut du Panthéon of Paris has planned a "summer annex" in a group of villas, "Les Fauvettes," on the coast of Brittany. Private lessons will supplement the courses in French. The rates during July and August, inclusive of instruction and living expenses, are from \$100 to \$120 per month. During the first two weeks in September they are reduced by half.

The Fontainebleau School of Fine Arts and the Fontainebleau Conservatory of Music offer advanced work for American students. They are under the patronage of the government and are administered by French committees, but registration is by recommendation of American committees under the chairmanship of Walter Damrosch. A number of universities and art schools offer annual scholarships. The fee in each school is \$500 for three months, tuition and living expenses included. The American offices are at 119 West Nineteenth Street, New York.

GERMANY

Summer courses in German universities are divided into three main categories: (1) language courses and general courses in German literature, art, philosophy, pedagogy, and the like; (2) advanced or postgraduate work in the sciences and the professions; (3) courses in contemporary civilization organized in a number of universities under the auspices of the German Academic Exchange Service. The last category includes a number of courses which are frankly summaries of the point of view of the National Socialists on politics, economics, and philosophy.

Such are Germany Today, August 2-13, and The National Socialist System of Education, July 1-September 1, at the University of Berlin; the Sixth Nordic Vacation Course during July at Jena; Science, Art, and Politics in the New Germany, July 30 to August 25, at the University of Marburg; and Contemporary German Literature and Philosophy, given each month from June through September at the University of Munich. The last-named costs \$99.75, instruction, living expenses, sight-seeing, and theaters included.

General summer courses are given at the following universities: Bonn, August 1-28; Freiburg, July 24-August 23; Jena, July 18-August 14; Munich, July 15-August 11; Munster, July 8-28; Berlin, July 12-August 22; Hamburg, August 6-September 1; Heidelberg, June 25-August 4; Weimar Jena, July 9-August 17. Fees and living expenses vary but average about \$80 a month.

The German Institute for Foreign Students at the University of Berlin offers from July 12 to August 22 summer-school courses which are arranged to conform to courses in American universities. There are five language courses, four for teachers with emphasis on teaching methods in language and literature, and some general cultural courses. The tuition fee is \$48.

All the foregoing quotations for Germany may be reduced 15 per cent by the purchase of registered marks before entering Germany. Tuition fees, as well as living expenses, may be paid in registered marks, the only important restriction being that the student must not average more than fifty marks a day. All rail fares in Germany have been reduced 60 per cent for travelers remaining more than seven days in Germany.

JOHN ROTHSCHILD

[This is the first of two articles on foreign summer schools. The second will appear next week.]

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Poems

By LIZETTE WOODWORTH REESE

A Soldier's Epitaph

Amen; on the fallen cloak
Let the gray moth gnaw its fill;
And on the bitter sword the rust
Work its red will.

Let thieves break in and steal
All that you hold so fair,
Acres or volumes. Split the pane,
Hack down the stair.

As falcon to the nest,
As lion to the den,
You to your grave. Turn on your arm
And sleep. Amen.

To a Thrush at Twilight

Between the long lanes and the towns,
Break, music, into three.
Dole out your silver to the dusk,
And one by one to me.

Between the long lanes and the towns,
Little and vast do throng,
For your small measure holds in full
The endlessness of song.

Once Upon a Time

Joseph and His Brothers. By Thomas Mann. Translated by H. T. Lowe-Porter. Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.50.

THIS first volume of Thomas Mann's new trilogy begins with a moonlit dialogue between the youthful Joseph and his careworn father. It then leaps back to an earlier day, recounts the events of Jacob's previous life, and ends with the death of Rachel. Yet it is not—as an extended introduction makes perfectly explicit—merely an elaborate new version of an ancient tale. Thomas Mann is here seeking to recover a forgotten past far more remote and far less personal than that *temps perdu* which led Proust on his long journey.

History, he says, is an abyss. Every origin we investigate only serves to reveal another more remote, and there is no solid ground upon which we can ever hope to plant our feet. At the thought his brain reels; the plunge he is about to take is a plunge into the bottomless pit. Yet terror is mixed with eagerness and eagerness with exaltation, because the descent is one which he knows he must make. We are part of all that we have known, and the "we" is not merely our individual selves but the humanity to which we belong. All the past is our past; all its memories and its crimes are part of us. To know it is to know ourselves, and only by knowing ourselves can we understand what we are or what we want.

When Joseph told himself the stories which had grown up about his ancestors, his chronology was often confused. He might attribute to his grandfather what had happened to a far more remote figure without even caring to distinguish the one from the other. But Joseph was right, not wrong. Chronology which separates one man from another and one event from the preceding emphasizes a certain fact while it obscures a more fundamental one. Whatever happened to any of ours happened to us; we inherit their experience as we inherit their blood or their history, and that is the fact which counts for most.

Of archaeology in the ordinary sense there is little in this book, for "Joseph and His Brothers" is as far from being a "scientific" re-creation of a material past like "Salambo" as it is from being a modern "interpretation" like "The Brook Kerith." Yet Mann is said to have spent several years in scholarly research and his learning is evident, for he moves with an amazing ease among the conflicting accounts afforded by the various versions of the same legend and among the historical doubts cast by scholarship upon them all. Moreover, he uses this knowledge with extraordinary skill to achieve just that effect of melting outlines which he wishes to create. Specific events emerge for a moment from an obscure background and then are lost as the rolling clouds of uncertainty close over them again. Persons come very close and seem very solid, only, a moment later, to leave us wondering who they were or how we could have been, for an instant, so completely unaware of the centuries which separate them from us. Here, in other words, is a legend which has become full and vivid without losing at any moment the quality characteristic of a legend. And what is true of the acts is true also of the thoughts and the feelings. At moments they are very understandable and very familiar. Joseph, Jacob, and the egregious Sicheim are understandable contemporaries; then, a moment later, capable of actions or motives only dimly comprehensible. This past of ours is recoverable only as a sort of dream, and like a dream, it is at once present and far away, clear and incomprehensible. How did Jacob reconcile in his own mind the righteousness in which he and all his should walk with the black treachery practiced by his sons upon the inhabitants of Shechem? That we can only guess, but there is no lack of precision in the picture of the foolish prince conceiving his unlucky passion for the poor little Dinah:

She had a dark little face with fringes of dark hair under the head cloth, and long narrow eyes of sticky black and a fatal sweetness; they kept going cross-eyed under the gaze of the sore smitten youth. . . . Matters were not improved when she raised her arm to put her hand to the back of her head, exposing to Sicheim's gaze the damp curls in the little arm pit, and the delicate small breasts standing out firm under her shift and smock. But almost worst of all were the little gold-brown hands with painted nails, the fingers covered with rings as well; she played with them in her lap, looking wise and childlike at once, and when Sicheim thought of how these hands might caress him at their nuptials, his head swam and he gasped for breath.

The total effect of the book is hypnotic and, for that reason, not easy to describe. Nor will the reader find in the introduction any more than a clew to the mood, for it is obvious that the author cannot tell us in so many words what his story means or just why it has come to seem weighted with profound, almost desperate significance. Perhaps when the last volume has appeared questions will be easier to answer, but I suspect that they will not, for the whole experience which Mann is here struggling to communicate is essentially a mystical one, and we are asked to plunge with him into a past whose relevance to ourselves is dimly felt but probably never to be made quite specific. History, he says, is not merely what has happened

and goes on happening. It is also "the stratified record upon which we set our feet, the ground beneath us; and the deeper the roots of our being go down into the layers that lie below and beyond the fleshy confines of our ego . . . the heavier is our life with thought, the weightier is the soul of our flesh."

In another place Mann speaks of the various layers of significance which, resting one upon another, made up the meaning of certain old tales, and of how Joseph found it impossible to penetrate to the bottommost of the many. One may assume that the meaning of the present novel is similarly stratified and hesitate to say that one even suspects what the deepest meaning is. Perhaps, even, we are not intended to discover it; perhaps at the bottom of everything lies something which is dreamlike in the sense that it is something to which the key could be found only in an experience of the author too intimate to be communicated. It is not certain that even he knows exactly what his dream means, and we are surely no Josephs to interpret it.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

Portrait of a Factory

The Land of Plenty. By Robert Cantwell. Farrar and Rinehart. \$2.50.

I DON'T believe it is altogether unintelligent to say that one might best read this book by shutting it off, as it were, from its source. To do so would not necessarily leave it in an academic vacuum. We can safely assume that Mr. Cantwell wrote this novel because its subject matter seemed important to him, because the worker's problem and the set-up of industry interested him profoundly; but we need not get entangled in the thought that "The Land of Plenty" is entirely a product of social consciousness. The current trend, among both those who applaud and those who denounce "proletarian" fiction, is to see its success or failure in its transcription of facts, of known quantities: the novelist simply puts into circulation what is already in existence. As a result, most of the time we attempt to find out how much light has been cast on the author by social conditions, not how much light has been cast on social conditions by the author. But we go to life to corroborate fiction, not to circumscribe it; and I had rather forget, momentarily, what motivated Mr. Cantwell's novel than be worried about whether it dominated it.

"The Land of Plenty" deals with factory life—personnel and plant alike. The story opens with the factory running overtime at night to fill a rush export order; suddenly the lights go out and work is halted. One person after another comes swiftly and naturally upon the scene: Carl, the efficiency expert in charge of personnel; his spineless and sycophantic assistant, Morley; Walt Connor, a worker fresh from college, a grumbler and something of a two-timer; Hagen, a veteran hand with convictions and a will of his own; Hagen's son Johnny, a high-school kid learning the ropes; Sorenson and Winters, two workers of the Hagen type; and finally, summoned from home by the commotion, the hard-drinking manager, MacMahon. The mingling of all these people, against the background of a darkened factory where a hoist man lies mortally injured, produces a hundred incidentals of drama which start the fuse that is later to explode into violence. When the lights go on Carl has discharged Hagen and Winters, only for MacMahon to reinstate them in their jobs.

Soon after, Hagen and Winters get the bounce again, along with a whole raft of others, and this time they precipitate a strike. (There has been a series of wage cuts to justify a strike.) Most of what follows we see through the eyes of Hagen's son, at whose side we stand during the picketing and fighting and with whom—after his father has been shot—we escape by night into the brushwood behind the factory.

There is no focal point to Mr. Cantwell's study of factory life: he gives us the whole length and breadth of the place, its feel and atmosphere, its rush and noise and size, its dozen kinds of work with tools and motors and machines, its dozen kinds of workmen with their group lingo and individual phrases. The picture, it seems to me, is absolute: from it you get the kind of enlightenment you can get only from skilful writing; the "facts" have been reworked, not merely transcribed. So, too, the psychology of many of the people is clearly grasped and converted into fuel for the action of the book: Hagen and his son, Winters, Carl some of the time, Walt Connor here and there, are real people. Morley is a worm—perhaps too strictly a worm to be convincing. MacMahon is vague and a doubtful type of person for the job he fills. The two girl workers seem to me, except in their sex roles, unsuccessful: they make the Micky of "The Shadow Before," for example, seem far truer than I originally felt she was.

Mr. Cantwell's real contribution here to our better understanding of industrial problems today, and to our being better qualified for taking sides concerning them, lies in his exact yet capacious picture of a factory. He has given us, to revive a quaint phrase, a powerful slice of life. That kind of achievement is not—it never was—the highest kind. It is bound to be dry in places, to lack the juice of intimate personal emotions, to lack the strong pulse that beats through the destinies of full-sized, freely moving men and women. Today, however, a slice of life like Mr. Cantwell's seems invigorated by having purpose behind it, where once it was coldly objective. The same feeling of purpose also, unfortunately, leads to a certain distortion. Mr. Cantwell's workers, as a group, have punch, guts, fight in them; his executives and bourgeois—except possibly Carl—are weak and watery and inept. At the very least this fact defies the law of averages; but more than that, it robs the book of a sense of violent clash. Even a dying capitalism can pay for better soldiers than Carl and MacMahon and Morley; taken as a group they disfigure an otherwise provocative and trustworthy book.

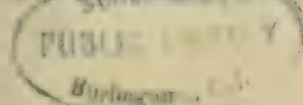
LOUIS KRONENBERGER

Vivified History

I, Claudius. By Robert Graves. Harrison Smith and Robert Haas. \$3.

IN the curious list of the Roman emperors, Claudius, the fifth Caesar, holds an obscure place. Sandwiched in as he is between two extravagant madmen, Caligula and Nero, Claudius has had very little chance of making a historical name for himself. Scholars may make brief reference to him as a "man of parts," but if the popular mind recalls him at all, it is as an idiot, and a dull one at that. I fancy that with the publication of "I, Claudius" this state of affairs will come to an end, abruptly. I do not mean that Mr. Graves has invested him with gratuitous glamor. Mr. Graves is far too honest for that, but he has put into the mouth of the unfortunate emperor an autobiography of such learning, spirit, and perspicacity that long-dead Claudius ought surely to live again.

It is a matter of historical fact that Claudius, who was regarded even by the majority of his contemporaries as a half-wit, did write, besides a number of learned works, an autobiography. This autobiography has been lost, and Mr. Graves has undertaken to reconstruct or, more truly, to rewrite it. The result is more a history of Rome from the accession of Augustus to the accession of Claudius than it is a life of the latter, since the author has not been niggardly with space or time in recounting the lives of his protagonist's ancestors, friends, relatives, and enemies. Certainly, Claudius is the center of the picture, but it is a tremendous canvas. An account of Julius



Caesar's bawdy speeches to his soldiers, a debate between Livy and Asinius Pollio, a gladiatorial game, a discussion of marriage and divorce, battle with the Germans—all these things and many others are tossed into the book with an extravagant hand.

The central story concerns the Claudian family. Claudian Livia, third wife to Augustus, is the first of the line to figure in this history, and her descendants include Tiberius, Germanicus, Claudius, Caligula, and Nero. The Claudians were either extremely good or extremely wicked; and Livia was the most wicked of all. Once having gained a hold over Augustus, she was the real ruler of Rome for sixty-seven years, until her death late in the reign of Tiberius. She was a woman both subtle and bold, a poisoner, a liar, and a forger. To strengthen the imperial power and to pass it on to her descendants she would commit acts of melodramatic horror, including the murder of an inconveniently honest son. Her grandson, Claudius, who was at heart a republican and a liberal, was only saved by his stammer and his weak, deformed legs, which gave him the appearance of idiocy. This silly body of his saved him from many things, from the schemes of Livia, the fearful cruelty of Tiberius, the bloodthirstiness of Sejanus, and the madness of Caligula. He was preserved to play the spectator's part in all the intrigues and adulteries of decadent Rome, and, eventually, with Caligula murdered, to be made emperor against his will. Here the autobiography ends. It does not go on to tell that he made a wise and sensible emperor until he fell under the sway of his wife, Messalina, and that, later, he grew frightened and had her murdered, only to be poisoned in turn by his fourth wife, his niece Agrippina. Mr. Graves cannot be blamed for following a historical assumption which makes Claudius end his autobiography with the year 41 A. D.

Likewise he cannot be blamed for the fact that the story falls to pieces after Livia's death, as a melodrama would if the villain were killed at the end of the second act. This is history's fault, not Mr. Graves's. In the same way, though one may tire somewhat of Claudius's temperate style and long for Juvenal's brazen eloquence to sound out against Rome's vice, still one must admire the author for having kept his narrator so consistently himself. In no respect is Mr. Graves guilty of writing history to suit his fancy, though, if presented with two tenable theories, he will, like any lively biographer, choose the more dramatic. His book is amazingly accurate and well informed, and at the same time full of color and imagination. I hesitate to call it "fictionized history" because of the lurid connotation the Sabatinis and Barringtons have given the phrase. It might be better to say that it is vivified history.

MARY MCCARTHY

Photograph of the Waste Land

Breathe Upon These Slain. By Evelyn Scott. Harrison Smith and Robert Haas. \$2.50.

AS well as anyone in it, Evelyn Scott appreciates the limitations of her age and time. She has walked widely in the waste land, she has suffered its pains and its disillusionments, she has gone as far as high intelligence, an ardent devotion to her craft, and uncommon talents in the performance of it can take her in the evaluation of the perplexities which mature men and women face today. These are the persons who were, let us say, of age during the World War, those who were born a little in advance of the twentieth century. For them the world was broken in two, and they have not, so far, been able to reconcile the halved segments.

In her latest book Miss Scott lays upon herself handicaps which would, to a novelist of less skill, be insurmountable. She does not merely move her characters within the ordinary

make-believe of fiction; she frankly tells her readers that she is only pretending to invent them. This Ethel, she says, who travels to the ends of skepticism and finds nothing, this Tilly with the sparrow hands did not ever exist; they do not even exist in any novel. Yet their lives and those of their sisters and their parents (I cannot say much for the reality of Bartram, living so blankly in India, dying so blankly on the Somme) and their domestics have a quality of credibility that is as definite as woolen cloth, as sharp as the salt air that came up to the bedroom windows at Seabourne. And when the book is finished, it is plain that actually it is not about the Courtney family, who never existed, just as Miss Scott says, but about the death of belief, the end of faith, the breakdown of all the old standards, the familiar manners, the accepted authorities.

Miss Scott, of course, knows very well that faith died because it was not good enough to live, that we lost our gods because they were mortal. Just as she knows that the easy projection, offered by the children of the Waste Landers now coming into their majority, of a materialistic universe in which the masses are exalted at the expense of the once respectable middle class is unsatisfying. These young ones, lost outside any faith, as their fathers were lost inside one, console themselves with loud soap-boxing or brittle cursing of the status quo or lofty dismissals of all that their elders once cherished—or they simply refuse to be consoled at all and quietly despair. Ethel, who couldn't believe anything and yet tried to think there was something to believe, argues with her son, Pat:

"Darling, you *can't* argue expediency and nothing but! You *must* have reference to something beyond the occasion. . . . Otherwise you hand yourself over to blindness—to living in the dark."

"Well?" he demanded, wheeling about to confront her. "Aren't I in the dark? I can see one—perhaps two—steps ahead. The difference between you and me is that I'm not pretending I see what I don't. . . . Whatever the outcome, I shall be buttering more parsnips for the masses than *your* silly generation ever did! And isn't that enough of a reference beyond the present—enough of an end? You've been bred with the spectacle of human slavery and you're calloused!"

Ethel could think of no proper answer except that life was not as simple as all that, to which Pat could retort that complexities such as love, friendship, loyalty, patriotism were luxuries that the world could no longer claim any right to. "But you've not taken death into your calculations," Ethel said. "I should damned well be ashamed of myself if I did such a thing," Pat answered her.

I think it is not too much to say that in "Breathe Upon These Slain" Miss Scott has done in prose what T. S. Eliot did in poetry twelve years ago, and I am quite aware of the quality of that praise. The words she has used to describe the desert of mind and spirit in which the majority of middle-aged persons live, illuminated as it is by mirages marked "revolution," are always clear and never petty or bitter. Incidentally, it is worth pointing out that she is developing a beauty of style that was not present in her earlier books. If one may be captious, there is too much of a familiar ring about certain episodes in this book—the same crowded Victorian parlor with the close, flat smell; the little sister with thin hands who died young; the wives who never fail to come ignorantly to their marriage beds. True enough, the mark of the Victorian tabby cat was on most of us, but there must have been a good number who escaped a permanent tattoo; and thank God we all did not live in that house which Miss Scott so relentlessly describes—so often. But these are relatively minor matters. Evelyn Scott has become one of the first writers of our day; and "Breathe upon These Slain" is her best sign, so far, that she is entitled to that high place.

DOROTHY VAN DOREN

Soviet Kaleidoscope

Out of Chaos. By Ilya Ehrenbourg. Translated from the Russian by Alexander Bakshy. Henry Holt and Company. \$2.50.

IT is an interesting aspect of a novel like "Out of Chaos," and true for most of the novels reflecting the industrial epic in Russia, that psychological realism in the treatment of character persists along with the journalistic presentation of those specific and transitory problems that have arisen in the Soviet Union. In a sense the Russian novelist has no choice but to become a propagandist. The terrific import of the revolution and the fact that few aspects of Soviet culture have become crystallized and static inevitably impose on him an orientation toward the themes of industrialization and the conflict between the old and the new. It is the nature of things, and not any political fiat, that has deprived the Soviet novelist of autonomy; and his problem at the moment would seem to be not so much the relation between propaganda and art as the problem of conserving character portrayal, and other aesthetic elements of the novel, within the framework of a topical theme and a journalistic rapidity of narration. Politically, "Out of Chaos" is a sympathetic yet not uncritical picture of the building of a giant steel plant in Siberia. Aesthetically, it is a detailed and convincing study of the psychological evolution of three characters: Kolka Rzhanov, a young shock-brigadier who identifies himself wholly with Soviet construction; Volodia Safonov, the intellectual who passes from doubt and skepticism to suicide; and Irina, who in renouncing her love for Volodia rejects all that is identified with the old order, all indecision and defeatism.

"Fly-by-nights came to snap up government coats. The peasants came to earn something for a cow. Members of the Young Communist League came to build a Giant. Some were led by hunger, others by faith. . . . Those who failed to get into the barracks burrowed dugouts. A man came to the place, and instantly, like a wild beast, began to burrow a hole." Chaos in the spiritual world; in the physical world a confusion of barracks, blast furnaces, steam shovels, cranes, and hoists; death from freezing and typhus—this was the reality of the Five-Year Plan at Kuznetsk. This was the embattled world in which Kolka Rzhanov found the answer to his boredom, a complete way of living, the integration of his personality, and an outlet for all his aggressive instincts. At the same time, in the Soviet university at Tomsk, Volodia Safonov observed the inhumanity, the crassness, the terrific power and buoyancy of the revolution, and yet remained aloof. He found that his comrades could not "speak like human beings, making mistakes, stammering, with fire . . . of that which is personal." Volodia did not believe that a blast furnace was more beautiful than Venus, he did not "explain Dr. Faust's boredom by the peculiarities of the period of initial accumulation of capital." Though he was too young to remember the old regime, he suffered from the "hereditary illness" of introspection. He lacked faith and optimism; his sensibilities were still individual and aesthetic. He could not adapt himself to a world that recognized action as the only form of behavior, and he found in suicide the one gesture of self-assertion left to him.

Technically, the novel borrows from the cinema. In order to show the chaos of the revolution, the simultaneity of conflicting occurrences, the eye of the author ranges over all Russia, catches an event in sharp, visual impressions. Frequently the attention of the reader is concentrated wholly on things, on objects in motion, as a symbolism for building up both mood and background. There are thirty-two characters in all, some represented only by short biographies. But wherever he deals extensively with a case history, Ehrenbourg notwithstanding his

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GERTRUDE DIAMANT

The James Credo

The Elder Henry James. By Austin Warren. The Macmillan Company. \$2.50.

Alice James: Her Brothers, Her Journal. Edited by Anna Robeson Burr. Dodd, Mead and Company. \$2.50.

THE reader of these two volumes cannot help being struck by the continuous emergence and assertion of something—a tone, a conviction, an emphasis—to which he has already many times responded in the novels and tales of the younger Henry James. Something pervasive in the works of the son, it is more often than not eloquently stated in the quoted utterances of the father; and it is implicit in the very texture of the daughter's life and experience. It becomes fully articulate in such a passage as this, for example, from the elder James:

[Man] in so far as he is man, does not exist to sense, but only to consciousness, and consequently human nature properly speaking is not a thing of physical but of strictly moral attributes. In so far as man exists to sense he is identical with mineral, vegetable, and animal; and it is only as he exists to consciousness, that he becomes naturally differentiated or individualized from these lower forms, and puts on a truly human, which is an exclusively moral, personality.

Such a statement as this deserves our closest attention because it really supplies what was from first to last the credo of the Jameses—the insistence on the moral consciousness as the area of greatest interest and importance, the proper object of study, the ultimate field of reference for all researches in philosophy, literature, and life. It also enables us to appreciate to what a real extent the elder James was the father of his family—in the intellectual or spiritual as well as in the consubstantial sense.

Most of Mr. Warren's excellent biography is quite naturally concerned with tracing out the rather complex intellectual evolution of James from his early days at the Princeton Theological Seminary to his very special position as nonconformist-at-large in the literary societies of New York and Cambridge. As a successful philosopher James appears to have been handicapped both by an incapacity to give himself completely to any existent system of ideas and a reluctance to construct a sufficiently dogmatic system of his own. He admired Swedenborg but he could not tolerate the Swedenborgians. He found much in Fourier to which his passion for social justice and reform responded, but he could not approve of the dislocations of sexual morality involved in life in the "phalansteries." The result was that James came to settle more and more in an attitude of broad philosophic tolerance whose only boundaries were his own highly refined and highly personal sense of moral integrity. But if he suffered in popularity and influence he gained in an inner feeling of superiority to the social and intellectual world around him—a feeling that was to become thereafter a family heritage. In Bronson Alcott, for example, he pointed out that "the moral sense was wholly dead, and the aesthetic sense had never been born." His *obiter dicta* upon his other contemporaries were no less caustic: Emerson "never felt a movement of the life of conscience from the day of his birth till that of his death"; Hawthorne had the look "of a rogue who suddenly finds himself in a company of detectives"; and Thoreau was "the most childlike, unconscious, and unblushing egotist" whom he had ever met. Always the objection was to some deficiency or

crudity of moral perception in the people among whom he was condemned to live his life. But the truth was that his independence had resulted in such a refinement of his own values of what was right and wrong, his own perceptions and judgments, that he was literally at home nowhere in the world.

It is no difficult transition to the truly brilliant and in every respect remarkable journal that Alice James wrote and dictated during the last few years of her life. Stranded in Victorian England, waiting impatiently but never despondently for a death that was slow in coming, this daughter of the Jameses had little support outside the hereditary superiority—expressed with a more acerbic tartness, it may be said, than any other member of the family ever achieved. Of "the coarse possibilities of the British fiber" she offers at least half a hundred examples: Queen Victoria's precautions lest any of her subjects view the sculptor's models of "the Royal forms" before they were properly draped; Gladstone's hypocritical treatment of Parnell; the London reviewer's pronouncement that Emily Dickinson was "fifth-rate." (It may be incidentally remarked that the quality of Alice James's prose is like nothing so much as the most characteristic verse of Emily Dickinson.) At times her indignation expresses itself with a startling viciousness, as when she finishes a story of an Englishman who sends his boys back to England to be educated with the observation, "If they are to be an ornament to their country, 'tis surely wise to take measures to develop their instincts for slaughter." She possesses the family gift for the memorable phrase and epithet, as when she describes Sarah Bernhardt as "a moral abscess, festering with vanity," or the Broad Catholic Church as "the centimeter of washed-out Anglican evasions," or a young English boy whom she has met as "so clean and inarticulate." But this is to suggest too wanton an application of the well-known Jamesian superiority. The positive side comes out in her uncomplaining acceptance of her lot, her strength in suffering, her tough-minded intolerance of sham even in herself. She illustrated all the rewards of the Jamesian jewel without price—"a moral passion which can know no material obstruction; for which sorrow, loneliness, and pain are food; which seeketh not for pleasure, but waiteth patiently till it flowers in happiness."

In view of what these two books once again recall to us, it seems incredible that none of the contributors to the current *Hound and Horn*, which is a kind of *hommage* in the best French manner to Henry James the younger, saw fit to give any emphasis to the place and importance of morals in the work of that novelist. Undoubtedly, every one of these critics was motivated by an admiration or at least respect for James's accomplishment; but from a reading of most of their essays one might deduce that his novels have as little to do with moral problems as with astronomy or bacteriology. (Exceptions may be made for R. P. Blackmur's excellent critical résumé of the Prefaces and for Francis Fergusson's penetrating remarks on "The Golden Bowl.") What the most recent criticism of James, with its Marxian overtones and resolutions, has in common with the criticism of the last generation, with its sociological and psychological simplifications, is the inability to understand that for James the moral sensibility happened to exist with such vitality and complexity as to constitute perhaps the most fertile terrain available to the novelist. It is impossible to reestablish James for his "art" as long as one declines to recognize the absolute identity between everything that we understand by his form and technique and his interest in the personality, the "exclusively moral personality." In the moral wilderness in which the novelist is at present forced to work out some role for himself, the art of James is bound to exercise a very special charm and fascination. But it is a charm and fascination belonging quite irrevocably to the past; and the art can no more be called back to the living than can the now long extinct values on which it was built.

WILLIAM TROY

Shorter Notices

Our Daily Bread. By Gösta Larsson. The Vanguard Press. \$2.50.

Written in English by a Swedish-American, this novel follows the fortunes of a worker's family in Malmö through the Swedish general strike. The preliminary chapters reveal a decent and patient father, a somewhat more passionate mother, a poetic son, and several younger children whose happiness depends upon the household peace. This peace is idyllically described as having the power to survive such poverty as threatens a modest artisan's home; but in the end it is invaded and destroyed by a skirmish of the class war, and the Hammar family is left suspended between the despair and the exaltation which war can bring. Mr. Larsson writes not without power and accuracy, but his novel loses its full effect by borrowing too much from the already familiar proletarian pattern, so that it is not quite as convincing as at first it sounds.

Bassett. By Stella Gibbons. Longmans, Green and Company. \$2.

If cleverness and originality and a keen perception of false notes in the writing of her contemporaries could make Miss Gibbons a first-rate novelist, she would have attained that eminence with her first book, "Cold Comfort Farm," and its follower, "Bassett." The former was a burlesque on the novel of the soil with a capital "S"; the latter is a more restrained account of what happened in two country houses only irrelevantly related to each other. In the one lived a helpless, gently bred old maid who was rescued from starvation and persecution at the hands of her cook and housemaid by a brittle little cockney from London. In the other a dilettante brother and sister spent their bright days chaffing each other, listening to Bach, and breaking any more tender hearts that happened to pass their way. All this, of course, is of little consequence except that the hearts do seem authentically to break, and the bright days do seem fresh and sparkling. In other words, Miss Gibbons can make her reader see what she bids him see, if only for a moment. But she must shortly begin to settle down, to bend her wit to her will, to build her novels more carefully, to remember that if life is ill-formed and restless and accidental, art cannot be. Novel writing, although critics and readers may often rightly feel that current novels belie it, is a serious business and should be undertaken not only with brains but with prayer.

Jonah's Gourd Vine. By Zora Neale Hurston. J. B. Lippincott Company. \$2.

The life story of a black Paul Bunyan in the deep South, who started as a cotton hand and ended a preacher who could wring the hearts of his congregation with his golden tongue. A book about Negroes by a young colored woman, it has a freshness and confidence impossible to a white person writing of the same milieu. It is refreshing also in that it does not deal with the relations of Negroes and white, but merely of men and women—whose skins, incidentally, are black—with each other. The atmosphere is rich and highly affecting; the cotton-country speech is laden with humor, ancient poetry, and folk wisdom. John, the hero, has a folk quality, a superhuman strength, beauty, eloquence, and generosity that make him irresistible to all the other characters, particularly to the women, and charming to the reader. The book is the saga of John Buddy who rose to glory and fell and settled to a brief quiet before a violent death. Certain faults in construction, certain telescoping of years and events do not matter, if the book is read thus as an abundant fairy tale. It would be presumptuous, even, to hope

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By ARTHUR ROSENBERG

The first essential to complete understanding of Soviet Russia today is a thorough appreciation of the groundwork of its political thought. Here is the first attempt to build up a genuine history of the movement, a volume that assumes a scholarly point of view, that seeks neither to condemn nor defend. Using the original Bolshevik sources, Dr. Rosenberg, the author of "The Birth of the German Republic" begins with the life of Marx and traces the evolution of this enormously important movement through all its phases down to the return of Lenin from exile in 1917 and the theories and tactics of Stalin in the first Five Year Plan. \$3.75

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS
114 Fifth Avenue, New York

that these faults, peculiar often to a first novel by a young person, be corrected, for they are negligible beside Miss Hurston's enviable gifts of vitality and the bright, swift word.

Youth Immortal. A Life of Robert Herrick. By Emily Easton. Houghton Mifflin Company. \$3.

This somewhat sugary volume adds nothing of importance to the "Life" by Moorman, though much is made of the Julia poems as being autobiographical. There is no evidence beyond the poems themselves, which can be read with equal plausibility as works of pure—and impure—imagination. More creditable and convincing is Miss Easton's attempt to claim high merit for Herrick's religious verse.

The Dance

"Kykunkor"; Native African Opera

EVERY so often New York is the ground for exotic and extraneous spectacles which, having their debut in out-of-the-way corners, eventually come uptown with the added prestige of discovery. In fact, it may soon be good policy to open up obliquely to insure a direct hit. Thus the African "opera" was to be seen at the Unity Theater on Twenty-third Street and for a few performances at the City College Auditorium, and is now, perhaps for its duration, at the small hall on top of the Chanin Building, Forty-second Street and Lexington Avenue.

Asadata Dafara, a native of Sierra Leone in West Africa, described in his program as "the greatest living authority on African art," gathered together a few fellows of his continent and a few more now living in Harlem, and modestly but with energy compiled an evening's show. The show is interesting, although it is neither a consistent dramatic whole, nor an "authentic" piece of anthropology, nor an "artistic" experience.

What is impressive is the remarkable dancing of three male Negroes, two part Arab and one from nearer the Congo. The first dancer, pale tan, his face whiskered with white marks like a blonde tiger, to the accompaniment of four rich drums executes a remarkable series of swift movements of arms and feet, fluently sexual and intense. He seems to wash himself, armpit, back, belly, and crotch. He exhibits a high potential of concentrated, breathing action, animal and subhumanly skilful. Then Abdul Assen as a witch doctor, or rather as a Mohammedan witch doctor accidentally on a New York stage, exorcises a devil out of a bridegroom. This performance, commencing with a falsetto melody on a reedy pipe and with invocations to the Allah of a wooden mask, develops into a frenzy of self-hypnosis, diabolical gaiety, anguish, and success which is fiercely dramatic because it is experienced. Abdul Assen dispossesses the bridegroom every night around 10:15, but it is always more of a black sacrament than a good performance. There is also an anonymous, very black Negro, his face picked with white lines, his belly fat and loose, who dances an ambiguous, shifting step, immediately convincing in its authentic effeminacy, like a living accompaniment to a chapter from Leo Frobenius.

For the rest there is a superb and monstrous black Golliwog King who splutters with benevolent tyranny in French and African, one mad eye whitened, his leopard skins flapping and enormous orange bracelets clacking around his flat feet. The leopard man and a paler companion support the old chief with a simulation of affectionate and ferocious enslavement, which may be no joke. Back stage after the performance must be a tricky place

for a white man to navigate. It's not back stage to some of the performers.

The accompanying music is puzzling. Some of the songs seem West African, some North—Tunisian or Moroccan; and there are traces of Methodist missionary hymns and the effective, if hardly legitimate, interpolation of some melodies from Martinique. George Antheil's admirable chapter on Negro music in Nancy Cunard's recently published anthology on the Negro will make the salad of sound a little more clear, if no more consistent.

Harlem has contributed five little brown girls with straightened hair and more than a hint of Cotton Club can-cans. The steps they have been taught are for the most part innocent of much thought, monotonous and tedious to watch, though they may be fun to do. The costumes grow more "authentic," that is, more Broadway African and less Harlem lamp-shade African, every week; and the lighting is pure amateur-theatrical and right enough, except that red and green gelatine on brown and black skin gives a mud sheen that is not much help.

But no one who has a genuine interest in such sudden, occasionally very intense, and never very perfect demonstrations should fail to see this. There is little danger of its becoming a cult like, for example, "Four Saints in Three Acts," because so much of it is unrelieved and hard to look at. Nevertheless, one visit is more rewarding than any other recital has been this spring.

LINCOLN KIRSTEIN

Art

American Folkways

THE main current in art this season has run in the direction of murals. Given impetus by World's Fair and PWAP jobs, it has now acquired the status of a "movement," whose chief standard bearers are the painter Benton and the critic Craven. Mural painting, as understood by most American artists now working on walls or hunting for them, seems to imply mural painting with social content, and the meaning of this term, as expressed in most sketches and finished works, seems to be a vague general sympathy for the "plain man," usually exemplified by the rugged farmer; a love of the idea of labor, again usually represented by agricultural labor; and a sympathetic emphasis on American folkways, with "American" underscored.

This combination of arcadian-American murals is what optimistic critics refer to when they say "American renaissance," meaning birth, not rebirth, of American art. Unquestionably it does embrace the cleanest, most honest work so far done in this country today, and certainly it springs from a healthy impulse; but it seems to me to be headed into a blind alley.

The driving force in the American-mural movement is the artists' search for a "place" in the modern American set-up. The depression and the accompanying crippled art market revealed that expensive little oil paintings and prints were objects for the luxury trade, remote economically and spiritually from the main channels of national life and therefore offering no firm emotional or financial foothold to any artist taking himself seriously. So a migration from the galleries began to take place, many artists abandoning painting and sculpture entirely for industrial designing, which is to a serious degree an extension of advertising and suffers from the appalling pseudo-culture stigmata which James Rorty has described in his new book, "Our Master's Voice."

Murals paid for by the government or by leading industrialists are now another hope. Most artists believe that to the

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THE COOK
MAKES A POINT

"We can't go to Europe," said the Duchess, "Exchanges have gone up."

The cook sneezed, partly because of pepper and partly out of contempt. "Would this soup I'm stirring cost any more in Europe?" she asked.

"Liras, francs and shillings and all those things cost more," said the Duchess thoughtfully.

"I don't use them," snapped the cook. "I use beef and carrots and leeks."

...

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MARY OF SCOTLAND. Alvin Theater. An outstanding dramatic hit but one which left me a little cold.

MEN IN WHITE. Broadhurst Theater. Fine teamwork on the part of the members of the Group Theater helps to make this play about a young doctor one of the things which must not be missed.

NEW FACES. Fulton Theater. Intimate review rather in the manner of the Garrick Gaities. Some amusing sketches.

SHE LOVES ME NOT. Morosco Theater. Mad doings at Princeton which involve the efforts of some high-minded students to rescue a not too innocent maiden in distress. Much the funniest farce of the year.

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THE MILKY WAY. Cort Theater. Elementary but amusing farce about one of Mr. Borden's men who becomes a prize fighter by accident. With Hugh O'Connell.

TOBACCO ROAD. 48th Street Theater. Superb performance by Henry Hull in a grotesquely humorous play about total depravity as exhibited by the poor whites of Georgia. Dramatized from a novel by Erskine Caldwell and not likely to be forgotten even by those who find it a little too strong for their stomachs.

Allen Tate's review of T. S. Stribling's "Unfinished Cathedral," which was announced for this issue, will appear next week.

extent that these murals are government jobs they offer a greater freedom and scope for experimentation and advance, and when they say this they usually have the Mexican precedent in mind. They forget, however, that the situation here is entirely different. The Mexican muralists were paid by a government anxious to prove itself revolutionary, therefore willing, for a while at least, to give its spokesmen great leeway; furthermore it was a government put in power by an agrarian, anti-feudal revolution (the classic "bourgeois revolution"), and therefore the distribution of land, the glorification of the native peasant, and the expression of nationalism as against foreign domination, which were the stuff of Mexican muralist content, were political, economic, emotional current issues corresponding to a national reality. And finally, American artists ignore, or forget, that the Mexican renaissance died because the Mexican revolution, when only half finished, was throttled.

In the United States the distribution of land, the glorification of the farmer, and the assertion of nationalist as against foreign imposed values are not genuine national issues. The great mass of people in our country are, it is true, looking for a new way to live; but they have their eyes on our industrial and scientific achievements, the conflicts which these have generated, the hope they contain. "Back to the land" is obviously no economic or social solution in a land of surpluses, and emotionally it is plainly the road backward—an escape into grandfather's ruggedly peaceful days, a negative formula.

Therefore it does not provide a genuine bridge from the ivory tower to that place in the popular mind and heart within which great artists of the past have always worked, and especially artists with a public function such as muralists exercise. It does, indeed, provide refreshment, reassurance, relief, to tired city intellectuals, and since this is a desirable quality in government and big business works, a good many artists may find in the American folkways mural a better living than that provided by the haphazard chances of a private luxury market. However, by such work artists take a noncommittal, evasive position in regard to the big issues of the day; they must if they want to be paid by the forces upholding the status quo. But just the same, in doing so they inevitably end up in the safe isolation which capitalism develops, in various forms, to protect itself from the honest, invincible courage indispensable to great art.

ANITA BRENNER

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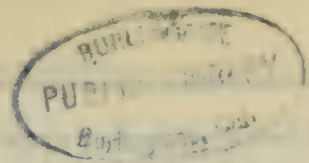
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Contents

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS	687
EDITORIALS:	
The Johnson Bill Backfires	690
The Relief Nightmare	691
Wall Street Finds ■ Silver Lining	691
White Magic and Black	692
ISSUES AND MEN. WHAT, ANOTHER FREE TRADER? By	
Oswald Garrison Villard	693
CARTOON: THE CONFERENCE EXCUSES ITSELF. By LOW	694
A CENTURY OF PROGRESS: 1833-1934. By Lincoln Kirstein	695
THE NEWS WRITERS FORM A UNION. By John Scribner	698
AT LAST WE'RE GETTING OUT OF HAITI. By Ernest Gruening	700
THE SOCIALIST PARTY SPEAKS OUT. By Sidney Hertzberg	702
KING COTTON AND HIS SLAVES. By J. Clark Waldron	703
IN THE DRIFTWAY. By the Drifter	705
CORRESPONDENCE	705
THE INTELLIGENT TRAVELER. EUROPEAN SUMMER	
SCHOOLS. II. By John Rothschild	706
CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE	707
BOOKS AND FILMS:	
What Determines Wages? By Henry Hazlitt	708
T. S. Stribling. By Allen Tate	709
"Somebody Always Tells." By Johannes Steel	710
Professor Dewey on Art. By Robert J. Goldwater	710
Shorter Notices	712
Films: Propaganda Once Again. By William Troy	713

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THE PRESIDENT'S latest message, as the New York *Herald Tribune* unkindly observes, is at once the most "political" and the least impressive of his public documents to date. It is obviously designed to help loyal Democratic Senators and Congressmen to mend their political fences back home—tasks which they are impatient to take in hand, even at the cost of adjournment without passing several important items of pending legislation, including the Wagner bill. "We have shown to the world," he declares in homiletic language unhappily reminiscent of both Wilson and Hoover, "that democracy has within it the elements necessary to its own salvation." Judging from the *Literary Digest* poll the corn belt is dubious, and as for labor, the President and General Johnson have shown, at Detroit and elsewhere, that they do not intend to aid labor's fight against the company union. As for the much-wept-over consumer, the Tugwell-Copeland bill was first emasculated and is now, apparently, forgotten. In brief, the Administration has failed to make good several of its major promises, so the President is obliged, in this message, to issue new promises—a form of inflation which goes inevitably with the other forms into which the Administration is being pushed.

THE NEW PROMISES are sweeping, even glamorous. "When the next Congress convenes," says the President, "I hope to be able to present to it a carefully considered national plan covering the development and the human use

of our natural resources of land and water over a long period of years." Elsewhere in the message he speaks of the necessity of abandoning many millions of acres for agricultural use and of replacing these acres with others on which at least a living can be earned. But the largest commitment of all is with respect to social insurance. Mr. Roosevelt is convinced, he says, that social insurance should be national in scope, although the several States should meet at least a large portion of the cost of management, and the funds should be raised by contribution rather than by an increase in general taxation. Obviously this declaration indicates a determination on the part of the Administration to force industry to provide some degree of security for its workers, thus easing the burden of public and private relief. Liberals, especially experts in the field of social insurance, may well take the President seriously, force him to take himself seriously, and prevent, if possible, the disillusionment which followed the original high promise of the housing program. As usual, there are gestures to the right as well as to the left in the message. "We have not opposed the incentive of reasonable and legitimate private profit," he says, and "our task of reconstruction does not require the creation of new and strange values." One can hope that economic developments this summer will convince Mr. Roosevelt that the time for this sort of tight-rope balancing has passed.

GENERAL JOHNSON and the Iron and Steel Institute, pooling their collective ingenuity, concocted a scheme for settling the labor troubles of the steel industry by the familiar device of creating a board. The invention of the board is certainly entitled to a prize as the NRA's most successful device for circumventing its own announced aims and the provisions of the law as well. The board proposed for the steel dispute would have carefully restricted powers. Its authority would apparently be confined to regulating the system of employee representation now in effect throughout the industry. Thus in response to the workers' demands for recognition of their union, the General dangled before them ■ plan to fasten company unions upon every plant in the industry. Did the Administrator seriously imagine that the Amalgamated Association of Iron, Steel, and Tin Workers would fall into so patent a trap? Did he believe that the rank-and-file committee of union leaders would accept a program for "freezing" the status quo of company unionism? If so, he was soon disillusioned. The reply of the workers was a flat, unconditional refusal to consider any such legerdemain. Moreover, they had many unkind words to say about what they described ■ the "national run-around." Accordingly, ■ this issue of *The Nation* reaches its readers, the steel strike of 1934 may already have begun. If it has begun, and if misery, bloodshed, and death are the result, it will be easy to fix the blame. First, upon the steel employers, who will not budge from their master-and-servant attitude toward the workers. Second, upon the NRA, which has assisted the Iron and Steel Institute in making a tragic farce of its own legal guaranty of collective bargaining. It should also be clearly recognized that the Iron and Steel Institute

has merely drawn a red herring across the trail when it maintains that the issue is the union's demand for the closed shop. The union has made no such demand; it has asked only that the employers go into conference with it to work out collective agreements.

ONE OF THE WORST threats to labor which has yet appeared in the Roosevelt legislative program is embodied in the Anti-Racketeering bill, passed by the Senate and now pending in the House in an amended form which has been "definitely approved" by President Green of the American Federation of Labor. If it passes in the rush of legislation before Congress adjourns, it will be nothing less than a disaster to labor. The new draft, like the old, still penalizes, by imprisonment for from one to ninety-nine years, the use of force, violence, "coercion," or attempts or "threats" to use such measures. No effort is made to define these elastic terms, which constitute the traditional terminology used by courts to characterize and condemn whatever forms of labor activity they disapprove. The bill, in fact, is full of clauses which might be invoked to the detriment of labor. For example, the attempt to "restrict production" by the use of "threats" is forbidden; and of course a strike does just that. Other clauses could be used to suppress the activity of union organizers. It is a prime article of the business creed that employees join unions not because they are dissatisfied with conditions but because of the "threats" and "coercion" of "outside agitators." Significantly, business has been clamoring for weeks against the passage of the Wagner Labor Disputes bill, even in its present emasculated and dangerous form, because it does not contain a prohibition of such "coercion." Here is the prohibition business desires, reinforced with a possible criminal penalty of ninety-nine years' imprisonment.

DOUBTLESS the American Federation of Labor relied on the final proviso which protects "bona fide labor organizations in lawfully carrying on the legitimate objects thereof, as such rights are expressed in existing statutes of the United States." This proviso merely repeats the classically ineffective declaration of Section 6 of the Clayton Act. It protects only the rights of labor organizations "lawfully carrying out the legitimate objects thereof," although it has been decided, time and again, that neither secondary boycotts, sympathetic strikes, mass picketing, nor strikes for a closed shop fall within this language. And the phrase "bona fide labor unions" leaves open to question the status of Communist or radical left-wing locals, "rank-and-file" strike committees, and "unauthorized" strikes called in defiance of the A. F. of L. officialdom. It is not to be supposed that the penalties of the act will be invoked with rash speed or blundering recklessness, especially since, with the "flexibility" characteristic of the New Deal, the act provides that prosecutions thereunder shall be commenced only upon the express direction of the Attorney-General. But it would be equally idle to suppose that in a serious crisis the government would hesitate to use so powerful a legal weapon to enforce its will.

WITH TOLEDO STRIKERS returning to work at the Electric Auto-Lite Company and its affiliated plants, interest now centers upon the question whether Judge Roy R. Stuart will indorse the new legal doctrine of in-

junctions suggested by Arthur Garfield Hays at the Budenz contempt trial there. Mr. Hays, counsel for the American Civil Liberties Union, moved the dismissal of all picketing defendants and the vacating of the injunction itself at the trial's close, on the ground that the company had not come into court with clean hands. He asserted in his argument that the creation of the NRA necessitated an entire change in the law of injunctions in labor disputes. The National Industrial Recovery Act has placed enormous economic power in the hands of the big industrial interests, which are freed from anti-trust laws and permitted even to engage in price-fixing. The only offset to this grant of power to the employing interests is Section 7-a and the code wage scales. Companies which violate either of these labor provisions, Mr. Hays asserted, are not entitled to relief in equity. He freely admitted that his client, Louis Budenz of the American Workers' Party, should be sentenced for contempt of court, if any defendant should, since "he was the leader who urged the others to defy the injunction, taking the lead himself in doing so." If Mr. Hays's contentions are upheld by the court, which has taken them under advisement, and if Judge Stuart shows that "judicial courage" for which the eminent New York lawyer pleaded, a precedent may be established which will change further the entire course of procedure in labor-injunction cases.

MARY VAN KLEECK'S performance at the National Conference of Social Work, we are inclined to believe, was unique in the history of American conventions of professionals. Speaking on Our Illusions Regarding Government, Miss Van Kleeck gave the assembled social workers a brilliant, cogent, and suave primer lesson in Marxian theory and tactics as applied to their jobs. And when she finished, they cheered her for several minutes. Not merely as Van Kleeck take an uncompromising Communist position in her declaration for collectivism as the only possible solution of our economic and social debacle; she logically and cheerfully urged these overworked and underpaid social workers to think of themselves as workers, and to ally themselves with other workers in struggling to bring in the collective commonwealth. In another paper on The Common Goals of Labor and Social Work Miss Van Kleeck declared that any program for relief and social planning proposed by spokesmen for the New Deal "is defeated from the outset in an unplanned economic system." And in answer to a specific question from the floor she replied: "I do negate fascism, which is the use of power to maintain the status quo. I do not negate the collectivism which is the aim of communism." Needless to say, the convention did not pass resolutions or elect officers supporting Miss Van Kleeck's position.

WORD COMES, as we go to press, that A. J. Muste, leader of the American Workers' Party, with James Cross and C. H. Mayer of the Illinois Unemployed League, have been arrested in Belleville, Illinois, charged with conspiracy to overthrow the government and vagrancy, and held in \$4,000 bail each. The three "vagrants" or "conspirators"—the coupling of these charges indicates the state of mind of the local authorities—were picketing the plant of the Knapp Monarch Company, which manufactures automobile parts. Even on the basis of a meager telegraphic report, it

is not difficult to reconstruct the background of this development. It was Muste and Louis Budenz who, with the aid of the Ohio Unemployed League, were mainly instrumental in breaking the court injunction obtained by the Auto-Lite Company of Toledo, and in forcing a favorable strike settlement. The Automobile Chamber of Commerce has been doing its best to unsettle that settlement. Evidently, when trouble broke out in Belleville, the automobile manufacturers were quick to recognize the reappearance of the same militant leadership and the same tactical fusion of employed and unemployed workers which had proved so successful in Toledo. Muste and his aids, it is reported, are being treated like dangerous criminals, and even refused permission to read the *New York Times*.

AT ALMOST THE SAME MOMENT that Henry P. Fletcher was being named chairman of the Republican National Committee in Chicago, while the Old Guard cheered, a forty-year dynasty in politics came to an end in Philadelphia with the dethronement of Boss Bill Vare, last of his line. Two days later Boss Andrew Mellon's lieutenant, General Edward Martin, was deposed as Republican State Chairman in Pennsylvania. On the surface these three happenings are simply separate manifestations of unrest and uneasiness among the Republicans, and of an attempt to make next fall's campaign issue a clear-cut one between "radicalism" and conservatism. Actually they are all closely related and mark the appearance of a new boss on the scene, springing from the forehead of the American Manufacturers' Association. He is Joseph R. Grundy, former United States Senator from Pennsylvania (by appointment), bitter foe of labor and social legislation, tory of tories, and former "number one" lobbyist for higher and higher tariffs. Grundy has long been an important factor in State and national politics, but never openly so. Now at one swoop he puts over Fletcher, his friend, disciple, and fellow high-tariff champion; throws out Vare and names his own Philadelphia city chairman; and gives the coup de grace to Mellon. Thus ends the unholy Mellon-Grundy-Vare alliance, and on its ruins hopeful Old Guardsmen are already blowing soap bubbles showing "Uncle Joe" Grundy in the White House. But this so-called Republican house-cleaning, it has speedily become apparent, has done little save kick up dust. The "back to normalcy" stand taken at Chicago foreshadows nothing but weeping and wailing when the votes are tabulated in November. This is especially so in Pennsylvania, where Grundy's success was the worst thing that could have happened to Senator David A. Reed's hopes for reelection.

THE INTERNATIONAL ARMAMENT RING will rejoice in the collapse of the League's effort to initiate an embargo on the shipment of munitions to the Chaco. Although twenty-three nations, including Great Britain and the United States, indicated their willingness to cooperate in the project, ten others made their acceptance conditional on the formal adherence of Germany and Japan, who as non-members of the League have thus far declined to join in the proposed move. Prominent among the countries refusing to take affirmative action were France, seat of the Schneider-Creusot armament firm; Czecho-Slovakia, home of the Skoda firm; and Italy, which is reported to have recently concluded a ten-million-lira contract to furnish Paraguay with military

aircraft. While nothing is to be gained by minimizing the gravity of this setback, it would be a mistake to jump to the conclusion either that the League has suffered an irreparable defeat or that the embargo has been discredited as an instrument for bringing would-be belligerents to their senses. The contrary appears to be the case. Faced by the threat of a general embargo, Bolivia appealed for League mediation under Article XV, a procedure which was quickly accepted by Paraguay. Judging by similar instances in Letitia and Manchuria, it would be rash indeed to assume an early or easy solution of the Chaco imbroglio merely because it has been put into the hands of a League commission. Yet the problem appears nearer solution than at any time since the breakdown of the armistice concluded at the Montevideo conference. Meanwhile, Bolivia's indignant protest against the embargo imposed by the United States illustrates afresh the dangers of trying to play the lone wolf in international politics.

THE MOST STRIKING aspect of the abrogation of the Platt Amendment was the ease with which it was accomplished. When so drastic a departure from established policy runs the Senate gauntlet without a dissenting vote, it is conclusive evidence that the time for the change had fully arrived. The lack of opposition must have surprised the Administration itself. Both President Roosevelt and Secretary Hull had in their public utterances approached the matter somewhat tentatively—cautiously. Until the draft of the new treaty was actually made public, they had spoken only of "taking up" with Cuba the "negotiation" of a new pact to replace the Permanent Treaty. That the new treaty cleanly abrogates every tutelary and interventionist provision of the Platt Amendment is highly creditable to the Administration, and is further evidence of the farsightedness of its foreign policy in this hemisphere. To be sure, it would have been preferable to have withdrawn or offered to withdraw the naval base at Guantanamo. This base was ceded through compulsion, and it is obvious that such a base is implicitly an impairment of Cuba's sovereignty. However, Guantanamo is not of first importance at this moment, in view of the close and far more vital commercial relations that are in process of study and negotiation, and the informal and temporary agreement under which the lease of the naval base continues. The fact is, of course, that we do not need that particular base. We have territory of our own in the region which would serve the same purpose—the Florida coast, Puerto Rico, the Virgin Islands. It is also entirely possible that the Cubans may wish, for the stimulus the base gives to local trade, to have the United States retain the present establishment at Guantanamo. In short, the essential consideration—that the present treaty and any future negotiations with Cuba be conducted freely, without pressure of any kind and as between equals, for their mutual advantage—has been admirably sustained. In Cuba rejoicing over the repeal of the Permanent Treaty is tempered by political considerations. The followers of Grau San Martin, whose numbers are steadily growing, emphasized their repudiation of the Platt Amendment, when they were in power, as a basic tenet of their national policy. They view the negotiation of the new treaty at this moment as an effort to bolster up the none too strong Mendieta regime. The Mendieta administration, on the other hand, is not unnaturally claiming all the credit for the event, and seeking to capitalize it to the utmost.

The Johnson Bill Backfires

CURIOSITY prompts us to wonder if the provincially minded Congressmen who voted for the Johnson bill are not somewhat dismayed as they survey the havoc wrought by their action. A few weeks ago it was reasonably certain that Great Britain, Italy, and the other countries which have been making token payments on their indebtedness to the United States would repeat this procedure on June 15, pending a final settlement of the debt problem. It even seemed likely that France, spurred by M. Herriot, would make a similar remittance on account. While the total of these payments would have been relatively small—less than 10 per cent of the amount due—they would have reduced our huge government deficit by several millions of dollars without throwing an undue strain on the international exchanges. Congress, however, appears to have determined to prevent just such a contingency. The Johnson Act, passed virtually without opposition in either house, makes it unlawful for any American citizen to advance funds to a foreign state which is "in default in the payment of its obligations, or any part thereof, to the Government of the United States." Attorney-General Cummings ruled that nations which had made token payments in the past were not in default. But in view of the President's express statement to the contrary, the wording of the bill precluded a similar interpretation with regard to future payments. Having been informed that it must pay the \$86,000,000 instalment due June 15 in full in order to avoid the stigma of default, the British government very logically decided that nothing less than a complete suspension of payments would suffice to bring Congress to its senses.

A comparison of the British note of June 4, setting forth the reasons for this far-reaching decision, with President Roosevelt's recent message on the war debts is enough to make any self-respecting American blush for shame. In a carefully reasoned statement, Great Britain argues that a general resumption of payments on the intergovernmental debts could not but retard world recovery, and might provoke financial and economic chaos through a further depression of the international price level. With ill-concealed glee, it points to the incontrovertible fact that debt payments would cause sterling to depreciate in terms of dollars, thus defeating the fundamental purpose of the Administration's monetary policy. While admitting that non-payment of these obligations would throw a heavier burden on the American taxpayer, it gently reminds us that England is not seeking, at present, to collect anything on the \$7,800,000,000 which it lent to its allies during the war. Moreover, Britain recalls that although it has already paid more on its indebtedness to the United States than all our other debtors combined—a total of more than \$2,000,000,000—the amount still outstanding is greater than the whole of the original obligation.

The President's message, on the other hand, reeks of the same patronizing spirit which characterized the war-debt pronouncements of his immediate predecessors. No suggestion is made that Congress provide for an increase in imports in order that debt payments might be effected without intensi-

fying the deflationary pressure on world prices. On the contrary, Mr. Roosevelt repeats the somewhat shopworn contention that the indebtedness to the United States "has no relation whatsoever to reparation payments," and piously declares that "we are in a just position to ask that substantial sacrifices be made to meet these debts."

Business men are beginning to realize, however, that the suspension of war-debt payments is by no means the most serious effect of the Johnson Act. In a recent letter to President Roosevelt, Louis K. Comstock, president of the Merchants' Association of New York, asked for special Congressional action to permit a resumption of normal trade with the Soviet Union. Although discrimination against Russia was certainly not intended by the original sponsors of the bill, its effect has been that of a virtual embargo on the export of American goods to the U. S. S. R. This is due, of course, to the fact that in Russia, as in no other country, all foreign purchases are made by the state, and must therefore be financed by credits to the Soviet Government. Not until after the Johnson bill had passed the Senate was its possible effect on Soviet trade realized. Whereupon an amendment was inserted exempting the Export-Import Bank, as a government agency, from the provisions of the act. Undaunted by this attempted liberality, the trustees of the bank adopted a resolution on March 16 declaring that no credit transactions would be undertaken until a settlement had been reached with respect to the Czarist and Kerensky debts. It is this resolution rather than the Johnson Act itself which has closed the door to American trade with Russia.

As one of the few governments that have scrupulously maintained payments on all debts, the Kremlin has naturally resented being classified as a defaulter. Instead of hastening a settlement of outstanding claims, as our super-patriots fondly imagined, Congress's blundering attempt to exert pressure for the collection of unrecognized debts has only succeeded in stirring up ill-will and hampering negotiations.

In the ensuing wrangle over a sum equal to less than one-twentieth of the British debt, the American people, as usual, have been left holding the bag. For Russia the delay in arranging a suitable basis for trade is inconvenient, but of no serious consequence. Long-term planning necessitates determining in advance the character of goods which may be needed in succeeding years, and plans are now being worked out for the entire second *Piatiletka*. Yet despite their admitted preference for certain American products, Soviet economic organizations will find no difficulty in transferring their orders to countries where credit terms are more satisfactory. Unfortunately, however, the United States cannot so easily find other markets for its goods. Assuming that with proper credit facilities Soviet purchases would return only to the level of 1930, the present deadlock is costing American business and labor at least a quarter of a million dollars a day. Congress may have demonstrated that no foreigner can put anything over on old Uncle Sam, but in so doing it has made him come perilously near to losing his shirt.

The Relief Nightmare

ON the first of June the New York City Board of Estimate authorized the expenditure of \$17,750,000 for relief for the current month. Last month the Department of Public Welfare spent slightly less than seventeen millions, from both public—federal, State, and local—and private sources. The amount voted for June was almost three times the sum expended last November. If these figures seem surprisingly large, let us go back and review the sums spent in the municipality during the last five years. In 1929 ten millions from public and private funds were spent; in 1930 the total was some fourteen million; in 1931 it had risen to nearly forty-five million; in 1932 it totaled more than seventy-six million; in 1933 the grand reckoning amounted to 110 million. For 1934 the average expenditure has been something like fifteen million dollars a month, which for the year, if the monthly rate does not rise sharply, will make a total of 180 million. And the sum for the whole of the six years promises, by the end of 1934, to amount to \$435,000,000.

These figures are meaningless, of course, unless they are broken down into their several parts. What do such vast sums do for the urban population that they are designed to help? There are some seven million persons in New York City. Last April the Welfare Council announced that relief in various forms had been given to 287,054 "cases," and it estimated that a million persons were helped thereby. One person in seven in the city, therefore, is the recipient of public help in the form of work or home relief. By the standards that it has been found necessary to impose on the giving of relief, this means that one person in seven is without funds, without credit, without financial resources of any sort—is almost literally destitute. New York City has the highest average of monthly family benefits of any locality in the United States. Let us keep these two facts in mind: In New York City since 1929 nearly half a billion dollars for relief will have been spent by the end of the current year; New York pays the highest monthly family benefits in the country. And those monthly benefits average, per family, the sum of \$36.91. A typical budget for a family of five has just been issued by the Department of Public Welfare. It allows for food \$30.98, for rent \$14.09, for electricity \$1.41, for gas \$1.73, for household supplies \$1.09. This makes a total of \$49.30, and it is explained that the difference between this suggested budget and the monthly average per family is caused by the fact that the average budget is computed on the basis of four persons instead of five.

It is not with any intention to criticize unfavorably the administration of relief in New York City that these figures are offered. Despite the charges of politics in relief administration, despite red tape in the relief bureaus, despite orders and counter orders from Washington that further entangle the already complicated business of relief administration, despite deserving persons who have had to wait too long for help and some who have not yet received it, despite others who are getting help which they do not, by relief-bureau standards, need, there is no doubt that large numbers of persons in the city have been kept from starvation and too much suffering by food, shelter, clothing, and work made possible

through public funds. But that is exactly the point: they have been kept from starvation, they have been kept alive. Obviously the funds that are available for relief are hopelessly inadequate to maintain unemployed families in a recognized state of health and decency. Thirty-six dollars a month for a family means \$430 a year, about a third of what has been fixed as a subsistence-level wage. What are the minimum needs of a family? Shelter, fire, food. No clothes—those that they have must do, no matter how long they have already done; no medical care—when that cannot be obtained free it must be dispensed with; light of some sort, although that, too, may be spared more times than one would have thought possible. What sort of shelter can be found for the price? It is worth pointing out that families on relief in New York are not permitted to live in tenements condemned as uninhabitable by the city. What sort of food can be bought? Bread, of course; pork, beans, potatoes; but how much milk, how much green vegetables and fruit?

Let us face the facts, in New York City, and correspondingly in every city in the country. Let us think only of the one in seven who is destitute and must have help to keep from starving to death. Let us forget, for the moment, the perhaps two in seven who are on the ragged edge, but whose incomes are sufficient to make them ineligible for public help; let us forget the undernourished school children, the overcrowded tenements, the men in the municipal lodging-houses who do not, by any regulation, come under the head of possible candidates for relief. In order, by even the lowest standards of subsistence, properly to house and feed, not to mention clothe, one in seven of New York's population, we must spend three times what we are spending now, thirty times what we spent in 1929. And applications for relief increased at the rate of 1,500 a day for the first three weeks in May. Shall we borrow the money? If so, who will pay it back? Shall we levy new taxes? Where, and on whom? These are the questions which a democracy must ask itself, with all earnestness. But it is as plain as day that to maintain our democracy we must either put men to work or spend money in sums more fantastic than those of which we have ever, in our worst nightmares, dreamed.

Wall Street Finds a Silver Lining

RICHARD WHITNEY, president of the New York Stock Exchange, has suddenly lost his fear of the Securities Exchange Act of 1934. For months he broke Wall Street's brittle heart by his description of the calamity which would be caused by passage of this legislation. But the bill passed, the President signed it, and lo, Mr. Whitney is "hopeful" that it will prove to be a "constructive measure."

Mr. Whitney's sentiments have been echoed by other spokesmen in Wall Street. The New York Times has detected a "brighter view" among stockbrokers in regard to the bill, and even the Wall Street Journal has admitted that the bill as finally enacted was a greatly improved measure. To those who have learned by experience to be most on the guard whenever Wall Street applauds, this change of guard may appear as ominous comment on the chances for

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regulation of stock-market practices. But these forebodings should be tempered by realization of the agility with which Wall Street can adjust its surface mood to the varying requirements of its pecuniary interests.

There is no denying that the Street can justifiably derive considerable satisfaction from the form in which the bill was finally passed. As its reward for one of the most hectic propaganda campaigns ever staged in Washington, the Exchange has wangled concessions which soften much of the original threat to its future profits. The margin provisions of the bill have been relaxed. The regulation of speculative credit has been transferred to the Federal Reserve Board—which showed no willingness to restrict credit for the Coolidge-Mellon bull market until too late to accomplish its purpose. Some of the fixed provisions in earlier drafts of the bill have been changed into permissive powers for the new Securities and Exchange Commission. Complete segregation of the functions of dealer and broker is no longer required.

However, despite those concessions, Wall Street's victory has been decidedly incomplete. The New York Stock Exchange began its campaign of opposition from the standpoint that any regulatory measure would be unconstitutional. Its most liberal concession to the demand for regulation was to suggest an administrative body on which the exchanges would have direct representation and which would delegate actual regulation to the exchanges themselves. The present bill contains no such ideal provisions for the perpetuation of Wall Street's favorite practices. Given suitable personnel for the new commission, the Securities Exchange Act provides ample power to bring about widespread changes for the better in Wall Street's relations with the investing and speculating public. The manifold methods by which Wall Street has rigged the market in the past will henceforth entail the risk of two years in jail.

The real reason for Wall Street's sudden discovery of the silver lining is quite simple. Under the combined influences of the Street's own propaganda concerning the devastating effect of exchange regulation, the uncertainty regarding the business and profit outlook, and the absence of immediate inflationary pressure on prices, the volume of business on the stock exchanges has dwindled to the lowest levels in ten years. Exchange members are losing money. This is Wall Street's practical problem of the moment, and this explains why, with its eye, as ever, focused on potential customers throughout the country, Wall Street is now stressing the "constructive" aspects of a bill in which, until its enactment, it could see only national economic destruction.

Mr. Whitney's minor colleague, E. B. Grubb, president of the New York Curb Exchange, naively demonstrated this shift in emphasis when he praised the passage of the act principally because "the public cannot but feel an increased confidence in exchanges and in the purchasing and holding of securities dealt in on exchanges because of this new law." Mr. Grubb has thus the honor of crystallizing for the first time what will probably become Wall Street's new sales slogan—until pressure can again be feasibly exerted for relaxation or repeal of regulation. Wall Street will now inform the public that it may speculate or invest with impunity and without fear or suspicion. By proclaiming its own chastening, the Street will attempt hopefully to recover its lost commissions.

White Magic and Black

SCIENCE, like art and the Sabbath, was made for man. Upon this great principle Communists agree with Nazis, and liberals agree with both. Unfortunately, however, such apparently happy agreement on a general principle does not seem to help very much when it comes to specific cases. Your scientist cannot tell in advance what truth he is about to discover, and he is always in danger of finding out too late that he chose the wrong country in which to arrive at a conclusion. A German who happened to learn something new about the importance of a conditioned reflex would be as unfortunate as a Russian who uncovered a new fact about the force of heredity. Both would run the risk of being set down as enemies of mankind, when, if they could only exchange geographical locations, each would be in for official honors.

It is even worse when the unfortunate thinker happens to emerge at two points both of which are on the wrong side of one line or another—as was the case with poor Einstein. First Russia would have none of him because of the apparently wrong assumption that his views were inimical to materialism. Then the Germans, with characteristically greater vigor, drove him out because he was, for obvious reasons, not sound on the doctrine of Aryan superiority. The result is that one of the world's greatest mathematicians can find a home only in those countries still so indifferent to the welfare of mankind that they permit a scientist to believe whatever his investigations have led him to believe.

In any event, a pleasant *reductio ad absurdum* of the Nazi principle seems to have been reached at the Congress of the Kaiser Wilhelm Society for the Advancement of Science at Düsseldorf last week. President Max Planck, proponent of the Quantum Theory and one of the few great physicists of the world, made an address of welcome in which he remarked with quiet boldness that though the society was devoted "to scientific research and the service of the Fatherland," its main purpose, to promote knowledge, was unfortunately not always recognized today, when there is a tendency to forget that the disinterested pursuit of knowledge is, in itself, a service to the Fatherland. He then underscored the point by mentioning a Jew as an example of fruitful devotion to knowledge, and Dr. Bernhard Rust, Reich Minister of Science and Education, rose to reply. "National Socialism," he said, "does not believe in science divorced from its foundation in the people. . . . One can become a scientist of the German people's community not through books or at a writing desk but only in the training camp and in the marching column."

How true that is! Where is Professor Planck's shirt and how can either the validity or the usefulness of the Quantum Theory be estimated unless we know that he was wearing one of the proper color when his equations were worked out? How fraught with danger is a situation in which a lot of uncoordinated scientists are allowed to go working away in isolated laboratories! In the old days magic—the forerunner of science—was divided by the church into white and black. Today science is either red or khaki. Tomorrow, perhaps, after a few more varicolored dictatorships have arisen, it will also be green, silver, purple, and magenta.

Issues and Men

What, Another Free Trader?

SO it appears. On May 29 Senator Marvel Mills Logan, of Kentucky, rose in the Senate of the United States to call all tariffs "abominable and a stench in the nostrils of the civilized world," and to relegate "to Satan himself" the system of tariff-making which has grown up in the United States. I wish I could say how much that cheered me. I felt like emitting a good old rebel yell (not a Confederate, but just a rebel yell) when I read those words. Of course the Washington correspondent of the *New York Times* did his best to offset the Senator's words by saying that he had to go "back into the yellow pages of old books and to a memory extending beyond modern industrialism to find grounds" for his attack. That wasn't necessary. Perhaps Senator Logan has been reading the pages of the *New York Nation*, where one editor at least has been holding forth these many years to the effect that there is no use in trying to tinker with tariffs and that no compromise with them is either desirable or possible. Every month that passes makes it clearer that the world is dying of these very tariffs, that there is not much time left in which to rescue it by doing away with these fetters upon international trade. It is time, indeed, that someone got up in the Senate and declared war without quarter.

It has always been a mystery to me why such Senators as the La Follettes and Norris and other great patriots could not see the role of the tariff in the establishment of special privilege and the unequal distribution of wealth in this country, to say nothing of its relationship to monopolies and trusts—it has long been called the "mother of trusts." I have been astounded that the liberals in both houses do not realize that the tariff has created the most powerful vested interest in the United States today. This vested interest frustrated the efforts of Presidents Cleveland and Wilson to bring about genuine tariff reduction and then, thanks to the Republicans, not only restored the old tariffs but carried them much higher. It is allied to the power trust and until after the war was hand in glove with the money trust and all the other great aggregations of capital. Not in years has any Senator or Congressman dared to attack it as effectively as has Senator Logan. There have been individuals in past years who have spoken out—George Fred Williams of Massachusetts, for example—but Senator Logan displayed a divine aggressiveness.

Republicans sought to interrupt him and check him by pointing out that our tariff was primarily intended for protection of the American standard of living. That was just the poke that the Senator needed. He went for that hoary old sham in these words: "Standard of living! Standard of living! If ever there was a fool argument, it is that of the standard of living. Consider the standard of living in other countries. . . . Then go into the hills of North Carolina, Tennessee, and Virginia, then go into the slums of your own great cities. Don't talk to me of the American standard of living when speaking of the tariff!"

Then, gloriously, the Senator went on to say that the

present tariff is only a system whereby the government uses its taxing power "to pilfer the pockets of the poor for the enrichment of industrial overlords" under the "specious reasoning that a few of these precious benefits might be dealt out to those who serve them." No wonder the dispatch says that Senator Logan's speech brought to the floor Senators who had been dodging the debate for days and refilled the galleries, which had been nearly emptied by the platitudinous debates of the previous days. Of course, when you get a man hitting out straight from the shoulder, telling the truth without compromise and without thought of himself or of the protected industries of his State, you start an electric thrill bound to rouse people everywhere. Those mealy-mouthed Senators who compromise on the tariff against their better knowledge! One of these and I spoke in Washington a few years ago. He sat squarely on the fence, but I did my poor best to denounce the tariff unqualifiedly. As he left the room he whispered to me that he felt just as I did but of course he could not hope for reelection in the fall if he took any such stand. I felt like catching him by the sleeve and saying, "Damn you, it's just because Senators compromise thus with their consciences and their souls that Congress is what it is and not the great and effective and honest parliamentary machine that it ought to be."

Well, three cheers for Senator Logan! He did a man's job, and having made a number of attacks upon the tariff at public meetings last winter, I can assure him that he will get a wonderful response and that he will find plenty of Americans eager for the doctrine. If only President Roosevelt could see the light on this subject and talk like that we could have an educational campaign at the coming election and in 1936 that would stir the country. It wouldn't be necessary to go back to the yellow pages of any old books for arguments. It is enough to be able to point to the rise of nationalism—this insanity which makes nations think that they can become self-sufficient and self-supporting and have nothing to do with the rest of the world. It is enough to point out that nearly ninety separate reprisals have been undertaken against the United States by some forty-eight countries—in May England imposed new and heavy import duties on American typewriters.

One thing the House has just done. It has passed the Celler bill authorizing the establishment of a free-trade zone in every port of entry of the United States, in which goods may lie for two years without being subject to our customs laws, until reshipped or regularly passed through our tariff barriers. One Representative has declared that the bill will put American ships and our flag upon the seas. There is a start. We may yet decide to stop throttling ourselves to death by tariffs written by the men who profit by them.

Isabel Garrison Villard

A Cartoon by LOW



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A Century of Progress

1833-1934

By LINCOLN KIRSTEIN

The Night Before: Near the North Entrance a group of girls halted, gesticulating among themselves and audibly indignant. "Why, they treated us like they were butchers. I've never been so . . ." Presently others came up and agreed it was dreadful. The girls wore print dresses and shared some common shame or sorrow. They had been recently inoculated against amoebic dysentery, which ravaged Chicago last summer. This summer every employee at the Fair is photographed and immunized. To speak of amoebic dysentery at the Fair is like speaking of earthquakes in Los Angeles, but in the Hall of Science there is a State-university exhibit dedicated to the disease. Beyond Ripley's (Believe It or Not) Odditorium the ushers in brand-new pale-blue uniforms were going through a dress rehearsal. Close by, plasterers were applying slabs of wet gray snow to the compo-rustic woodwork of the Schwarzwaldtdorf. Glass icicles were hanging under the eaves, and inside at the edge of a small square rink sat professional ice skaters wearing heavy socks, depressed by the heat and the size of their tiny floor. Although there are Italian, Mexican, Irish, English, Colonial (American), Tunisian, Belgian, Swiss, Dutch, Chinese, and midget villages, the German is localized as the Black Forest and the atmosphere is emphasized as Swabian or Bavarian.

Because of the success of the Streets of Paris last year, the *tableau vivant* of Manet's Olympia (court direction to defendant in case brought for indecent exposure: "O. K., it's art—but God help you if you move your hand"), and Miss Rand's fan dance, the "street" idea is heavily exploited this year. There is a considerable difference between this year and last year. For example, the Lincoln Village which housed famous buildings connected with the Emancipator's history has undergone radical changes. The convention wigwam of last year is this year's Bowery—the Streets of New York, the Livest Mile on Earth. It improves a fair to be given two years in succession. All hedges, turf, and trees seem permanent a second season. The gardens have grown into themselves.

The night before the opening thirty thousand or however-many workmen worked overtime. Only the actual opening of the Fair seemed to complete the exhibits. Small trains of rubbish-filled barrows led by a motor engine clanked along over the tar pavements. All trucks and cars had to be out by 7 a.m. (Last year they were allowed in till nine.) The workmen have been instructed to be more careful in their cleaning up. Last year, in an excess of ardor, they scrupulously removed a pile of wet rocks, bushes, dirt, and sod, and on the morrow the Adirondack Garden was sought in vain. Mr. Sloan and General Motors gave a dinner for 300 friends in his Hall of Progress under the Milles statue to precision workmanship. The statue shows a long workman in plaster cherishing a cogwheel. Mr. Sloan's guests were addressed by Glenn Frank. It was generally conceded that anybody was a fool to talk at the same dinner with Glenn

Frank. His address, wildly received, was either an opening gun in the La Follette campaign or a comfortable assertion that science had not shot its bolt.

All the Fair buildings have been cleaned and repainted. Originally conceived by the office of Joseph Urban as a symphony in twenty-six colors, it has, this year, been improved enormously by his successor, Shepherd Vogelgesang, who limited it to ten. The great expanses of flat white have been quickened by emerald green, orange, plum color, reds, and clear blue. In the court of the Electricity Building pebbled tar was being laid over the various levels of steps and terrace to avoid last year's tripping, in the hope that it would congeal by the next morning. The Mexican Village, a criss-cross silhouette of slats and plaster board, developed hour by hour under your eye. Painters holding sticky stencils in their teeth applied stylized flowers to the balcony of the Swiss chalet. The lights hadn't been turned on yet. The big pavilions had a waitful, ghostly scale; dark, empty, and expectant. In localized groups rose the busy light and noise from quick last-minute touches. The Fair, like some three-mile-long passive creature, dozed in its beauty sleep, receiving primping and pipe clay enough to last for the rest of the summer, to withstand footsteps and finger marks of, last year, 122,000,000 admissions; this year, how many million more?

The Ford Building: Last year the General Motors exhibit of a complete automobile assembly line was the most impressive single point of the Fair. This year that point is the Ford Building. Designed by Albert Kahn of Detroit, the architect of the new River Rouge plant, its main feature is a huge dome 200 feet in diameter, which from the outside "represents the giant cogs of a set of gear wheels." There is some resentment on the part of other manufacturers that Ford is so magnificently—at a cost of at least \$2,000,000—represented. He refused to come in the first year, and then, observing the great advertising success of General Motors, he enters in the second, the ground well broken for a novelty, and steals the show. The circular hall holds an extensive exhibition of transport vehicles, from a copy of Tutankamen's gold funeral chariot to the latest Ford. On the walls are large photo-murals by Charles Sheeler, a splendid documentation of the Detroit works, and at judicious intervals around the frieze are Ford mottoes, in simple but irrefutable print: "Overproduction is a money cry, not a human cry." "Individualism is what makes cooperation worth having." "Progress comes from prosperity built by work done in peace." "The farm and the shop each need what the other produces." "It is not good business unless buyer and seller both gain by it." "With one foot in the land and one in industry America is safe." "If you stabilize anything it is likely to be the wrong thing." Nineteen various roadbeds are shown in section, from the Appian Way and Chinese trade routes to modern concrete avenues. Mr. Ford's 1893 machine-shop is reerected with bricks displaced

to allow a clear view of the interior. A twenty-foot globe, sparkling with miniature Ford plants, steadily revolves in the Court of Nations. In the great glass and concrete shed the Ford, eviscerated, is displayed in all its complex, organized splendor in process of creation, and then canonized, ■ the finished car.

As a feat of staging, as spectacle, ■ a show of power in the conscious control of an industrial dynasty affecting the world, the exhibition is the equivalent of its subject. Such consummate skill in presentation produces in the beholder an aesthetic emotion of no secondary order. The strength of the Ford wheel is ■ testament of the triumphant march of all other wheels—wood, wire, and disc—to the present, one perfect wheel, which in the middle of the hall is secured to a beam by its chromium hub, and through whose sturdy spokes pass six slim red cords, each two of which support an up-ended Ford by its radiator cap, a triangle of metallic and shiny bravura. "Hidden jewels of the Ford," the chromium-plated parts one never sees, are each separately mounted on ■ mirror base and in two octagonal columns revolve slowly, flashing silently in silver. Around the balconies, in symmetrical designs, the ten thousand individual parts of a standard Ford are mounted on panels. Raw materials—copper, iron, zinc, aluminum, rubber, cotton, and wool—are processed by patient workers, each clad in white shirt, white pants or skirts, white kid shoes, before your wondering eyes. The blue hieroglyph "Ford" is embroidered on each breast pocket. All the machinery in the four-acre hall is enameled blue. Each platform is edged with red. The clean smell of hot rubber, clean gloved hands, clean manicured fingers forming speedometer and pressure gauge, clean men and women speaking with subdued and civil interest of their own process combine in ■ atmosphere of regulated, efficient, frictionless production, subhuman, anonymous, and acute. The clean servants of the fresh machinery are innocent of person-ality as of dirt. Relegated to a limbo of material perfection, they seem almost enviable in their restricted responsibilities. "The system of sound amplification, both within the building and without, employs a total of 289 master loud speakers and 233 auxiliary speakers. No speaker is of greater than three-watt volume, so that none amplifies more loudly than a conversational tone. Four separate programs might be broadcast in the building simultaneously without one interfering with the other." Only—near the white-clad welder in mask and apron, spurting white fire, ■ large and intricate body of machinery has settled heavily through its solid platform, sagging unevenly through base and floor. No block and tackle could ever recover its great weight upright. This awkward accident, the sole blemish on the whole exhibit, holds a curious fascination. At first, since all else here is intentional, it also must be intentional. Then, when one realizes the mistake, it is ■ hurt machine, as interesting in its tragic discomfort as the victim of a street accident.

Chrysler: There has always been something curiously forward, and at the same time arrested, about Chrysler. Just as the lavish T-shaped entrance of the New York Chrysler Building, red marble paneling too fantastic even for marble's striation, is the equivalent of its spire—higher for two seasons than any building in the world, and after that, its metal grimy, its whole height as dated as "empire," "regency," or "modernistic"—so is the Chicago Chrysler Pavilion like its

new streamline, "air-flow" car, excessive, dubious, and somehow unconvincing. Small plates of glass are fused into sample unbreakable panes; the effect of air resistance on moving bodies is made obvious; and there is a pendant tear drop of polished steel as pure ■ a Brancusi. On the exhibition track the old racing demi-god, Barney Oldfield, and a corps of men broadcast ■ the "hell drivers" give hourly testimony to the speed, strength, and endurance of the automobiles. In ■ sand pit they are deliberately driven, gears grinding the motors out of the slough. Every so often a tire breaks, and the car, triumphantly extricated from its sandy bog, limps toward the reviewing stand, the obsequious voice of the radio announcer apologizing for the slight mishap in a tone oily with familiar humor, a trace nervous, a trace even terrified at the possible deprecatory reflection on the Chrysler car.

General Motors: In two lines of cases, each in a bell-glass, held up by veneered woods, are the winning models of Napoleon's coronation coach, the trademark of the Fisher Body Company. These models are built year after year by boy craftsmen throughout the country, encouraged by the standards of Body-by-Fisher to emulate the sovereign workmanship of the automobile body-builders. Blue cut velvet, tiny eagles carved and gilded, the coach tops lacquered and fitted with no edge of glue showing, these little toys seem strange evidence of the immortality of handicraft. In a darkened room labeled "Research," beautiful precision instruments are free to the passing fumbler. The pressure of a chance hand on a steel tie moves a jittery gauge the millionth fraction of an inch. Sensitivity is made as sturdily apparent as tension in ■ big spring. Two bell-boy attendants in the Hall of Progress balance each other at edges of the linoleum pattern, instruments for information, in little use.

Ripley's Odditorium: Down the spine of the hall is ■ double case filled with freakish objects of cork, numerology, puns on names and dates, ships in mazda bulbs, Japanese mermaids mummified, and ■ hundred trophies of extreme ennui, conceived on lonely evenings in isolated farms and suburbs and sent in for Ripley's diploma of "Believe It or Not." On three sides of the large room are some fifteen or twenty raised stages, draped with blue satin curtains, each equipped with its own footlights. A staff barker, who has been either an undertaker or the headmaster of a boys' school, passes from stage to stage and with a syrup of respectful horror explains each miracle. There is a man whose tongue becomes unsocketed, another who can twist his feet in the opposite direction from his head and walk. There is a middle-aged woman like a sad music teacher in a black-satin, very décolleté tea gown with a black picture hat. She wears gold spectacles and has lithographic skin. An apologetic youth who can draw the same profile with toes and fingers ■ once, using ■ blunt instrument, inscribes her back. She is put off in a corner to develop and after ■ few minutes ■ red welted outline begins to appear—but faintly—followed by sympathetic applause. There is a calm, idiotic farmer who plays twenty-six musical instruments at once, and as a climax attaches ■ little bobber to his head and strikes the twenty-seventh. There is a cheerful Negro who uses thumb tacks to keep his socks up, owing to ■ strange condition of his cartilage.

Then, in their little booth in hell, the curtains sloshing back like wet silk, on surgical beds, in a scene representing a postcard hospital room, are displayed two unfortunates—a man and a woman. They are guarded by two attendants disguised as nurses, who may even be nurses. The attraction is in the fact that the two bodies, though still sentient, are almost entirely host to a disease which renders the skin and bone stone. The barker explains that last year at the Fair they were only able to have one specimen, but this year their luck consists in a stone man and a stone woman. The covers are drawn off by the nurse-museum-attendants. The corpses are clothed in bathing suits. The legs are tapped and will not cease vibrating for fifteen minutes unless stopped. The barker asks the man how he feels. His head is still mobile. It will be six months at least before his tongue is hard. The man remotely and cheerfully explains Christian resignation. His feet and legs in profile are pink, rigid, flayed down to a thin taper of flesh. By this time a second staff barker has commenced a second showing on the heels of the first. He slows down or they will overlap. There is a woman who can be shot through the body. She has a black-satin lapel hinged on her chest.

Wings of a Century: Beside the fading waters of the lake, framed by simple pylons and two pairs of terraced steps, passes this pageant of transportation. Some two hundred people, some twenty locomotives and trains, and a lavish number of horses, carts, carriages, motorcycles combine in an entirely admirable spectacle based on the history of speed in locomotion. With modesty, without pretension, with the theatrical nature of the show always kept in mind, with accompaniment of chanties, spirituals, and amplified ballads, a vision of the continent is presented—first traversed by Indians with travois who encounter a black Jesuit and two French trappers, then Boone's caravan, horses and oxen, Fulton's Clermont, the Baltimore Clipper, and the whole dynasty of the Iron Horse.

The players in the pageant are all young. The open air and the solid reality of the engines in their procession along the single track make a mass enthusiasm possible; and the crowds of anonymous actors, even with the interpolation of amiably artificial stage business, seem wholly convincing. The gold rush, the actual lumbering passage of the covered wagons, the hold-up of a Wells-Fargo coach, the pony-express prelude, the completion of the Union Pacific Railroad at Promontory Point. Here men and machines, with music, live horses, and solid wheels, steel and wood, flashing in the paling light of day, are a splendid show of relevant activity, immediately warming and full of meaning. At the end the airplane is the focus of the stage; the whole company in overalls surrounds it; while a procession of modern trucks, motorcycles, and even a superb Clydesdale team pass back and front, two crews affix the airplane's wings. The spotlights shine reflected in the glossy black barrel of the enormous new engine and the "Star Spangled Banner" is for once the only logical final chorus. "Wings of a Century" shows what could be done with an open-air spectacle. The radio amplifiers solve the question of narration. The audience, moved by the familiar sights and songs, is in full rapport with the pageantry. One can imagine Whitman spoken in the open air at some other spectacle with a more conscious and poetic design.

Organization and Service: The Fair, held over its second year, is sure to pay its bonds and even to make money. Unlike the Philadelphia Sesquicentennial, where on closing day buildings were still being erected four months late, this Fair seems admirably run. Directions are clearly indicated. Special Fair police in white sun helmets and scarlet coats hold chromium swagger sticks and know their business. Greyhound buses open at the sides permit a steady shift of people from one end to the other. New streamlined jinrikishas are leisurely convoyed by the pick of collegiate athletes. It all breathes an air of prosperous, smoothly run, and youthfully imaginative efficiency.

World's Fair, 1934: As an advertisement of the automobile industry and of the city of Chicago the Fair is an unequivocal success. As an international, even a national exposition it can make no claims. American industry is scarcely represented. Not steel, nor moving pictures, nor coal, nor radio, nor mining, nor cotton, nor tobacco has any exhibit equivalent to its importance to the nation. Except for apologetic pavilions labeled Italy, Sweden, and Czechoslovakia, foreign governments are not present. Except for such shows as the automobile industry, the Firestone Rubber Company, and the new developments in prefabricated houses provide, there is little of any intrinsic interest. As advertising presentation, in the collation of motto, model, photo-mural, and actual parts, there are many masterpieces, though the frame is usually more exciting than the objects framed.

As architecture, as fair-planning, there are numerous by now familiar fallacies. It was an architects' field day, and the buildings were thrown up in all their decorative fantasy, with little regard for what they would house. They house little enough, although there is a brave array of mural paintings and ornamental ceilings to distract from their essential emptiness. In spite of the thousands of provincial movie houses, office buildings, and banks that will be designed in memory of Chicago's 1933 modern, the architectural influences, applicable and involved, are less sinister in their possibilities than the Columbian Beaux Arts of 1893. The Fair shows in a way nothing else could—albeit often falsely—new uses of materials, construction, and design to millions of people who would never see architectural magazines or good foreign buildings.

The restaurants on the grounds, most of them at least partly open to the sky, demonstrate the charm of fresh-air eating more strongly than could any number of imitation Cafés de la Paix. If Americans, where their weather permits, develop into a nation of open-air diners, they well might, it will be due in large measure to the example of Chicago. Wasteful, monstrous, in all superficial arrangements for convenience admirably organized, at night mysterious and with a real glamor, unimportant basically except for the Chicago angle, the Fair is in its own local application, and in obverse, a mirror of the nation. Having absorbed the precise and lavish ingenuity of the Ford Building, we may pause to wonder why our government cannot be similarly greased. The mastery of basic materials in all their feverish, ordered multiplicity seems strange in comparison with the lack of moral mastery. There are no patent exhibits of what money means, the value of gold, the cost of munitions in terms of individual life, conversations between nations, root maladies of supply and demand, or waste and surplus.

The News Writers Form a Union

By JOHN SCRIBNER

IT looks as if the newspaper publishers of America would have to shell out more hard cash to their editorial workers—the reporters, feature writers, rewrite men, copy readers, copy boys—and in some cases to their editors and editorial writers. With very little fuss these most diffident of all working people have been organizing since last August into local newspaper guilds. The local guilds in turn have formed the American Newspaper Guild, which held its second national convention in St. Paul on June 6, 7, and 8, with delegates present from some seventy guilds representing more than 8,000 staff newspaper men and women throughout the country.

Last fall, when the American Newspaper Publishers' Association became aware that the owners were going to be placed under a code whether they liked it or not, it sent a committee to Washington post-haste to draw up a suitable instrument. Unfortunately for them the members of the committee were assisted by Elisha Hanson, a Washington lawyer who had been a member of a firm which had attained distinction through its efforts to frustrate a Senate investigation of the power trust, which at one time owned or controlled a good many newspapers, and exercises considerable influence today. This law firm also had had an astonishingly successful record in obtaining tax refunds for clients of great wealth during the Mellon regime. The publishers' code, as written by these over-smart gentlemen, classified experienced newspaper writers as "professionals," a distinction which publishers could hardly be said to have accorded in the past, and one which the news writers preferred to repudiate in view of the salary and other handicaps under which the proposed honor would have placed them.

That was the first error of the publishers; and it stimulated guild organization in protest and defense throughout the country. Newspaper writers were fortunate in having the leadership of Heywood Broun, columnist of the New York *World-Telegram* and president of the national organization. Broun did not hesitate to "stick out his neck" and invite the lightning. He went around telling to some of the ablest and most fearless men in his profession the story of what was happening in Washington.

For years virtually everyone in the newspaper business had thought that organization of news writers was next to impossible. Yet Broun was successful in the metropolitan district, and the Newspaper Guild of New York began to take shape. When it accepted a constitution, copies of the document were sent all over the country. As a result the American Newspaper Guild was organized in Washington on last December 15, when representatives of most of the local guilds then in existence met to write a national constitution and outline a plan of action.

About this time the news writers were again aided by the too great cleverness of the publishers in recommending to General Hugh S. Johnson the appointment of Ralph Pulitzer, one of the former owners of the New York *World*, as special deputy NRA administrator in charge of the newspaper code. Mr. Pulitzer had not held office long before the

officers of the national guild sent the following telegram to all local guilds:

The New York guild has sent protest to Washington against the appointment of Ralph Pulitzer as a deputy administrator in charge of the newspaper code on the ground that no man with direct publishing interest should be appointed, and additionally because of the feeling that Ralph Pulitzer was callous and cruel in handling the reportorial situation at the death of the *World*. We want authorization from you to make this protest national and to seek co-operation from mechanical unions. Please rush your vote to this office.

The response was almost immediate, and the result was the resignation of Mr. Pulitzer. George Buckley, vice-president of the National City Bank of New York and once a Chicago publisher, was appointed in Mr. Pulitzer's place. A 16-page complaint has now been filed by the guild against the manner in which Mr. Buckley has conducted his office, and President Roosevelt has been asked to remove him. It is asserted he is a "tool of the publishers" and "lacks ability, judgment, and temperament for a position which calls for impartial effort to dispose differences and prevent conflict."

Perhaps the publishers are most cursed, however, by the strike-breaking chairman of the A. N. P. A. special standing committee which devotes itself largely to checking the activities of labor unions. This watchdog of the press, Harvey J. Kelly, was made chairman also of the Newspaper Industrial Board, in which was vested authority to settle impartially all disputes between newspaper publishers and their employees. Mr. Kelly is on record as opposed in principle to the NRA because it affords labor too great an opportunity to organize. In 1932 he recommended that all newspaper publishers cut their pay rolls from 20 to 25 per cent in order to balance newspaper budgets. This attitude is scarcely adapted to successful dealing with the news writers.

Reluctant to make any demands, almost over-anxious to remain good friends with their employers—for friendliness is their very stock in trade—the editorial men have almost universally refrained from making drastic requests. Yet for some obscure reason, the publishers have been stand-offish in dealing with the guild. After almost two months of shilly-shallying, during which letters from the New York guild were ignored, Martin V. Kelly, executive secretary of the Publishers' Association of New York City, wrote the guild that individual newspapers "affirmed their willingness to meet with their own employees or their representatives for the discussion of any problem of mutual interest," but that the association would have nothing to do with the guild.

The attitude of one of the most respected members of the Publishers' Association, the New York *Times*, was expressed in a letter from its vice-president, Arthur Hays Sulzberger, which read:

You have probably by now received a letter from the Publishers' Association in response to your communication to it of May 21. There is therefore no point in my replying to your special invitation to me to attend such a meeting,

since it will not now take place. I take this opportunity again, however, of advising you that the *New York Times* is always ready to discuss with its employees any matter of mutual interest.

While this letter does not specifically state that the *Times* will deal directly with the guild officers, it is being construed as a friendly invitation. On the other hand, Captain J. M. Patterson, publisher of the *Daily News*, and J. David Stern, publisher of the *New York Post*, at once notified the guild they were ready to talk business.

In some instances the reaction of individual employers has been openly hostile. In New Bedford, Massachusetts, formation of a guild chapter was temporarily discontinued when two organizers, members of the staff of the *Standard-Times*, were peremptorily dismissed on the ground of "economy," though their places were filled almost immediately. A third man was forced to resign under pressure. The national organization is now endeavoring to raise a defense fund to bring about the reinstatement of the men under the protection of the NIRA.

Strange things, too, have happened upon some of the papers owned by William Randolph Hearst. A group of New York *American* writers resigned from the guild, declaring in vivid terms their abhorrence of any organization which was so ungracious to their benevolent employer as to question his philanthropy to newspapermen. Some of them have since rejoined the guild. Their letter was obviously and crudely inspired. On the San Francisco *Examiner*, another Hearst publication, Louis Burgess, an editorial writer, an employee of Hearst newspapers for seven years, was fired on April 4, seven days after he had discussed guild matters as chairman of the *Examiner* chapter with his publisher. Burgess was handed a check for the remainder of the week and for two additional weeks by Charles Stanton, managing editor. Burgess reported that Stanton told him the action was taken pursuant to a telephone call just received from Charles Lindner, general manager of the *Examiner*, at that moment visiting the Hearst ranch at San Simeon.

The most flagrant flouting of Section 7-a of the National Recovery Act, however, comes from another Hearst newspaper, the Rochester, New York, *Journal-American*. After three weeks of conferences with the spokesmen of the office chapter, officials of that paper posted on the bulletin board an insulting notice which read in part:

The newspaper does not recognize the guild and cannot do so in any negotiation. The publisher recognizes the right of the employees to organize and to belong to any organization, including the K. K. K. But any negotiations must be with elected representatives of the editorial employees in which the entire staff has a voice, regardless of membership in any outside organization.

Before Mr. Hearst sailed for Europe recently he told reporters he approved of the guild principles and intended to make a study of the newspaper writers' organizations in European countries. The threat contained in the notice of the Rochester *Journal-American*, nevertheless, is that of the company union.

To Paul Block, owner of the Newark *Star-Eagle*, belongs the honor of being the first publisher to deal amicably with a guild chapter in an important engagement. As a result of negotiations over the firing of seven members of the *Star-Eagle* staff, Mr. Block has agreed that a bonus ranging

from one week's pay for less than a year's work to six months' pay for ten years' work or more will be paid to dismissed employees. One of the dismissed men, who is seventy-six years old and has been with the paper for fifteen years, was reinstated.

The first general contract negotiated with a publisher, however, was that closed by the Philadelphia guild with J. David Stern, publisher of the Philadelphia *Record* as well as of the *New York Post*. Under that contract a closed shop is established on the *Record*, with a check-off system for the collection of guild dues. The scale of minimum wages, covering only the first three years of employment, assured immediate increases to many of the staff.

At present it is the liberal publishers, such as Roy Howard, president of the Scripps-Howard newspapers, to whom the newspapermen are looking for the squarest deal. Friendly though cautious, it is men like Mr. Howard who stand to profit most by meeting the guild halfway. Without waiting for guild action the Scripps-Howard management recently increased wages 5 per cent. Salaries had been cut twice, 10 per cent each time, during the depression.

One of the most effective activities of the guilds has been the determination of the economic status of editorial workers through questionnaires. In New York City responses came from 597 men and women, the majority of whom are college graduates and most of whom have had many years' experience in the newspaper business. Of those responding, 33.5 per cent were earning \$35 a week or less, 31.3 per cent were receiving between \$35.01 and \$50 a week, and 35.2 per cent were receiving \$50.01 or more a week. These wages compare with those in the mechanical departments as follows: compositors, \$48.25 on day shift, \$51.25 on night shift, and \$54.25 on the "lobster" shift; stereotypers, \$55.50; pressmen, \$46. None of the mechanical employees find themselves in the "\$35 a week or less" class.

Average salaries for the various classes of editorial work are given in the following table, which is compiled from the results of questionnaires in New York City, Rockford, Illinois, and Richmond, Virginia:

Classification	New York	Richmond	Rockford
Editors	\$100.83	\$54.00	\$37.60
Feature writers	74.37	—	—
Rewrite men	53.35	—	—
Artists	50.83	—	—
Copy readers	48.85	26.00	27.73
Reporters	45.63	36.00	26.94
Photographers	43.45	30.00	35.00
Deskmen	37.86	—	17.87
Clerks	25.50	—	—
Copy boys	15.42	—	—
Women employees ..	—	27.00	—
Sports writers	—	37.37	—

The newspaper guilds are already performing one great service for the public. Newspaper readers who have not been quite certain whether the papers they read were published in the interests of the masses or of the privileged are now being given revealing evidence. The actions of the publishers in dealing with the local newspaper guilds are indicating in an indisputable manner the social policies their newspapers reflect. Few will be fooled by a newspaper that professes liberal editorial policies but deals with the guild in a reactionary manner.

At Last We're Getting Out of Haiti

By ERNEST GRUENING

NO more striking example of the Roosevelt-Hull new Latin American policy can be found than our imminent withdrawal from Haiti. Though less important in the eyes of the world than President Roosevelt's continentalizing of the Monroe Doctrine and the abolition of the Platt Amendment, the proposed manner of our leaving Haiti is a more conclusive proof of the high purpose and good faith of the New Deal in inter-American affairs.

Consider, first, that the Roosevelt Administration was, as far as Haiti is concerned, under virtually no compulsion. True, our invasion had had its unfavorable repercussions throughout Latin America. True, as Exhibit A in our record of financial imperialism, it had been utilized by Japan to justify its own military ventures on the Asiatic mainland. True, it incarnated as long as it lasted variants of the "big stick" and "manifest destiny" policies so odious to the other American states. Nevertheless, the Haitians have been isolated from their Latin American sister nations by the difference in language and by race. The lyrics of a Dominican Fabio Fiallo or a Nicaraguan Salomon de la Selva would find welcome in the Hispanic press of a score of cities and reecho from the Mexican mesa to the pampas of the Argentine. Not so the French protests of the Haitians. While color prejudice is happily absent in Latin America, and African blood is an important admixture in the ethnic content of not fewer than eight peoples, Haiti's being officially "black" has served further to isolate it and to exclude it from the solidarity which our imperialism evoked. It may be presumed that if the United States had healed all other sore spots remaining from our recent period of expansion, we could probably have continued in Haiti unperturbed.

Consider, second, that our control in Haiti, lessened by successive steps in the last four years, had reached a point where it could no longer be deemed seriously oppressive. The Forbes Commission sent down by President Hoover in 1930 recommended the evacuation of our marines before the expiration in May, 1936, of the treaty we imposed in 1915, and the immediate restoration of constitutional government. Haiti, which for fifteen years had existed under a marine-corps dictatorship, dangling a puppet-President, was permitted to have representatives of its own choosing. Its Congress assembled in 1930 for the first time since it had been dissolved in 1917 by Generals Cole and Butler for refusing to ratify a new constitution drafted in Washington. In the succeeding two years of the Hoover Administration, "Haitianization" progressed, but with no diminution of the financial control which had been the real motivation of our going in. A treaty drawn up in 1932 by United States Minister Dana G. Munro and Haiti's Foreign Minister, Albert Blanchet, to replace the existing 1915 treaty retained the fiscal overlordship of the United States—the collection of customs by American officials, supervision of internal taxation, the interdiction to modify taxes or tariff duties without the American financial adviser's consent—not merely until the expiration of the old treaty but for the life of the loan (due 1952). In that, the new treaty carried out the protocol and loan

contract, likewise forced upon the Haitians in 1919 and 1922, respectively, which stipulated that during the life of the loan, even after the expiration of the treaty, the collection and allocation of the hypothecated revenues would be under the control of an "officer or officers" nominated by the President of the United States. In all negotiations leading up to the treaty of 1932 the United States was adamant for retaining the financial provisions. But while Secretary Stimson hailed the treaty as a happy solution of the Haitian episode, within a very few days of its publication the Haitian Assembly rejected it by unanimous vote. The Hoover Administration was then drawing to a close, and no further attempt to settle the Haitian situation was made.

Some five months after the Roosevelt Administration had taken office, on August 7, a new agreement emerged bearing the signatures of Norman Armour, United States Minister in Haiti, and again of Albert Blanchet. The new agreement made some slight modifications in favor of the Haitians, eliminated a United States military mission to Haiti after our occupation should be withdrawn, introduced the element of arbitration, but left the financial control essentially unmodified. There was still to be a corps of American officials supervising the collection by Haitians of customs duties; there was still the prohibition to modify tariffs or taxes without the financial adviser's consent; there was still the obligation to balance the budget, a demand somewhat amusing from a nation whose own budget was billions of dollars out of balance. The significant feature of this new "executive agreement"—or *accord* as it was termed in Haiti—was its assumption that it would not require ratification by the Congress of either country. The Haitian Congress was not then in session and was not due to convene until the following April—1934—when some of the provisions of the new agreement would have already gone into effect. It was difficult to avoid the conclusion that this method of executive treaty-making was a somewhat disingenuous attempt to evade the popular will in Haiti. In the face of mounting protests President Vincent praised the agreement highly as a great achievement for Haiti, and denounced its critics. The President's enthusiasm for the agreement made it extremely difficult for Americans who had hoped, as part of the New Deal, to liquidate at an early date our imperialist venture in Haiti. Obviously, if the President of Haiti considered the agreement a triumph, and its Haitian critics mere malcontents and agitators, what validity had any outsider's protest? Nevertheless, President Vincent, in response to growing objections at home, coupled with the criticism of the *accord* by friends of Haiti in the United States, wrote President Roosevelt on November 16, 1933, asking that the United States "renounce the financial control in Haiti by a spontaneous act which would be the most eloquent affirmation of a common will toward friendship, toward better understanding, toward inter-American economic cooperation and collaboration for the well-being, respectively, of the three Americas."

The State Department's reaction to this plea was that

it was but a gesture on the part of President Vincent to placate politicians at home and to make clear to them the inexorable attitude of the United States. On November 28 President Roosevelt—in a letter, needless to say, prepared for him in the State Department—rejected President Vincent's request, saying that in his judgment the United States was "under an unescapable obligation to carry out the Treaty of 1915 and the Protocol of 1919, and in the agreement of August 7, 1933," had "made appropriate provision to that end," and that upon this obligation "the bond-holders are entitled to insist."

In short, as late as last November the Roosevelt Administration, after due consideration, had definitely reaffirmed the financial policy in Haiti of four preceding American Presidents. That policy, reduced to its simplest terms, was that we had gone into Haiti *vi et armis* to collect claims of Americans against the Haitian government, had compelled the Haitians to agree to settle those claims, compelled them to borrow from our bankers to pay those claims and to give us control of their finances—at *their* further expense—until the last cent had been repaid. Such an attitude was a flagrant denial of the very policies which Secretary Hull was about to propound at Montevideo, a weird materializing of the "good neighbor" policy, and a strange departure from the President's implications in his inaugural about the flight of the "money changers." The point to bear in mind, however, at this juncture was that this new arrangement (of August 7) validating an "old deal" and a rotten one, was a *fait accompli*. Whether or not the Haitian National Assembly, eight months after the event, could have successfully insisted on its right to pass on this executive agreement—which it would of course have rejected as it had rejected the similar treaty of 1932—will never be known.

Upon Secretary Hull's return from Montevideo, there being a will, not previously visible in the State Department, to reverse the policy already established by the Administration, the way was found. It required a volte-face. It has been done. We have agreed to get out, bag, baggage, fiscal agents, collectors of customs, marines, and all. We shall not wait until the expiration of the treaty on May 3, 1936. It had previously been arranged that the marines would be withdrawn not later than the end of next October. The existing treaty officials, the financial controllers, will be withdrawn almost immediately—as soon as the Haitian Assembly, which is now studying the project, and our Senate ratify it. Assuming ratification, there will be by November 1 no United States official in Haiti. The Stars and Stripes will have been hauled down from the barracks back of the Palais National in Port-au-Prince. Haiti will again be free, sovereign, and independent as it was for 111 years before our intervention.

There is even more. The National Bank of Haiti, since the time of our occupation a branch of the National City Bank of New York, is to be acquired by the Haitian government. This bank was an important factor in bringing about intervention. One of its vice-presidents in the second decade of this century, Roger L. Farnham, had long been active in Haiti and was president of the Haitian railroad whose claim against the Haitian government, together with the claim of the National City Bank, furnished the economic motivation for our intervention. Thereafter its role in Haiti was succinctly expressed in the title of one of the earlier *Nation* articles: "Government of, by, and for the National

City Bank." During sixteen years of occupation the National City was the bank of Charles E. Mitchell. Fifteen months ago Mr. Mitchell was succeeded by James H. Perkins, a change almost as important in its consequences to Haiti as the change of leadership in Washington. Mr. Perkins readily accepted the suggestion, made to him from private sources and approved by the Administration, that the bank be sold to the Haitian government.

The new treaty between the United States and Haiti is a short document which does little more than declare that the existing treaty is abrogated, and makes allusion to the new arrangement between the government of Haiti, the bank, and the bond-holders. The bank, which has long acted as the government's treasury and disbursing agent, will in addition to those functions take charge of the service on the loan. It will receive, as for the past sixteen years, the customs duties, henceforth to be collected under Haitian supervision, and will remit such sums as are due in interest and amortization to the holders of the bonds. The bank, incidentally, is being sold to Haiti at a reasonable price, only in part cash down. Until the balance is paid and the service of the debt completed, representatives of the bond-holders and of the present financial control in Haiti will constitute a majority on the bank's board of directors. But they have no power of compulsion. The arrangement is a private business contract. Haiti is simply on its honor to fulfil its obligations, and when these are discharged the directorate of the bank may be whatever the Haitian government at that time elects. The United States government's hands are off.

It is a highly satisfactory denouement. As far as the American participants in the negotiations are concerned, it is a creditable and generous one. The Administration at Washington has yielded more than was necessary. Mr. Perkins has asked a fair price for the bank, payable on easy terms. The bank has been making moderate profits in recent years, some of which are derived from the services rendered the Haitian government. If, under Haitian control, the bank can continue to be run as efficiently as it has been, these profits will accrue to Haiti, which incidentally ~~never~~ henceforth the cost of these charges.

For the first time in its relations with Haiti the United States has truly played the part of the "good neighbor." So this is not the occasion to dwell on the story of the eighteen years' occupation. Events have more than justified *The Nation's* attitude on the Haitian question. The adventure netted us nothing but ill-will and bitterness in Haiti, suspicion and distrust in Latin America. It cost the taxpayers of the United States ten times the amount which a few private American interests collected by intervention through the use of the United States Navy. It is doubtful that our occupation will have conferred any lasting benefit on the Haitians, though it is to be hoped that something of the fine impulse given to public health and sanitation by the navy medical corps will carry on. As for the well-trained constabulary, or army, intended for the preservation of law, order, and stability, one can only pray that it will not follow the disastrous course which a similar organization has taken in Santo Domingo and bids fair to take in Nicaragua—transformation into a dictator's instrument of oppression. But for the moment one may rejoice that the United States has abandoned the policy of force and is substituting the policy of fair dealing and good-will.

The Socialist Party Speaks Out

By SIDNEY HERTZBERG

IT has always been characteristic of the Socialist movement that it has been able to adjust its tactics to changing circumstances. These adjustments have not been notable for their timing, but neither have the conditions which necessitated them been easily recognizable. At its recent convention in Detroit the Socialist Party of the United States adjusted its tactics and prepared to meet eventualities which it had never before thought close enough to warrant consideration. It did not abandon any of its fundamental principles. It did not embrace communism. It did not direct its followers to throw up barricades and start shooting.

The new declaration of principles, which is the relevant document, was passed by the substantial margin of 10,822 to 6,512. The party was not "seized" by the left wing in the sense that anything was put over on it. Vigorous self-criticism had been going on in the Socialist Party for many months. The declaration was debated for two and one-half hours at the convention and was supported by Norman Thomas, Harry W. Laidler, James D. Graham, president of the Montana Federation of Labor, and the entire Wisconsin delegation, including Mayor Hoan of Milwaukee and Leo Krzycki, national chairman of the party and vice-president of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America. No one in his right mind has ever thought of calling these men irresponsible extremists. The declaration, perhaps with a few editorial changes to meet the particularly vicious criminal-syndicalism laws in some States, will be submitted to a referendum of all party members. A strong attempt will be made to defeat it, but the convention will probably be upheld.

What does the declaration contain? In the first place, whatever it says is said directly and forcefully. It has a provocative tone which reveals the state of mind of its authors. The first two-thirds consists of statements which are axiomatic with Socialists. The question of violence is disposed of in plain language: "In its struggle for a new society the Socialist Party seeks to obtain its objectives by peaceful and orderly means."

It then considers the role of the Socialist Party in times of catastrophe. Socialists will meet war "by massed war resistance, organized so far as practicable in a general strike of labor unions and professional groups in a united effort to make the waging of war a practical impossibility and to convert the capitalist war crisis into a victory for socialism."

In fighting fascism the Socialist Party will rely "on the organization of a disciplined labor movement," and "its methods may include a recourse to a general strike which will not merely serve as a defense against fascist counter-revolution but will carry the revolutionary struggle into the camp of the enemy." If this seems left wing, compare it with the following excerpts from a resolution on Socialism and Democracy submitted to the convention by the New York right wing: "Where reaction strives to destroy the democracy won by the workers, the Socialist Party will strive to effect an alliance of all working-class organizations and other allies opposed to reaction, mobilizing their united power in organized and disciplined resistance, including the stoppage

of industry if it appears that such action is required and the organized workers have sufficient unity of purpose to effect it." And: "The Socialist answer to open or covert attempts by a reactionary clique to destroy democracy is an open declaration of resistance by all means available to the working-class and other democratic elements of the population."

The declaration repeats: "If capitalism can be superseded by majority vote, the Socialist Party will rejoice." But, "if the crisis comes through denial of majority rights after the electorate has given us a mandate, we shall not hesitate to crush by our labor solidarity the reckless forces of reaction and to consolidate the socialist state." Furthermore, "If the capitalist system should collapse in a general chaos and confusion, which cannot permit of orderly procedure, the Socialist Party, whether or not in such a case it is a majority, will not shrink from the responsibility of organizing and maintaining a government under the workers' rule."

What the Socialist Party has done in this series of "if's" is to recognize the fact that thousands of its present and potential supporters want to know what the party will do if these subjunctives become declaratives. The inquiries are based not so much on the imminence of war or fascism in the United States as on the difficulties of European socialism in resisting these scourges. The American Socialists' answer is not an elaborate blueprint but a sketch of the course which, under similar circumstances, would seem most logical in view of the experiences of their comrades. They have indicated that they are aware of what, in retrospect, are socialism's errors in judgment, and they have promised to strengthen the obvious weapons of the working class and to apply them before they are destroyed unused.

In other words, a course which many Socialists, particularly in America, have always felt was implicit in their doctrine has now been made explicit. Objective world conditions seemed to necessitate such outspokenness in spite of the fact that American socialism is not now in a position to effectuate its program. If the Socialist Party of the United States has the body of a child and the mind of a man, it is because the child is forced to face an adult world. As a matter of fact, the question on which there will probably be most of the division among Socialists is not whether or not these new items are part of Socialist policy, but whether or not they should be put forward now or at any other time. Only the most inveterate and irreconcilable parliamentarists will maintain that the course outlined is not socialism.

These advanced sections of the declaration constitute, in effect, a "crisis program." They will reassure those who were beginning to doubt the integrity of the Socialist movement. But as yet they will play a small part in the day-to-day task of building a class-conscious labor movement. That job remains for the Socialist Party, and there is no magic formula in the declaration which will insure its instantaneous accomplishment.

Even where the declaration comes closest to sounding like communism, there is still a wide gap. The Socialists seek a peaceful change but they recognize that the ruling

class may pick other weapons in a crisis and that the time may come when adherence to capitalist legality will be neither advisable nor possible. They will abandon bourgeois democracy reluctantly and gingerly, if and when it seems necessary to do so. The essence of communism on the other hand is the inevitability of violent upheaval and of the revolutionary dictatorship of the proletariat. This basic difference, with all its implications, is too distinct to be obliterated by hysteria.

Along with this somewhat suppositional declaration of principles, the convention passed resolutions on labor unions, the NRA, and agriculture which indicated that the party had lost nothing of its realistic approach to problems of immediate importance. Party members who do organization work outside of the American Federation of Labor were instructed to make every effort to get their unions to affiliate with it. However, "where all efforts at affiliation have been exhausted, our members may recommend that the unions so formed remain independent." Industrial unionism and the eradication of undemocratic practices and race discrimination were reaffirmed. In order to carry out these policies, the various units of the party were instructed to coordinate the actions of their members in trade unions. While the labor resolution came from the Old Guard, the inclusion of the last point made it palatable to the militants.

The left-wing resolutions committee formulated a statement on the NRA which banished General Johnson and his works from the realms of socialism forever. Party members were even prohibited from serving on any NRA boards unless "expressly chosen by the workers and designated to represent them." The right wing won what it considered a vital point when a paragraph condemning the ideology, organiza-

tional set-up, and leadership of the A. F. of L. was eliminated from the resolution.

Particular care was taken in formulating the agricultural platform. In order to give the farmer security in the tenure of his farm the platform proposes use as the sole title to land. "Plantations worked by sharecroppers and day laborers must be taken over by the public," the platform reads, "and farmed by individual farmers who have use leases or by cooperatives of working farmers." One of the immediate demands was the stabilization of farm prices "in proportion to the products of industry."

A brief Congressional platform was adopted with practically no dissension. Instead of putting forward a list of legislative proposals, it states in part: "Pending the realization of our final objective, we pledge our party and our public officials to act upon such measures as come before them solely as they will secure for producers the products of their labor and free them from the exploitation of industry's private owners."

With the exception of James Oneal, editor of the *New Leader*, the right wing is not represented on the party's new national executive committee. However, a sharp distinction should be made between Oneal's position and the ultra-rightism of Louis Waldman. The strength of the right wing at the convention was concentrated among delegates from New York City, Pennsylvania, and California. With occasional exceptions the rest of the convention was on the left. Considering the fact that the proceedings were largely a struggle for power within the party, not only between right and left but also between some groups within the left, the convention ended on a surprisingly clear and a genuinely hopeful note, audible even above the discordant outcries of the right.

King Cotton and His Slaves

By J. CLARK WALDRON

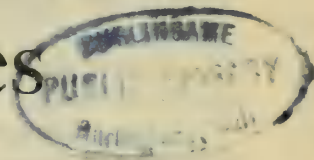
DRIVEN off the land, destitute, in rags, thousands of sharecroppers and tenant farmers are face to face with starvation in the cotton belt. These sharecroppers and their families are scattered over nine States. They are the victims of the AAA acreage-reduction program. Many thousands of them have no food or clothing and only the most meager shelter. While their plight becomes worse, Southern plantation owners are industriously imitating their Northern brothers, the industrialists, and are chiseling hard. There is every evidence that on many of the large plantations there will be as much cotton planted this year as last. The number of sharecroppers, however, is being reduced; in many instances sharecroppers who are given land are assigned plots that have been taken from others.

Those permitted to remain on the land and those driven off are virtually in the same desperate plight; the majority own nothing but the tattered clothes they wear. They are being crushed—blotted out. Their very existence is hanging in the balance. No "act of God," no cyclone, hurricane, earthquake, or other natural phenomenon could have made their condition more desperate or more pitiable. A trip into the cotton belt, which embraces some forty million acres of the richest land that man could want to yield him bountiful

crops, should convince anyone that here is the largest slum in the world.

As a newspaperman for more than eighteen years I have visited slums in many cities, and nowhere have I seen anything more appalling—not even the fringe of the Barbary Coast of old San Francisco, nor Halstead Street in Chicago—than these Southern slums of the Delta lands. They are taking toll in human life—which seems cheaper than ever now—and having tragic social consequences. They are the shame not alone of the South but of the civilization which scorns the lowly folk who live in them, and exploits their misery for profits. These slums of the cotton belt show rugged individualism at its worst.

The average sharecropper boasts a family of seven or eight. They live day in and day out on ground corn and water and a little grease, in a rickety, weather-beaten, unpainted house with many cracks for the wind, sand, and rain to pour through. The average sharecropper's house is made of boards nailed together; there is no plaster or wall paper. One, two, or three rooms—a bed, a table, a stove. That is all. In such a shelter winter is a nightmare. It is the exception to find magazines or newspapers in these homes; perhaps there is a Bible. The men have one pair of faded cover-



alls with many patches and the women frayed gingham garments. All the household possessions of the average sharecropper family living on five to twenty acres are worth not more than \$20, and often less. Perhaps there is one-third of an acre for a garden.

Spring comes and as the giant cypress trees turn green, the family hopefully looks to the soil, and the fields become ribboned furrows. Then comes planting time, when the family will be momentarily secure from hunger as it may then get "furnishings." It will be given a "doodle book" by the commissary. Then, often, lightning strikes—in the form of a notice to move. The owner wants the shack, wretched as it is, for his own purposes. Many thousands of families have received eviction notices this year.

One of these families is living in a corn crib near Tyrone, Arkansas. There were six in this family when it was "put off the land." Now there are seven. The youngest was born in the corn crib out in the middle of a plowed field. There was no doctor, although one did visit the family later. The family has lived on weeds from the field and some cornmeal cooked with water in an old stove retrieved from a dump. The roads in the back country are dotted with families driven from the land.

Here are a few investigated samples of sharecropper distress:

Frank Turney, twenty-eight, a former soldier, has no job and his family is homeless. They have nothing but the ragged clothes on their backs.

Mason Konig, of Parkin, Arkansas, is doubling up in a cabin with Henry Alexander. He will have a tiny garden for his family but that is all.

Thomas Jordan, also of Parkin, has three children who cannot go to school. His total earnings last year on fourteen acres of land amounted to \$127.50 and he paid 10 per cent for credit.

Claude Carmack, a veteran of the navy, has seven children. He is ill. He has no crop. The family is destitute.

Dan Hannely has been forced to move from Poulter's farm near Keiser, Arkansas, where he had sharecropped for twenty-nine years.

L. C. Brooks, of Wilson, Arkansas, has been told by his landlord to move unless he agrees to pay five-eighths of the year's crop. The usual sharecropper arrangement is half for himself and half for the landlord, but owing to the scarcity of land under the acreage-reduction program many landlords are seeking a larger share of the crop.

P. M. Barton, another Arkansas sharecropper, evicted without a settlement by his landlord, says he was told, "This gun is what we settle with."

Jim Williams of Keiser is on the road with five children. He and his family are penniless.

One deputy sheriff in northern Arkansas has served seventeen eviction notices on sharecroppers.

"Conditions are so bad that they can't be described," said Sterling Bright, who was put off the land in Cross County. "The owners are getting all they can get from the land. There will be as much cotton as ever. One of the worst offenders is Twist Brothers, who have about seventy-five sections of land. They have pushed the white sharecroppers off the land and substituted day colored labor at fifty cents a day. That frees the land so far as Twist Brothers are concerned. Negroes are brought in from the South

to take the places of the white families. They have nothing to live on. All they could buy when they had crops was beans, salt meat, potatoes, flour, and coffee. Now they are starving and relief has been cut off."

Raymond Phelps, twenty-three, of Truman, Arkansas, is the support of his widowed mother and four other children who cannot go to school because they have neither clothes nor books. For six weeks the family got \$2.25 a week and then this relief stopped. The family has one pig and \$25 worth of furniture.

The writer recently witnessed a demonstration in Truman, Arkansas, by 150 men who threatened to take things into their own hands. Town officials quickly raised food for them. One man told the writer his family had had nothing but syrup to eat, and the two children had gone to school all that day with nothing to eat. Truman is known throughout Arkansas as a Singer Sewing Machine Company town.

Systematic investigation over a large area in Arkansas, Tennessee, and Mississippi has brought out the following facts about conditions:

1. Acreage allotments for some sharecroppers are being increased at the very time that others are being denied access to the land. This is in flagrant violation of the contract authorized by the government.

2. Large families are being discriminated against in favor of smaller ones.

3. Sharecropping is being displaced rapidly by day labor paid fifty to seventy-five cents a day.

4. "Furnishings," or supplies of food doled out by company commissaries at so much per head per family, are being cut to a minimum, in cases as low as \$2 per person per month, and some families have been refused such furnishings entirely.

5. In some cases there is evidence that cotton acreage is being increased instead of reduced.

6. Because of their widespread illiteracy many sharecroppers are taken advantage of and cheated. They are charged as much as twenty-five cents on the dollar for credit at commissaries and overcharged for the food they get as well. In many cases sharecroppers never get written statements from the plantation owners.

Many anti-social forces are at work:

1. Brutality is in evidence. The "nigger" is still a "damned nigger" in the riding boss's eyes, and the boss uses the whip he carries, sometimes on white sharecroppers. One educated Negro father left the plantations so his daughters would not have to suffer indignities at the hands of riding bosses.

2. The school systems in many places are breaking down. The consolidated schools are often controlled by the politicians and landowners.

3. Pellagra, malaria, rickets, and venereal diseases are prevalent and on the increase.

4. Child labor is used everywhere. Small children work in the fields chopping and picking cotton. Most sharecroppers never heard of Margaret Sanger. One physician interviewed said that the socialization of medicine is the only cure for disease on the plantations, and that at least 45 per cent of the so-called "shiftlessness" of white and Negro workers on the plantations is due to malnutrition and lack of education in public health.

These people who plow the ground, plant the cotton, nurture it, and pick the white fiber that goes into the clothes

of millions and into a thousand manufactured articles—including munitions of war—are crushed to the bottom of the pile. They are a challenge not only to social crusaders but to economists, for just to house them properly would put millions to work at once. Housed and fed they would become a mighty consuming power. On the lowest rung of the ladder, they not only arouse the sympathy of humanitarians, but they are Exhibit A of what has become of American prosperity. Cotton may be king, but these folk who produce it are certainly slaves.

In the Driftway

THIS is the vacation season, a time when everyone is popularly supposed to be contemplating—if he happens to be so fortunate as to be employed at all—a temporary release from work in the form of a vacation holiday. The Drifter never takes a vacation, partly, as his crueler acquaintances assure him, because he never works. But he has observed a good many other persons on holiday, and these observations have led him to believe that taking a vacation is about the hardest work done during the year.

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FIRST there are the family arguments, beginning in the early spring, about what to do with the holiday time this year. These take up a number of evenings, give rise to considerable acrimony, and generally end in a proposition that the family do the same thing it did the year before. As the holiday time approaches, the matter is complicated by the release from school of all the children, who clutter up the front parlor, fill the kitchen to overflowing, and make the house loud with their plans to fish, swim, play ball, all of which plans involve the purchase of costly equipment which their harassed parents could not afford without forgoing all other vacation plans. About a week before the gala day every member of the family is in a state of nervous hysteria, the house is filled with articles that must be taken along although they cannot possibly be packed in the available luggage, and it is discovered that nobody has the right clothes, there is no money to buy new ones, and accordingly mending, cleaning, and general refurbishing have to be included in the things that must be done before the fatal Saturday night of departure.

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THE Drifter would prefer to draw a veil over this heart-breaking scene. He would prefer not to mention the unfortunate train connections, the resort food, advertised as "fresh garden vegetables and new-laid eggs," but obviously coming from the pile of cans back of the kitchen door; he would like to forget the poison ivy, the mosquitoes, the painful sunburn, the fish that would not bite, the sun that would not shine, the wind that would not blow for the sailing party, the mildew in the tents, the frankfurters half cooked over an open fire, the hard, hard bed made by Mother Earth on the night when the family decided to sleep outdoors on the mountain top. Better to think of the blessed day when the holiday is over and everybody returns, to sleep the sleep of the completely exhausted in his own bed once more.

TIME was when "holiday" meant a release from work for the express purpose of worshipping God in some particular fashion. A later time came when it meant a festival, a cessation of one's regular activity for recreation and pleasure. What it means to countless persons now, the Drifter has tried to point out. The remedy would seem to be to keep on working quietly all summer, without mentioning the subject of vacations at all. Or possibly, if the breadwinner of the family was seen to be sitting idle in the living-room some Monday morning, when by all the rules he should be at work, no notice should be taken of the fact. If he presented himself at the noonday meal, he might be served unostentatiously, the children might be cautioned to speak in hushed whispers, and until the "holiday" period was over a kind of quarantine might be maintained in the house, as if in the presence of some highly contagious disease. All this may sound very desolate to those of a romantic nature, but the Drifter will guarantee sounder bodies and calmer minds to face a hard winter if some such substitute for the regular "vacation" is adopted.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Which Is the Greatest Crime?

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

In the *Chicago Tribune* of May 19 appeared a news item reporting that four election officials convicted of falsifying the returns of the election of November 8, 1932, had been sentenced by the judge to sixty days in jail. In contrast with this light punishment for a very grave offense, note what happened the same day in another Chicago court to six persons accused of "conspiring to assault police" in connection with a "relief-station riot." The same issue of the *Tribune* reports that all six were sentenced to one to five years in the penitentiary, plus fines of \$750 each. Five of these were Negroes, the sixth a twenty-three-year-old white girl, "said by the police to be a Communist."

It is far more disgraceful and dangerous to harbor "radical ideas" or engage in any vigorous protest against hardships than it is to steal elections. In the latter case even after a conviction (which is most unlikely) the offense is recognized as merely an incident in the game. Both sides do it, therefore no one is much shocked if some are caught at it.

Chicago's downtown streets have been littered for more than a year because no effort is made to prevent the distribution of cards and handbills advertising barber shops, tea rooms, et cetera. But one misguided youth on State Street passed out dodgers "expressing Communist views." The *Chicago Tribune* of May 25 reports his arrest and the infliction of a fine of \$50 and costs. It will take him far longer to work this out at the workhouse than the term of the election stealers.

Berwyn, Ill., May 28

C. H. COYLE

Militant Artists

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

Under the caption of "Education and Emergency Relief" our "established institutions" are getting away with some economic processes which would shame the Georgia peonage code.

There is a new form of dependency made popular by the depression. It is what we call "peonage" when Southern Bour-

bons are exposed, but what, in its home environment, is termed "vocational placement." This new form of peonage offers artists and teachers "board and room" as sole remuneration for expert services, including from one to five specialized branches. In view of these facts, it is no wonder that artists are becoming socially articulate, and are voicing protests against such slavery. The alternative to it is \$2.50 worth of weekly "relief," and rental checks of \$15 monthly.

Two militant platforms of vital importance to all artists have recently been launched by artists' organizations in New York City. These are the plan for a permanent municipal gallery and center by the Artists' Committee of Action, and resolutions and a code for an immediate and permanent government creative works' program by the Artists' Union. Both platforms are being supported by a growing membership of professional artists, as well as by advisory boards of other prominent persons.

New York, May 19

ROSA PRINGLE HECHT
ZOLTAN HECHT

Francesco Ruffini

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

Will you allow us to bring to the attention of the American public the great loss suffered by liberals throughout the world by the recent death of Senator Francesco Ruffini, leader of the now disbanded Italian Liberal Party? Senator Ruffini did not make of politics his first and chief calling. He was, and remained until the end, a great scholar, whose works on religious liberty, Jansenism, Cavour, and Manzoni won for him European renown. In 1914 he entered the Italian Senate, and from then on his place in Italian political life became more and more conspicuous. He was Minister of Public Instruction in 1916 and 1917, at the same time being responsible for the work of several civilian organizations which helped considerably toward making life less dreadful for the soldiers at the battle front.

When the fighting was over, Ruffini was among the first to recognize the necessity of constitutional reform if free political institutions were to survive in Italy. His proposals for the reform of the Senate were far-reaching, but not sufficient to stay the growing political unrest of the times. When Mussolini seized power in 1922, Ruffini went at once into opposition, and until 1929, at the head of the remnants of his party, he waged in the Senate a very courageous, if hopeless, fight against the growing Fascist despotism.

After 1929 it became impossible, even in the Senate, to voice any forceful opposition to Signor Mussolini's policies. Ruffini then gave up active political life, resuming with youthful zest his historical studies and his academic teaching. For over thirty years he had been professor of church history at the University of Turin. In 1931 the chair was taken away from him, after his refusal to take the oath of allegiance to the Fascist regime. Students gave him a touching farewell and many thousands of them will certainly long remember his brilliant lectures, his witty and humorous repartee, and his always amazing learning.

The dismissal forced him to give up his house and his splendid library in Turin. At seventy Francesco Ruffini retired alone to his house in the mountains. A little over a year later, on March 30, 1934, he died. He exemplified, at their best, the traditional characteristics of Italian liberalism. He was never partisan or unreasonable in his opposition to fascism, nor did he lend his ear to proposals of violent revolt. But he was sturdy and unflinching to the last in his defense of liberty and he never compromised. It is fitting, we believe, that American liberals should pay homage to his name.

New York, May 8

A GROUP OF ITALIAN LIBERALS

The Intelligent Traveler European Summer Schools

II

LAST year 155 summer schools were in session in 17 European countries. They proved popular with Americans, of whom they enrolled almost 2,000. Residence at a summer school is, of course, cheaper than travel. It affords the further advantages of intellectual stimulation, gained from serious endeavor, and of greater understanding of the national life, obtained by dwelling among the people.

The previous article discussed schools to be open this summer in England, France, and Germany. Particulars regarding summer-school sessions in all European countries may be obtained from the Institute of International Education, 2 West Forty-fifth Street, New York.

SOVIET RUSSIA

The First Moscow University offers summer courses in art and literature, education, economics, sociology, psychology, and aeronautics. Lectures run for about four weeks and are followed by two weeks of travel in the Soviet Union. Instruction is in English. Those attending the school are expected to spend six weeks in the Soviet Union, arriving July 17 or 19 and leaving August 27 or 29. Courses are \$20 each. A flat sum of \$184.80 covers living and travel expenses in the Soviet Union. The round trip to and from the Soviet Union may be arranged at a cost of \$216 for third-class accommodations. Address the Open Road, 56 West Forty-fifth Street, New York City.

ITALY

The Royal Italian University for Foreigners at Perugia offers courses in "advanced culture," language, phonetics, and grammar. The "culture" courses include lectures on modern Italy as well as on Etruscology, history of art, and history of Italian thought. The full period extends from July 1 through September, but students may register for short courses of twenty-seven days. The fee for attendance at all the courses in language and literature is \$13.09 for one month; \$17.46 for the full term. Fees in other departments are comparable. Accommodations and meals at a student hostel cost \$31.42 a month. Discounts are given to students at neighboring hotels and restaurants.

Under the general supervision of the Italian Inter-University Institute summer courses are offered at the universities of Rome, July 5 to August 29; Florence, July 14 to August 28; and Sienna, July 15 to September 2.

SPAIN

The Madrid summer sessions, established in 1912, have enrolled 3,000 foreign students since they were opened by the Centro Estudios Históricos. The courses are primarily for teachers of the Spanish language, but include lectures on Spanish literature. The total cost of attending the four weeks' session, exclusive of transportation, is estimated at between \$104 and \$139.

For the second year the University of Santander, on the Bay of Biscay, will run a summer session for foreigners during August. Spanish art, music, and literature are emphasized, and there are also language courses. The fee for each course is \$3.46. Accommodations with meals in the student halls, where Spanish students also live, cost as little as \$1.18 per day.

The University of Liverpool is conducting a summer school of Spanish at San Sebastian during the last three weeks in

August. The fee for the full course is \$24.56. Other expenses will aggregate about \$103.60.

POLAND

Study of the peasant arts of Central Europe has been organized by the International School of Art, which has enlisted eminent authorities in Poland, Hungary, Czecho-Slovakia, Rumania, and Austria to supervise itinerant courses. The work in each country is planned around the typical arts of the country. In Poland, for instance, from July 5 to 25, decorative arts and the technique of the woodcut are emphasized. The minimum price for this Polish course, inclusive of travel expenses and instruction, is \$350 from New York to New York. Lack of space makes it impossible to give corresponding data for the courses in Hungary, Czecho-Slovakia, Rumania, and Austria. Information may be obtained from Helen B. MacMillan, Executive Secretary, 127 East Fifty-fifth Street, New York.

AUSTRIA

Summer courses in art and music, with emphasis on teaching, are offered in Vienna by a distinguished faculty, indorsed by the Austro-American Institute of Education. They include European Folklore, School Music for Children, Doing Art Work with Children (an important course given by Franz Cizek), and courses in the German language. The first session is from June 19 to July 15. The fee is \$95, including board and lodging with a Viennese family. The Cizek course is \$20 extra. Certain courses in folklore will be repeated in Vienna from July 16 to 28 and at Oetz in the Tyrol from August 14 to 26. Fees are \$12 for each course.

The Elizabeth Duncan School at the Imperial Castle at Klessheim-Salzburg is attached to the project. The six weeks'

program there during the Salzburg Festival (July 28 to August 31) includes much work with folk songs and principles of music, as well as work in the folk dance and eurythmics. The fee is \$118, inclusive of board and lodging, excursions, and transportation from Vienna.

The rates for Italy and France as given above are based on the highest rate of exchange between January 1 and the present date. The rates for Austria, Poland, and Russia are quoted in dollars by the organizations offering the courses.

JOHN ROTHSCHILD

Contributors to This Issue

LINCOLN KIRSTEIN, one of the editors of *Hound and Horn*, is the author of a life of Fokine.

JOHN SCRIBNER is a reporter on a New York newspaper.

ERNEST GRUENING, formerly an editor of *The Nation* and more recently editor of the *New York Post*, has long had a special interest in Latin America.

J. CLARK WALDRON is a St. Louis newspaperman who has been investigating conditions on the Southern plantations.

HENRY HAZLITT, formerly an editor of *The Nation*, is now on the editorial staff of the *New York Times*.

ALLEN TATE is a poet and critic who lives in Tennessee.

JOHANNES STEEL is the pseudonym of a German Social Democrat now a refugee in the United States.

ROBERT J. GOLDWATER is at work on a study of primitivism in the fine arts.

3rd Printing!

SEX HABITS

A VITAL FACTOR IN WELL-BEING

By A. Buschke, M.D. and F. Jacobsohn, M.D.

Specializing Physicians to the Great Continental Rudolf-Virchow Hospital

Foreword by Gerard L. Moench, M.D.

Associate Professor of Gynecology, New York Post-graduate Hospital, Columbia University

SUBJECTS EMBRACED

THE SEX ORGANS (Male, Female)
SEX INTERCOURSE (Analysis, Nature, Methods, Frequency)
SEX DIFFICULTIES (Adjustment, Technique)
MARRIAGE (Sex Aspects, Instruction)
VALUE OF REGULAR SEX INTERCOURSE
SEX HYGIENE (Precautions, Directions)
THE SEX IMPULSE (Contrasted: in Men, in Women)
SEX VARIATION (Physical, Psychological)
VARYING SEX PRACTICES
SEXUAL SHORTCOMINGS (Impotence, Frigidity, Sterility, etc.)
SEX DANGERS (Coitus Interruptus, reservatus; etc.)
SEX ABNORMALITIES (Perversion, Sadism, Masochism, Fetishism, Exhibitionism, Homosexuality, Hermaphroditism, etc.)
REPRODUCTION, FERTILIZATION, HEREDITY, EUGENICS

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—*Medical Times (London)*

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Books and Films

What Determines Wages?

The Theory of Wages. By Paul H. Douglas. The Macmillan Company. \$5.

THE 1926 Hart, Schaffner, and Marx prize was awarded to Paul H. Douglas, professor of economics in the University of Chicago. Professor Douglas, however, asked to be granted further time to work on his subject, and his results appear at last in the present volume of 640 pages.

To the uninitiated it might seem that the question of how wages are determined is merely one among the scores of problems that economics is called upon to solve. In one sense this is true. Unfortunately, however (for the economist who has to do the work), it is impossible to treat wages in isolation from the rest of economic theory. An economist cannot have a sound theory of wages unless he has also a reasonably sound theory of value, of production, of interest, and of rent. Obviously, for example, we cannot know precisely what forces determine the share the laborer gets until we know also what forces determine the shares that capitalists, landowners, and managers get.

The problem of wages, in brief, is central in economic theory: it cannot be satisfactorily dealt with by mere "labor specialists," and it is one of the great merits of Professor Douglas's book that it recognizes this. The study of wages, seriously considered, is a herculean task, and Professor Douglas has not shrunk from bringing to it herculean industry. The thousand-odd volumes and articles listed in his bibliography comprise many more books on general theory and on collateral questions like population than books strictly on wages; and Professor Douglas appears to have at least dipped into nearly all of them. What is more, his greatest labors have not gone into mere problems of abstraction and deduction; they have gone into dredging and interpreting huge masses of statistics. His pages bristle with tables, charts, and mathematical equations. His study of "Real Wages in the United States (1890-1926)" has been the authoritative source book on its subject since its appearance in 1930. Here he makes further statistical studies of wages in other countries, of population, and of various correlations. Probably no one in the history of economics has brought more industry to his task than has Professor Douglas.

As readers of *The Nation* do not need to be told, Professor Douglas is a liberal; he has been a pioneer in the movement for unemployment insurance, and in 1932 he published a book urging the need for an American liberal-labor party. It is all the more significant, therefore, that his theory of wages is "orthodox." He adopts, in other words, not the bargaining or the exploitation theories popular among contemporary radicals, but the productivity theory. This holds that labor tends to receive in the long run the value that it specifically contributes to the total product it helps to create.

The classical economists did not hold this theory, but some of them, like Ricardo and James Mill, unconsciously contributed to its creation. It seems first to have received explicit recognition in the writings of the brilliant German economist Von Thünen in the early nineteenth century. It was rediscovered, and stated in its fullest, clearest, and architecturally its most beautiful form, by John Bates Clark—probably the greatest theoretician in the history of American economics—in "The Distribution of Wealth," published in 1901. No American economic book has been more roundly abused by radicals than this. This is partly because they lose sight of Clark's own qualifications, particularly his distinction between "static" and "dynamic" theory, and partly because Clark himself sometimes seems to forget the hypothetical assumptions on which his elaborate theoretical struc-

ture rests. Clark was certainly guilty of too much social complacency. He often fell into the assumption that if the productivity theory was correct, then existing wages in general, or the principles that determined them, were morally just—that labor got exactly what it was entitled to, and no less.

Professor Douglas examines the assumptions of the productivity theory with great care. Most of the criticisms of it he does not take very seriously. "No one who understands the productivity theory," he writes, "claims that it works with mathematical precision. It is enough if it is a broad and powerful tendency which brings wages into some degree of close conformity to it." Those, he asserts again, who have seen the degree of variance between real life and the assumptions of the productivity school, and who reject the theory because of this discrepancy, ignore the fact that "the assumptions do represent real tendencies which in the aggregate are probably more powerful than those of a conflicting nature." Professor Douglas's theory allows a place for "bargaining," properly understood, as any realistic theory of wages must, but he obviously regards it as a secondary rather than a primary force in determining the general level of wages.

What Professor Douglas does reject is any attempt to use the productivity theory as a moral vindication for the present system or existing wage payments:

The marginal productivity theory is in fact merely an explanation of the way in which wages and interest are determined in a competitive and capitalistic society. It is not an ethical justification of what distribution "ought" to be. Many of its advocates have done it a disservice by erecting it into a moral apology for things as they are and have thereby aroused an understandable emotional revulsion against its validity as an analysis of how things happen.

The theory, for example, does not throw any real light upon the question of the degree to which capital ought to be privately owned. While capital is "productive," it does not follow that the capitalist always is; capital would still be productive even if its ownership were changed. Nor does it follow that the uses to which capitalists put their incomes are on the whole socially the best. One may, Professor Douglas even maintains, "be a supporter of either socialism, communism, or individualism and still square one's social philosophy" with the productivity theory.

What are Professor Douglas's own contributions to our understanding of wages? Perhaps the greatest may prove in the end to be a contribution of method and example—his great care to analyze all the assumptions involved, to give them wherever possible explicit quantitative or mathematical statement, to subject them constantly to statistical tests, to alternate deduction and induction. Immediately, his contribution is twofold: he has given to the productivity theory the most extensive and most remarkable statistical confirmation it has yet received; and he has worked out the precise degree of elasticity of the demand for and the supply of labor—at least as they have existed over a long period.

For the first he finds that in the period from 1890 to 1922 approximately 75 per cent of the value of the manufacturing output of the United States could be attributed to labor. In that part of the period (1909-18) for which figures have been compiled, the National Bureau of Economic Research found that wages and salaries formed on the average 74 per cent of the total value added by manufacture. This would indicate a remarkable correspondence between labor's specific contribution and its compensation. A similar correspondence, though less close, is found to exist in the case of New South Wales.

The elasticity of the demand for labor Professor Douglas

finds to be between -3.0 and -4.0 . Stated in less technical language, this means that where unemployment is caused by a wage rate which is higher than marginal productivity, a reduction of 1 per cent in the rate of wages should normally lead to an increase of 3 or 4 per cent in the volume of employment, and hence to an increase in the total income of the workers of from 2 to 3 per cent. If wages are pushed up above the point of marginal productivity, the decrease in employment would normally be from three to four times as great as the increase in hourly rates, so that the total income of the working class would be reduced. This figure for the elasticity of the demand for labor, arrived at inductively by Professor Douglas, is almost exactly the same as that arrived at deductively by A. C. Pigou in "The Theory of Unemployment."

The conclusion has a very important practical bearing at the present moment. We still have more than 10,000,000 unemployed, an appalling total that represents only a negligible reduction from our unemployment at its highest figure in March of 1933. Following the general collapse in prices of about 40 per cent from 1929 to 1932, hourly wages rates on the average did not decline more than 20 to 30 per cent. Prices in general are still below their 1929 level, but hourly wage rates on the average, according to some careful calculations, are either at or above that level. This result is largely owing to the NRA, the wage provisions of which have been almost unanimously indorsed by liberals—whose criticism, indeed, has mainly been that the NRA has not raised hourly wage rates high enough. But may not the increase in hourly wage rates that has taken place under the NRA be one of the most important factors that have been helping to prolong and that may tend to perpetuate the huge unemployment? In spite of the high hourly wage rates, labor as a whole, as a result of part-time employment and unemployment, is getting only half of the total wages it received in 1926. Might not labor as a body be getting much more, and might there not be a healthier distribution of total wage payments, as well as a greater volume of social production, if hourly wage rates were somewhat lower in relation to the general price level than they now are? Is not depriving 10,000,000 men and women altogether of work and income too high a price to pay for a slight gain in hourly wage rates—assuming that the last has now become at least an important partial cause of the first? These are questions that candid and realistic liberals might begin to ask themselves.

HENRY HAZLITT

T. S. Stribling

Unfinished Cathedral. By T. S. Stribling. Doubleday, Doran and Company. \$2.50.

WITH "Unfinished Cathedral" Mr. Stribling brings to an end his three-volume series of novels about the South. "The Forge" dealt with the period before and through the Civil War; "The Store," which won a Pulitzer prize, presents the same group of characters, a little older and with the additions of a generation, in the era of Cleveland's Administration. And now the new novel brings these unhappy citizens of Florence, Alabama, to the boom days following the Great War. With the death of Colonel Miltiades Vaiden, the former overseer who rose by theft to the most eminent place in the town, the old order vanishes, no new order takes its place, and a prospect of unrelieved chaos opens up at the end of the story.

If Mr. Stribling is to be taken seriously as a novelist, the Southern trilogy is his sole claim to critical attention. Without exception the previous books, which have brought their author that sort of notoriety which is easily mistaken for fame, are inferior exercises in sensational journalism. It has been said that

they are serious indictments of the South, but it must be remembered that although "social conditions" in the South are possibly even more desperate and corrupt than Mr. Stribling's representation of them, his earlier books cannot in the long run be understood as indictments of anything but the inferior sensibility and imagination of the author. It is the fate of propagandists to be judged by the future not on the abstract statement of a thesis but on their merits as writers.

"Unfinished Cathedral" opens with Florence, Alabama, in the excitement of a real-estate boom after the Great War. Colonel Vaiden is master of the town. The "spiritual" expression of the boom is a large cathedral which when finished will be a modern community center with billiard rooms, handball courts, and shower baths. The Colonel contributes to the fund with the understanding that his nephew, Jerry Catlin, a preacher, will be employed as assistant minister; when the boom breaks, the Colonel loses nothing and is still able to support the cathedral, but Catlin, being secretly in love with the Colonel's young wife, wants to leave, and the Colonel withdraws his support. He starts to build a classical church in the old Southern style, but this "return to the past" is thwarted. As he stands under the unfinished portico, one of his former poor-white tenants throws a stick of dynamite at him; he is killed by a falling column.

In the meantime six Negro boys have been taken off a train and charged with raping a white girl. One of them turns out to be a grandson of the Colonel himself. He succeeds in removing the Negroes from the jail, where they are threatened by an organized lynching mob, thus saving his own blood. Before this episode Colonel Vaiden's daughter, aged seventeen and a student in the high school, goes to the first gathering of the mob with a boy who is a potential member of it. The Colonel is speaking against the lynching, and the mob taunts him with his ancient theft. The boy knocks down several of these taunters. The girl is impressed, and later that evening out of gratitude for the boy's "protection" she succumbs to him. She thinks little of it, but she does confess her undoing to one of her teachers, who is in love with her and who marries her when he learns that she is with child by the boy.

With the death of the Colonel and the marriage of his daughter the two main plots come to an end. It is a story every separate event of which, in its social and political aspect, is quite credible. The interconnection of these events in the actual experience of the characters is entirely incredible. Mr. Stribling has improved, as I shall indicate, in certain respects since an earlier book like "Teeftallow," but he is not, and he gives no evidence that he can ever become, a serious novelist. He is a writer of sensational melodrama. He takes certain external features of Southern life and uses them as the background of a clumsy, unmotivated plot. There are two aspects of this lack of motivation. The first is historical: the brutality of the Southern mob is presented as an instance of sheer perversity; it is a special quality of Southern mobs just because they are Southern. The second aspect is a defect of artistic insight: Mr. Stribling knows little about his people; he presents us with a clash of surfaces; and his chief moments of interest are invariably amorous passages or moments of conduct that can be referred to some sexual indiscretion. In all this trilogy one feels that Mr. Stribling mistakes the sexual life for the inner life of his characters, which he is, in a good Southern phrase, "smart enough" to expose.

There is in these novels no clearly understood social background; there is only a series of violent public events that are violently, that is to say, melodramatically, equated with the unmotivated action of his characters. If it were not for the early novels, in which the South is inherently wicked and the North inherently good, I should believe on the evidence of this last volume of the trilogy that Mr. Stribling is not a deliberate

propagandist seeking to sway the sympathies, or worse, of a Northern and Eastern audience. I should try to believe that like Theodore Dreiser in "An American Tragedy" Mr. Stribling is so overwhelmed by his subject that the social phase of it, in isolation, has little meaning; where Mr. Dreiser is inchoate, awkward, ungrammatical, and impressive, Mr. Stribling tries for a certain finish of performance, and succeeds in being cramped and illiterate. But in this last volume Mr. Stribling begins to doubt his old thesis: although the characters are constantly thinking about their social position—an obsession that allows the Negro only his fear and hatred of the white man—there is not that simple correlation of evil with the South that we find in "Birthright" and "Teefallow." Mr. Stribling actually lets a Southern school teacher refute an argument by a Northern lawyer! Nor is the Colonel killed by a poor white man whom he had cheated—the poor white had cheated him! This complication of plot, in which the propagandist's allegory begins to weaken, marks a great potential improvement in richness of subject.

Its net result at present is confusion; Mr. Stribling has finished up his trilogy by being neither novelist nor propagandist. His future is in doubt. A backward South is no longer a convenient thesis if the model of forwardness must be a distracted North. Mr. Stribling will have to try to become a novelist—a hard task for him. Perhaps future literary historians will marvel that people in the North wished to think so ill of the South that they gave to Mr. Stribling \$1,000 in the year 1933.

ALLEN TATE

"Somebody Always Tells"

The Berlin Diaries. Edited by Helmut Klotz. With a Foreword by Edgar Ansel Mowrer. William Morrow and Company. \$2.75.

MOWRER says in his foreword to this book, "Somebody always tells." Here it is General X who tells the inside story of one of the greatest betrayals in recent history; who tells in the matter-of-fact tone of a reliable Prussian officer reporting a military maneuver how a great people was sold and betrayed into the hands of a band of megalomaniacs, homosexuals, paranoiacs, criminals, lunatics, and card-sharps for the price of a few thousand acres of land in East Prussia.

Many of us are more or less familiar with the intrigues and bargainings which led up to the fall of the German Republic. We know something of the cabals, corruption, betrayals, and jealousies which were the dominant features in the German political situation in 1932 and 1933. But this book throws a new and terrible light on the callousness, selfishness, greed, and fear of the period, the corruption and perversion for which secrecy was bought by delivering Germany into the hands of political gangsters and sadists.

The account is in the form of a daily journal covering the period from May 30, 1932, when Chancellor Brüning was dismissed, to January 30, 1933, when Hitler was appointed Chancellor. Because it comes not from a radical or liberal but from an honest and fearless conservative, it is doubly impressive. From such a source it is particularly interesting to hear that the Reichswehr to a man hated "Hitler and his brown buggers," despised the President, and was prepared up to the day of Hitler's appointment to support with its arms any united front of the left which included Socialists and Communists. It is appalling to learn of the blindness and cowardice of the Social Democratic leaders who had been given to understand that the army was waiting for a signal from them.

The Papen coup, which swept Severing and Braun out of

office, caused a reaction in this Reichswehr general which he expressed as follows:

July 20, 1932. It is enough to make one weep. So this is all that Severing amounts to. This is Otto Braun, the Red Czar of Prussia. I'm sorry, sorry to the depths of my heart, for the faithful, only too faithful, rank and file behind these wretched "officers." It was worth while to see how they lined up in the streets and waited and waited for the word of command to release them, joyously prepared for any intervention. But the word remained unsaid. Their leaders were half dead with funk. The faith these men have squandered and the hopes they have destroyed today can never be made good again.

Consider the picture of "Severing, Braun, and Breitscheid deserting in the face of the enemy when having a good fighting chance," as this officer calls it, and the picture of Hindenburg calling Hitler a "criminal lunatic who isn't capable of being a postmaster-general" one day, and the next day considering his appointment to the Chancellorship because Hitler had invented an "agricultural program" which would save Hindenburg's fraudulently acquired estate in East Prussia from bankruptcy, and had pledged himself to suppress the East German relief scandal, in which the President was involved. Consider also the picture of Captain Röhm selling the proof of Göring's insanity to Schleicher and of Göring turning up a few hours later at the War Ministry with the offer to hand over proof of Röhm's immoral behavior if given a job; of Papen corrupting Hindenburg and knifing Brüning and his friend Schleicher in the back.

While sixty million people were praying in agony for deliverance and salvation from a crisis that was driving them to despair, their chosen as well as self-appointed leaders were only concerned with the loot to be got from office. Whether it was Thyssen or Schacht, Hindenburg or Papen, Severing or Braun, Hitler or Goebbels, nobody thought or spoke of anything except the loot.

I shudder to think what will happen when the German people learn, as they inevitably will, the infamous story of their betrayal. The Rhine and the Elbe will be red with the blood of the usurpers. This book should be given to every student, should be read and reread by thousands, so that the world may learn what happens when vested interests set out to abolish democracy.

JOHANNES STEEL

Professor Dewey on Art

Art as Experience. By John Dewey. Minton, Balch and Company. \$4.

IT is unfair to any aesthetics to treat it simply as the rounding out of a philosophic system. Only when an explanation of the arts is obviously unsatisfactory, having no correspondence with the objects and experiences it purports to interpret, have we a right to explain it in terms of concepts previously evolved by the philosopher, rather than in its own terms. Professor Dewey quite rightly does this with the systems of several of his predecessors in theory; I shall not attempt to do it with his own. This latest work does "round out his philosophy of experience," and those who know that philosophy will know what to expect. In the first chapters, with their characteristic titles—The Live Creature, The Live Creature and Ethereal Things, Having an Experience—they will find a brief, and an agreeably fluent, statement of Dewey's familiar position.

In accordance with his philosophy as a whole, Dewey is not writing upon the arts as finished products but upon the arts as the natural outcome of human experience as a whole. He wishes "to restore continuity between the refined and intensified forms

of experience that are works of art and the everyday events, doings, and sufferings that are universally recognized to constitute human experience." Thus the first three chapters quoted above deal with experience as a whole rather than with artistic experience. They emphasize the integral relation between man and his environment, and point out the elements of rhythm, attention, and partial satisfaction of impulses that characterize even the least aesthetic experience. And the later chapters do not neglect this connection. Though the artistic experience may differ qualitatively from others, this difference is ultimately a quantitative one, due to the complete harmony of all the parts, each supplementing the others, and the final completion within itself of the artistic experience, thus giving a total satisfaction where other experiences leave loose ends and unsatisfied impulses. Dewey speaks of an "internal equilibrium of impulses" found in the act of aesthetic perception; and of "the rhythm of expectancy and satisfaction" being "internally complete" in the work of art. He sees no opposition between form and subject matter; sees them, indeed, as external categories never found in the work of art itself, where they are always united in what, following Bradley, he calls substance. He points out, in contrast to Croce, that the artist's conception is never prior to but always in terms of his medium; and that the problem of the ugly in art is a non-existent one. The power of artistic expression is due neither to instantaneous revelation nor to pure technique; the artist differs from the rest of mankind only in his "capacity to work a vague idea and emotion over into terms of a definite medium."

Perhaps the chief fault of most aesthetic theory is its derivation from a limited body of artistic material. Few philosophers find time to know the arts extensively and intensively; Professor Dewey is a fortunate exception. His debt in this respect to Dr. Albert Barnes is evident in more than his dedication. It shows in his preponderant choice of illustration from the plastic arts, and in his selection of examples within these arts. With his particular tastes, such as his condemnation of the baroque, we need not quarrel. More serious are his praise of the recent extension of artistic subjects to all classes of material, without recognition of the inevitable splitting and limiting of the artist's audience, and his acceptance of Hulme's false division (copied from the German Worringer, who distorted the theory of Lipps) of the plastic arts into styles that imitate nature and those that abstract from it.

Dewey's condemnation of the metaphysical method in aesthetics, his agreement with I. A. Richards that beauty is not an entity to be explained but "simply a short term for certain valued qualities," and his use of "equilibrium" in a fashion almost identical with that of Richards to account for aesthetic satisfaction, raise the question of a certain inconclusive quality in Dewey's method. I think this arises in part from his objection to comprehensive definition of the terms he uses. (Experience and energy are cases in point.) We are left to gather the meaning of key words from their use in various contexts, a procedure which, though it doubtless avoids the "fallacy of definition" and the "tediousness of classification," makes for a certain vagueness in the reader's mind. But the inconclusiveness arises further from the fact that Dewey nowhere indicates explicitly the psychology that underlies his whole analysis. Certainly aesthetic discussion can go on at a different level from that of physiology, but only by careful definition of its terms at its own level, and failing this it must retreat to a "psychological" foundation. This Richards has seen, and his psychology, though admittedly somewhat fantastic, carries his method to its conclusion and furnishes a ground for discussion. Such a foundation is implicit in Dewey's whole treatment, and it would be helpful if he explicitly stated it. Without it, we are left with perhaps just what Professor Dewey wished to give us, a provocative and illuminating but inconclusive discussion of the arts.

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Shorter Notices

The Road Leads On. By Knut Hamsun. Translated from the Norwegian by Eugene Gay-Tifft. Coward-McCann. \$3.

This is the history, once more, of the people, high and low but essentially simple, of a sea village in Norway. Since "Growth of the Soil" Hamsun has given us several volumes about his own people. Perhaps because our own tempo of living and our own problems have changed, they have come to seem rather dull reading. Hamsun writes exceedingly well; his characters are well drawn. But life moves too slowly and too painlessly through his books to hold our interest. This novel is particularly concerned with the third generation of the paa Bua family—Gordon Tidemand, his mother, the man who is probably his father—with the Gipsy, and with August, the one man of decision in the town. The pages are flooded with characters: Aase, the witch woman; the doctor and Esther, his wife, inferior to him and never happy until his disfiguration makes her his equal; Marna and Gina; the postmaster whose nearsighted wife falls over the cliff; the many poor laborers, the many little shopkeepers, and the fifty-odd housewives who know all about each other. Life moves on, even death does not stop it, and always it moves gently. Finally August, the most important personality of the story, is carried to death by a sea of sheep which he tries to turn from a cliff edge. There is, perhaps, a symbol here: the sheep are the ordinary people, unthinking, superstitious, blind, while August, not very sensitive, is the most articulate and intelligent individual in the book.

The Tragic King: Richard III. By Philip Lindsay. Robert M. McBride and Company. \$3.

Mr. Lindsay is little more of a historian than Shakespeare was. He is of the same profession, indeed, being a writer of

scenarios. It is not surprising, then, that in his attempt to clear Richard III of the crimes Shakespeare has fastened forever upon him he should merely have gone to the other extreme and written another fable—this time with a courteous, long-suffering, sensitive, almost angelic king for hero. Relying upon the researches of Markham and Gairdner for the matter of his argument, he has added nothing but a dash of melodrama and a flourish of hysteria. His book is interesting, as any book about the end of the fifteenth century in England must be, but it should not pass as history.

The Great Lakes—St. Lawrence Deep Waterway to the Sea. By Tom Ireland. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$2.

The project to bring the Atlantic Ocean—so far as navigation goes—nearly 2,500 miles inland to the heart of the North American continent is one of the real, as contrasted with the trivial, issues of our time, and Mr. Ireland has assembled a factual story for those who wish to inform themselves on the subject. He writes as a friend of the project, but in no unfairly partisan temper, and his data should convince any open-minded reader that the waterway is not a sectional but a national undertaking, comparable in importance to the Panama Canal.

Verse. By Adelaide Crapsey. Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.

Adelaide Crapsey's signal accomplishment was her study of English metrics, a work which her long illness and early death prevented her from completing, but which, even in its unfinished form, is of great interest to the student of prosody because of its original approach. The body of her verse was slight, and the present volume adds only twenty lyrics, not all of them in finished form, to the poems we already have. Yet these verses show that her concern for technique was not an affair of the laboratory but a living thing, informing her least effort. Her main contribution to English verse was of course the cinquain, the five-line lyric which in its terseness and delicacy is the English equivalent of the Japanese hokku. It is curious to note that one of the new cinquains included here bears a note: "From the French, presumably itself a translation from the Japanese." The two versions of the cinquain beginning

Fresher

Than spring's new scents,

and a comparison of these with the familiar one entitled Snow, are of value to the amateur of verse. The little book as a whole is one to be treasured for the wistful courage that it expresses with so much distinction.

People at Work. By Frances Perkins. The John Day Company. \$2.50.

This book by the Secretary of Labor certainly gives a picture of Miss Perkins's mind, and perhaps reflects the ideals of the Administration with respect to labor policy. Aside from this, "People at Work" is a trifling affair. Miss Perkins is addicted to the anecdotal method, and her economic theory is of the simplest: purchasing power will be augmented by reducing hours and raising wages; a "surplus economy" lies to hand; what we need is "balanced rhythm" between production and consumption. Miss Perkins tends to mix moral with economic "laws," and to find a teleological pointing toward an ideal in American history; cooperation and association realized through democracy and culminating in the codes of the NRA. She has much to say about her favorite preoccupations—factory laws, workmen's compensation, unemployment insurance, and the like. But she achieves the genuine feat of remaining almost wholly silent on the trade-union movement, except to suggest, with reference to Section 7-a, that "collective bargaining [is] but the expression in industry of the simple device of sending a committee to protest or to petition, which many citizens . . . have practiced in regard to seeing the city authorities about better garbage disposal, protest-

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ing an unnecessary noise, demanding an improvement in the road . . ." In brief, the author of this book exhibits the obvious stigmata of the social-welfare worker, and is hopeful as to the ethical potentialities latent in profit-seeking business enterprise. Nevertheless, it is something of a step forward, after a Davis and a Doak, to find a Secretary of Labor who leans toward the position of Bismarckian state socialism or the stand of the Conservative and Liberal reformers who gave Great Britain its present labor laws. Miss Perkins, however, shows no signs of realizing that something more than welfare legislation, more than democratic idealism, more than good-will and brotherhood, and more even than a Department of Labor may be required to advance "the 'good life' for the working people in terms of the Good Job."

The Crows. By David McCord. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2.50.

This book introduces a fine lyric poet. Mr. McCord's individuality of imagery, phrase, and syntax is unmistakable. He has wit and intelligence. His work is completely genuine and very carefully wrought. He shows no strong influence either in his imagery or in his philosophy, which lies in an intelligent acceptance of such perfect moments as life gives. His lyrics have a fine impersonality and a quiet passion. The long narrative poem included, *A Bucket of Bees*, is a subtle interpretation of a childhood spent in the country, and of the break in that childhood when the city becomes home. The poet's exact portrayal of country beauty will win him many readers.

Films

Propaganda Once Again

BY far the most important event to be reported this week is the final release in this country of V. I. Pudovkin's greatest picture, "Mother," based on Maxim Gorki's novel of the 1905 revolution in Russia. A second view of this film at the Acme—it was shown before a private audience at the Film Forum a few seasons ago—leaves no doubt as to why it was suppressed for so long a time. Here is a film in which the distinction between propaganda and art seems to break down, in which the propaganda emerges inevitably out of the experience that is represented. Instead of being merely elocutionary, like so many recent Russian films, it is eloquent—in the best sense of expressing its meaning through such a complete realization of its materials that no statement is necessary. It persuades rather than convinces, which is equivalent to saying that it arouses and directs certain fundamental feelings in such a way that the mind of the spectator is carried along, like the river in the picture, to the intended conclusion. Its meaning cannot be separated or even distinguished from the fabric of the experience. It is implicit in the ramshackle backgrounds, in the expressions on the faces of the bosses and the workers, in the most casual gesture of the old mother, who innocently betrays her son to the police. In a word, it is communicated on the unconscious rather than on the conscious plane of the spectator's response, and for this reason alone the picture falls more clearly within the domain of art than that of propaganda. And since art is infinitely more subversive than the most devastatingly logical propaganda, the authorities were quite right in considering it more dangerous than any other sent over by the Soviet Republic. If it could by any chance be seen by as many people as will see "Little Man, What Now?" and "No Greater Glory," it would undoubtedly prove by its effects on the American consciousness its distinct superiority both as art and as propaganda.

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None of the recent products of the Soviet studios has presented anything like the same possibilities of danger, and one need not look very far for the reason. The difference between Pudovkin's early masterpiece and such films as "Ivan" and "Arsenal" is that while the former deals with events already completed in the past, corroborated, so to speak, by their historical actuality, the latter deal with events whose real termination lies in the future. In "Mother" Pudovkin's imagination was turned backward to an already realized past; in his sound-films it is turned toward the future—that future which tends always to become an abstraction no matter how many factories and power dams one builds for one's particular Utopia. Memory is still the mother of the muses, in the cinema as in other forms, and the artist is likely to produce better results when his orientation is backward to the real past than when it is forward to an ideal future.

Moreover, by his success in this early film Pudovkin himself contradicts his theory that the screen should endeavor to "depersonalize" its actors in order to make them more representative of the masses and mass movements. Theoretically, the objection is once again that we are moving from the concrete to the abstract, from that to which we can respond with our whole being to that to which we can respond only with our minds. But Pudovkin actually illustrates in the effectiveness of this film the superiority of the older method of bringing out the general theme in terms of the individual and the personal drama. Both Baranovskaya as the mother and Batalov as the son are too good actors not to contribute something of their own to the whole. This is not to detract in the least from the genius of the director: the acting in "Mother," like everything else, is a completely integrated element. Particularly admirable in this respect is the pictorial symbolism—that most tempting of pitfalls to the ambitious director. Here the symbol is never static,

applied, something outside the movement and structure of the whole. The river is, of course, a symbol—a progressive symbol of stagnation, disintegration, and release—but it is also causally related to the action of the story. To mention any single element in this film, therefore, is to be forced to discuss it as a whole. One covers everything perhaps by saying that it remains one of the half-dozen greatest claims to being considered seriously as an art that the screen has so far established.

"Little Man, What Now?" is also propaganda, and it has even certain elements of art, but there is not enough relationship between the two to make it effective as either one or the other. Based on Hans Fallada's popular novel about the vicissitudes of a small clerk in pre-Hitler Germany, it retains a vaguely Germanic background and many incidents from its original. Douglass Montgomery plays the unfortunate Hans Pinneberg and Margaret Sullavan his Lämmchen. Frank Borzage's direction is once again superior to the materials with which he has to deal. But the considerable slickness both of the acting and the direction does not save the film from being one of the most absurd affairs of the season. Obviously intended to cheer up the great film-going public during the present doldrums, it offers an altogether new solution for the world's social and economic problems—the love of a good woman and the charity of a whimsical old carpenter.

Because it represents the first attempt by Hollywood to make use of the materials of recent Irish history, "The Key" is more unfortunate than it might otherwise be. A stereotyped triangular situation is allowed to usurp whatever interest there might be in the background of the Irish revolution for screen purposes. There is no question where the bias lies: the British soldiers are uniformly noble and gentlemanly; the Irish rebels are little more than ruffians. This will probably settle the fate of the picture in many quarters.

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Contents

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS	715
EDITORIALS:	
Germany Decides Not to Pay	718
Let 'em Drink Pop	719
The Steel Strike Stalls	719
Good English	720
CARTOON: A GOOD WEEK. By LOW	721
ISSUES AND MEN. THE PRESIDENT AND THE DYING CONGRESS. By Oswald Garrison Villard	722
AMERICA ON THE WORK DOLE. By James Rorty	723
A BRITISH BULWARK AGAINST FASCISM. By Sydney R. Elliott	726
RUSSIA AND THE LEAGUE. By Louis Fischer	728
IS THE N. A. A. C. P. RETREATING? By Helen Boardman and Martha Gruening	730
IN THE DRIFTWAY. By the Drifter	733
CORRESPONDENCE	733
CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE	734
BOOKS:	
Ghosts. By Lizette Woodworth Reese	735
Hissing the Villain. By Joseph Wood Krutch	735
Return to Tragedy. By William Troy	735
Fair but Cloudy. By Carl Van Doren	736
Aesthetics and Agitation. By Anita Brenner	737
The Problem of Coal. By Powers Hapgood	738
Faint Hope in Darkness. By Ludwig Lewisohn	738
The Greek Past. By Edith Hamilton	739
Shorter Notices	740

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CONGRESS HAS ADJOURNED, only two days behind schedule, after depositing a huge frog-spawn of miscellaneous legislation on the President's desk. Without attempting detailed analysis, it may be said that in general Mr. Roosevelt got what he wanted—a little more in the case of the Frazier-Lemke-Long Farm Bankruptcy Act in behalf of which Huey Long staged a filibuster, and a good deal less in the Deficiency Bill which reduces the funds at the disposal of the President for relief purposes from an originally contemplated \$6,000,000,000 to \$3,716,000,000. The Copeland food-and-drug bill, the anti-lynching bill, and other more or less important bills were pigeon-holed; possibly the President wanted them, and possibly he is glad to have Congress take the onus of rejecting them. The Railway Brotherhoods crashed through at the last minute, and with Senator La Follette leading the assault, put through the Dill-Crosser amendment to the Railway Labor Act, written by Joseph B. Eastman, Federal Coordinator of Railroads. It spikes company unionism, sets up the principle of majority representation—in effect the closed shop—and establishes a National Mediation Board of three. A “new deal” for the Indians was passed in the form of the Wheeler-Howard bill, which sets up a \$10,000,000 revolving fund for loans to Indian tribes, provides an annual \$2,000,000 for the purchase of

land and water rights, and permits Indians to enter the Indian service. In the face of blunt warnings by Senator La Follette that business is apparently sliding into another slump, the Senate limited to \$500,000,000 the funds which the President is empowered to take from RFC balances and expend for relief purposes. Harry L. Hopkins, Federal Relief Administrator, issued a statement estimating the total which might be required for all federal relief needs at “something over \$1,000,000,000.” The figures presented elsewhere in this issue convict Mr. Hopkins of optimism or worse.

REEMPLOYMENT, chiefly through the National Housing Act, is obviously what the Administration is counting on. As passed, the housing measure embodies practically everything that competent architects and city planners didn't want and little that they did want. It retains, uses, and aids with government subsidies the whole ramified complex of real estate, banking, and speculative building interests. It is designed to pour profits into the pockets of the beneficiaries of the lumber and other building-materials codes, under which prices have been raised in some cases as high as 250 per cent. Federal home-renovation loans are limited to \$200,000,000. Mr. Hopkins is apparently in line for the post of National Housing Administrator, and he will doubtless make the best of a very bad business. The Frazier-Lemke Farm Bankruptcy Act, about which the President is reported to be dubious, establishes what is in effect a six-year partial moratorium on farm mortgages. Extension of time is granted to distressed farmers for payment of existing debts and mortgages; meanwhile they are permitted to retain possession of their property, under control of the courts, during the period of adjustment. Both House and Senate adjourned in a state of acute brain-fag and bewilderment. With minor revolts, on the whole, Congress executed another act of faith in the President and then went home, somewhat apprehensively, to ask, “How am I doing?”

THE REBUFF given Secretary Hull's suggestion of partial payment in kind on the war debts should make it evident, even to Congress, that the opportunity for collecting a substantial portion of these obligations has passed. Judging by the unanimity with which the proposal was rejected, Europe has at last lost patience with the United States for continually shutting its eyes to economic realities. For despite our belated recognition of the existence of a transfer problem, there is little indication either in the form of Secretary Hull's suggestion or in the official comments on it of a genuine desire to lighten the debtor's burden. No explanation has been given as to how such payments in kind might be made. If the United States merely meant that it was willing to accept a part of the \$86,000,000 owed by Britain on the June instalment in the form of rubber, tin, or whisky instead of gold, it is obvious that the debtor would receive no benefit whatsoever. The British treasury would have to raise precisely as many pounds as before in order to discharge its debt, and the effect on the international exchange

would be unaltered. Private American business interests would purchase their supplies of these commodities from the government instead of directly from the British exporter, and England would have so many fewer dollars to expend on American products. Only in case the United States agreed to receive payment in goods that would not otherwise be purchased abroad would the transfer problem be surmounted. Under a system of private enterprise this could be most effectively done by lowering tariffs on goods from the debtor countries, but with Mr. Hearst standing guard this is unlikely to be achieved since even the most ingenious form of payment would conflict with the real or supposed interest of some American economic group.

THE ISSUE AT STAKE, however, is not confined to war debts alone. George N. Peek, special adviser to the President on foreign trade, has shown that the United States has lost approximately twenty-three billion dollars since 1914 by refusing to adjust its commercial policy so as to receive payments on our foreign investments, public and private. This loss, unlike that recently estimated for the depression, does not exist chiefly on paper. It represents real goods and services, the product of American labor shipped abroad, for which we have received no compensating return. Put in simplest terms, this means that for the past twenty years the citizens of the United States have suffered an average per capita reduction of \$10 annually in their standard of living in order that we might pursue an anachronistic tariff policy. If this amount were required as tribute to a foreign potentate, our patriotic societies would rend the air with demands for relief from such an intolerable burden. But as a sacrifice to the golden calves of protectionism, it has been accepted without a murmur.

THERE IS MATERIAL for a distinguished symposium to be entitled, possibly, "On Our Way Out," in the letters of resignation written by departing New Dealers. That of W. O. Thompson resigning from the National Recovery Review Board is the latest and one of the most interesting. It reveals that Mr. Thompson rather than Mr. Darrow was the highly articulate militant who wrote the sensational supplement to the first report, recommending government ownership of basic industries. Under fire from General Johnson, Donald Richberg, the Labor Advisory Board, and other Administration defenders, the Review Board backed water in its second report, and approved the new NRA price-fixing policy. Mr. Thompson says that this second report was issued "without my knowledge and without my signature." In his letter of resignation Mr. Thompson points out that despite the exposure of the NRA's monopoly-fostering policies, General Johnson has no idea of changing these policies as they are written into existing codes, although they entail the progressive extinction of small business and the oppression of the consumer through price rises. Reiterating his conviction that the development of the NRA reveals "day by day a marked trend toward fascism in the United States," Mr. Thompson concludes, "The only solution involves a change in class relationships. Only a government by the workers and farmers can plan production, produce goods for use and not for profit, eliminate poverty, and raise the standards of living of the entire population." General Johnson's comeback was even more violent than usual.

At NRA's birthday celebration at Charlestown, West Virginia, which was attended by 25,000 out-of-town miners, the General characterized the Review Board's report as "an openly avowed assault on our whole system in favor of the semi-barbaric atrocities of half-civilized Russia." Apparently the General was not alone in his choler. The New York *Times* report of the celebration says that the occasion was marred by several heat prostrations.

THE NATION cannot support the opinion of its old friend and one-time contributor, Heywood Broun, that the government of the United States should have refused admission to Ernst Franz Sedgwick Hanfstängl. Mr. Broun argues that the authorities have kept out for political reasons such comparatively innocuous persons as Emma Goldman, and that consistency demands that Hanfstängl, as an active member of a bloody dictatorship, should be no more gently treated. This position is logical but nothing more. Mr. Broun knows the answer. The government should never have shut out Emma Goldman or Michael Karolyi or the uncounted other dissenters of the left. By the same token it should not have shut out Ernst Hanfstängl and, having admitted him, it is bound to protect him from the chance of physical attack. But after asserting this, *The Nation* hastens to the support of Heywood Broun and all others, Harvard men or not, who are utilizing the occasion of Mr. Hanfstängl's visit to assure him of the depth of their dislike for him personally and their abhorrence of his government. There is no liberal principle which protects a man from being told that he is a scoundrel, or that he consorts with murderers and thieves, or that he is a disgrace to the university which shared in his education. These are simple facts and should be expounded to Harvard's Nazi guest. If this representative of tyranny and oppression is to have the run of the country and the Harvard Yard, the rest of us should at least assume the right to tell him what we think of him.

UNDERGROUND REPORTS from Germany indicate that all is not quite so well with the Nazi regime as Herr Hitler would like the world to believe. Advices from Strasbourg give the figures on the recent factory elections which were, it is alleged, so unfavorable to the National Socialists that they did not dare publish the results. By the well-known rules of the dictatorship game, only one set of candidates was put up to be voted on. The voters were as closely watched as usual. Yet, according to the International Relief Association, in the armament factory of Fritz Werner, Berlin-Marienfelde, which has 1,500 workers, 150 voted "no," 250 crossed out the list, 400 altered the list on the ballot, and only 700 actually voted for the candidates. The Trans-Atlantic Information Service reports that in the publishing house of Ullstein, Berlin, only 2,070 valid votes out of a total of 4,000 were cast, and that of 500 votes at the *Volkswohlversicherung* only 174 were in favor of the Nazi candidates. From the same source comes the news that at the Plinius factories near Berlin the workers refused to vote. In other plants in Berlin, the approximate percentage of Nazi votes was one-third of the total. At Glauerburg, near the German-Dutch frontier, 1,351 out of 2,300 workers at the textile works of Povel and Company took part in the elections, and only 700 Nazi votes were cast. The International Relief Association has received also one of the miniature

newspapers which is being so widely circulated in Germany, the first to be published by an underground trade union. It is a four-page paper, $3\frac{1}{4}$ by $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches, in the form of a photostatic glossy print so small it must be read under a magnifying glass. This, with such election returns as manage to seep out of the country, are gallant signs that the German people are still alive and struggling.

HITLER AND MUSSOLINI, meeting at Venice to the accompaniment of dazzling festivities and political rites, have agreed on a "virile peace" for Europe. This seems to involve Germany's return to Geneva—as soon as the principle of German equality in arms is accepted by the Powers—and Hitler's promise to give up Anschluss, this also to be contingent, however, on an agreement to hold early general elections in Austria. These terms are not yet explicit but they are assumed in the dispatches. Obviously, when the tumult and the shouting dies, it will appear that nothing has happened which is likely to relax the present desperate tensions in Europe. Elections in Austria, under present conditions, would probably establish Nazi control and thus make Austria a tail to Hitler's kite without any of the inconveniences of formal union. Nor is there any new reason to believe that France and its allies are more likely than they were before the recent meeting to accept a serious application of the principle of German equality. In fact France has already expressed its feeling about the reunion in Venice by voting an additional appropriation of three billion francs for defense and by sending M. Barthou to Bucharest to talk business with the foreign ministers of the countries of the Little Entente. In short, there seems to be no particular reason to hope for fair weather when dictators get together; instead the chance of even a virile peace grows daily smaller.

IT SEEMS LIKELY that the section of Illinois across the Mississippi from St. Louis will be the next "hot spot" on the industrial map. A month ago Norman Thomas was manhandled and imprisoned by Christian County deputy-sheriffs, and about the same time a dozen workers were jailed on charges of conspiracy to incite to riot and overthrow the government. Last week A. J. Muste, chairman of the Provisional Organizing Committee of the American Workers Party, was picked up on the same charge plus "vagrancy." At the hearing, the vagrancy charge was dismissed, but Muste and two others were bound over on \$5,000 bonds for the September Grand Jury. The charge is based on the Illinois treason statute adopted in 1919. George A. Hill, Illinois Attorney General, told a reporter for the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* that Muste and the others were imprisoned to show "the radical element in this county we have such a thing as law and order and to show the rank and file they have been misled." Under questioning by Muste's counsel, the officer who made the arrest said he had never heard of the Bill of Rights, didn't know who John Hancock was, and believed that the Constitution ought to be suspended in time of trouble. Incidentally, the immediate trouble is a strike in the plant of the Knapp-Monarch Company of Belleville. But there has been other trouble—the revolt of the Progressive miners against the rule of John Lewis, in which civil liberties were similarly abrogated. And there will be more, and more serious trouble unless Governor Horner, of the

State of Lincoln and John P. Altgeld, decides to take seriously the Illinois constitution, which is particularly explicit in its guaranties of free speech, security against unreasonable seizure, and the right of assembly.

ONE OF NRA'S shabbiest deals to labor was revealed recently with the publication of the canners' code, which went into effect on June 11. Ignoring the fact that practically all the industry's work is seasonal, the code exempts seasonal workers handling "perishable agricultural commodities" from its basic thirty-six-hour week; instead, the code has no hour limit for such workers at all, providing merely that women must be paid overtime. Ignoring the fact that no large canning factory is located in our largest cities, NRA has established wage differentials that will enable the industry to pay men 25 and $27\frac{1}{2}$ cents per hour and women 20 and $22\frac{1}{2}$ cents per hour for as many hours as it pleases. Breaking its own precedents, the code permits piece-time work at $7\frac{1}{2}$ cents an hour less than the minimum, for half the workers. Overtime need be paid for work only beyond the tenth hour daily, and the industry is permitted to work seven days a week. The code provides merely that a canner shall file notice of his need for any work-week beyond sixty hours; he will not have to wait for approval. The industry estimates that the code will increase the canner's price 4 cents per dozen cans of peas, 3 cents per dozen cans of corn and tomatoes, still more on other canned goods, and 1 cent per dozen cans generally speaking, because women will be paid overtime.

WONDERS, AS USUAL, scientific and therapeutic, studded reports of the annual session of the American Medical Association, just concluded in Cleveland. The awed layman read how a number of "anti-hormones" had been discovered, and that it was thought probable that each of those human accelerators, the hormones, had an anti-hormone brake to match. Dr. Oscar Riddle reported that the heart influenced the sympathetic nervous system only through "chemical intermediaries." Other research triumphs were unveiled, startling enough to make even Mr. Ripley gasp. First place, however, among the Medical Marvels of 1934 was easily won by the long-awaited official A.M.A. report on the socialization of medicine. The facts of the medical situation are simple and well known. The majority of the American population is without proper medical care. The majority of American doctors are at present not earning a decent living, and face an even more precarious future. Clearly, this malady of the body politic requires expert diagnosis, broad social vision, and immediate, drastic, expert treatment. Instead, the medical leadership, in convention assembled, turned a blind eye not merely upon proposed cures, but on the whole malady. This is by no means a harsh characterization of the "verdict" of the "judicial council" to the "house of delegates," issued to the public by Dr. Morris Fishbein in the form of "Ten Commandments." Prefaced by a resolution rapping sharply on the knuckles the American College of Surgeons, which had the day before had the temerity to issue a report mildly enunciating "principles on which plans for voluntary health insurance may be formulated," these pronouncements are in effect a command to the American public to pull in its neck and leave medicine to its sole owners and monopolists, the medical profession.

Germany Decides Not to Pay

WHEN the German revolution—and Hjalmar Schacht—were still young, the man who is now the President of the Reichsbank belonged to the left wing of the German Democratic Party, the only leftist bourgeois party in post-war Germany. "There can be no half-truths in politics," he was fond of quoting in those days. "One must be what one is, without compromise and reservation." Several years later he went over to the German Nationalists; the rising of Hitler's star soon found him in the National Socialist camp. But through all these political adjustments Herr Schacht has preserved an innate "radicalism." Certainly no other European Power in the last half century has dared to wipe out its obligations as summarily as has Germany under his guidance.

After four weeks of ineffectual negotiation and anxious waiting the Transfer Conference in Berlin abandoned its efforts with a gesture that might, they hoped, conceal the poverty of their accomplishments. Manifestly every proposition that could possibly be made by Germany's creditors hinged on her ability and willingness to pay. The delegates waited patiently for Mr. Schacht to submit a workable proposal. When it came at last on June 14, it was worse than even the most pessimistic among them had dared to envisage. What Herr Schacht offered was a six-months' moratorium on all foreign obligations including both the Young and the Dawes loans, a move that would save Germany in a single stroke 300,000,000 marks (\$120,000,000) in that half year on its private debts alone, outside of the Dawes and Young obligations.

The reader will recall that the Dawes and Young loans were floated in 1924 and 1930 respectively to enable Germany to refund certain of its reparations obligations to the Allied Powers. The Dawes bonds guarantee the loan issued under a plan proposed by a committee of international financiers of which Charles G. Dawes was chairman; the Young bonds a loan under a plan proposed by a similar committee six years later under Owen D. Young. These loans were guaranteed in this country by J. P. Morgan and Company. In Germany's defiant insistence on a moratorium on these loans, its tight grasp on its currency and its threat of industrial autarchy have become its chief financial armaments.

Recent official statements of Germany's financial and economic position have been cheerless indeed. At first it was generally assumed that this pessimism was dictated by German financial authorities with an eye to the Transfer Conference. To a certain extent this suspicion was probably justified, but it cannot be denied that economic conditions in the Reich are rapidly going from bad to worse and that the Reichsbank's reserves will soon be depleted. At the opening of the Creditors' Conference the "Institut für Konjunkturforschung" declared that pressure on Germany's trade, which still showed a favorable balance of 668 million marks in 1933, has been so tremendous that its final report would show an unfavorable balance of 140 million marks for the current year. This prognosis was skeptically received. But the truth puts these prophecies to shame. For the first four months of 1934 the passive balance of Germany's foreign

trade has grown to the staggering figure of 135.8 million marks, while her gold and exchange reserves have dropped to 3 per cent.

Should the months of May, June, and July bring the radical curtailment of imports the various emergency measures have decreed, the gravity of the economic crisis in the Reich will be sharply increased, even though its exports do not fall below the present figure of 300 million marks per month. In these three months Germany's industries will, however, have used up the largest part of their available reserves in foreign raw materials. To maintain production within the Reich under these circumstances and to continue the government's program of "job production" would become a hopeless undertaking. Yet both are essential if Germany's rearmament plans are to be carried out.

The Reich government will make an effort to place the nation on a basis of self-sufficiency. But it is clearly out of the question to satisfy even the most restricted demands of German industries for metals, textile fibers, oils, and other basic products. The substitution of other materials and the encouragement of a home production that would begin to satisfy national needs would involve enormous capital expenditures and would, under the most favorable conditions, merely supply the requirements of German industries for a few short months. As a measure of temporary relief such a step might conceivably have advantages. But meanwhile the country's finances, instead of permitting the continuation of a spurious semblance of returning prosperity—in effect an underwriting of armament expenditures by a further reduction in the standard of living of the masses—will necessarily experience further disintegration. How the present regime expects to meet this iron dilemma is hard to tell.

Apparently Great Britain and France have no intention of accepting the dictated moratorium. The former announces that it will impound German trade balances in England unless speedy satisfaction is given to British holders of Dawes and Young loans. France proposes a surtax on German goods to get funds to pay Germany's debts while Washington hopes to solve the problem by increased trade with the Reich. But that is precisely what Germany would like to accomplish. The *Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung* reminds German creditors that it lies with them to increase Germany's ability to pay. Such tactics are worthy of the Nazi regime which may attribute its present difficulties to the use of just such methods in dealing with other nations in the recent past.

From all of this the casual reader might surmise, hopefully, that the Hitler regime has reached the end of its rope. This would be premature, to say the least. The Nazi regime has reserves that will permit it to continue for many months without a collapse of its national economy. Despite his protests, Herr Schacht will have to consent to inflation of the mark as the only way out. Germany holds Russian notes amounting to about 600 million marks, on which it may realize. It further possesses 200 millions which did not appear on its balance sheets, as was proven in the Creditors' Conference. In an emergency it can also confiscate foreign bonds amounting to 1,500 millions held by private persons

in the Reich; financial transactions during the World War proved how simple it is for a determined government to meet such emergencies.

The National Socialist state is much more elastic than a state based on individual capitalist initiative. With the help of terroristic methods it can crush the standard of living of the masses to still lower levels. Increased terror will go hand in hand with the lowering of subsistence levels. German fascism has not reached the breaking point. But German labor is slowly awakening from the mad dream of National Socialist restoration. The middle class and the peasantry are restive and deeply dissatisfied. The tone of the Nationalists is becoming more and more acrimonious from day to day. Papen's speech last Sunday was a portentous event. Even Hitler's hirelings are beginning to think.

Let 'em Drink Pop

NEW YORK'S attempts to regulate the milk industry have thus far led to just one conclusion: something is wrong somewhere, certainly with the industry and probably also with the regulating authorities. When Charles H. Baldwin, the Commissioner of Agriculture and Markets, in whom the new power to fix the price of milk is vested, ordered the price raised from ten to eleven cents a quart for Grade B milk, Dr. John B. Rice, City Health Commissioner, and Miss Helen Hall, of the Henry Street Settlement, the only two consumer representatives on the advisory board of fifteen members, objected. There ensued a flurry of protests and injunctions against the raise, in which producers, big and small distributors, dealers, and consumers all vociferated mutually contradictory reasons against the increase. But the order went into effect, and metropolitan infants—and their families—are out of luck for the time being.

As to what is wrong with the industry and with the investigation on which Commissioner Baldwin based the increase, Miss Hall has pointed out that four recent AAA reports for Philadelphia, Boston, St. Louis, and Chicago revealed distributors' profits running as high as 38 per cent. At one time during the controversy a threat of a consumer strike coincided with a protest by the farmers, who stood to gain only five-eighths of a cent from the price raise, and who feared, with reason, that it would cause a decreased sale of fluid milk.

In the milk business, however, the strike is a dubious weapon for either the farmer or the consumer. If the New York farmer strikes, the distributor simply buys in another district. Even Wisconsin has offered to supply New York's milk. And as for the consumer striking, adults can do without milk but scarcely babies. Not that either adults or babies can afford milk at the eleven-cent price. Miss Hall's study showed that of 1,587 people in a ten-block region around the Henry Street Settlement, 40 per cent were unemployed and 54 per cent of those employed were earning less than \$15 a week. Some of these people were spending as much as 18 per cent of their income for milk—and then not getting enough for their proper needs. Increasing the price of milk means decreasing the consumption, boosting the infant-mortality rate, and incidentally helping to bankrupt the farmer.

Mayor LaGuardia has attempted to cut the Gordian

knot by negotiating an arrangement whereby some sixty city milk stations distribute milk to the needy at eight cents a quart. H. A. Cronk, president of the Borden Company, has stated that he is supplying eight-cent milk to the city at a loss, "through a desire to help welfare work." But in Chicago, after the earlier attempts to fix consumers' milk prices were abandoned, the price dropped from eleven cents to as low as six and one-half cents even though the price fixed by AAA continued to be paid the farmer. And New York consumers, even before the price increase, were paying more for their milk than Boston and Philadelphia consumers.

Miss Hall is right in suspecting that there is more financial water than milk in that difference of six and one-half to seven and one-half cents between the price the farmer gets and the price the city consumer pays. Congress has ordered an investigation of the milk industry by the Federal Trade Commission. If the exploited consumers can join with the farmers, who are victimized not merely by the distributors but also by some of the milk-marketing cooperatives who foist vicious contracts upon their members, it is not impossible that they may be able to drive through to a national solution of the milk problem. Mayor LaGuardia's experiment has suggested the form this solution ought to take: make milk distribution a public utility.

The Steel Strike Stalls

MR. GREEN, president of the American Federation of Labor, aided and abetted by the antique, docile Tighe leadership of the steel-workers' union, has had his way. For the time being, there will be no steel strike. No doubt this will distress those militant elements in the labor movement who are more concerned with strikes as an expression of revolutionary political temper than as strategic means toward the attainment of straight trade-union ends. Revolutionary implications aside, suspending the strike call was probably the sensible thing to do. The Amalgamated Association of Iron, Steel, and Tin Workers would undoubtedly have been beaten had matters progressed to a showdown. Surrounding circumstances were much less favorable to the success of a strike than they were in 1919. Another defeat like that of 1919, and the union might well have lost all the ground it had painfully regained during the course of the past year.

No doubt these were the considerations which weighed heavily with Messrs. Green and Tighe, and which the rank-and-file leaders of the union must also have taken into account. Briefly Mr. Green's proposal is as follows: The President is to appoint an impartial board of three with jurisdiction over labor disputes in the steel industry. This board is to call for and conduct elections of employee representatives for collective bargaining. Majority rule is to prevail. The employers are to be obliged to recognize the representatives elected by the majority in any plant and to confer with these representatives with a view toward consummating collective agreements.

If Mr. Green believes that the steel companies will accept this formula, he is incredibly innocent. For almost a year, the National Labor Board has been seeking to establish principles of industrial relations identical with those con-

tained in his mediation proposal. Not only has the board failed; it has failed because the anti-union employers again and again have refused to tolerate any procedure which would permit employees to choose between trade unions and company unions as their agents for collective bargaining. Moreover, the anti-union employers have been dead set against majority rule, ostensibly because it would shut out minorities and individuals from the benefits of Section 7-a, in fact, because they see in it the first steps toward union recognition and the closed shop.

In thorough accord with this attitude was the proposed draft of the iron-and-steel code submitted by the employing companies in July, 1933. Section 2, Article 4 stated: "The plants of this industry are open to capable workmen without regard to their membership or non-membership in any labor organization. The industry firmly believes that the unqualified maintenance of this principle is in the interests of their employees." From this affirmation in favor of the open shop, Section 2 went on to declare that employee representation (company unionism) was the device best suited to implement collective bargaining. And in Schedule C of the proposed code, there was outlined an elaborate plan for establishing company-union systems in every unit of the industry. Fortunately for organized labor, the NRA did not permit the inclusion of these provisions in the approved code.

Nevertheless, the iron-and-steel industry did not swerve from its objectives. Company unions modelled after the Bethlehem Steel plan (dating back to 1919) were established in virtually every steel mill in the country. Legally entrenched behind these company unions, the employers not only refused to recognize the Amalgamated, but declined to permit any elections other than elections of representatives under the company-union plan. The Weirton case became the symbol of this attitude, and the steel-strike threat was labor's reply.

The next move in the union's strategy will be to lay the mediation proposal before President Roosevelt and Secretary Perkins. It is doubtful that the union will be able to get much comfort out of the Administration. True, the President is now authorized to create an election board or boards. In the dying hours of Congress, a makeshift joint resolution giving him such power was rushed through both the Senate and the House. But the boards contemplated in this resolution will be sadly limited in their authority. They will be empowered to arrange for and carry out elections; that is all. The resolution says nothing about majority rule as against proportional representation (the underlying idea of the automobile labor settlement of March 25). It does not prescribe that the employer shall be in any way obligated to deal with the persons or organizations chosen at such elections. It is silent on the subject of agreement-making technique to follow upon the election of representatives. In sum, any election held under the auspices of such a board or boards would have a strictly symbolic value. Either the trade union or the employer would be free to say, "I told you so," and to gloat over the successful demonstration of prior claims. Beyond this, the elections will settle nothing. Instead they will prepare the path for exactly the same kinds of controversies which have harassed the National Labor Board since August, 1933. As with the automobile strike, the President, with the help of Mr. Green, has again deferred the issue. But sooner or later the steel strike is bound to come.

Good English

FOR no particular reason a good deal of publicity has been given to the announcement recently made by Princeton University that it will establish a clinic for undergraduate illiterates. Other universities are said to have something of the sort, and it is doubtless needed, but we should hate to have the job of establishing standards and we should like to know just how they will be arrived at. We have, of course, our own prejudices which we arbitrarily impose on defenseless contributors, but we know very well that they have no very solid backing. Certainly there are differences not to be reconciled between "authorities" like, for example, those accomplished Nice Nellies the late Brothers Fowler and the easy-going Professor Krapp. The only sensible way to use them is the way we always do: When attacking someone else's solecisms, refer to "The King's English" or "Modern English Usage" by the former; when defending oneself, reach confidently for the latter's "The Knowledge of English." The method is nearly infallible.

Of course the problem would receive a kind of solution if we could persuade ourselves to accept the ex-cathedra pronouncements of some properly elected pope. In the first place, however, we won't, and in the second place the result would probably be disaster if we did, for, as Professor Krapp points out, the British association which pleads eloquently for some authoritative body appointed to save from degradation "the language of Shakespeare" seems to forget that "the language of Shakespeare" was in a state of almost complete anarchy and would never have been as fine as it is if Shakespeare and his contemporaries had not exhibited a reckless disregard for such traditions as existed. Any solecism persisted in long enough by the proper persons becomes good English, and the most outlandish new formations are soon neutralized if they prove their usefulness. Swift was a good stylist who once drew up a list of recently introduced words which no decent writer would use. Among them were "attribute," "eccentric," "entity," and "idiosyncrasy." And of course many of the "Americanisms" which horrify the British are, like "sick" in the general sense of "ill," merely examples of our conservative tendency to use words in a way that has gone out of fashion in England. Fowler devotes a great many very difficult pages to the use of "shall," "will," "should," and "would," despite the fact that careful investigation has proved conclusively that the alleged distinctions have never been consistently maintained by good writers.

A few of the expressions which we all try to avoid are bad because they are not clear. On the whole, however, the conscious changes we make in our style of writing or speaking are motivated by one thing only: the desire to suggest that we belong to the group whose habit it is to speak or write in that certain way. Our purpose (perfectly legitimate) is to suggest that we have had a certain education, accept certain traditions, or frequent a certain society. And of course this is just as true when we consciously employ words or turns of speech which suggest the "masses" as it is when we try to be "Oxford," "Boston," or "upper class." The Princeton clinic may train its patients to write good Princeton English. It cannot, in any absolute sense, teach them to write good English, for no one knows what that is.

A Cartoon by LOW

THE SOUTH AMERICAN HELL

"NINETY-SEVEN... EIGHT... EIGHT-AND-A-HALF... NINE... YES, THAT
MAKES A ROUND 50,000 PROFIT WE'VE MADE THIS WEEK—NOT
COUNTING THAT FURTHER HEAP OF CORPSES OVER THERE...."

A GOOD WEEK.

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Issues and Men

The President and the Dying Congress

THE second round between President Roosevelt and the Congress is at an end and the honors are still with the Chief Executive. He has again shown extraordinary ability to lead and to direct. Without too obvious resort to politics or the use of undue pressure, he has played Congress with all the skill of the most expert fisherman with a trout on his hook. This has been the easier for him because of the enormous number of new offices created—some 80,000 more executive positions since the ending of the Hoover regime—and because of the incontestable fact that the bulk of the American people are still overwhelmingly behind the President; he remains for them their Rock of Faith. It would be idle to pretend that the President has achieved everything that he set out to accomplish. Congress has amended and altered his proposed legislation not a little and usually for the worse; and it scored heavily once in passing the Independent Offices Act over his veto. But when one looks at the session as a whole, one cannot withhold admiration of the President's tact, conciliatory power, and ability to lead. That Mr. Roosevelt was a good compromiser we all knew from his career as Governor of New York; his compromises during the last winter and spring have often grieved the onlooker; but at the same time it must be admitted that some of them, although their evil effects cannot yet be measured, have at least staved off wild inflation and a more dangerous remonetization of silver than we have actually witnessed.

It is hard to recall now the apprehension with which people watched the assembling of Congress. It was known to be largely inflationist and pro-silver, and its mood was reported to be distinctly dangerous. Could the President direct and lead it? Would this session show, like the last, that Congress had completely abdicated its constitutional power to originate, debate, and amend legislation and had become merely the slave of the White House? Or would it reassert its powers and refuse to be dictated to or to increase further the extraordinary authority already voted to the President? In other words, the country wished to know whether the parliamentary system was still intact or not; and if not, whether a complete dictatorship was at hand. Business men everywhere trembled, Wall Street shivered at the threat of a stiffened Securities Act, and the Stock Exchange was already preparing to ward off, if it could, the control bill which it well deserved. The investing public worried about whether it would not suffer further depreciation of such property as it still retained. Well, the session is at its end, the President has met the tremendous test of his leadership, and the parliamentary system remains intact.

It cannot, however, be said that the Congress itself has developed new strength and new leaders. The Republican opposition has been ridiculously feeble. When a party gets down to having such men as Senator Fess and Senator Robinson of Indiana as its chief spokesmen, it cannot expect to be considered either an intelligent or a forceful opposition. While it has rowed a great deal, and not without consider-

able justice, about our endangered liberties if the dictatorship should be permanent, it has been so wholly destitute of constructive alternatives as to be practically negligible. There are people in the East who really believe that there is a serious reaction against the President, not only in business circles but among the workers. Among the latter the feeling has some force in the Middle West because of the failure of the Administration to live up to the solemn pledge of Section 7-a of the National Industrial Recovery Act. But a flying trip to the South has convinced me anew that the President's prestige is not yet really shaken.

On the other hand, it cannot be alleged that the President has been much aided by the Democratic leadership. Joe Robinson remains anything but the ideal head of the party in the Senate. Much that is going on he does not understand; it is doubtful if he even realizes the orientation of the Roosevelt policies. Occasionally a man like Senator Costigan has come to the front and shown great intelligence and ability, but there are few such. The Progressives as a whole have done well, though the Johnson Act, which the President mistakenly signed, was a piece of petty pin-pricking of our Allied debtors unworthy of men who claim to be liberal and eager for a better world. Senator Costigan's handling of the sugar bill was a masterly performance and extraordinarily courageous, for he was vilified to an unbelievable degree by one of the worst exponents of gutter journalism that we have in the United States—the *Denver Post*. That some of the Democratic Congressmen will fall by the wayside in the coming election is plain. Quite a few were elected by very small majorities and still others as a result of exceptional circumstances, as in Minnesota, where the entire delegation was elected at large by the State as a whole and not in individual districts. Some of these men will be no loss; it is too early to tell whether new men in accord with the spirit and purposes of the New Deal will turn up in the next Congress.

One thing is certain: no man is more eager for the adjournment of Congress than the President. We may now look for a vigorous development of his more liberal, not to say radical, program. Of this his recent announcement that he will ask Congress next winter for a great scheme of social insurance against unemployment and to take care of the aged is a significant indication. There are those close to the President who declare that there will be no doubt this summer about whether he is turning to the left or becoming conservative. His action in suggesting such a new departure as federal civilian-pension legislation has in many quarters been written down as smart politics, intended not merely to prepare Congress for the next development of the New Deal but to influence the coming elections. Certainly it is good politics, but it is also something more; such a measure ought to be passed at once—was it not urged in the Bull Moose platform of Theodore Roosevelt in 1912?—in order to bring this country in its social legislation abreast of other great countries of the world. It will be wise leadership as well as

sound strategy if the President makes use of the next six months to prepare the public mind for his program of advanced social legislation, so that Congress will know the temper of the people as soon as it meets.

No survey of the ending session would be complete without a statement of the President's major blunders and of the points where he has yielded and the opportunities he has missed to strengthen the New Deal. His signing of the Vinson bill will either result in the initiation of an international naval race, or in forcing Japan and England into further limitation of fleets. It seems unbelievable, with all the suffering in the land, that nothing has been done to create an orderly and permanent system of administering relief for the unemployed and the poverty-stricken. America sorely needs an established system of public-welfare services coordinating the functions of municipal, State, and federal relief authorities. Although many towns and cities are without adequate banking facilities, nothing has been done to develop a government system of banks or even to throw open the present postal savings banks for unlimited deposits. Congress is adjourning without having provided an adequate housing plan or done anything whatever for our collapsing educational system. It has not stiffened Section 7-a of the Recovery Act, and the President has mistakenly abandoned the licensing system, which has just expired by limitation, although that gave him his great whip hand over the corporations of the country. The Administration has been powerless to insist that the great corporations which pledged their word to abide by the codes should live up to their agreements in their labor relations, with the result that the country and its recovery are being sorely beset by the innumerable and thoroughly justified strikes. The price practices which were

jeopardizing the whole NRA structure have now been partially ended, but the government has shrunk from taking the advanced position on unionization which was the logical outcome of Section 7-a and the whole code theory. Nor can the President escape just censure for permitting the emasculation of the Tugwell bill regulating the advertising and sale of medicines and food.

Finally, in the field of international relations both the President and Congress are entitled to great credit for the new Cuban treaty, with its repeal of the Platt Amendment which made impossible genuine Cuban independence and progress, and for including the Cuban sugar producers within the scope of the Costigan bill, which dealt otherwise only with American and Philippine sugar producers. The Philippine Independence Act, faulty as it is, is none the less a great step forward in granting that independence which the United States promised to the Philippines thirty-six years ago. The bill conferring additional, and possibly unconstitutional, powers upon the President to negotiate reciprocal tariff agreements substantially lowering American tariffs is a long deferred step toward getting at a chief cause of the world-wide economic disaster, while the Arms Embargo Act means an advance in international relations which may become a precedent of great importance. All in all this constitutes a record of achievement which, whatever the mistakes and shortcomings, proves that there is no need to despair of republican and parliamentary institutions in the United States.

Isabel Garrison Villard

America on the Work Dole

By JAMES RORTY

THE letters FERA—Federal Emergency Relief Administration—mark one of the trails which the New Deal has attempted to cut through the terrifying jungle of depression-demoralized America. Another trail, now abandoned, was marked CWA—Civil Works Administration. Others, on which construction is still in progress, are marked NRA, PWA, AAA, RFC, and so forth. One must remember that all these trails are detours—crude, bumpy, and expensive substitutes for the main traffic arteries which are marked variously Recovery Highway, Prosperity Street, and Business-as-Usual Boulevard.

For various reasons these main traffic arteries have become more or less impassable during the past five years. They are all private thoroughfares, theoretically kept in repair by the profit-motivated flow of the traffic itself—the more or less automatic exchange of services and goods under the “law” of supply and demand.

The New Deal accepted this theory and refrained from taking over these arteries, confining itself to regulating them and attempting to increase the traffic. To date it has not appreciably increased. Meanwhile, however, the traffic on the various detours has increased, to the alarm of the private owners who collect toll on the main highways. And now

the social workers, who were given the job of clearing that FERA trail, think it will be necessary to remove the letter “E” from the sign, making it FRA. In other words, they think it must become a permanent, if rather desolate, roadway. They think this will be necessary even if the President's latest proposals for unemployment, old-age, and health insurance are put into effect by the next Congress. They do not believe these measures will effectively reroute the traffic over the main arteries, which are overgrown with capital claims, blocked by tariffs, bogged by monopolies, and chipped by chiselers.

The image is inexact and inadequate, of course. But certainly the recognition by social workers that the “emergency” is permanent, that both private and public relief have broken down, that the States cannot or will not shoulder the continuing task of feeding, clothing, and housing their destitute citizens, and that the federal government must take over these responsibilities—surely this general recognition is one of the most significant developments which the American people are called upon to contemplate and measure.

At the National Conference of Social Work in Kansas City the FERA was the outstanding subject of discussion. In presenting his paper, “FERA—Yesterday, Today, and

Tomorrow," C. M. Bookman, past president of the conference, executive director of the Community Chest of Cincinnati, and for some months special assistant to the Relief Administration, said: "If we can drive toward a permanent set-up for handling relief and related problems, if we can secure more ample appropriations, and if we can prepare a more far-reaching program with permanent values to present to the next Congress, some progress will have been made."

Of the \$1,322,000,000 relief appropriation asked by the President in his May 15 recommendation, it appears that \$940,000,000 is intended for the Relief Administration, and this amount is supposed to last until the end of the next fiscal year. Mr. Bookman, in a postscript to his paper, gives the following indication of how far this appropriation is likely to stretch:

Should we estimate less than four and one-half million families as our relief load for some months ahead? At an average of \$30 per family per month, this would require an appropriation of \$135,000,000 per month for relief. In using \$30 per month per family I have placed the estimate beyond any relief program yet undertaken. Can an average of \$30, after four years of privation, furnish sufficient relief to provide any degree of safety to the individuals or to society? We are still thinking of relief in terms of a few months' emergency . . . I am pleading for a different approach to the whole problem of relief until industry actually absorbs the unemployed. "No one will be permitted to starve" is no longer an ethically sound or a socially safe program of relief.

Nor, one might add, is that "No one shall be permitted to starve" slogan an accurate expression of what actually has been happening in the administration of relief to date. If one looks at the FERA at the center one sees huge expenditures, an exceptionally liberal and on the whole courageous administrator in the person of Mr. Hopkins, and a devoted and hard-working staff. But as one moves to the periphery and observes the FERA in action, the picture changes.

I had occasion recently to observe an FERA strike in Meigs County, Ohio. The Unemployed League had pulled a 100 per cent strike on two local FERA projects, demanding the 50 cents an hour CWA scale and a minimum of \$15 a week. The strike was broken by the sheriff and a mob of seventy-five deputies who read the riot act to a meeting of strikers in front of the Pomeroy City Hall, and prevented the leaders from reading communications from Mr. Hopkins's office in reply to their protests. The leaders were jailed and the strike was temporarily broken. Arnold Johnson, secretary of the Ohio Unemployed League, and Louis Budenz, secretary of the American Workers' Party, who a week later was leading the picket line of the Auto-Lite strikers at Toledo, interviewed Judge Peoples of Pomeroy, before whom the Meigs County strikers were arraigned. "Who is this Hopkins?" demanded the learned judge. "He is the director of the Federal Emergency Relief Administration," was the reply. The Judge, who had denounced in court the "communistic" and "anarchistic" agitators who were disrupting the peace of Meigs County, wasn't satisfied. "Is Hopkins a member of the Unemployed League?" he asked.

Conditions in Meigs County are no worse than in many other parts of the country. But in Pomeroy, Meigs County, the local doctors weren't paid for relief calls for three months until they held a meeting and decided not to

answer any more such calls. Also, it was only the protests of the Unemployed League which stopped the distribution of moldy pork. The day the Unemployed League leaders were jailed, Jim Bowen, one of their members, died. Three months before, his wife had given birth to a child which died almost immediately because the mother had been undernourished during pregnancy; there were no sheets to change the bed on that occasion and there was nothing to eat in the house until the Unemployed League put pressure on the local authorities; there was still very little to eat in the house when Jim Bowen died. *And he lay dead in his bed for five days before the undertaker would move the body.* Again the Unemployed League had to supplement the inadequacies of local government; their members procured a burial plot, forced the undertaker to furnish transportation, and dug Jim Bowen's grave.

Any investigator traveling through Ohio or almost any other State will come back with his notebook full of similar macabre stories. In some parts of Ohio relief is down to a cent and a half per meal per person. That means that for dinner a family of six people divides a hamburger sandwich. Perhaps social workers have this sort of thing in mind when they apprehend that present standards of relief are not sufficient "to provide any degree of safety to the individuals or to society."

These peripheral episodes should be kept in mind in considering the totals of past, present, and contemplated relief budgets. They are huge, but as compared to the need of destitute and desperate people they are utterly inadequate.

HOW MUCH IS BEING SPENT?

Federal relief expenditures up to March 31, 1934, were as follows:

Original grant from RFC.....	\$300,000,000
Grants to States and territories—	
May 23, 1933, to March 31, 1934.....	453,091,626
General relief purposes.....	\$400,379,085
Transient relief	9,380,613
Self-help organizations	680,274
Educational program	7,092,154
Commodities	35,559,500
FERA funds transferred to CWA.....	88,910,000
Total	\$542,001,626
Funds available April 1 to June 30, 1934.....	107,998,374

Total to be spent May 23, 1933, to June 30, 1934

\$650,000,000

The \$107,998,374 is not enough to carry through to the end of this fiscal year. With the drought and other demands, other appropriations must be made. This is generally known. Moreover, there will be additional appropriations for housing and house rehabilitation.

Funds spent by the federal government represent about 60 per cent of those spent in the United States by local, State, and federal relief administrations. Between May 23 and December 31, 1933, the total expenditures were:

Local	State	Federal	Total
\$199,681,203..	\$111,969,959..	\$479,115,221..	\$790,766,384
25.2%.....	14.2%.....	60.6%.....	100.0%

Twenty-nine States receive more than 60.6 per cent. The States which in 1933 obtained the largest proportion of their relief funds from the federal government, with the per-

centage figures, are as follows: South Carolina, 99.7; Arkansas, 99.4; Louisiana, 97.9; Alabama, 97.4; Tennessee, 96.2; Mississippi, 99.0; Virginia, 95.4; Georgia, 95.1; Texas, 94.6; Kentucky, 94.5. The ten States whose federal appropriations formed the lowest percentage of the total sum expended for relief were New York, 42.7; Rhode Island, 36.7; Nebraska, 34.4; Delaware, 26.5; Vermont, 26.1; New Jersey, 24.0; Massachusetts, 18.1; Wyoming, 16.2; Maine, 15.7; Connecticut, 11.6.

The following States contributed nothing to the relief budget in 1933: Alabama, Arkansas, Florida, Idaho, Mississippi, Nebraska, North Carolina, North Dakota, South Dakota, Texas. In 1933 Georgia contributed to emergency relief the sum of \$4.95; Virginia, \$30.00; Kentucky, \$127.00. The following States contributed less than 5 per cent of the 1933 relief budget: Colorado, Idaho, Louisiana, Massachusetts, Minnesota, Missouri, Montana, Nevada, New Mexico, Oklahoma, Oregon, Tennessee, Vermont, West Virginia, Wisconsin. Some of these States, of course, have constitutional barriers to giving relief, and most relief is local.

HOW MUCH PER FAMILY?

For January, 1934, the average monthly relief benefit per family for the United States was \$16.77. In cities it was \$21.52 and in rural regions it was \$12.98. The average monthly relief benefits per family for ten high States as of January, 1934, were as follows: New York, \$32.16; Massachusetts, \$29.35; Maine, \$29.09; Delaware, \$26.24; Maryland, \$25.56; New Jersey, \$25.12; Illinois, \$22.45; Rhode Island, \$20.99; Minnesota, \$20.78; New Hampshire, \$19.64. In the relief spectrum the highest urban rates are as follows: New York, \$36.91; Massachusetts, \$31.81; Maryland, \$32.47; Illinois, \$30.18; Delaware, \$28.37. The average monthly relief benefits per family for ten low States as of January, 1934, were: Oklahoma, \$4.95; Colorado, \$5.70; South Carolina, \$6.13; Georgia, \$6.64; North Carolina, \$6.95; Texas, \$6.76; New Mexico, \$7.20; Alabama, \$7.94; Tennessee, \$8.66; Kansas, \$8.94. This means that the average family in New York gets each month \$32.16, whereas the rate in Oklahoma is \$4.95—about \$8.00 a week in New York and \$1.50 a week in Oklahoma.

This, in short, is how the local community, the State, and the federal government spends in the United States about \$60,000,000 for relief each month.

WHAT IS THE NEED?

The number of families receiving relief in the United States has ranged from 4,560,000 in March, 1933, to 2,998,000 in September, 1933; from 3,359,000 in November, 1933, to 2,485,000 in January, 1934. But the number of families reported is no index of the number of families in need. In March, 1933, it was relatively easy to get on relief. In some States it is easy now, because political fish are being fried. Every now and then there is a cleaning, when the number on relief is cut down through application of the means test, pauper's oath, or strict investigation. Many are crowded off the relief rolls by sheer competition among clients. Periodically the monthly relief allowance per family goes down, with the result that many families are forced off relief into the chiseling industries operating in violation of the NRA. They are glad to get into such industries, and conspire to protect their chiseling employers.

CHISELERS

It is time to say a word about these chiselers, and about employers in general, because many of them play a dual role. In Washington it is they and their lawyers who write low wage scales into the codes and strike out standards clauses. In the field it is usually they who run the State and local relief administrations. Former coal barons, steel magnates, utility executives, plantation owners, operators of large chain stores and department stores—these men and their lawyers decide how much relief shall be given, and where, and how.

While the CWA was operating, these local administrators conspired to cut wages wherever possible. Although the PWA wage scale had been accepted, and although the federal government paid the bill, still they drove as hard bargains with workers as if they were spending their own money. Because of such methods CWA workers have been pressing claims for back pay of over \$25,000,000. If all the just claims were paid, the sum would be easily twice that. When the stipulated scale for carpenters was \$1 an hour, these administrators issued orders that they would pay 60 cents and no more. If common labor was to receive 40 cents per hour, they kept the scale down to 30 cents an hour or less. Their point of view was simple, and frankly stated: they objected to raising the prevailing wage scale. Nothing must be permitted to happen that would raise the standard of living or stir up the people to want more.

In justice to Mr. Hopkins it must be said that he and his assistants have fought these fellows; the FERA has taken the position that it will not be a party to any move to lower wages. But the FERA has been frustrated wherever these leading citizens—Rotarians, Kiwanians, big-time and small-time employers and politicians—have had anything to do with the relief of the unemployed.

The old-line craft unions have also played a curious role in the drama. In some cities where initiation fees run from \$100 to \$300 and where dues are high, many men have had to submit to having as much as half of their relief earnings taken to pay union dues. As a result many craft-monopoly union men have gone into various left-wing or "rump" unions. Some of these outside unions are led by racketeers; others, led by honest workers, rarely get recognition.

BRASS HATS

Not all the relief administrators are business Babbitts. Some of them are military men, and a few of these, being honest and independent, have done a good job. Others, terrified by the "red menace," have played into the hands of the professional patriots. They pray for the reds to start something so that they can call out the boys with the bayonets and tear gas. They want a showdown, believing that a little discipline would be "good for the national morale."

What role do social workers play in the relief show? Many of them play a highly creditable one, regarding the victims of the depression as their clients and fighting their battles day in and day out. Others—far too many—carry over the attitudes derived from their past experience as employees of private relief agencies. Their job, they feel, is to stretch the relief dollar as far as it will go, and they are humbly respectful of their big-business bosses.

A final word must be said concerning the present status of the FERA and its Works Division. It combines the worst features of work relief and civil works. Under the new plan

a man is hired on the basis of need and certified for a certain budgetary allowance which varies in different States from a low of \$4.95 to a high of \$32.15 per month. He then sits down to wait for a job. When he gets one, he is paid the local rate for the kind of labor he does and works the necessary number of hours to meet his budget. But take a bricklayer in Oklahoma, where the prevailing union rate is \$1 an hour; he would work a fraction less than five hours a month to make his minimum budget. But the rules say a man must work not less than eighteen hours in any month. That means that the low-budget States cannot put relief clients, especially the skilled workers, on jobs.

MORALE

Today from all over the country come reports that the morale of relief clients is lower than ever before during the depression. What constitutes morale? Under such conditions, when relief workers and other workers strike and demonstrate, is their morale good or bad? What is the role

of the FERA in strikes? In justice to the FERA it must be admitted that it has fed strikers. It fed the striking seamen in Baltimore, where the government operates its own shelters for sailors. Elsewhere along the Atlantic seaboard government relief is distributed through private agencies; in New York alone there are about twenty such agencies, representing various nationalities and religions. These private agencies do not, as a rule, feed strikers; in fact, it has been charged that some of them serve in effect as strike-breaking agencies for the shipping companies. These private agencies joined the shipping companies in a roar of protest when the relief administration fed the Baltimore strikers.

FERA has also fed dock strikers in San Pedro and textile strikers in South Carolina and Tennessee. As the industrial conflict tightens, however, this policy will be under fire. It may be predicted with confidence that the "legality" or "illegality" of a given strike will become an issue, that the big industrialists will exert great pressure, and that if the FERA stands its ground it will be nothing short of a miracle.

A British Bulwark Against Fascism

By SYDNEY R. ELLIOTT

London, May 20

THE Whitsun Congress of the Cooperative Union of Great Britain records amazing increases in the membership of retail cooperative societies, new records in the wholesale trade of the Consumers' Cooperative Movement, and new advances by the Cooperative Party, the political mouthpiece of British cooperation. These gains have been made despite the fact that this is the fourth year of Britain's second great depression, and despite the most amazing press campaign of 1934—the attack launched on cooperation by Lord Beaverbrook, ex-concrete-combine king, ex-cabinet minister, and now syndicated-press peer.

For years, and especially in the years of depression, private business, big and small, has sought legislative action to cripple the cooperative movement. Behind such allegations as "the 'Co-ops' do not pay taxes"—allegations which prominent income-revenue officers and judges of the high courts have been at pains to deny—a bitter, ceaseless strife has been waged against this growing organization, which exists, avowedly, to reorganize trade and finance in the interest of consumers. The small shopkeeper, of course, has been the spearhead of this campaign. He has seen the new road transport take customers from the village store to the big town shops offering service at prices with which he cannot compete. He has seen the London stores steal his trade by the development of a mail-order business which converts the million-sale newspapers into shop windows and bargain counters. He has felt the pressure of branded-goods producers, of trusts and combines which, spending hundreds of thousands of pounds per annum in newspaper advertising, will not permit their fixed price systems to be upset by "free competition" or by the hole-and-corner salesmanship typical of a nation of shopkeepers. He has seen, too, his trade vanish before the penetrative power of chain stores. And of course he is ready to shout against anything or anybody, especially the local cooperative society.

The decaying British shopkeeper class—there are half a million of these "island pharisees"—stands in relation to the cooperative societies exactly where the middle-class Nordics of Central Europe stood in relation to the Jews. When Lord Beaverbrook, whose business and political association with the distributive combines is not denied, calls it to action, it responds with the same careless enthusiasm that characterized the German middle class beguiled by a chancellor who was the puppet of the steel masters. The trust, the price cartel, the combine, and the Federation of British Industries provide the real drive behind the present attack on British cooperation.

Why the attack? The answer may be given in a sentence: In its ninety years of life the Consumers' Cooperative Movement has achieved success. As a matter of historical fact, cooperation is a century-old movement. It sprang into vigorous life when, with the repeal of the Combination Act in 1799, the proletariat of Britain was forced from trade unions and industrial activity into economic endeavor. A Dr. William King of Brighton preached a gospel which still bears an authentic ring for reformers. "You are poor," he said in effect, "because you work for others and not for yourselves. True, you have not capital with which to employ yourselves. But you have purchasing power. Combine to purchase. Let the economies of combined buying accumulate as capital. Use that capital to establish your own workshop. So will you end the exploitation of labor, which arises from ignorance."

Before long what were called "union shops," on the King model, sprang up all over the country. They attracted the support of many revolutionary thinkers. Even Lady Byron sought solace in sustaining them while her faithless poet husband played Don Juan in Greece. Then they died before the political promise of Chartism and the grandiose schemes of Robert Owen.

But the lesson taught by the union shops was not lost, even on Robert Owen. "Price without profit" was the

phrase in which he dramatized their and his own high aims. Practical application of the principle of "price without profit" came in 1844 when twenty-eight cotton weavers of Rochdale began, through storekeeping, to change the face of Britain. These twenty-eight weavers had no doubt about their objective. It was to control the means of production, distribution, and exchange, of education and of government. They were in the King-Owen tradition. Their essential contribution to agitation for the new social order was a method by which the idea of "price without profit" could be popularized and rendered understandable by every man.

The method was dividend on purchases. Interest on capital was fixed—an important break with British finance, which imposes upon industry a legal obligation to sustain the overlordship of capital and pay shareholders as high rates of interest as possible. Ordinary market prices were charged for goods, since the cooperative movement was not then in the position it now occupies of dictating prices in certain markets. At the end of each accountancy period the dividend, or surplus, arising from trade was divided among members according to their purchases; in ratio, that is, to their loyalty to this method of trading.

Rochdale cooperation did not catch on like wildfire; it had none of the catch phrases with which reformers feed the furnace of social revolution. The hard-headed, thoughtful type of worker, however, appreciated the value of a system from which he could realize immediate, tangible benefits. So Rochdale cooperation spread. Societies selling bread and tea in back streets extended their field. They joined forces to carry on wholesale trade. As they organized and measured their markets—and this scientific measurement of the market is the secret of cooperation's economic success—they produced to supply these markets. Expansion revealed new needs, fresh opportunities. Cooperation entered the banking and insurance business. Slowly, almost unwillingly, cooperators recognized that many economic battles are fought on political fields. In 1917 they created, under the auspices of the Cooperative Union—the movement's legal and educational authority—a Cooperative Party now boasting a membership exceeding 4,000,000 and allied with, although not affiliated to, the Labor Party.

Note the results. There are today more than 7,000,000 cooperators in Great Britain; with their families they represent possibly one in three of the entire population. They do a wholesale and retail trade of nearly £350,000,000, financing it with a capital—not one penny of which is quoted on the Stock Exchange—of £220,000,000. Their Insurance Society has an annual premium income exceeding £5,000,000, and their bank a yearly turnover of £600,000,000.

The "Co-ops" are the biggest British millers. The flour produced in "Co-op" mills bakes one in four loaves of British bread. They are the biggest tea growers and distributors in the world, bringing much of their supply from their own tea gardens in India and Ceylon. They are the biggest soap manufacturers outside the gigantic Lever combine. They are steadily capturing, in their 10,000 retail shops, an increasing proportion of Britain's coal, meat, and milk trade. A score of governmental reports testify to their efficiency in distribution and production. Sixty per cent of the dividends—these "divis" are averaging £24,000,000—are retained to finance new enterprise; cooperation taps a source of capital free from money-market manipulation.

In matters pertaining to social welfare this movement of consumers has large achievements to its credit. It fostered the free library in Great Britain and was a pioneer in adult education. It has built convalescent homes, created cultural agencies, and developed contacts with the life of democracy at many points. Powerful propaganda agencies, like its own Women's Cooperative Guild, are assured of its support in promoting sex equality and an expansion of state and civic services. Ninety in every hundred of its 260,000 employees find membership in a trade union a condition of their employment. All enjoy conditions of labor far beyond the standards obtaining in private trade. In 1906, for example, the Cooperative Wholesale Society guaranteed its adult women workers a minimum wage of 17s. per week. This concession was a useful lever in the nation-wide campaign which won for women, in 1909, a minimum wage of 11s. 3d. per week by state regulation. The movement, too, has set the pace in raising food standards. It has shamed its more reputable competitors into describing accurately the nature and quality of packeted goods. Its example ended the custom of including the weight of the packet with the weight of tea.

The most vital fact of all, however, is this: The cooperative movement, in its control as in its ownership, is democratic. Every consumer-member, be his shareholding large or small, has one vote. Policy is directed by popularly elected boards of management. It is applied by officials who, if they are not so highly paid as similar executives in the capitalistic world, exercise more real leadership by virtue of an integrity and efficiency which mark them out as the potential civil service of a new economic democracy.

It was not an accident that the Nazis in Germany made the free functioning cooperative a first target for attack. It is not an accident that the invisible empire of big business which dominates Whitehall, having crippled British trade unionism and crushed the political Labor Party, has imposed penal taxation on cooperative societies. Millions of consumers, themselves mastering the intricacies of business, protecting their savings against stock-exchange jugglery, expanding the area of well-paid employment, and meeting and beating monopoly on the battlefield of trade, are a more serious menace to the dictatorship of finance than any number of bomb-throwing agitators. It is difficult to see fascism striking root in Britain if any considerable section of the population persists, as cooperative consumers have persisted, in changing the economic face of the country by wisely conceived, well-disciplined action.

To make the British cooperative movement more quickly responsive to a national mind and leadership is the immediate task of the movement's thinkers. Within the last twelve months they have established a National Cooperative Authority. It organized, in opposition to the Chamberlain cooperative tax, a protest petition signed by nearly 3,000,000 electors—the biggest petition presented to the Mother of Parliaments since Chartist days. It converted the press peers' campaign of abuse into a striking advertisement which sent cooperative trade and membership soaring. Now it is pressing forward boldly with proposals to unify cooperation, to make it a more aggressive price factor in the market, to strengthen its political voice, and to equip it with a virile national press.

Ten years hence Consumers' Cooperation in Britain may celebrate with its centenary the achievement of economic democracy at the center of a world empire.

Russia and the League

By LOUIS FISCHER

Moscow, June 4

I DISLIKE the idea of the Soviet Union in the League of Nations. The Bolsheviks are now ready to join a body which they always branded as a weapon of imperialism and as a capitalist instrument designed to strengthen capitalist domination. Its mandates they regarded as a fiction to mask colonial expansion. Its efforts at disarmament they derided as ineffective and as calculated to mislead real pacifists into believing that Geneva's debates would produce results. Yet today, when disarmament is dead and the subject under discussion is the doubtful possibility of regulating rearmament, Moscow smiles on this organization of Powers which obviously will not do collectively what they refuse to do individually. The League has either sanctioned violations of territorial sovereignty—Vilna, Upper Silesia—or collapsed helplessly in the face of them—Manchuria, Shanghai, Morocco, Turkey in 1921-22, Nicaragua. It has not solved one major political problem, and has mishandled even such relatively simple questions as opium, the white-slave traffic, and Liberia. It has served the national interests now of England, now of America, now of France, now of Italy; Litvinov often used it for purposes of disarmament propaganda; up to the present, however, it has not developed into an international corporation capable of removing the debris of one war or preventing another. Nevertheless, Moscow displays a new-born sympathy for it.

What has changed? Is the change wholly one of Bolshevik policy and mentality or is the international situation different?

Even in times as rich in historic events as the post-war period, Japan's occupation of Manchuria, beginning in September, 1931, and the emergence of a militantly nationalistic fascist Germany frankly bent on arming and expanding must be recorded as outstanding milestones in world affairs. If the Powers needed any encouragement to discard some small vestigial inhibitions against rearmament they found it in these two "might is right" developments. Both Japan and Germany had defied treaties and world public opinion, yet none could say them nay. Pro-armament interests welcomed this circumstance as an unanswerable argument, while a number of nations felt a justifiable fear lest Germany and Japan, fortified by a well-cultivated popular conviction that internal conditions required foreign expansion, would attack their neighbors. Politicians everywhere began to demand increases in national arms strength. The "Second World War" became a topic of daily discussion.

Historical analogies, however, are rarely perfect. Before 1914 all the big European Powers, as well as some of the minor ones and Japan, were interested in territorial conquest. Each country desired to extend its domains at the expense of an enemy or of an undeveloped area. Their secret treaties prove it. Today's international situation is not the same. A whole group of important European nations whose boundaries were fixed or recast by the Versailles peace treaty are committed to the maintenance of the status quo. They do not want to tamper with the map. The first World War

gave them as much as they can expect to possess. They are in a condition of complete or almost complete territorial saturation. These countries are France, Czecho-Slovakia, Poland, Yugoslavia, Rumania, and Belgium.

This French constellation must have peace because it fears that war will rob it of the benefits reaped from the Versailles treaty. It therefore always inclines to resist attempts upon the existing frontier structure. The Versailles peace is iniquitous, but none of its major injustices could be removed without war. Revision means war. For this reason the Soviet Union sides with the French group of states. The Soviet Union cannot possibly want war. It has everything to gain and nothing to lose from peace. It has plenty of territory, it believes in progress through intensive industrialization rather than through territorial aggrandizement, it is convinced that revolution must grow in national soil and cannot be carried by the sword, and it yearns for the greatest possible peaceful breathing-space in which to build socialism as a model for the proletariats of other nations. This Muscovite attitude prolongs the anti-war front from the Pyrenees to Vladivostok. It ends in Japan. It is broken by Germany.

Is it entirely accidental that the two countries whose temper is most anti-pacifist saw fit to secede from the League of Nations? The League was altogether unable to prevent Germany and Japan from doing what they wanted to do. Yet both considered the League an impediment, and retired from it. This fact neither strengthens the League nor modifies its character, for it is conceivable that Germany and Japan, both formally still members of the Geneva institution, may return to it without even a confession of guilt. And it would be the business of the League—even with Russia in its midst—to try to persuade Japan and Germany to become active members again. Meanwhile, nevertheless, their withdrawal makes it easier to argue in the Soviet Union for greater intimacy with the League.

But the chief reason for Moscow's readiness, in principle, to join the League is the French desire to enjoy Soviet co-operation at Geneva. The Soviet government needs French help. It is a fairly safe assertion that Japan is impressed by Russian military strength in the Far East and will hesitate to invade Siberia without an assurance that Poland or Germany or both will simultaneously attack the U. S. S. R. in the West. Although Poland is not exactly a vassal of France, France has considerable influence in Warsaw. France, moreover, can paralyze any German troop movement toward the East by threatening the Rhine and the Ruhr. If France, therefore, guarantees safety to Russia in the West, Russia is almost secure on the Pacific. France in large measure holds the key to the Soviet problem of war or peace.

France also needs Russia. In the Franco-German antagonism, which is of course France's chief concern, there are four "neutrals"—the United States, England, Italy, and the U. S. S. R.—who can determine whether there is to be another war. Some time ago Walter Lippmann suggested in

the New York *Herald Tribune* that the United States and England could keep out of the next war if they agreed in advance to do so. Apart from whether such neutrality would be feasible—and I doubt it—this is the best way of bringing on the next war. For if Germany, for instance, thought that she could meet France in single combat while America and Britain held aloof, she would certainly be much more inclined to start trouble than if she knew that England and the United States might support France. An Anglo-American neutrality compact would be the most potent force for hastening another conflict. There is good ground for the contention that if Germany had been definitely convinced in 1914 of England's readiness to fight at the side of France, the Kaiser would not have invaded Belgium. And if Germany had suspected that America would enter the war, peace might have come in 1917.

This being the case, France has endeavored ever since 1918 to persuade America and England to guarantee her security. Such a guaranty, if public, could reduce the likelihood of a European war to next to zero. But the United States refused in 1919 and has consistently refused since then. England gave France certain guaranties by signing the Locarno pacts in 1925 when there was not much likelihood of an early German offensive. But since the new phase of Germany's struggle for arms equality set in, Downing Street has not been as unsympathetic to German aims as Paris might have wished. England apparently proposes to retain her traditional role of arbiter between France and Germany. Standing on the fulcrum of the eternal Franco-German seesaw, the British government can press now with one foot, now with the other, in the hope of deciding which end of the beam shall be uppermost. It is a tenable thesis that England kept secret her pledge to rush to the aid of France until troops were actually marching on the Continent in 1914 so that the Germans would not be deterred from launching the adventure which, England hoped, would undermine her most dangerous rival and the strongest European Power. It is certainly arguable that Ramsay MacDonald and Sir John Simon are allowed to pursue a veiled pro-German policy because of the British wish to readjust the continental balance of power, which at present favors France. In any event, it is obvious to France, especially after Great Britain's recent refusal to guarantee the execution of a disarmament agreement which may some day be negotiated, that England is not prepared to guarantee French security. Nor is Italy, with her ambitions in Africa and the Balkans, prepared to do so. There remains the fourth "neutral," the Soviet Union.

Maxim Litvinov's love for pacts is well known, and he has recently been sounding foreign statesmen on the advisability of negotiating a series of pacts of mutual assistance by the terms of which France and her European friends and the Soviet Union, and also any other nations which wished to adhere, would promise their aid in case one of them was attacked. This may ultimately become the method of implementing the Kellogg Pact and a means of breathing life into the League Covenant's article on sanctions. The adoption by Russia's European neighbors and all the members of the Little Entente of Litvinov's famous definition of aggressor may now be regarded as a preliminary step toward such pacts of mutual assistance. Nevertheless, the matter is far from simple and no details have yet been disclosed. Will

France help the U. S. S. R. in case only of an attack by Japan? Does such a system of pacts involve Soviet approval of all of Europe's frontiers? How would the Soviet Union help France if she were attacked by Germany; would the Red Army march through Poland? France could definitely prevent a Western offensive against the U. S. S. R., but the U. S. S. R. has no common frontier with Germany. It has no common boundary even with Lithuania, which might be more sympathetic than Poland to the transit of Soviet troops into East Prussia. Nor could Soviet economic sanctions do Germany much harm. On the other hand, if Poland's ties with Germany grow closer, a French pledge to Moscow to block a Polish attack on the U. S. S. R. depreciates in value, whereas Russia's ability to hinder German-Polish military cooperation then acquires vital importance for France. But a Polish-German entente against France and the U. S. S. R. seems rather far-fetched at the moment.

All in all, Russia stands to gain more from these contemplated pacts of mutual assistance than France. It is probable, therefore, that although the pacts could very well be signed without Russia joining the League, France makes such adherence a condition of her acceptance of Litvinov's pacts. France, not unimpressed by Litvinov's performance at Geneva, desires Moscow's cooperation in the League to counterbalance the influence of England and Italy.

In bourgeois governments ministers often disagree, and there may be differences of opinion even among the leaders of the highly disciplined Bolshevik state. In 1926, when Germany was about to enter the League of Nations, Foreign Commissar Chicherin moved heaven and earth to prevent it. He unsuccessfully applied every manner of pressure on the Wilhelmstrasse because he was afraid that if Germany adhered to the League she would abandon her friendship with the U. S. S. R. and adopt a purely Western orientation which would isolate Russia. Stalin, however, entertained no such fears. He thought, on the contrary, that Germany's presence at Geneva would introduce a friend of Russia into councils that were actually anti-Soviet. This proved to be the case in 1927 when, after the British-Soviet diplomatic rupture following the Arcos raid, Sir Austen Chamberlain attempted at Geneva to organize a bloc against the Soviet Union. Stresemann resisted the effort and it failed.

Stalin, like Lenin in his time, believes in making use of "the contradictions among the capitalist Powers" to insure peace to the Soviet Union. In 1918, when the Allies offered help to the Red Army, Lenin voted in favor of the "receipt of support and arms from the Anglo-French imperialist brigands." Nowadays Soviet leaders are not so outspoken. But if friendship with France can keep the Soviets out of war and if such friendship requires Russia's adherence to the League, the Kremlin is ready to take that odium upon itself. Whether the Soviet government will join still remains in doubt, however. There are no constants in international politics, and the marked worsening of Anglo-French relations may be the beginning of their improvement—in which case Great Britain would conceivably try to dissuade France from accepting Litvinov's pacts of mutual assistance. And then, one supposes, the Soviets would not enter the League of Nations. Moreover, Poland and Spain may demand permanent seats on the League Council when Russia gets one. This and other factors may delay the admission of the U. S. S. R.

Is the N.A.A.C.P. Retreating?

By HELEN BOARDMAN and MARTHA GRUENING

A LITTLE more than a year ago Helen Boardman, writing in *The Nation* (March 8, 1933), summed up developments in the Crawford case up to that time as follows: "George Crawford's fate is still uncertain. Meanwhile another very grave issue is raised. Is the South learning a new and legal procedure?" This question has now been answered affirmatively, and the answer has raised a still more disturbing question: Has the South's best tool in establishing such a procedure been the N. A. A. C. P.?

To recapitulate briefly the facts of the case. On January 12, 1933, a Negro giving the name of Joseph Taylor was arrested in Boston on a charge of burglary. He was later identified by finger prints as George Crawford, under indictment in Virginia for the murder of Mrs. Agnes Boeing Ilsley and her maid, Mrs. Mina Buckner. The evidence against Crawford was purely circumstantial. The finger prints which tallied with those of "Taylor" in Boston were not found at the scene of the crime—none was ever found there—but were those taken when Crawford was arrested in Virginia some years before on a charge of larceny. He had been pardoned for saving the life of a prison official when the latter was attacked by another convict, and afterward he had worked for the prison doctor, who had obtained his pardon and who occupied the cottage on the Ilsley estate where the murder later occurred. Some months before the crime Crawford had disappeared, going to Boston with Mrs. Bertie de Neal, a colored woman who left her husband and children to accompany him. The murder was reported on January 13, 1932, by Mrs. Ilsley's brother, Paul Boeing. Boeing's story was that, contrary to his usual custom, he had slept the night before away from the cottage, staying in the big house to guard it from burglars, and that he had found the lifeless bodies of the two women when he came to the cottage for breakfast next morning. Immediately the hue and cry went up for Crawford. No other clue or possibility seems to have been seriously considered by the Virginia authorities, either then or later. No trace of Crawford was found, however, until his arrest as Taylor in Boston, just one year later. The State of Virginia then demanded his extradition. An alleged confession obtained from Crawford at this time by John Galleher, Prosecuting Attorney of Virginia, admitted Crawford's presence at the scene of the crime and in the company of the murderer, a Negro designated as "Charlie Johnson," but denied that Crawford had had any part in the actual killing. Crawford, however, absolutely denied making this confession and steadily refused to sign it.

At the extradition hearings held in Boston on February 7 and 8, 1933, Crawford was represented by two Massachusetts attorneys, J. Weston Allen, a former Attorney-General of the State, and Butler R. Wilson, a prominent colored attorney of Boston and president of the Boston branch of the N. A. A. C. P. They presented evidence to show that the "confession" had been obtained in violation of Crawford's constitutional rights and put Crawford himself on the stand to testify to the manner in which it was obtained. They also introduced evidence impeaching the credibility of the two

Negro witnesses who testified that they had seen Crawford in Middleburg, Virginia, on the day before the crime—one of these had a criminal record. Most important of all they put seven reputable witnesses on the stand to testify to Crawford's presence in Boston from September, 1931, to February, 1932. On February 18, however, Governor Ely granted the writ of extradition. On the same day Mr. Wilson applied for a writ of habeas corpus. This was granted by the late Judge Lowell, who delivered at the same time his now famous opinion that to return Crawford to Virginia would be to violate his constitutional rights, since Virginia excluded Negroes from her juries. This decision was appealed to the United States Circuit Court of Appeals, which reversed it. The United States Supreme Court refused to review this decision, and Crawford was accordingly returned to Virginia.

The amended plea in the habeas-corpus proceedings was based in part on an investigation made in Virginia by Charles Houston, vice-dean of the Law School of Howard University. After the extradition the case was in the hands of Mr. Houston, who was assisted by Leon A. Ransom, Edward Lovett, and James G. Tyson, all of Washington, D. C.

Members of the N. A. A. C. P. who were interested in the case naturally expected it to be handled along the lines of the defense initiated in Boston. Publicity and appeals for funds along these lines were sent out by the association throughout the summer. One such appeal, headed "Save George Crawford," stated that "careful and exhaustive investigation by the N. A. A. C. P. has established that Crawford was in Boston at the time Mrs. Ilsley and her maid were murdered in Virginia," and further that "victory means, first, snatching an innocent man from the electric chair, and, second, that States, like individuals, must come into court with clean hands—that States which violate the Negro's constitutional rights should not themselves have the right to demand the return of Negroes from States where they have sought asylum." We were deeply shocked therefore when on December 18 the newspapers announced not only that Crawford had been found guilty of the murder of Mrs. Ilsley and had received a life sentence, but that the defense had asked for this sentence on the ground that Crawford, if his life were spared, could identify the real murderer, Charlie Johnson, who would otherwise go unpunished, *since no one else could do so* (our italics). Our bewilderment grew still deeper when Walter White published in the January *Crisis* an article entitled George Crawford—Symbol, in which he hailed the verdict as "one of the most distinguished victories for justice to the Negro yet won." To many persons the case seemed, on the contrary, a smashing defeat. Crawford had been found guilty and had been sentenced by an all-white jury; Judge Lowell had died under the shadow of impeachment proceedings in Congress. His decision had been reversed by the circuit court, and the United States Supreme Court had refused to reconsider it. Where was the victory?

At the annual business meeting of the N. A. A. C. P. early in January, 1934, Walter White stated again that a

great victory had been won, that Crawford was indubitably guilty but had lied at first to his attorneys. In reply to a question from Martha Gruening as to just when and where Crawford had admitted his guilt, he replied that Crawford had confessed to Mr. Houston just before the trial in a private interview. The circumstances as explained by Mr. White were that shortly before the opening of the trial Mr. Houston had interviewed Bertie de Neal, Crawford's former sweetheart, in the jail where she was detained as a material witness for the prosecution. Though very reluctant to speak at first, under prompting from the sheriff she admitted that she knew that Crawford was in the vicinity of Middleburg the day before the crime was discovered. Mr. Houston had then returned to Crawford's cell and "confronted" him with Bertie de Neal's testimony and Crawford had broken down and confessed.

Helen Boardman then wrote Mr. White asking numerous specific questions about the defense, in particular about its failure to weigh the testimony of alibi and other favorable witnesses against the testimony of Bertie de Neal. To this Mr. White replied briefly, repeating his statement that Crawford had confessed "freely and fully" to his attorney. As this left nearly all her specific questions unanswered, she wrote again asking them more insistently. To this letter Mr. White replied that he would refer her letter to Mr. Houston. When a month went by without any further reply we were sufficiently troubled to bring the matter to the attention of the editors of *The Nation*.

Meanwhile Crawford was confined in the Henrico County jail and not in the penitentiary, where he is now serving two "consecutive" life sentences. On January 25 Mr. Houston wrote the clerk of the court in Leesburg that Crawford was anxious to be transferred to the penitentiary in Richmond, that he would not appeal, and that the time for filing a bill of exceptions had expired. Crawford was still in jail, however, when on February 10 a Negro newspaper, the Norfolk, Virginia, *Journal and Guide*, carried a leading article purporting to be an interview with him. In this interview he was reported to have said that he had been "framed." He also stated that he would not of his own free will plead guilty to the Buckner indictment, that he did not know Charlie Johnson, and could not identify him. Just two days later Crawford was brought to Leesburg to plead to the Buckner indictment, and pleaded guilty "of his own free will."

According to the *Loudon Times-Mirror* of February 15 this was what took place before the plea:

Judge Alexander, Galleher, and Houston were closeted in one of the jury rooms before sentence was passed and it was understood that the purported interview was discussed. *Houston had previously made it clear that he regarded Crawford as an unreliable client and was ready to wash his hands of the case. Houston asked the court to state to Crawford that one of the conditions of the sentence was that he aid the State in running down Johnson.* [Italics ours.]

This statement is borne out not only by the stenographic transcript of the pleading but by a letter written by Mr. Houston to the *Journal and Guide* which appeared in that paper on February 17, 1934. He said in part:

In Leesburg today Crawford voluntarily pleaded guilty to the Buckner indictment. Before we went to court I

confronted him with your paper . . . I told him that under the circumstances I would not take the responsibility of pleading him and he must make his own plea.

Before I let him plead I called attention of the court to your article and explained . . . also *that I would not be a party to the proceedings if Crawford was going to repudiate his offer to me to help locate and identify Charlie Johnson.* [Italics ours.]

On February 19 Mr. Houston wrote for the first time to Helen Boardman. Somewhat later he made the statement that the alibi witnesses had not been called by the defense because they had been seen in Boston and none of them had been able to place Crawford in Boston "before February, 1932, when one pinned them down to dates." Meanwhile, however, we had seen the three principal alibi witnesses and had their affidavits placing Crawford in Boston in January, 1932, and deposing further that no one connected with the defense had questioned them about it between the hearing and the Leesburg trial. We were unable to understand this discrepancy and were very much worried by it.

On the basis of the facts we then had, we wrote an article questioning the handling of the case which *The Nation* submitted to Mr. Houston for reply. Mr. Houston not only replied but came to New York for two conferences and placed the transcript of the trial and other documents at our disposal. At the first of these conferences it was made clear that the witnesses referred to above had not been seen, though Mr. Houston apparently believed that they had. His associates, Messrs. Ranson and Tyson, had seen two of the seven witnesses who testified at the extradition hearing and one of these, Ernest Louis, had also given us an affidavit placing Crawford in Boston in the latter part of January, 1932. While freely admitting this, Mr. Houston felt that it did not matter greatly since he believed, on the strength of Crawford's confession to him and as a result of independent investigation in Virginia, that the latter was guilty. This position has at first sight considerable logic. Though a sound alibi is a perfect defense, when the defendant's participation in the crime is established, this defense is shattered. On the basis of all the testimony, however, we cannot escape the feeling that Mr. Houston accepted Crawford's confession and corroborative evidence too readily. He failed to see the Boston witnesses and consistently ignored or disbelieved all evidence pointing to Crawford's innocence. He failed to allow for the atmosphere under which Crawford's several confessions—later recanted—were made and for the fact that much of the testimony corroborating them was first obtained from witnesses under duress, as in Bertie de Neal's case, or from disreputable witnesses like General Jackson, the ex-convict. As Edwin Borchard has shown in his "Convicting the Innocent," innocent people have not infrequently confessed to crimes of which they are accused even without duress, and every confession should be subjected to every possible check and verification before being accepted.

The Boston confession is worthless on its face; it shows only too plainly that it was obtained by means which the inquisitors did not care to acknowledge. It begins with four pages of questions and answers, during which Crawford stood firm, denied all knowledge of the crime, and insisted that he had not returned to Virginia since he had left in September, 1931, and that Basil Hutchins, the undertaker for whom he had worked, could verify this.

The last of these questions and answers read as follows:

Q. And if Hutchinson (Hutchins) says you didn't work every day?

A. He can't say that and be telling the truth.

On the next page, under the heading "Additional Statement of George Crawford," though no break in time or procedure is indicated and no reason for any change, the next question is, most surprisingly:

Q. You are willing to make this statement freely without hope of reward?

A. Yes, sir. . . .

From this point the confession proceeds very much as Gal-
leher wished, that is, it agrees with the story of the crime he had built up in the course of a year, largely on the testimony of Bertie de Neal and other presumably frightened and helpless Negroes who were rounded up and held for questioning. Paul Boeing's "friends would not allow the authorities to question him" because he was "unnerved." (This statement was made by Mr. Houston and by others in Middleburg.) It should not be forgotten either that much of this testimony was obtained from Negro witnesses while a posse was actually hunting for Crawford.

Though the Boston confession is easily ruled out, Crawford's confession to Houston remains; but with this private confession the trial court had nothing to do. Even if Mr. Houston was convinced of Crawford's guilt, Crawford still came before the court presumed to be innocent, and it was still up to the prosecution to prove him guilty by *legal* means.

This the prosecution did not do. Yet Crawford was convicted. The defense called no witness to testify in his behalf and made no serious attempt on questions of fact to shake prosecution witnesses. To this generally passive and defeatist policy two exceptions should be noted: Mr. Ransom's cross-examination of the State's pathologist, Dr. Hunter, and Mr. Houston's handling of the Boston witnesses on the motion to exclude the confession. Both elicited important admissions favorable to the defense. It is difficult to understand the failure to cross-examine certain other witnesses, especially Detective Sergeant Murphy of Washington. This witness testified to finding in Mrs. Ilsley's car a note in Crawford's handwriting, perhaps the most damaging piece of testimony against Crawford. Mr. Houston had had reason to believe that this note had not been found when the car was first searched, yet he did not cross-examine Murphy on this point, nor ask him why he kept the note for nearly a month before handing it to the sheriff of Loudon County. At our second conference Mr. Houston explained that he had later information correcting his first impression, but he could not recall when or where he had received this information.

On questions of law, Mr. Houston made a better showing. He argued ably the motions to quash the indictment on the jury issue and to exclude the confession. The preponderance of evidence on both these issues was on the side of the defense. The real tragedy of the Crawford case, the inherent flaw in Virginia justice, is revealed right here by the fact that neither the weight of evidence nor the ability of counsel in argument affected the question in the least. Negroes were politely but unjustly excluded from the jury. Crawford's confession was politely but unjustly admitted in evidence. Judge McLemore intimated to Mr. Houston that an appeal was open to him on this point, yet though his client had been convicted on evidence inadequate to sustain a con-

viction, if evidence, illegally admitted, had been excluded, Mr. Houston did not appeal. Apart from the Boston confession, unsigned, repudiated by Crawford, and obviously obtained by illegal methods, the State had evidence of nothing more than Crawford's presence in Virginia. It had no eye-witnesses to the crime, none who could place him at the scene of the crime within seven or eight hours of it, no finger prints to connect him with it, no bloodstained clothing, murderous weapon, or recognizable loot found in his possession. Yet Crawford was convicted, and Walter White hailed the result as a victory. Mr. Houston, though he put the matter less strongly, also said he considered it one. It seemed to him a definite victory that Negro lawyers pleaded for the first time in a Virginia court defending a Negro charged with murdering a white woman, and he also felt that racial relations in Virginia had been definitely improved as a result of the trial. There is no doubt that a very high and unusual degree of surface courtesy and fair play did prevail at the trial. There was no rough stuff as there was at Scottsboro, no gross appeal to race prejudice, no bickering or bad temper. Counsel on both sides displayed good temper, restraint, and sportsmanship, and Judge McLemore's rulings on all minor points were surprisingly fair. Virginia showed sportsmanship, in other words, as long as it did not interfere with Crawford's conviction. But when Crawford evidenced dislike of being unfairly convicted with all the amenities, when he gave the interview complaining that he had been "framed" and—truthfully or otherwise—reaffirmed his innocence, Virginia promptly ran true to form and he got a second life sentence on a forced plea of guilty. As Richard Hale said in reviewing the case in the *Crisis*, "Crawford failed to appeal because he flinched under duress. There were two persons murdered. After he got a life sentence for one murder, they threatened him with the noose for the other and he bargained away his constitutional grievance."

We realize that this was a difficult case and that any course Crawford's counsel might take had its dangers, but Mr. Houston's failure to appeal shows that he dared not put Virginia justice to any real test. Even if Crawford was guilty, moreover, the constitutional issue remained. Virginia had *not* "come into court with clean hands," yet an all-white jury had convicted Crawford. Was this a victory for justice? We do not think so. It is possible that some ground was gained when Negroes pleaded as these did in a Virginia county courthouse; it is also possible that racial relations have improved somewhat in Virginia since the trial, but we feel that for both these gains too high a price was paid.

The choice in such cases is not between surrender of of the client's constitutional rights, and mass pressure and agitation regardless of the client's interests. Both courses are advocated sincerely and danger inheres in both; danger not only to the client but to the principles of the defending association. The precedent established in the Crawford case is, to the best of our belief, a new one in the history of the N. A. A. C. P. Its fine record of militant defense in the past is illustrated by the Arkansas riot cases, also argued by a colored lawyer, which furnished the basis of the Scottsboro appeal to the United States Supreme Court. Is this policy to be exchanged for one of abject surrender? Has the N. A. A. C. P. decided on retreat?

[Mr. Houston's reply will appear in next week's Nation. This will close the discussion.—Editors The Nation.]

In the Driftway

THE Drifter's taste in material objects is moderately modern. He likes much of the newest architecture; he has no objection to eating off chromium tables; and he sits gladly enough on those chairs which have the spring in the legs themselves. Recently, however, a wandering thought woke him to a sudden rebellion against the doctrine of "functional design" in its purest form.

* * * * *

"WHAT a work is man!" the Drifter was saying to himself as he often does. Then all at once it occurred to him that this paragon of nature is not everywhere designed as a fanatical modern would have him. Consider, for example, those two little appendages which are sometimes like delicate shells and sometimes like cauliflowers, but which are, in either event, always called "ears." Poets praise them; lovers bestow kisses upon their periphery; and no one would willingly part with the pair he has. Yet they perform, so physiologists assure us, no useful function. They did so once when they were large and mobile, but we could hear every whit as well as if they were no longer there. Obviously, then, it is a ridiculous affectation to have them obtruding their mincing uselessness on the sides of our heads. They are not "sincere." As the aestheticians would say, they "vitate the whole design" and serve only to betray how the designer is seeking to cover up his own lack of originality with a bit of nostalgic decoration. Let them either be long and hairy and mobile or let them not be at all.

* * * * *

THE Drifter chooses to stress this particular illustration of what he believes to be a far from isolated phenomenon because it happens to be one which can be discussed without the slightest violation of the proprieties. He believes, however, that the female form would furnish several others equally striking. Indeed, it is his personal opinion that woman, despite the fact that she undoubtedly possesses several features having a specific function, is predominantly baroque in design, and that the charm which she has for man depends largely upon forms and appendages which are at least partly decorative in intention. Strip her body of ornament, allow her to retain only those characteristics which are the direct expression of her function, and the Drifter wagers that she would find very few opportunities for exercising it. He realizes that the modern dressmaker has shown a tendency to minimize the baroque features of his patrons. Curves have been obscured and angles have been substituted as being more in accord with contemporary tendencies. The facts remain nevertheless, first, that he has not entirely succeeded and, second, that the geometrical woman has yet to prove herself more than a fad.

* * * * *

THE Drifter is not looking for a wife. Wives are commonly supposed to rescue men from drifting, and however desirable it may be that most men should be so rescued, the process would obviously be fatal to the only usefulness of one who has made drifting into a profession. But if the

Drifter were looking for a wife he would not ask prospects to wiggle their ears in order to show him that they were functional. Neither, he thinks, would he insist that the successful candidate be without other decorative features. And if the one he finally picked didn't go well with the modernistic furniture it would be the furniture he would throw out.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Jewish Fascism

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

The storm raised in the Zionist press in America about my article The Menace of Jewish Fascism, appearing in *The Nation* of April 25, together with the criticism of it in the issue of May 16, clearly indicates that the subject is badly in need of clarification. May I, therefore, ask you to grant me a little more space to reply, not, indeed, to the entire avalanche of criticism, but only to that small portion of it which appeared in your columns and which is fairly representative of the rest?

Rabbi Louis I. Newman and Mr. Samuel Duker argue that fascism is not at all possible among Jews because "fascism implies a strong, centralized state . . . and Jews have no state and are not likely to have one for a long time." The argument sounds logical but its chief premise is not complete and its conclusion does not agree with reality. For the political aspect of fascism is not its only, not even its principal, feature. The foundation of fascism is economic. It is an effort on the part of the owning classes, upper and middle, to retain and to protect their property from the growing demands of the property-

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less class. In this principal object Jews of property are no less interested than are other people of the same class.

The absence of a political state does not seem to prevent fascist development. There are other forms of brute force than those of the organized state. The private armies of the Jewish fascists in Poland manage to terrorize the peaceful Jewish population in the Polish provincial towns without the aid of a Jewish state, as the official Zionist press of Warsaw complains without ceasing. A well-disciplined military organization of from fifty to one hundred thousand men can exercise much brute force without a government of its own. Besides, whenever the aid of a state is needed, it is not imperative that it be only Jewish. A non-Jewish fascist state can perform the job just as well. In Poland, in Austria, and even in Nazi Germany Jewish Revisionists have been known to denounce their labor and liberal Zionist opponents as Marxists and Communists to the Ochranka, Gestapo, and the secret police of the Dollfuss government.

The greatest error of people who argue that Jewish fascism is not possible is that they treat the matter as a subject for theoretical discussion instead of dealing with it as a fact. Jewish fascism is a fact—one which has passed the stage of denial. It is a fact that there is in existence an extremist nationalist Jewish party which is so closely akin to German fascism that it is difficult to differentiate between the two. It is a fact that the party maintains a private army of its own (for which it claims a strength of 100,000), which is conducted on a strictly militaristic basis, with military uniforms, officers, drills, and maneuvers. It blindly follows and worships a leader. It has already canonized a saint. Its chief aim is to break the strong Jewish labor movement and to smash its institutions. Its economic program is unfettered private initiative as opposed to the collective effort and enterprise which early liberal Zionism introduced into Palestine. Its method is to terrorize its opponents with the aid of an undisguised army and secret terrorist organizations. Now these are all facts—proved, uncontrovertible facts which have rocked the Jewish world for several years. If they do not constitute fascism, what is fascism?

Mr. B. Itzkowitz admits that I "have described with approximate correctness the struggle of fascism for power in the Zionist movement," but he believes that I have exaggerated the implications of the described position. I am sorry to note that this opinion is not confined to Mr. Itzkowitz, but is shared by a number of prominent Jewish liberals, including even some who have themselves fought a valiant battle against Jewish fascism. The only way I can account for this sanguine mood of my liberal critics is that they live in the United States where general fascism is as yet only a dreaded shadow, not a real menace. In Central and Eastern Europe—the latter, for Jewish purposes, includes also Palestine—where fascism is a tragic reality, it has already produced its Jewish counterpart.

The criticism of Mr. A. H. Stern is probably the most justified of all. He complains that I did not stress sufficiently the great power and achievements of Jewish labor in Palestine and the strong opposition which it offers to Jewish fascism in that country. I agree that this is a serious omission. Unfortunately, *The Nation* cannot publish articles above a certain length, and much that I should have liked to include had to be left out. But may I point out, at the same time, that it is the Zionist labor movement in Europe and in Palestine that is most alarmed about the growth of Jewish fascism? I could quote pages upon pages from Zionist labor publications which warn against the menace of Jewish fascism in terms much stronger than my own. One must never forget the lesson of Nazi Germany. Was not German labor all-powerful before March, 1933? Were not its organizations strong and its institutions mighty as the rocks? And yet they collapsed at the first approach of the fascist wave, as if they were made of sand.

London, May 29

WILLIAM ZUKERMAN

The Unemployed League

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

A year ago the first convention of the National Unemployed League was held in Columbus, Ohio. Since then the league has grown steadily in strength. It has fought evictions, the commissary system, and wage cuts on relief work. In Toledo a trained, intelligent, hardened organization of the National Unemployed League, the Lucas County Unemployed League, defied Judge Stuart's injunction, set up mass picket lines, closed the Electric Auto-Lite plant, and fought shoulder to shoulder with the striking workers until the final victory was won.

The second convention of the National Unemployed League will be held in Columbus, Ohio, on July 23, 24, and 25. There are still local and State organizations of the unemployed which are not affiliated with a national movement of the unemployed, and we urge that they communicate with us for the purpose of taking part in the convention. Those of your readers who believe with us that the solidarity of the employed and unemployed is best demonstrated in action can help by contributions.

Communications from unemployed organizations seeking information about the convention should be sent in care of W. C. Montross, Arrangements Committee, 214 East Rich Street, Columbus, Ohio; contributions should be sent in care of Arnold Johnson at the same address.

Columbus, Ohio, June 10

WARREN C. MONTROSS

Books for Henry Street

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

Among the activities at the Henry Street Settlement is a library which we have just opened, in which children as well as adults are encouraged to read good books. Our funds are limited, and we are obliged to appeal to the public for contributions of books and periodicals for our shelves. If any of your readers would like to make such contributions from their own library, we should be glad to call for them.

New York, May 17

BENJAMIN MILLER

Contributors to This Issue

SYDNEY R. ELLIOTT is managing editor of *Reynolds's Illustrated News*, the only democratically-owned and controlled national newspaper in Great Britain today.

LOUIS FISCHER, Moscow correspondent of *The Nation*, is the author of "The Soviets in World Affairs."

HELEN BOARDMAN with MARTHA GRUENING compiled material for "Thirty Years of Lynching," a publication issued in 1918 by the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People. She has made numerous other investigations for the N. A. A. C. P. Martha Gruening was graduated from the law school of New York University in 1914. She has also made several investigations for the N. A. A. C. P.

LIZETTE WOODWORTH REESE is well known as a poet. Her most recent volume is entitled "Pastures and Other Poems."

POWERS HAPGOOD has worked in mines in the United States, Wales, France, Germany, and Russia.

EDITH HAMILTON is the author of two books, "The Roman Way," and "The Greek Way."

Books

Ghosts

By LIZETTE WOODWORTH REESE

A book may give up ghosts;
A doubled music there—
One from the page, one from the dust—
Leaps up in the air.

Colors, and ancient sounds, and roads,
And lonely gates—these, too;
A grave at the scent of a flower,
Crash down and let one through.

Hissing the Villain

Three Plays. By John Dos Passos. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$2.50.

MR. DOS PASSOS consigns the American theater and all its works to perdition or worse. One finishes the ten pages of his oratorical introduction a little bit breathless, and one is sure that if the occasion were only a Drama League dinner or something of the sort one would burst into applause. Here are all the clichés about gambling and the real-estate business, all the usual references to a national theater and how much better they order these things in Russia. Here are also the usual allusion to the Theater Guild as a business institution masquerading as an art theater and the usual sneer at the suburbanites who think that the Lunts are sophisticated. Moreover, Mr. Dos Passos, being an eloquent man, makes them seem almost original and almost true until one comes to read his own plays—one unproduced, the other two relics of the New Playwrights' Theater—when one realizes with a sudden sense of deflation how futile the whole argument is. However bad the American theater may be, it is not, to speak bluntly, anything like as bad as it would be if it were devoted chiefly to dramas like those which its critic supplies.

Doubtless Mr. Dos Passos would reply that he himself does not think these particular works especially good. Being a successful as well as a talented novelist, he is under no necessity of supposing that his futile and unsuccessful plays are masterpieces of their kind. But neither does he mention the names of any other dramatists, produced or unproduced, to whom our rotten theater refuses a hearing, and he says nothing to prove that the theater is not, after all, giving us the best plays available. The result is that the whole argument is painfully up in the air and obviously owes its entire existence to the fact that Mr. Dos Passos, being unhappy because the left-wing political movement in which he is interested has produced few good plays, would like to shift the responsibility to the theater itself and imply that if the latter were only what it ought to be, then dramatic masterpieces of the particular sort he happens to yearn for would mysteriously appear.

For some reason or other the drama, more than any other art form, gets the attention of romantic theorists with grandiose plans for some rebirth or other. Perhaps the reason is that it is obviously absurd to lecture the poets or the novelists as though they were some sort of perverse corporate body, whereas the theater is always being talked about as if it were something which only needed proper organization in order to call forth Shakespeares from all over the place. In any event, such theorists always imply exactly what Mr. Dos Passos implies, talking

as though theaters were responsible for dramatists and as though the proper way to launch a new dramatic movement was to build a new playhouse. The reverse is, of course, obviously the case. There was no "place in the theater" for Shaw or Ibsen. There was also no place in the theater for the kind of plays which the Theater Guild has by now taught half a dozen other producing organizations to put on. But when the plays appeared, a place was found, and when the kind of plays Mr. Dos Passos is longing for begin to be written, a place will be found for them too—if only they deserve it.

This is not, of course, to say that the experimental theater does not have a function. It is, in many instances, a necessity. But its existence does not create the plays, and if the plays are not there, then it is certain to wither away as a dozen experimental theaters have withered away during the last ten years. Why has the Theater Union succeeded when the New Playwright's Theater failed? Surely not because the former was any less commercial in its ideals or any more devoted to plays with a purpose. Perhaps the times are more propitious and perhaps the business arrangements are a bit more realistic. But the chief reason is that "Stevedore" is an effective play and that none of those produced by Mr. Dos Passos and his confederates were. When he is ready to present the scripts of five or six outstanding dramas which Broadway will not produce, his argument will begin to have some validity. Until then it is so purely academic that it is hardly worth while to worry much over what the commercial theater would do to certain playwrights if they did happen to exist. Nor is it, I think, time to talk, as Mr. Dos Passos does, about the need for a subsidized theater. It will be time enough to discuss that also when the plays to be subsidized have put in their appearance. If New York City had money for a municipal theater it would probably subsidize Channing Pollock. If Mr. Dos Passos's group had money it would probably subsidize him and his friends. Neither procedure would help much.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

Return to Tragedy

Man's Fate. By André Malraux. Translated from the French by Haakon M. Chevalier. Harrison Smith and Robert Haas. \$2.50.

FOR some readers the greatest significance of this book, which is significant in so many different ways, will be found in the fact that it restores to modern literature something which has been absent from it for a long time and to the complete disappearance of which one had become too easily reconciled. Tragedy, as it was more than once eloquently demonstrated during the last decade, disappeared from the modern world when Western man ceased to make any serious effort to relate his will to any conviction of his place and importance in the universe. Pathos, self-pity, morbid confusion, and simple undifferentiated gloom we have had in plenty, and modern writing on the whole has been anything but cheerful. But tragedy in the classical sense, which is still the only sense that matters, requires a more perfect synthesis of intellect and will, a cleaner definition of values, and a more developed capacity for action than were ever present at one and the same time in any of the heroes of the last literary generation. The most typical heroes of its fiction—the Edouards, the Birkins, the Hans Castorps—were seekers rather than actors. What they sought, of course, was something to which they might eventually give the full expression of their wills, which might enable them to become candidates for tragedy. But the will to discover is not the same as the will to act on what one fully

and completely believes: the arena of tragedy is life and not the mind.

Unlike Lawrence, Gide, Mann, and most of the other important novelists of the last generation, Malraux does not need to spend his energy as an artist in the conscious search for values on which to construct the dramatic pattern of his work. The real importance of "Man's Fate" is that it marks the beginning of a new period of literary creation in which the artist, in order to give strength and beauty to his work, need only observe, understand, and record the operation in character and conduct of values already present in experience. Now that the will has again been released, tragedy is once more possible: the old curve may be retraced, the immemorial emotion evoked. Malraux has not been the only recent writer to use the proletarian revolution as a theme; but he is the only one to recognize that for the artist what counts in such a revolution is the fact that it supplies a new value, a new source for tragedy.

As Leon Trotzky points out in the interesting letter on the jacket, the background of the Shanghai revolution of 1927 in this novel is *only* a background and not the subject. It is a little dangerous to state, as the translator does in his foreword, that the book is a "revolutionary document," even if one qualifies this immediately by saying that it is also a work of art. Undoubtedly one can learn a great deal about the Chinese revolution in particular and about revolutionary tactics in general from this work, but it is not so much a record or a manual of revolution that Malraux has written as a profound study of universal human psychology under the pressure of a particular set of conditions. It is essentially a novel about individuals, about a group of the most widely diversified and sharply accentuated individuals, to whom the revolution, as Trotzky puts it, imparts "a breaking-point force." As a result of the upheaval the power-made French capitalist loses his prestige and his mistress, the under-dog little shopkeeper is freed from the bondage of wife and family, the young Chinese terrorist realizes his mystical union with death, the mountebank Clappique merges his mythomania with reality, and the philosophical Gisors is able to accomplish his complete retreat from life.

The novel is tragic because we participate in destinies which have been determined by the most conscious exercise of the will over circumstances or fate. Fate, however, is neither external nor remote; it is man's own state or condition, the human lot itself, which provides at once the challenge and the disaster. "... the essence of man is anguish, the consciousness of his own fatality, from which all fears are born, even the fear of death." This is the voice of the elderly Gisors, the French intellectual abandoned to the opium dream of the Orient. And it is his voice again which murmurs, "It is very rare for a man to be able to endure—how shall I say it?—his condition, his fate as a man . . ." The answer to this is supplied by his son, the Communist agitator, in whose blood East and West are united: "... all that men are willing to die for, beyond self-interest, tends more or less obscurely to justify that fate by giving it a foundation in dignity: Christianity for the slave, the nation for the citizen, communism for the worker." Dignity is the name given to the value for which Kyo and his generation in China are fighting, and dignity is the word that comes to his lips shortly before he is condemned to death. It is not a new value, perhaps it is only a new restatement of an old one, but what gives such extraordinary power to Malraux's novel is the concentrated intensity with which it is worked out in the tragic pattern of his story.

The detached and melancholy Gisors stands in the way of our reaching any truly final conclusion as to the author's own attitude toward the particular temporal conditions presented in his book. For Gisors the world and reality are a dream, and since the revolution is a reality, that too is a dream, even though it takes from him his son. It is undoubtedly to this character that

Trotzky refers when he describes Malraux as an individualist and a pessimist. But it cannot be so easily demonstrated that this individualism and pessimism finally triumphs over itself, as Trotzky declares. Gisors preserves his inviolability to the end, like the leader in a Greek chorus. To say that Malraux may be completely identified with Gisors is, in the last analysis, as inaccurate as to say that he is an active propagandist for revolution. As an artist Malraux turns to those materials and to that theme which represent the most vital interest in the mind of the contemporary man aware of his own time. But, also as an artist, he maintains toward them that detachment which alone makes them possible for art.

WILLIAM TROY

Fair but Cloudy

Swift: or the Egotist. By Mario M. Rossi and Joseph M. Hone. E. P. Dutton and Company. \$5.

BIOGRAPHERS go on analyzing Swift's character when all they need to do is tell his story. Few of the essential facts are missing. He was a scholar who entered the church as he might have entered any other profession. He had political ambitions, thrived while his party was in power, and went out with the Tories when the Whigs succeeded. Having been a great man in England, he was a very great man in Ireland, and he there unofficially led the opposition to the Whig government. Throughout his life he never had enough to occupy him fully except during his brief period of triumph. Restlessness drove him to violent acts and words which made him a legend. After his death the legend grew, multiplying mysteries. There were all sorts of speculation about the malady which kept him much of the time in physical distress. The malady, however, is now tolerably well understood and can take its proper place in the story. So, too, can his relations with Stella and Vanessa. Stella was as much a wife as he wanted her to be, Vanessa rather more a mistress than he had planned. The story lacks nothing but the details of whatever sexual intimacy may have been involved. And of how many similar stories does the world know more than it guesses?

The two writers who have worked together on another life of Swift do a good deal of analyzing. In a wordy and grandiose introduction they build up a large theory which boils down to the statement that Swift was an egotist so taken up with himself that he could never comprehend anybody else. The statement really means little, and it is not true. No complete egotist could have had and held such friends as Swift's. Wise Arbuthnot wrote to him: "That hearty, sincere friendship, that plain and open ingenuity in all your commerce, is what I am sure I shall never find in another man." And touchy Pope wrote of Swift that he was "the best-natured and most indulgent man I know." Although he was obsessed with his own aims, like any genius, he was not unimaginative or insensitive. He did not like the weak, the stupid, the false, or the corrupt, and he would not excuse them by calling them merely "human." If that was humanity, so much the worse for it. Here was its face in the sternest mirror it has ever had a chance to study. Swift's egotism was hardly more than a ruthless austerity.

This two-handed biography, having offered its theory about Swift, proceeds with his story as most earlier biographies have done. The only novelties are the arguments, which are sometimes confused and generally pretentious. The material is not altogether subdued to the theory, and without the introductory Paradox on the Egotist the narrative would not wholly carry out the underlying idea as to Swift's nature. That is, the book is truer than its doctrine. The biographers make big claims, but they are frequently shrewd as well as bold. The trouble

with them is that they must be forever analyzing. The trouble with that, so far as Swift is concerned, is that he is one of the least analyzable, which means classifiable, of men. Perhaps most human beings fall into a few simple classes, and any one of them can be placed where he belongs. Swift was intensely individual. His character was no more like any other recorded man's than his writing was. Explanations which drag him at this or that point into this or that category blur the picture. The business of his biographer is to find out what Swift did and said, and to tell it plainly. He was himself extraordinarily explicit about most of what he thought and felt. To believe that he meant what he said is a better way to get at him than to think that because most men would not have meant it therefore Swift did not. To show the man he was is better than to try to show the kind of man he was.

CARL VAN DOREN

Aesthetics and Agitation

Capital, by Karl Marx, in *Lithographs*. By Hugo Gellert. Ray Long and Richard Smith. \$3.

Portrait of America. By Diego Rivera. With an Explanatory Text by Bertram D. Wolfe. Covici-Friede. \$3.50.

IF Hugo Gellert were not a Communist he would be a successful commercial illustrator. In other words, Gellert made a name for himself as an artist primarily because of his politics, and so it is necessary to evaluate his work in the same way, first politically and second technically. His series of lithographs for "Capital" is an ambitious effort to put Marx, and Marxism, in pictures. The book consists of extracts from "Capital," presumably chosen by Gellert as the most illuminating and convincing passages, each accompanied by a picture. His object is to help make Marx clear to the workers.

How does Gellert go about this difficult job of concentration, clarification, and illumination? He must, if he sticks to Marx, give in picture form two notions: one, the historical workings of the class struggle; the other, the workings of the capitalist system. He must furthermore imbue his pictures with what is called "impulsive" quality; that is, they must make the beholder feel some of the action in the formula "Workers of all the world, unite," and feel also the need to partake in that action. This is a job that requires clear political thinking, a thorough, realistic historical knowledge, and a mastery of pamphleteering or propaganda technique, as well as burning emotion and the ability to translate it into telling concepts and designs. He must have intellectual, emotional, and manual gifts above the average in order to accomplish successfully the job he has set for himself.

Gellert fails. Equipped with the belief that to be a Marxist automatically solves every intellectual problem—I have heard him say this—and with a flashy, academic technique, he makes an elementary mistake, approaching the Marxist philosophy in a spirit of faith and glorification rather than analysis. As a result he gives us a Marx translated into static, mystical symbolism—in spirit like catacomb paintings and technically, aesthetically, like the work of a magazine-cover artist relying on tricky "effects" in the worst academic manner and on superficial sentiment in the worst bourgeois taste.

The combination of two or three quoted paragraphs with a picture on the opposite page splits Marx into invocations pointed up with symbols often incomprehensible, sometimes having only an accidental connection with the text. For example, to illustrate Marx's lucid and moving description of the break-up of the feudal land system in England and the forcing of the peasantry off the land—literally hunted off, persecuted off, so that, as Marx says, the motto became "the transformation of arable land into sheep-walks," Gellert draws a full-page pic-

ture of a pair of sheep! In another place where Marx describes the brutal subjection of the American and other aborigines, Gellert draws a full-sized Christ on a cross! The book is full of these things, along with hugely muscled workers and enormous hands, pictures of hunger and paunched money bags, the ABC of propaganda language. Emotional conviction is not enough for the artist who calls himself a Marxist. Science—comprehension and mastery of historical, sociological, psychological principles—must be the foundation of his work—not faith.

To clarify the problem that revolutionist artists are trying to solve—namely, how to make their work socially useful and emotionally moving—it is worth while comparing one job with another, checking both, if you like, against a general combination of "desirables." Put Gellert's "Capital" and Rivera's "Portrait of America" side by side on your table; they have a good many things in common. They are both designed—in the teeth of their price—for the information and agitation of American workers. They use a similar technique, combining text with pictures. Both are still tied to some of the conventions of art monographs, "featuring" the artist and serving in that respect as pieces of individual publicity.

Neither Gellert nor Rivera successfully makes the shift from the art monograph to agitational art. In Gellert's book the disconnection between pictures and text, the emphasis on the pictures and their meaninglessness as pieces of agitation reveal the artist still in a dialogue only with his craft. In Rivera's, the biography and the introduction, explanation, and apology for the Stock Exchange murals in San Francisco are interesting and revealing to friends and students of Rivera's art and personality, but are a barrier in an agitational book. This is also true to some extent of the Detroit murals and even of the vandalized Rockefeller Center panels. Both are (or were!) pieces of interpretative exposition, stimulating intellectually, rich aesthetically, but passive in character, like a lecture. The pictures are balanced, static, in themselves contain a complete katharsis; this is true not only of the ideas but of the composition, which is almost invariably carefully symmetrical.

The murals called Portrait of America in the New Workers' School are a good many steps farther to the left than anything Rivera had done previously, and since apparently the artist—perhaps for the first time—was in a rage when he painted them, a priceless ingredient went into his work and they are without question the peak of his achievement, to date. Here, too, he had another audience. He was talking directly to radical students and workers, he had them around him as he painted, and he had as collaborator Bertram Wolfe, an experienced teacher and agitator. Whoever looks at these pictures and reads the text with any degree of sympathy for the labor point of view, is bound to be stirred by them; for they do strike the dominant chord of effective agitation—anger—and they do leave an enraging impression that the reader, the American citizen, has been viciously cheated. This uncomfortable feeling is a catalyst for further feelings, thoughts, and actions.

There are, it is true, major gaps in Rivera's history of the class struggle in America. The tie-up between plutocrats and political figures is made very specific up to and including the World War, but not after, though this omission or diplomatic evasion is met by Wolfe's brilliantly lucid, extremely specific text. On the other hand the final impression is that the class struggle in America debouches into a powerful unity between the three sections of the Communist movement (Panel XIX) and here, as frequently in the past, Rivera hooks a wish-fulfillment conclusion to conflicting reality, thus "resolving" into relief the anger, fear, distress, and other fighting emotions at first aroused.

The fundamental aesthetic pattern underlying these murals is therefore the same mold in which non-revolutionary art de-

signed to satisfy and relieve is always cast, and in pouring factual material which does not in itself carry that pattern into the old mold, Rivera is forced to depart from fact to resolve the conflict; thereby the agitational impetus contained in the material is dissipated by the form. Both Rivera and Gellert bear the more or less official stamp as revolutionists. But in their work both artists stand with one foot on the other side of the barricades.

ANITA BRENNER

The Problem of Coal

Miners and Management. By Mary Van Kleeck. Russell Sage Foundation. \$2.

The Plight of the Bituminous Coal Miner. By Homer L. Morris. University of Pennsylvania Press. \$3.

MARY VAN KLEECK'S latest contribution to the Industrial Relations Series of the Russell Sage Foundation has the unusual quality of being both a careful and unprejudiced study of a particular industry and at the same time an exact statement of the author's own position. There is no sitting on the fence in this book. "There can be no fundamental reconciliation of interests between workers and management in privately owned industry," says Miss Van Kleeck. "Private ownership, seeking profits, is inherently in conflict with labor, seeking to raise wages." Capitalism in the coal industry is critically analyzed in this book. While the author is friendly to organized labor, the miners' union comes in for its share of criticism also. She points out that the leadership of the United Mine Workers of America, in the face of defeat, developed "no adequate program of workers' action," and that "dictatorial tendencies in the United Mine Workers have made it more and more difficult for the rank and file of the miners, through united protest, to protect themselves against constant onslaughts on their wage scale."

For those interested in cooperation between labor and capital the most important part of "Miners and Management" is the first portion, which deals with the Rocky Mountain Fuel Company. Under the leadership of the idealistic and practical Josephine Roche this company voluntarily signed a wage contract with the United Mine Workers of America at a time when all the other coal companies in Colorado were resorting to any means necessary to keep their mines from being unionized. Daily and yearly income of the miners increased beyond those of the employees of any other coal company in the State, the cost per ton decreased as a result of better workmanship, production and sales increased so that the company advanced from the third largest to the second largest in the State. In the face of serious opposition from other companies because of its union policy, the Rocky Mountain Fuel Company was saved through the cooperation of its men aided by the State Federation of Labor, which put on a coal-selling campaign, urging its members to buy coal from the only union mining company in Colorado. Facts and statistics are taken from the records of the company to show the difference between its operations under the old non-union policy and the new one inaugurated by Miss Roche when she obtained a controlling interest. Most interesting to students of labor relations are the records of meetings between management and representatives of the miners. As one who was employed by the Rocky Mountain Fuel Company during part of the period with which this study deals, first as a coal digger and later as an assistant mining engineer, I know from experience the accuracy of this report.

In Part II Miss Van Kleeck ceases to be a mere reporter of one company's interesting experiment and offers a solution for the sick coal industry. She shows that scientific management must be applied to the industry as a whole, but this cannot

be done under private ownership, as "management cannot have a scope for control wider than the ownership with which it is associated." She concludes her description of the coal industry with the clear statement that "out of this study of a single experiment in cooperation between miners and management, and out of a review of the present problem of coal in the light of the past, emerges the conclusion that socialization of all natural resources as a part of a planned economy is the only solution for the breakdown of the coal industry."

Very different is the solution offered by Homer L. Morris in "The Plight of the Bituminous Coal Miner." This book is valuable as a study of miners' lives and thoughts; it is, in fact, one of the most interesting and accurate studies that I have read. The author interviewed more than nine hundred miners in West Virginia and Kentucky while he was doing relief work among starving miners and their families under the auspices of the American Friends' Service Committee. He shows the disintegration of the coal industry because of its overdevelopment, competing fuels, and the depression; describes the drabness and poverty of mining camps, the feudalism of company-owned towns, and the inability of the union to hold its members before the inclusion of Section 7-a in the Recovery Act. Many of the miners are quoted in regard to their opinions about the industry. An answer that is typical of the ready wit of miners is that of one who was asked if the reason that he didn't get a job in another industry was that he preferred mining. "I'd rather," he said, "be back on the old farm in Georgia naked and one-eyed than a miner in Kentucky with fifty dollars."

As a description of the problems of coal this book is excellent, but it ends with a typical social-worker solution. Whether the author merely wants to avoid being called a "propagandist," a possibility which holds no terror for Miss Van Kleeck, or whether he really believes in his solution I do not know. At any rate he advocates "a systematic transference of these stranded miners to other communities where they will have an opportunity to become self-supporting." Just what other industries can absorb them he fails to mention. After the surplus miners have been transported outside the mining regions, other men should be prevented by law from entering the mining industry. As a means of solving the problem for miners only partially employed, gardens donated by the companies will, in his opinion, enable them to raise their own food. This should not arouse the opposition of company stores because the money that the miners do not spend there for vegetables will still be spent at the stores for things which they are not now able to afford and on which the stores will make a larger profit. It is a solution based on patching an outworn system through intelligent leadership on the part of the coal companies rather than through a planned economy which would give to the workers enough to buy what they produce. The book contains valuable statistics and records, but it lacks the clarity and realism of Miss Van Kleeck's analysis.

POWERS HAPGOOD

Faint Hope in Darkness

To the Vanquished. By I. A. R. Wylie. Doubleday, Doran and Company. \$2.50.

THE publishers, equivocally performing on the inside flap of the dust cover, subtly imply that Miss Wylie delineates a conflict between equal and equivalent forces in contemporary Germany. Such is not the case. With somber power and a kind of dark and visionary clarity she bears the most unequivocal witness to the unmitigated foulness and fury of the attack which is being delivered in Germany against all that for centuries has seemed hopeful and of good report to

civilized men. Her story and its implications are strengthened by her imaginative understanding of those wretched, hopeless, hunger-worn youths who in Germany as elsewhere plunged into chaos and vented the aimless cruelty of their riven nerves upon objects pointed out to them by coldly astute criminals. She has, in fact, studied her scene and her people with the most scrupulous accuracy and taken care to weave into her almost legendary texture all the salient elements of the situation: the exculpatory myth of Germany's undefeatedness, the barbarous resubjection of women, the contempt for reason and goodness, the insane self-intoxication, the deliberate cult of savagery—"We Germans have to be hard," Arndt said in his strange, dead voice, "men of steel with hammer fists and iron hearts. We must be able to wade through blood."

I must not do Miss Wylie an injustice more serious than that done her by the publishers by giving the impression that her novel is a thesis novel or a pamphlet novel, though this would be no reproach in a period when the novel has taken the place of the pamphlet in, let us say, the Swiftian sense. Her creative texture is dense and unbroken. Like most contemporaries she does not aim at the virtues of narrative. But in brief, penetrating, self-contained scenes, sparingly lit, deeply shadowed, she conveys vision after vision that symbolize memorably this dreadful crisis in human affairs. The martyred rabbi, the magnificent Dr. Roth dragging his broken body through the unspeakable storm troopers' barracks, the conquest of the torturers by the tortured, so that Gerhardt puts a bullet through his head and Wolf von Selteneck releases his prisoners and flees—these scenes and figures have a very high degree of emotional poignancy and imaginative power.

It is, in truth, not too much to say that "To the Vanquished" is quite the best novel on its theme next to Feuchtwanger's "Geschwister Oppenheim." And Miss Wylie has several advantages over Feuchtwanger. She does not have to substitute cleverness, learning, craftsmanship, all that a high intelligence can achieve, for the creative spark. She is a Gentile and an Englishwoman and had not, therefore, self-consciously to cultivate objectivity and irony. Her book has—I use the word again—a legendary quality; it has creative depth and inner fire; its final scenes stir the reader to the point of pain. It will not be popular. It is far too good.

LUDWIG LEWISOHN

The Greek Past

A Biography of the Greek People. By Cecil Fairfield Lavell. Houghton Mifflin Company. \$3.

Aspects of Athenian Democracy. By Robert J. Bonner. University of California Press. \$2.25.

OF the books of this passing show today, the books that are perpetually coming and—often—going, a quite astonishing number have to do with the past. We are historically and biographically minded just now, and even archaeologically and anthropologically minded. We are looking back almost as much as we are looking forward. The part curiosity has in this attitude is far less than the consciousness of our pressing need to understand human life better. We must understand or we shall never solve our troubles, which are all human troubles. And there, for our reading, lies the great book of human experience, the record of what men throughout the ages have learned about life and themselves.

Professor Lavell's book is a response to this growing desire to know the past in order to do better with the present. It is well called a biography. It is the life story of the Greeks, a brief but clear and very readable outline of what they did, and an account of what they felt and thought which even to a faithful reader of Greek is delightful and stimulating. The

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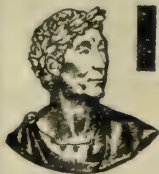
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author's point of view is the result of a combination rarely found, a deep sympathy and wide acquaintance with the working of men's minds in ages long gone by, joined to a keen understanding of the way our minds work in this age here present. Only a few can make a living connection between the two, but they alone can make the past live. In this book the Greeks speak to twentieth-century America, and yet, so admirable is Professor Lavell's method, the moral is never drawn, the connection never pointed out. We see for ourselves that the questions they asked about life are our own; we cannot escape from the perception that the shipwreck they were unable to avoid may lie ahead of us. Are we going to exemplify again the truth of the "cycle" of Polybius—primitive despotism, changing into kingship and then into aristocracy, which, always growing so bad as to cause revolt, is succeeded by democracy, which in turn results in such a contempt for law that there is an inevitable reversion to despotism? A cycle that never changed, the Greeks thought, and for one reason—the lack of "noble self-restraint." That restraint was well known in Greece. The artists and the poets practiced it, and so they live forever; in the political life it was almost unknown, and so the Greek state passed away forever. This is but a single example out of many of the way the book stimulates one to join past to present. It will have a wide circle of readers, and few of them will close it without realizing afresh, in Professor Lavell's phrase, "what difference Athens made"—for the reason, above all, that she can still make a difference today.

Professor Bonner's book is clearly based upon a series of lectures. It bears the mark of its origin in repetitions, natural to a lecturer who must remind his hearers on Wednesday of what he said on Monday, but irritating to the reader, who is, for example, introduced to Cleisthenes, his family, his political tendencies, his reforms, on page 4, and then all over again on page 32, precisely as if there had been no mention of him before. The reason for embodying the lectures in a book is hardly apparent. There is nothing new in Professor Bonner's treatment of a subject which is easily available for a student in many books, and it is difficult to imagine anyone not a student caring to read it. However, as a manual, clearly and often pleasantly written and decorated with well-chosen quotations, it may undoubtedly have its uses for the earnest inquirer into the ways of the Athenian Democracy.

EDITH HAMILTON

Shorter Notices

Sky Determines. An Interpretation of the Southwest. By Ross Calvin. The Macmillan Company. \$2.50.

This is an excellent book on New Mexico. The author explains the fauna and flora, the geographical formations, even the very lives of the Indians and of the Spanish settlers as determined by the "sky," in other words by the climate. And what is more, he *explains* the climate. Most writing about the Southwest has tended to describe the pictorial and exotic quality of the scenery, the alien cultures of the peoples, merely as any tourist might note them. Dr. Calvin has lived a long time in New Mexico and has made a careful study of its climate, archaeology, and anthropology. The history of New Mexico, from ancient to modern times, he considers to be the result of the influences of climate. Here he is in accord with such general theorists in history as Frederick Taggard of the University of California, whose "Prolegomena to History" presented a general theory of the influence of climate upon various people. Dr. Calvin's book, far from being a dull treatise, is extremely well written, poetically conceived and scientifically grounded. It is a book which anyone traveling in New Mexico might learn much from, one which any student of geographical conditions or of

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the human history resulting from such conditions might thoroughly enjoy. It is, indeed, the best book on the Southwest yet written.

Indeed This Flesh. By Grace Flandrau. Harrison Smith and Robert Haas. \$2.50.

"Indeed This Flesh" purports to detail the life of an idealistic real-estate trader of St. Paul, late in the nineteenth century. Farm-bred William Quane followed the pattern of his time by forsaking his law books to devote himself to the boom in Western lands. He was not quite fitted for the business of land-grabbing, since the poetry of exploitation appealed to him more than its practical side. "St. Paul smiles expectantly at the future, and the future smiles back out of the West," he wrote with frenzied rhetoric, but the future beamed more fondly on some of his contemporaries who were incapable of inventing such pretty figures. He was able to wrest few material things from the world; in business and in marriage he was highly unsuccessful. Yet through a lifetime of failure he carried on an intense, troubled, but occasionally satisfactory inner life. In this manifestation he was philosopher, moralist, saint, and sinner. The flesh warred secretly and shamefully with the spirit. He thought muddily and felt keenly while the world about him made dizzy advances to wealth and power. Absorbed in the interior of his skull, he never knew until he looked suddenly in a mirror that he was an old-fashioned, outlandish figure of a man. Mrs. Flandrau is just as heedlessly engrossed in the inner activity of William Quane as he was. Her research into the life of early St. Paul has doubtless been careful, yet one feels that she is quite unable to grasp the feeling of it. In the same way it appears that she has no conception of William Quane as a functioning human being, a man who went to work, took pleasure trips, played with the children. The book is full of details which ought to illuminate these subjects, but they are

handled in a lifeless, amateurish fashion. Mrs. Flandrau has unwisely spent her last ounce of energy, her last distilled drop of sensibility on the hysterical account of one small segment of a neurotic's life. Her novel, which contains some fine writing, is consequently painfully distorted and extremely unreal.

Becoming a Writer. By Dorothea Brande. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$2.

This, emphatically, is not another book on the technique of fiction. It is an analysis of the difficulties met with by every writer, the difficulties of overcoming all obstacles that inhibit the release of the subconscious. And as such it is a very exciting book indeed. Mrs. Brande tells writers how to find the proper stimuli, how to employ certain devices which will release the subconscious mind for its proper creative work. She even tells them how to choose their friends, how to relax, how to set up definite habits of writing. And every writer will know that, psychologically, she is quite right in her judgments about the conditions under which writers can do their best work. She takes up the specific problems of the occasional writer, the uneven writer, the one-book author. Every writer, according to Mrs. Brande, is two people, nor is the dissociation psychopathic. Creative workers have not only the right but the necessity to live in two compartments. Nor must they allow the active, conscious life to shut away the emotional subconscious and creative life. They must learn when to use the conscious and critical mind and when not to use it. The reader will find himself following Mrs. Brande's suggestions for overcoming whatever barrier is in his way toward greater creativeness. If he has to get up half an hour earlier to do some scribbling on a pad beside his bed, he will be inclined at least to try that particular trick. It might help him. Mrs. Brande's book is rich with devices for ridding oneself of inhibitions to writing. Some are amusing, but psychologically they are sound.

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